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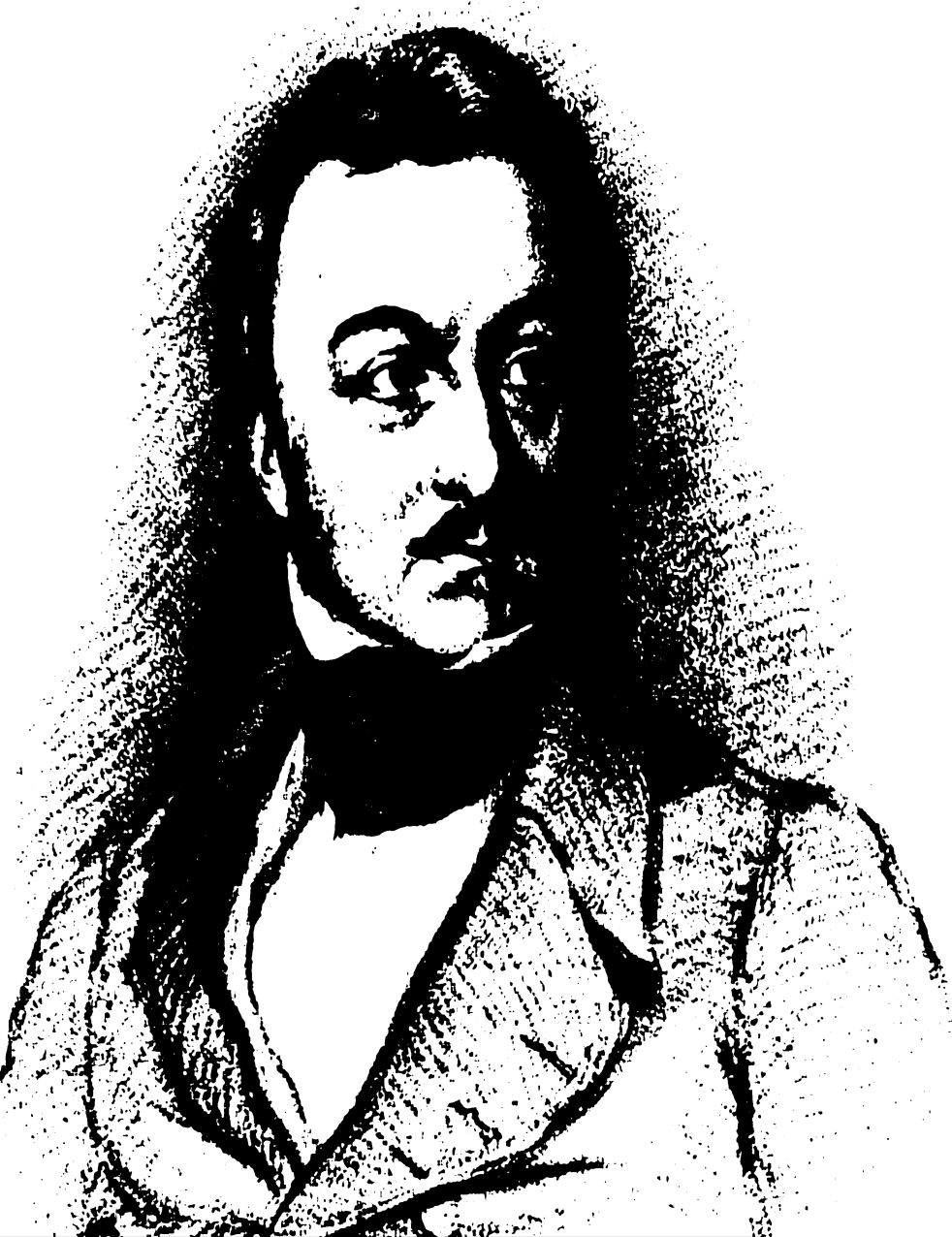
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A

Literary and Political Journal.

VOL. XXVIII.

JULY TO DECEMBER.

1846.

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THE STEPSON.

FROM THE PAPERS OF G. G., SOMETIME SENIOR ASSESSOR OF THE PROVINCIAL COURT, OF
CIVIL AND CRIMINAL JUSTICE IN ZELL.

ABOUT half a mile from Zell, in a solitary house which is now uninhabited, lived, some twelve years ago, on his half-pay, and the interest of a reasonable amount of prize-money, a retired naval officer, named (or who shall here be named) Sturmgang. He was an austere and rugged-tempered man, despotic, it was said, in his house as he had been on the deck of his ship, and therefore instinctively averse to coming into contact with general society. In fact, he visited nobody, and the only visits he was known to receive were those of the Pastor Walding, sub-rector of the high-school in Zell, the brother of his deceased second wife, and a man whose severe character and chilling manners were the perfect counterpart of his own. Captain Sturmgang's domestic establishment consisted of two females—a youngish housekeeper and an oldish maid; in addition to whom his house possessed one other inmate, in the person of Christian Schein, the son of his second wife by a former marriage. The old officer had himself had no children by the mother of this young man; but his first wife had borne him a son, who, singular to tell, was now a shopkeeper in Zell, and supported himself, with his young wife and two children, in a struggling way, by the meagre profits of a retail business.

It was generally known that the two Sturmgangs, the elder and the younger, lived on a footing of great mutual exasperation, and the ground of this was believed to be a lawsuit in which they had been engaged some years be-

fore, and in which the son had cast his father, with costs. Since that time, they had neither seen nor communicated with each other; more than one attempt, on the part of common friends, to bring about a reconciliation, had been repulsed by both parties with a degree of violence that seemed greatly disproportioned to the supposed cause of the quarrel; and the elder Sturmgang had at length peremptorily forbid all mention of his son's name in his presence, which, of course, had precluded any further attempt of the kind.

Matters were in this state when an application was made, on the part of Captain Sturmgang, to the Provincial Court, praying that a commission might be appointed, to visit him at his house of Dornfeld, to take cognizance of his testamentary dispositions, as his health did not permit him to come to Zell, for the purpose. This business was placed in my hands, and I went out to Dornfeld the following day, accompanied by a junior assessor and the clerk of the court.

I found the old man (he was in his sixty-eighth year) sitting in an arm-chair, his feet and legs enveloped in flannel wrappers, sick in body, yet not in a state to give immediate apprehensions for his life. His stepson and his brother-in-law were with him.

We proceeded at once to business: the preamble of the testament was drawn up in the usual form, and I called on Captain Sturmgang to dictate his will.

"Well," said he, "write, in the first place, I disinherit my son, Ludwig

Sturmang, merchant in Zell, for reasons which I need not mention: he knows them."

"It is my duty, Captain Sturmang," said I, "to make you acquainted with the law on this point. The father who disinherits his son, without grounds which the law recognizes as valid, is considered as of unsound mind, and his will, on application of the injured party, at once set aside. I am aware that you have had disagreements with your son, which unfortunately could not be settled without an appeal to a court of justice; but I must tell you that the law does not admit this as a sufficient ground for the proceeding you meditate."

"Humph! and what grounds *does* the law admit as sufficient for such a proceeding?"

"To enumerate them all would exhaust your patience, if not my own; but I will mention a few, and you will see how little likely is it that any among them should apply to the present case. For instance, then, when a son has accused his father of an offence against the state, has treated him in a way that compromises his—the father's—honour, has corporeally maltreated or assaulted him, has practised against his life, has—"

"Quite enough! I have legal grounds, and I disinherit him as I have said."

"But I must further inform you," proceeded I, "that the grounds of disinheritance must be expressly stated in the instrument, and must be sustainable by proof; otherwise the act is null and void."

"Does the law require that?"

"It does."

"In the devil's name, then, write—I disinherit my son Ludwig, because he has practised against my life."

I was mute for a moment with surprise and horror, and could only gaze blankly on the old man.

"And this accusation," said I at length, "is true?"

"That's my affair. Let Ludwig Sturmang contest the truth of it, if he has the courage. The proofs will not die with me."

"The proofs? Let me remind you, Captain Sturmang, that in a matter so improbable in itself proof should be of no common cogency."

"I have proof sufficient—proof con-

clusive—proof that would satisfy any jury in Europe."

"May I ask how long ago it is that your son committed this great crime?"

"Three years ago."

"I wish, Captain Sturmang, you would reconsider this matter. In the space of time you mention, what changes may have taken place in the character of your son. Will you not try what he is *now*, before you punish him for what he was *then*? Come, my dear sir, we have all of us need of forgiveness, and I do trust you will not carry your resentment against your son into another world."

"The learned assessor," interrupted the sub-rector in his grating voice, the driest that ever fell upon mortal ear, "seems inclined to dabble in *our* craft, and to preach instead of minding his protocols."

I looked at the man with astonishment. A sneer that I could not help thinking infernal, wreathed his thin lips, and his grey eyes looked hemlock at me from under their shaggy and overhanging brows. Behind him stood his nephew, with cheeks white as paper, and drops of sweat standing visibly on his forehead.

"Sir," said I, addressing the clergyman with looks, I believe, expressive of all the indignation I felt, "I know, if you do not, what belongs to my office. I am ignorant neither of its rights nor of its duties; and, to make you acquainted with one of the former, of which you are, perhaps, not aware—let me inform you that I am empowered to direct the removal of persons who thrust themselves, uncalled, into the business I am engaged in. Should you think proper a second time to interrupt me, I shall exercise this right, and insist on your quitting the room. You will be good enough to bear that in mind."

The sub-rector replied to this threat only by a glance, which would have made a believer in the "evil eye" go home and take to his bed. The stepson could not control his agitation; he trembled from head to foot, and seemed to grow positively sick with terror. These two persons made a singularly unpleasant impression on me, and I only wished that the uncle had indulged in another effusion of bile, to give me an excuse for getting rid of him. The old captain gidgeted

in his arm-chair ; his brow portended storm ; however, he put constraint on himself, and said coldly—

“ I beg that what I have dictated to the clerk of the court may now be written. I disinherit my son, Ludwig Sturmang, because of his having practised against my life.”

“ It is written,” said I, with equal coldness.

He proceeded—

“ I appoint my stepson, Christian Schein, here present, my sole heir, and bequeath to him all the property, real and personal, which I shall die possessed of.”

The uncle and nephew exchanged a rapid glance. The young man's eyes blazed with triumph, and the blood, which had forsaken his very lips, flowed in a full tide back to his cheek and brow.

The invalid proceeded—

“ To my housekeeper, Theresa Froberg, I bequeath thirty *louis d'or*, and to my maid Margareta Reuter the bed in which I shall die, with all its appurtenances.”

After some other unimportant dispositions, he said he had nothing more to add. The clerk jumped up to call for a light to seal the instrument, and opened the door hastily, when a loud scream was heard from the antechamber: the Demoiselle Froberg's ear had, it seems, been *rather* near the keyhole, and the door and her head had come into somewhat ungente contact. The captain was furious at this discovery, and it required the intercessions both of his stepson and the sub-rector to withhold him from adding a postscript to his will, revoking the legacy bestowed on the fair inquisitive.

The testament was signed and sealed, the captain invited us to lunch, but we declined, and returned to Zell, in no cheerful mood. As for me, I could not get the events of the morning out of my head: I had read stories by the dozen, in which one brother juggled the other out of his inheritance by diabolical machinations ; I had seen plays, in which similar treason furnished the materials of the plot. Schiller's Franz Moor and this sneaking Christian Schein were blended by a curious association of ideas in my thoughts. Who knows, thought I, what devilry may be here at work ? The reverend sub-rector seemed to me quite capable of playing

the Mephistopheles of the drama, and the eyes-dropping housekeeper—a comely person, though not in the first bloom of youth—might fill the part of one of his ministering fallen angels. I determined to look farther into the matter.

My first step was to get information respecting the person and circumstances of Ludwig Sturmang, and all that I heard told in his favour : he was known in the town for an upright, industrious, and well-conducted man, but had, it seemed, inherited the fiery, impetuous temper of his father. He was in his twenty-seventh year, and was the father of two children—a boy of eighteen months and an infant in the cradle: his wife was described to me as a good and gentle creature, devoted to her husband and her little ones: his business was not flourishing ; he was able to live by it, but in a very straitened way.

My next step was to go to him, to see what light he could or would afford me on the affair. I found him in his shop, and requested to be permitted to speak a few words with him in private. Telling his shop-boy to attend to the business, he led me into his sitting-parlour, which looked very orderly and neat. An open door gave me a momentary glimpse into the bedroom, where I discovered the young wife, her foot rocking the cradle, her fingers occupied in needlework.

Sturmang closed the door, and begged me to sit down.

“ I don't know,” said I, “ whether I have to tell you who I am ?”

“ Oh ! no, Mr. Assessor,” cried he, “ I know you very well. I have stood before now as a plaintiff at your green table.”

“ I will tell you, without preface, Mr. Sturmang, what brings me here. I have got, without my seeking it, a peep into your family secrets.”

“ I know: you have been with my father about his will. Ay, ay, I have been expecting that ; I was prepared for it, quite.”

“ You know the tenor of the will ?”

“ I can guess it.”

“ Mr. Sturmang, I have a great desire to reconcile you with your father.”

“ That is impossible, Mr. Assessor ; that is out of the question. After what has passed between us, I will

never stretch out the hand of reconciliation, nor would he accept it if I did. When I say," added he, "I will never stretch out the hand, I mean unless—"

"Well: unless?"

"Unless he acknowledge the wrong he has done me, and ask my forgiveness."

"The father ask forgiveness of the son! And do you, then, feel yourself so free from all blame? Have you contributed nothing to the rise or the increase of this mutual hatred?"

"Who says I hate my father? God forbid I were so abandoned! But I don't love him: how could I, when he never loved me? And to humble myself before him, when I am the injured party! To own myself in the wrong, when I am not! And that for money! I would beg first—I would starve first."

"Well then, Mr. Sturmgang, do you not believe that your father would speak exactly as you do?—that he too would cry, 'What, humble myself where I have been injured—own myself wrong where I am right!' Where a quarrel is, my dear sir, there are two parties, and the cases are rare indeed in which the blame lies entirely on one side. But—suppose the present to be one of those rare cases—what does it come to? A father has offended his son; is it too much to ask the son to forgive his father?"

"I would forgive with all my heart, if—in fact, let him take the first step, and there is no one readier for a reconciliation than I."

"If you and he were brothers, I should have no ground to urge you further, but you are the child, he the parent, and I must press it on you, my dear Sturmgang, I must indeed, to be yourself the first to make overtures of peace."

"Never! I have been too deeply offended, wounded, outraged, and without provocation—yes, I will say it—without provocation on my part. Sir, he has cursed me! Do you feel the weight of that word? I see you do. Love! reconciliation! peace!—what is the meaning of such phrases between people whom the bottomless gulf of—a curse—divides?"

The young man was silent for some moments, and then resumed with more composure—

"And you don't know my father, Mr. Assessor: he is a far more positive man than you suppose, and as violent as he is positive. Even if I could bring myself to make the first advance, he would reject it, and the breach would only be widened—though wider it could hardly be."

"Well," said I, "suppose I made the attempt with him, as I have done with you, and he were to speak just as you have done—were to say, 'I will not take the first step, but I will not repulse my son if he takes it,' what would you do then?"

Sturmgang wavered—he seemed to struggle with himself; at last he said—

"I would take the step, if I had reason to believe it would not be taken in vain."

"You would go to your father?"

"I would."

"You would ask him to—forgive and forget?"

"Yes."

I shook him heartily by the hand, and declared my determination to make the attempt upon his father without delay.

The same day, in the afternoon, I went out to Dornfeld, praying on the way that I might find the old sailor alone, for I confess that I trembled at the thought that the stepson with his cattish sleekness, or the sub-rector, with his bearish roughness, might bar my access to him. Neither of these monsters, however, guarded the way, and the entrance to the enchanted castle lay free to my tread. I met nobody either in the court or the hall; the house door stood open, and I was obliged to walk in unannounced.

Proceeding to the room in which I had found the captain on a former occasion, I knocked at the door, and was answered by a "come in," that made me jump. The old gentleman had certainly been dreaming of a sea fight, and spoke as if he had had broadsides to out-thunder. As I entered, he rose from his arm-chair, in which, no doubt, he had been enjoying an after-dinner nap, and asked me in an angry growl, as he jerked off his night-cap, what I wanted, and why I had not sent up my name. Before I could reply, however, he had got better awake, recognized me, became more civil, and begged me to take a seat. Without ceremony I told him that, having been

obliged to decline the lunch he had offered me a few days before, I was now come to drink a cup of coffee with him. He seemed pleased at this, went out of the room, and presently I heard an awful bellowing through the house, now in the hall, now in the garret, now in the cellar. After some time he came back in a sea passion, imprecating every mischance that can befall a ship on the housekeeper and on his stepson, neither of whom was to be found; the maid, he said, had got leave to go to church, and so he was not able to give me a cup of coffee.

I assured him that it was not of the slightest consequence, and expressed my pleasure at finding his health so much improved. In fact, he had recruited completely, and walked up and down the room with a vigorous tread. This room was recognizable at the first glance for the retreat of a seaman. The walls were hung with maps and prints of naval engagements, and a rude drawing of a man-of-war occupied a conspicuous place, flanked on one side by a sickle-shaped dirk, and on the other by the triangular gold-laced hat, diminutive and formal, that had distinguished the service in his younger days.

I asked him if that, pointing to the drawing, was the ship he had commanded—a more politic opening of a conversation was never made. It brought him on his favourite theme, and he began to tell me, with visible pleasure, of the voyages he had made in that very corvette, “the Dolphin,” finishing with a grumble at having seen men leap over his head, one after another—fellows he would not have trusted with the command of a jolly-boat; that was what had made him retire from the service, and live in that lubberly place on his half-pay. I now inquired after his family, listened patiently to his somewhat prolix accounts of what I knew before, and took the opportunity to tell him that his son Ludwig bore an excellent character in the town.

He was silent.

“I am the more astonished,” continued I, “when I think of your having disinherited him. I will not conceal from you that I have conceived a lively interest both for you and for him, and, in short, that the motive of my present visit is to do you both a great service.”

His face darkened, but he still continued silent, pacing up and down the room with a somewhat quickened step; at last he said—

“My son has been with you?”

“No,” replied I, “I went to his house yesterday.”

“Humph. What for?”

“For the same purpose for which I came to you to-day—to prepare him for a reconciliation.”

“Oh ho! my good sir, we are not got quite so far yet. Allow me to say, once for all, that you will do me a pleasure by speaking no more on this subject.”

“I hope to do you, not perhaps a pleasure, but, as I said before, a great service, Captain Sturmgang, by not complying with your wish.”

He was going to interrupt me, but I spoke on without pausing.

“I am already half and half initiated into the secrets of your family, and I beg you to hear the dispassionate word of a dispassionate man—a man whose position renders him impartial. You are old, my dear sir, and you are alone; you have a son, and yet you are alone. Why should this be? Nay, hear me, I entreat you. Nature tolerates nothing unnatural, and what can be more unnatural than enmity between parent and child. Depend upon it, nature will revenge herself—is revenging herself on you both for this outrage upon her. You are and will be, both sufferers, more deeply than you perhaps think. Let what will have taken place, no offence of a child can be so monstrous as to justify the parent in perpetual resentment.”

“It won’t do, sir; it won’t do. My son and I are done with each other. A child that attempts his father’s life, sir, has no forgiveness to hope for.”

“Not if he reform—if he repent.”

“I would not give much for a repentance that comes only when the attempt has failed, when the tables are turned, and the assassin finds himself at the mercy of his intended victim. If he repents—which is likely enough, it is not of having meant to kill me, but of having gone about it in such a lubberly way. He repents, sir, of having left it in my power to disinherit him.”

“Fie, Captain Sturmgang! These are thoughts unworthy of a father.

Your son is not to have your property—well, he submits to the loss. But is that a reason that he should have your curse? It is not what you withhold from him that he complains of, but what you bequeath him; and I tell you in the name of God and humanity that you *must* revoke your curse: that horrible word must not continue to the hour of death, to ring in the ear of your son."

"My curse! bequeath him my curse! What's all that? I know of no curse."

"Have not you cursed your son? He told me you had."

"Is that possible? Cursed him—I don't believe it. When I break out in a fury, no doubt I say here and there something I don't mean. No, no, I don't curse him—God forbid."

"You make me very happy, Captain Sturmgang. May I tell your son what you say?"

"No need, sir—no need. I send him no message; I want no communication with him, and I beg I may now hear no more of him."

"Very well. It is then your determination that he shall live and die in the belief that his father's curse lies upon him."

"The devil! No, it isn't. I told you I didn't curse him."

"You told me. Well, then, tell him so."

"Him! I tell him! My good sir, you forget that you talk to an old officer, who would rather blow himself and the enemy up together than strike his colours."

"Ay, but you are not blowing up yourself and your son together. You are blowing him up alone. You are wilfully leaving him under the false impression that he has your curse."

"Confound it! I can't bandy words with you. I am no match for a lawyer in talk. There! tell him, then, for aught I care; and now, no more about it or him, I beg of you."

"A thousand thanks, my dear sir; but one moment more I must beg you to hear me patiently. You will not forgive your son his offence against you?"

"No."

"Never! Not even on your death-bed?—not even on his?"

"Come, come, we're not on our death-beds, he or I, nor likely to be so soon, I hope."

"Did you think so a fortnight ago, when you were making your will? But I crave an answer to my question. Will you not forgive him even on your death-bed, or on his, should he be the first to die?"

"Humph! Well, perhaps I might—I think I would. Yes, I will forgive him on my death-bed."

"Good. How long will you live?"

"How can I tell?"

"Not easily, I confess. Well, then, suppose you were to die next week—suppose you were to die to-morrow? Or, what security have you that a stroke of apoplexy may not end your life this day—this hour?"

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"Not at all. 'You are near your threescore-and-ten.' You are, perhaps, *very* near your death. Don't lose the precious moments. Do, to-day, what in a few days will no longer be in your power. Show mercy whilst you have time, lest you should find none when you need it."

"By ——! I was not so hard pressed by the English frigate in the North Sea!"

"'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.' I am sure, Captain Sturmgang, you make that petition every day."

He wavered visibly, grumbled something about having been all his life better at giving blow for blow than word for word, and then said aloud—

"Well, I'll talk about it with my brother-in-law."

At the name of Mephistopheles, a chill ran through all my veins.

"He will undo all my work," thought I; and the image of the smooth stepson, associating itself with his, reduced my hopes to a still lower ebb. I was opening my lips, however, for a last attempt, when the door opened, and the latter worthy made his appearance.

The old gentleman received him with a broadside of oaths, and asked where he had been so long. He answered, with great humility, that he had taken a little walk while his father enjoyed his usual afternoon's nap, not dreaming of his being exposed to intrusion. This he said with a side-glance at me.

"Where's Theresa?" demanded the captain, roughly. "Is she gone to walk, too?"

The young man, I thought, coloured a little; and it was with some confusion that he replied, he had not seen the housekeeper since dinner.

"Look for her," said old Sturmgang, "and tell her to make coffee presently."

"Not for me, I hope," interrupted I, for I had lost all appetite for the stimulating beverage. "It is almost time I were on my way back to town. I must request you, sir," I added, addressing Schein, "not to give yourself the trouble."

He complied readily enough with my request, being, no doubt, glad of an excuse to stay in the room, and prevent the continuance of a *tête à tête* between me and his stepfather. I had now an opportunity of observing him with more leisure than at our first meeting. He was dressed in the antique style affected by our students, his hair divided in the middle, and flowing down in long locks on both sides, after the manner of the ancient Teutones, and wore a moustache and a little peaked beard. This affectation of the picturesque has always had the effect of disgusting me, and it strengthened the prejudice I had already conceived against Master Schein. The honied tone in which he spoke, his exaggerated attentions towards his stepfather, the insinuating smile that never disappeared from his lips, except when he shot a furtive and sinister glance towards me—all these added to the unfavourable impression he made on me, though I strove to think I was doing him injustice. However, to continue in his neighbourhood was really too much for my nerves, especially when he began to talk of filial duty, gratitude, and the pain it gave him to have even seemed for a moment to neglect his benefactor and second parent. I had, therefore, caught up my hat, and was on the point of taking leave, when Mephistopheles entered the room.

He looked at me with distended eyes, as if saying inwardly, "What in the devil's name brings you here?" A kind of inclination to defy him, which I could not resist, kept me from immediately fulfilling my intention of going; I did not like to seem driven away by him. With a brief greeting, he passed me by, went up to his brother-in-law, asked how he was, and began to talk of the weather, the roads, and some other

equally interesting subjects, taking no further notice of me. I was angry, and the more so, that I felt that was what he wanted: to give him the completest triumph, I very wisely suffered his rudeness to make me rude—"Captain Sturmgang," said I, not, I fear, in the calmest tone, "I wish you a good evening;" and so I walked to the door without bestowing a look on either the sub-rector or his hopeful nephew. As I was leaving the room, the old gentleman, in a constrained manner, and, as it seemed to me, more for ceremony's sake than that he really desired it, begged I would shortly repeat my visit: hurriedly promising to do so, I withdrew.

Next day I went again to Ludwig Sturmgang's; for I was now resolved, were it but to spite Mephistopheles and his subordinate unclean spirit with the St. John's head, not to withdraw from the enterprise of reconciliation. The young man was glad to see me; he could not but guess that I had spoken with his father, and his looks expressed impatience to know the result. I began by informing him that he was not under his father's curse, and I never saw a man more thankful than he was, for the assurance. To prove his gratitude, he told me all his history, and the circumstances which had led to the state of things subsisting between himself and his father. At the age of four years he had lost his mother; a short interval had been followed by his father's second marriage, and that event, very speedily, by his step-mother's death. Captain Sturmgang had brought up his son, from the tenderest years, with the severity to which his opinions, no less than his natural temper inclined him; and the boy had never known what it was to receive a caress from his father, never experienced an indulgence, never heard himself addressed but in the tones of harsh command, nor seen one encouraging smile relax the rigid earnestness of the features whose gloom overshadowed all his childhood. The fruit of this education was, that the young Ludwig, on his part conceived little love for his father, and acquired a stubborn, headstrong, and daring character, cared neither for blows nor hard words, took his own way, and at an early age was come to regard no one's judgment, and consult no one's will but his own. Be-

tween his stepbrother and himself there had never been any harmony. Christian was a boy that never got into scrapes, Ludwig was never out of them; and Ludwig's scrapes were, conscientiously, and on principle, regularly reported by Christian to their father. The captain petted and praised his stepson, and held him up as a pattern to Ludwig, who showed his sense of the virtues proposed to him for imitation, by drubbing the possessor of them soundly, whenever he could catch him in a suitable place for the operation, for which he was quite sure to be as soundly drubbed in his turn by papa.

In his sixteenth year Ludwig Sturmgang was placed by his father in a mercantile house, where, after the expiry of his apprenticeship, he continued some years in the capacity of foreman. During this period he formed an engagement with the daughter of his employer, and henceforth directed all his endeavours to the establishing himself as soon as possible in an independent business, that he might be in a position to marry. To this end he rode to Dornfeld (he was at this time residing in a town about fifteen miles from Zell), and requested his father to put him in possession of his mother's fortune, which by the marriage deed had been settled on her children. By the help of this sum he hoped to be able to furnish a shop in Zell. The captain, however, showed himself no ways inclined to further the views of his son, told him he should not have a penny of his inheritance till he knew how to make a better use of it, and upbraided him with great harshness for having entered into a matrimonial engagement at so early an age. The old spirit of defiance, which had long slept, now awoke in young Sturmgang, and bitter words passed between father and son. Ludwig would have left Dornfeld immediately, but was obliged to defer his journey in consequence of a sickness of his horse. The approved remedy for this sickness was washing the part affected with a solution of arsenic in hot water, and Ludwig went to the apothecary in Zell, and procured a small portion of this poison, which he locked up in his desk. The next day Christian Schein had to drive to the town with corn, and on this account had his dinner an hour earlier

than the rest of the family; scarcely five minutes after finishing his meal, he was taken ill, had repeated vomitings, complained of violent pains in the stomach, and cried out that he was poisoned. The whole house was alarmed; a carriage was immediately sent into Zell, for the doctor, and in the meantime the food of which Christian Schein had partaken was examined. In the saucepan in which the soup had been made, and which was still on the fire, a white substance was found, which the old captain carefully took up, and put into a vessel. He cast looks of suspicion and rage upon his son, but spoke not a word on the subject with him. The doctor came, found Schein very much exhausted, but without further symptoms of illness; the hurtful matter seemed to have been brought away by the vomiting; the medical gentleman, therefore, merely ordered him some camomile tea, and drove back to Zell, accompanied by the captain, who after some hours returned.

The storm that now broke over Ludwig's head was terrific. Captain Sturmgang called his son a murderer, a parricide, a monster, who, in his accursed greed for money, had attempted to poison his father and his brother; nay, who had not scrupled to involve in the same destruction the lives of the innocent servants and labourers, who, as he must have known, would all have partaken of the deadly meal. "Serpent, devil, I renounce you!" shrieked the old man again and again, in accents which rage rendered almost inarticulate; and as his son stood astonished, bewildered, stupified before him, not hearing, or not comprehending his furious commands to begone, and to leave that house for ever, he at length snatched up his pistols, and would certainly have committed an irreparable crime, had not the housekeeper and the maid thrown themselves screaming between the two, and forced the young man, confounded and incapable of resistance, out of the room. At length, out of his father's presence, he found words to ask, "What have I done?" But the only answer of the women was to entreat him to leave the house as speedily as possible. At the same time they hurried him to the stable, and Theresa, calling to an out-door servant to lead out

the young master's horse without delay, hastened back to the captain, in order, as she said, to prevent his following his son, and murdering him in the yard.

Meanwhile, between Margareta and the out-door servant, the horse was got saddled, his master looking on passively, and as one stunned, till the maid, who cried bitterly all the time, with many prayers for his welfare, exhorted him to mount and begone. But he now suddenly recovered his recollection, and peremptorily declared that he would not go forth under such accusations as his father brought against him, that he would go back and know with what he was charged, and on what grounds. He would have done so, had not Christian Schein at this moment issued from the house, and, with terror in his looks, cried—

"Brother! Ludwig! for God's sake no delay! Your father has pronounced his malediction upon you, and is at this moment sending orders to the farm-servants to drag you through the horse pond."

"Liar!" said Ludwig, "you shall not prevent me from going to my father."

"Believe him," cried the house-keeper, who followed the stepson out of the house; "he tells you the truth. Your father has given you his curse, and, if you stay a moment longer, you will experience ignominious treatment."

"I call every thing sacred to witness," said Christian Schein, "that he was giving orders, when I left his presence, to have you dragged through the horsepond, and driven off the grounds with cart-whips."

"He was, indeed," said Theresa, wringing her hands. "Oh, for pity's sake—for your mother's sake—go at once."

Silently Ludwig Sturmang mounted his horse, and left, without a farewell, a house endeared to him by no one recollection of happiness. From X. he wrote to his father, begging only to know what the crime was by which he had deserved a father's malediction, and such abominable outrage as had been threatened him, but the letter was returned unopened. Deeply hurt and embittered against his father, he now put the business of the inheritance into the hands of a lawyer. The law

was clearly on his side, and he won his suit with costs. The little capital thus obtained enabled him to establish himself in business, and to marry. Since the circumstances above related, he had spoken neither with his father, the subrector, nor Christian Schein. All essays towards reconciliation had failed, and the persons just mentioned and himself had, when they casually met, met as strangers.

"What you have told me," said I, when Ludwig Sturmang had finished his narration, "is a most curious and suspicious story, and, if some strange error be not at the bottom of the whole, it is clear that a great crime was contemplated by some one. Appearances are certainly against you, and I wish you would answer me a few questions, which, I need not say, I do not put to you officially, but as a friend. Tell me sincerely, are you conscious of no negligence, of no thoughtlessness, of no fault in this matter?"

"Good God! Mr. Assessor, do you hold me capable of such?"

"Every one is capable of an oversight."

"In this matter, I am conscious of none."

"Do you believe that the substance in the saucepan was poison?"

"I don't know what to think."

"Did you carefully lock up the poison you had bought?"

"Carefully—and put the key in my pocket."

"Why did not you use the poison at once, for the purpose you got it for?"

"I did use about the half of it?"

"Ay? You didn't tell me that before. When did you use it—and how?"

"About nine o'clock the same day that the whole disturbance happened, I boiled the solution in the kitchen, and washed my horse with it immediately after."

"Did you leave the kitchen while it was on the fire?"

"Not a moment."

"Did Christian Schein know that you had bought the poison?"

"I have no doubt he did—the whole house knew it."

"Had he gone to the town that morning, or the day before?"

"Not to my knowledge. But I

begin to see that you have conceived the same suspicion that I entertain myself."

"What is that?"

"That Schein himself put the poison into the soup."

"What! You suppose that he meant to poison you, and fell into his own snare? I confess that does not seem to me very likely."

"Nay, I do not look on him as capable of such a deed, though I will not deny that I think him a bad fellow: God knows."

"Christian Schein makes no favourable impression upon me, but to practise against the lives of his stepfather and stepbrother, and even of the servants, against whom he could have no cause of enmity—to contemplate such wholesale murder is a stretch of wickedness which I will not impute to him."

"Nor I, though all that is less than the crime my own father imputes to me."

"Then, supposing he *had* meditated this crime, how very improbable that he should have blundered so as to eat of the poisoned food himself. But I will see you again in a few days, and I hope we shall be able to get some light on the subject. Good bye."

I proceeded from Sturmgang's to the apothecary, and demanded a sight of his poison book. It appeared that, in the month of August, 18—, by virtue of a police certificate, two ounces of arsenic had been sold to Ludwig Sturmgang. Neither Captain Sturmgang, nor Schein, nor any one else in the house, had bought poison that year, nor the year before. After a few days, I went out to Dornfeld again, requested a private conversation with the captain, told him that his son had communicated to me all the circumstances of their disagreement, so far as they were known to him, and begged him, if he thought me worthy of his confidence, to give me his version of the occurrences. He related them pretty nearly as Ludwig had done, and at the end asked me if I now found his conduct towards his son any way unnatural or inexplicable.

"But, my dear captain," said I, "are you then convinced beyond all doubt that the substance in the pot was arsenic?"

"I know it, sir," replied he; "for

I drove into town, as I have told you, with the doctor, and had the stuff examined by the apothecary, who at once pronounced it arsenic."

"But how can you tell that your son, Ludwig, threw this poison intentionally into the pot?"

"I am certain of it. Not only the maid can testify that he was the whole morning prowling about the kitchen, but Theresa—my housekeeper—saw him, from her storeroom, go to the fire and put something into the pot."

"No doubt, into the pot in which he was making the wash for his horse."

"Not at all! he was done with that by nine o'clock, and went into the stable, as he pretended, to wash his horse. It was half past ten when the housekeeper saw him at *her* pot."

"If that be true, I cannot deny that there are good grounds for your suspicion—at the same time suspicion is not proof."

"Not proof! By —, sir, you are proof against proof, I think! Look here! My son and I quarrel—a son, mark you, that never loved me; I don't say whose fault that is—mine, perhaps—but such is the fact; there never was love between us. Well, we quarrel, he wants his money, he can't marry without it; I refuse to give it him. The easiest way for him to get this money, and the rest of my property into the bargain, is, to put me out of the way. He was, from childhood up, quick in his determinations: he buys arsenic, for his horse he says, but my stepson is near being poisoned next day with his dinner; arsenic is found in the soup-kettle; the housekeeper has seen my son at that very soup-kettle. By —, sir, I say there's proof there to hang a man: I have knotted a man to the yard-arm myself on less proof: an English jury would send a man to the gallows on a quarter as much."

"I will not say that appearances are in your son's favour, and yet I cannot resist the conviction I have of his innocence. I acknowledge that he would have a bad chance with a jury, even out of England: still his frank, honest face, I think, could not but have its effect even in that suspicious nation, where, in direct contradiction to what they boast of the spirit of their law, every man is held guilty till

he can prove himself innocent. To my mind, Captain Sturmgang, there is that in your son's countenance and manner which totally forbids the belief of his being capable of the crime you attribute to him. And then the unblemished life he has now, for several years, led in our town—that will weigh in his favour with all reflecting men. Believe me, there is some sad mistake at the bottom of all this business—perhaps something worse."

"Ay, truly, is there something worse, and no persuasion will make me think otherwise."

"Well, suppose your suspicions just, your son has suffered for his crime—has proved himself a reformed man by his conduct ever since. Do not be implacable: if he had not sinned you would would have nothing to forgive; if he has, forgive him."

"My good sir, I have thought upon that point, and made up my mind. I forgive him what he has done, but I do not and cannot forget it. You may tell him that; I forgive him, but I will not have him come into my sight. As for my fortune, a stiver of it he shall never touch, if he were to go to law with me ten times over."

"Have you spoken with the sub-rector on the subject?"

"I have; he is just such another sentimental blockhead as—I was near saying something uncivil—and would have persuaded me to a complete reconciliation."

"The sub-rector?"—cried I, in astonishment.

"Ay, ay, the sub-rector—what do you see so wonderful in that? That's just like him. But I have told him roundly that that's out of the question; to be friendly to my son is not in my power; I can't answer for myself, but I might say something disagreeable to him—it is better we keep separate, give one another as wide a berth as possible. And now, my good sir, if you do not want to make me angry, talk to me no more on this subject."

My mouth was closed by the last words. However, I had got a step further, and, although I took good care not to quit the ground I had gained, I was far from intending to stop there. I now did my best to put the old sailor in a good humour with himself and me, led the conversation to his voyages, got him into a discussion about the

comparative merits of carronades and cannons, in which—heaven forgive me! I took up (knowing nothing of the matter) the side I saw he was opposed to, merely for the purpose of letting him beat me, which I must say he did in a very effectual manner. This gave him great pleasure, and when I was going away he begged me, with real heartiness, often to come and see him, squeezed my hand, and declared that he considered me an honest man. I asked him to come see me, and said my wife would be much gratified to make his acquaintance, to which he replied that he did not like going out of his own four walls, but would call me a real good fellow if I would bring my wife with me the next time I came, though, he added, it was scarcely a place for a lady, and she would find little to repay her for the trouble of the visit.

This was exactly what I wanted; for my plan was to make an attack upon him with the help of his daughter-in-law, an unassuming and amiable young creature, whom, I thought, it was impossible he should hate, although she had been the immediate unhappy cause of the family dissension. Should he conceive a liking for her—or should she inspire him with ever so slight an interest, it might be hoped that he would at least not suffer her and her children to want, and would perhaps even find an excuse for his son, in the matter of the unfortunate law-suit, in the eagerness of the latter to possess himself of such a treasure as this lovely young woman.

I communicated this plan to my wife, and got her to go to Madame Sturmgang for the purpose of inducing the latter to come into it. It was not without hesitation and fear that Madame Sturmgang consented to the project; she had heard too much of the blunt manners, stern temper, and rooted prejudices of her father-in-law, not to tremble at the thought of presenting herself to him; the uncertainty of the result, and the dread of being rudely and savagely treated by the old merriman, balanced the hope of rendering her husband a service beyond price. The sense of duty, however, triumphed over that of fear, and a day was fixed for our visit to the old gentleman.

Accordingly, it might be three weeks after my last interview with Captain

Sturmgang, my wife and I, with Madame Sturmgang and her eldest boy, took our places in a carriage, and drove out to Dornfeld. The young wife was to be presented to our host as a friend of my wife's, and the rest was to be left to the chapter of accidents. I believe there was not one of us whose heart did not palpitate as the carriage drove up to the door; even the little boy had an agitated look, caught perhaps from the reflection of his mamma's. The captain, who had had notice of our visit, was on the steps to receive us. All right, but—O mercy! there stood our evil genius, the sub-rector, behind him! "I wish you were where the pepper grows," thought I, "or in a hotter place." I had reason for the wish: in the moment that we halted, received and returned the captain's greetings, and were preparing to get out of the carriage, the harsh voice of Mephistopheles cried—

"Eh! what's all this? You here Madame Sturmgang!"

The captain started back, as if he had seen a Gorgon:—

"Where is Madame Sturmgang!" cried he.

Without speaking, the sub-rector lifted his arm, pointed with his forefinger at the unhappy and trembling young wife, now half-choked with her tears, and stood in this position so long that he gave one the impression of a hand-post, only that he pointed the way old Sturmgang's compassion and kind feelings were *not* to go.

My wife and I, who had already stood up from our places, sank back into them with fright; this saved us a trouble, for the captain, whose astonishment had given place to indignation, called out to me with the iciest politeness—

"Mr. Assessor, you have mistaken the house. This is not the inn; you will find it about half a mile further on, in the village."

"One word, captain."

He turned on his heel, went into the house, and shut the door behind him; the ill-omened handpost was no longer in view—it had done its work. "Home," said I to the coachman.

"*Oleum et operam peridi*," muttered I to myself, and did all in my power to tranquillize the young wife, who was near fainting, and could relieve herself only by tears. When

we stopped at young Sturmgang's, I had no need to tell him how my attempt had sped; the short time we had been away, and the disconsolate air of his wife, gave him but too sure evidence of its unhappy issue. The pain his features expressed, shewed that he had sincerely wished and hoped for peace with his father, and it was most reluctantly that I was compelled to add to his grief, by declaring that I could interfere no further in the matter. Half a year passed, after this, without my seeing either the young merchant or old Ironskull again.

The president of the Provincial Court had obtained leave of absence, for the purpose of visiting the baths of P——, and the direction of affairs devolved upon me; this confined me almost the whole day to my office, which was contiguous to the sitting-room of my wife. One day the bell rang, my wife went out to see who was there, I heard eager talking in the hall, and presently after the cry of an infant in the next room. What the deuce, thought I, does she bring such an animal here for? To my no small alarm the music came nearer, and by-and-by my wife entered the office, with a carefully wrapped up baby in her arms!

"Look, love!" said she, "what a darling little cherub!"

"O Lord!" cried I, "no nearer, there's a good soul! Take the darling little cherub away!"

"Yes, but I have to tell you something first," rejoined my wife; "the poor little dear has just been found in the fields."

"In the fields! Ay, ay! Who found it?"

"The people are there in the hall."

"Capital! I had too little business on my hands as it was. Well, call them in—call them in."

Four countrywomen and three children were now ushered in, and I glanced involuntarily at the three chairs which the office contained.

"If the whole village these good women belong to is coming," said I to my wife, "I must beg you to get the drawing-room in readiness, and to put all the chairs in the house into it, for we must have places for As-

essor R—— and the clerk of the court, whom I will thank you to send for immediately.”

The examination was begun, and the story told by young and old was this. The three children had gone into the fields to glean, heard a faint cry, and found on a crossway, near a farm house, the child lying. They ran into the house, into the village, spread the news, the four women came about the same time to the spot where the deserted creature lay, and forthwith commenced a procession to town, and to my office. I asked if any of them had given the child drink. Not one—the compassionate souls had been afraid, one and all, to take it into their houses, lest they should have to keep it. They were all agreed that no girl out of their village could be the mother of the child, as there were not the slightest grounds for supposing that a secret *accouchement* had taken place there. As soon as I had dismissed them, I called in my wife, whom I asked if she had any baby-linen by her. She blushed to the eyes at this question in the presence of the assessor and the clerk, for it was visible enough that she would very soon want baby-linen herself; however, this was quite *à propos*, and I said—

“There’s no help for it; you must act as child’s maid; strip the little thing to the last thread, and dress it in whatever you have got, for we must take the clothes it has on *ad acta*—but for heaven’s sake, get it something first to stop its roaring.”

The little one’s clothes were of rather finer materials than ordinary; but there was no mark to be discovered, which might serve as a clue to the mother. The child was given to a woman to take care of, and the tipstaff was sent the same evening to all the shopkeepers in the town, to show them its little coat, and to ask them if they remembered having sold any of that description of calico, and to whom: two shopkeepers had had this calico, and named different maid-servants in Zell who had bought some of it; but the inquiries set on foot gave no grounds of suspicion against any of these. The next day the tipstaff was sent with the cloth to the neighbouring villages, to show it to as many women as possible, in the hope of obtaining in this way

a clue to the delinquent. This measure succeeded: before midday he came back with intelligence that several women of a village near Dornfeld declared they had seen Captain Sturmang’s housekeeper, Theresa Froberg, wear a gown of this stuff three years before, which they remembered by this token, that they had censured her at the time among themselves, for wearing garments above her degree, and prophesied there would no good come of it. The tipstaff, before returning to X., had asked an out-door servant of Captain Sturmang’s how were all at Dornfeld, and received for answer that all there were well, except Madame Theresa, who was ill in bed.

My next step was to send the district physician to visit this woman, and from his report I learned that she had been delivered of a child within a few days, but was now in a state which admitted of her being judicially interrogated. I repaired accordingly to Dornfeld without delay, and had no difficulty in obtaining from her, in her first alarm, the confession that she had, three days before, given birth to a child, the father of which was Christian Schein, her master’s stepson; that she had concealed her condition, had delivered herself in secret, and, according to previous concert, given the babe to Schein, who left it in the neighbourhood of human habitations, that it might be the sooner found, and not perish. She acknowledged that this was the second child she had borne to Christian Schein, but the former was still-born, and had been buried by its father in the garden.

To arrest Schein was now the most pressing concern, but, on taking steps for that purpose, we discovered that that bird was flown, having first broken open the captain’s desk, and taken out of the same three hundred dollars in gold. The housekeeper, however, I had removed to Zell (on the doctor’s certifying that this might be done without danger), and placed in the prison infirmary, under the charge of a careful nurse.

The next morning the sub-rector entered my office, with a face rigid as that of the statue in Don Juan.

“Mr. Assessor,” said he, in a hollow voice, “I come to you on a distressing occasion.”

I requested—in no very sympathiz-

ing manner, I am afraid—to know how I could serve him.

"You are conducting the investigation of this affair of my brother's house-keeper?"

I bowed.

"And my nephew is implicated?"

"Sir," answered I, "you should be aware that a magistrate engaged in a criminal investigation does not take every casual inquirer into his confidence."

"As you please: I know, however, that he is implicated."

"Then, sir, as a magistrate, I must ask you *how* you know it?"

"From common report, and from my brother-in-law."

"Humph!"

"I come to make a request of you. My unfortunate nephew has absconded, and the tribunal will of course do its utmost to trace and arrest him. But it would be a bitter disgrace for me to see the name of my sister, of my nephew, in the Hue and Cry. Can you, and will you, not do something to prevent this scandal?"

"You will excuse me, Mr. Sub-rector, if I say that I have no very urgent motive to interfere with the cause of justice, for the sake of sparing you a mortification."

"I see you are prejudiced against me—misunderstandings——"

"Ah!—misunderstandings."

"I am convinced, Mr. Assessor, that you are judging me unjustly. It is true that I have suffered myself to be imposed on by that unhappy young man—that I have had a better opinion of him than he deserved. He has deceived me, brought shame and grief upon his family, made our honest name a town-talk. I confess I expected, for all this, rather compassion than insult from you."

"Mr. Sub-rector; I should be sorry to insult misfortune; but I will acknowledge that I do not feel very strongly moved to compassion for you, because I have seen how little you showed for that poor young fellow, Ludwig Sturmgang, who nevertheless had nearer claims on you than you have on me."

"Did he deserve compassion? God pity my poor brother-in-law, betrayed by those who are nearest to him! The hand of a stranger will close his eyes; for one son after ano-

ther shows himself unworthy to do it!"

"That is not so certain. I believe young Sturmgang fully worthy to perform that pious office, and should be sorry, Mr. Sub-rector, to be the wall of partition that separates father and son."

"There is no one but my brother-in-law himself that can remove the wall of partition, as you call it. I have often enough tried to bring them together, to move my brother-in-law to forgiveness. But Ludwig is to the full as impracticable as his father, and after he had so contumaciously rejected my mediation, I don't see how I should have gone on pressing it on him. No, I look on that young man as doubly unworthy, without sense of filial love or of common gratitude."

"And have you, Mr. Sub-rector—have you endeavoured to mediate in this unhappy quarrel?"

"To be sure I have: who should, if I did not?"

"Who, indeed? And may I entreat you to tell me in what manner the young man, as you have expressed it, contumaciously rejected your mediation!"

"My nephew Christian, who wished as much as I do to see the good understanding between his father and his brother restored, went several times to Ludwig, to induce him, if possible, to abandon the law suit. On these occasions, Ludwig expressed himself, regarding me, in a way that made me highly indignant—asserted that I belied him with his father with a view to get a share in his inheritance myself. Such aspersions, I confess, had the effect of greatly embittering my feeling towards him, and I felt in no way called upon to make him a personal visit—which otherwise I should have done. However, about two years ago, I had got my brother-in-law a good deal softened, sent my nephew to Ludwig, and bid him use the moment, as I was convinced that if he would now beg his father's pardon, a complete reconciliation would be brought about. How was my good will requited? Ludwig answered my nephew, 'Tell your uncle, he may tan the hides of his scholars as much as he pleases, but that I am a little too old to have the fifth commandment flogged into me.'"

"Your nephew brought you that message from Ludwig?"

"He did—and a still more impertinent message than that: 'And tell him, moreover,' added this graceless young man; that he may bless his stars that he has not me for a scholar, for I would get up a revolution in the school-room, and by'—I need not repeat his oaths—'we'd flog the flogger.'"

"Very disrespectful, indeed."

"That was not the worst. 'And as for my father,' he went on, 'you may tell him from me that the state showed its judgment in not promoting him, and that it was a fortunate day for the navy when he left it. And tell him he did well when he planted me behind a counter instead of taking me to sea, for by'—more oaths—'I'd have had the crew in a mutiny in three days, and we'd have hung the old tiger at the yard-arm.' I should like to know, Mr. Assessor, what you think of that?"

"And your nephew delivered that message to Captain Sturmgang?"

"He did, with fear and trembling."

"Well, Mr. Sub-rector, I begin to think we have all of us fallen into some errors of judgment. But no more on the subject at present—leave the rest to me. I have now to attend the court, and must pray you to excuse me."

When a culprit has once made a confession of his main offence, it is generally not very difficult to bring him to acknowledge his minor ones. This reflection induced me to examine the housekeeper with respect to the poisoning affair. To my surprise and vexation she stuck to her old story, that she had, from the store-room, seen Ludwig Sturmgang spill something out of a paper bag into the soup-kettle, and at every subsequent examination she repeated this without variation. I had the young man summoned, and asked him (though not on his oath, as it was possible that he might, in the course of the inquiry, have to appear before the tribunal as an accused person) when he had last spoken with Christian Schein. He answered, on the day he left his father's house. I admonished him that it was probable this question might be put to him on his oath within a few days. He replied that he could give no other an-

swer to it then than he had now done. In reply to further questions he distinctly denied that he had ever had a conversation with his stepbrother respecting the sub-rector or a reconciliation. I asked him (without mentioning the assertion of the housekeeper) had he gone at all to the soup-kettle on the day of the alleged attempt to poison. He answered most decidedly in the negative; there was nothing to take him to the soup-kettle on that or any other day. The whole business seemed to me a tangled yarn, and I dismissed Ludwig Sturmgang without coming to any conclusion.

"After all," thought I, "he may be guilty, and that a jury would pronounce him so is almost certain. Theresa Froberg's intrigue with Schein, to be sure, throws suspicion on her testimony; and yet her persisting in it now, after the flight of her lover, and when she can have no conceivable interest in blackening young Sturmgang, is, to say the least, very embarrassing. In my heart I'm convinced of his innocence; but—thank heaven I'm not on his jury."

An event occurred the next day which solved the riddle. A letter addressed to the housekeeper, and bearing the Bremen post-mark, was handed to the court; it was from her seducer, and ran thus:—

"DEAREST THERESA,

"Before I leave my country for ever, I cannot resist the impulse which bids me send you a last—an eternal farewell. I am, you will be glad to hear, safely arrived in Bremen, and sail an hour hence for New Orleans. Ere you receive this, the shores of Europe will have disappeared from my view. We shall meet no more. Forget me, Theresa; but be assured that you will never be forgotten by

"Your sincerely broken-hearted

"CHRISTIAN SCHEIN."

On reading this letter, the unfortunate creature broke into bitter tears, and cursed the author of her misery. She now confessed that she had been the tool of this miscreant in her inculpation of Ludwig Sturmgang. Schein had promised her marriage, but there were two hindrances to the fulfilment of the promise—the life of Captain Sturmgang, and Ludwig's claims as

his heir. The captain was old, and breaking down; they could reckon on his being soon out of the way, but the heir was a more serious obstacle. Schein, however, had long profited by the absence of the younger Sturmgang, to ingratiate himself with the old man, and insure himself, at least, a legacy; nor had he neglected his many opportunities to blacken Ludwig in his father's eyes. Ludwig's betrothal, and the pecuniary disagreement between him and his father, enlivened the hopes of the abandoned pair to make their harvest at his expense, and the accidental circumstance that his horse fell sick at Dornfeld, and that he got arsenic to wash it, inspired them with the hellish plan, which was as hastily carried out, as it was conceived, of making the old man believe that his son intended to poison him. By the prospect of being now shortly able to marry, Schein induced the housekeeper to aid him in this work. She went in the evening into the town, and bought a sufficient quantity of tartar emetic; this she gave to Schein, who placed in her hands the arsenic, which he had got, by means of a false key, out of his brother's desk. Theresa put the poison into the soup, after she had served her lover with his own portion, and this, having mixed the emetic in it, he immediately took. It was not long down before he was seized with vomiting; he cried out that he was poisoned; the housekeeper pretended to recollect having seen the captain's son put something into the pot; it was examined, and the arsenic was found. This plan succeeded: the father and son were irreconcilably disunited; the latter hardly knowing why, for Theresa's testimony against him had never come to his ears, and he was not aware of his father's grounds either for believing that the matter found in the pot was arsenic, or for concluding that he had put it in.

To exasperate both parties the more against each other, and to render any danger of a reconciliation more unlikely, Christian Schein had fabricated the malediction and threat of ignominious treatment, which he announced to Ludwig on the part of his father, and had afterwards brought to the captain and the sub-rector accounts equally mendacious, of his having visited young Sturmgang on errands

of peace, and of the insulting messages, to both the old gentlemen, by which the rebellious son had met these overtures.

Theresa Froberg had been the faithful ally of Schein in all these measures; and, even when their intrigue came to light, and the seducer absconded, she continued to keep the secret of their alliance, believing that Schein, once beyond the reach of pursuit, would not fail to provide her with the means of rejoining him, or would even, perhaps, return, when the scandal was blown over, and sit as fast as ever in his stepfather's favour; for she had not been informed of the act of theft which had preceded his flight. Now, however, he had cast her off, and all motive for concealment of the truth was at an end. The two rogues had fallen out, and honest men, according to the proverb, came by their own.

No sooner had I received the above confession, than I despatched the tipstaff to summon the captain and the sub-rector to give evidence before the court. After asking them some questions about Christian Schein's amour with the housekeeper, I said to the captain—

"Sir, the tribunal has been compelled to intrude into your domestic secrets, because, as I need not tell you, it is instituted to the end of discovering and punishing criminals. It is known to you that arsenic was brought into your house for a certain alleged purpose, and was there used as the means of an intended crime."

"It is but too well known to me."

"You yourself have named your housekeeper to me as a witness; it has become necessary that you should hear her testimony before the court."

"Pray spare me the humiliation of hearing the crime of my son deposed to before a public tribunal."

"I am sorry to say it cannot be."

I rang, and directed that Theresa Froberg should be brought in. She appeared pale and dejected. I bid her repeat her deposition of yesterday.

It was done. The two old men stood as if turned into stone, as the story of the prisoner removed the scales from their eyes.

"Now, gentlemen," said I, "be so good as to walk into the waiting-room

till these depositions are signed and sealed. I will be with you in a few minutes."

They did so, and I shortly followed them.

"Now," said I, "I must request you to accompany me a short distance."

I said this with so official a look, and in so civilly peremptory a tone of voice, that they thought I had authority to take them wherever I pleased, and followed me without a word. Both looked like men suddenly awakened, and not knowing rightly whether they were in the body or out of the body. Need I tell the reader that I led them to Ludwig Sturmgang's?

As we were at the door, and I was going in, the captain grasped my arm, and asked—

"Sir, what does this mean?—where are you bringing me?"

"Go with him," said the sub-rector, soothingly. "Let the assessor have his way, he means your good."

With these words, he pressed my hand.

We went in. The shop-boy was behind the counter; the young wife sat in the parlour, rocking the cradle, and sewing. At the sight of the old captain, she sprang up with a cry of terror, and darted out of the room.

"What's the matter?" said Ludwig, coming in; but, as he saw his father and his uncle, his arms fell as if paralyzed at his sides. Father and son stood at the two opposite doors of the room. It was an even chance whether they were to advance towards each other or to draw back.

"Sturmgang," said I to the young man, "it was I that brought your father and your uncle hither; they did not know my purpose, though I dare say they guessed it. The moment is come—the quarrel is at an end—all is explained. Sturmgang, throw yourself into your father's arms."

Sturmgang stood as if his shoes were part of the floor.

"Captain, then, embrace your son."

He stood like his son's counterpart.

"Mr. Sub-rector," appealed I—but he was crying.

"Good folks," said I, "do you mean to put me in a passion? Ludwig Sturmgang, will you be friends with your father?"

"I will," answered he, quickly.

"Captain, has your enmity no end?"

"It is past," was his equally quick reply.

"Well, then, when two people that have fallen out mean to be good friends again, why, either one of them *must* take the first step, or both must step out together. Come—together be it."

"No," said Ludwig Sturmgang, stepping forward, "I am the son—the first step belongs to me. Father, there is my hand—forgive me!"

"Stop!" shouted the old man, "stand back! Mine must be the first step: it is I that have to say 'Forgive!' I alone am guilty of all this misery. My poor, poor Ludwig, I have done thee bitter, ay, bitter and crying wrong. God forgive me!"

"Hurra!" cried I, and with a spring was in the kitchen. "In with you, Madame Sturmgang," said I to the trembling young wife; "you'll find none but friends in the parlour."

The following Sunday my wife and I, in compliance with a formal invitation, sent two days before, dined at Dornfeld. The company was not large; there were only ourselves, the Sturmgangs, and the sub-rector. After dinner, the captain presented us pipes, and bid Margareta bring a light, which she did, sobbing violently, as she had done, to the great peril of the Captain's equanimity, all dinner time.

"I have got no matches," said the old gentleman; "but here is some paper. Good Mr. Assessor, will you tear it neatly into strips: we can light our pipes with it very well."

The will was in a very few minutes torn up, and helped to light the "calumet of peace."

"I want a purchaser for Dornfeld," said the Captain to me. "I'm going to live with the children in town. It's so dull out here."

I puffed.

By and by, the sub-rector drew me to a window.

"When is your office open?" asked he.

"Day after to-morrow." Puff, puff.

"I wish to make my will," said he.

"I can guess." Puff, puff, puff.

"What? Who my heir is to be?"

Puff, puff, puff.

He pressed my hand.

"Are you still angry with me?"

"Ye watchful stars," thought I, "and I have called this man Mephistopheles! 'Wise judges are we of each other!'"

Puff, puff, puff-f-f-f.

THE IDEAL OF IMITATIVE ART.

KUGLER's Hand-book* is admittedly the authority on the subject of the principal schools of painting in Europe. It is, in fact, an indispensable companion to the amateur who visits the great foreign and British galleries of art. The two first parts of this valuable manual are translated from the original German by a fair country-woman of our own, whose refinement of taste in all matters connected with the liberal arts is only equalled by her accurate scholarship and happy fluency of diction. The first part, containing the Italian school, has already appeared under the able editorship of Mr. Eastlake, and was reviewed in our number for July, 1842. To the present volume is prefixed a short essay by Sir Edmund Head, containing a good deal of sound and sensible criticism, which, as interesting and intelligible to the general reader, we propose to examine so far as it bears on the question before us, in connexion, or rather contrast, with a treatise† of a very different stamp, though partially dealing with the same subject. It is just possible that those who value the one may relish the other; but nothing, certainly, can be more perfectly dissimilar than the mode of thinking and talking adopted by Head, and that assumed by the "Graduate of Oxford." The one addresses himself to the common sense and common feeling of all enlightened readers; the other discourses of what we were wont to hear called the "æsthetics"—but what he teaches us to designate the "theoria"—of imitative art, and can scarcely expect to be intelligible to more than the initiated few who draw a religion out of the ordinary objects of taste, and find not only "books in the running brooks," and "sermons in stones," but metaphysics in off-skips, and intricate systems of ethics in Turner's prismatic *bizareries*.

Let us endeavour to write for the medium capacity of mankind; and, in dealing with a subject which may be either very plainly handled, or involved in hopeless mystery, seek to bring difficulties to the level of ordinary apprehensions, rather than elevate simple nature to a height at which we may bid defiance to criticism, on the same principle as, according to the sarcastic Rousseau, the Parisian ladies raised the standard of morals to an elevation unapproachable by the most exalted female virtue.

That we shall in this age of affected sentiment draw down upon ourselves a considerable weight of fashionable indignation we fully expect, and are quite prepared for the moral avalanche. Well do we know that the faintest echoes of the plain are enough to disturb certain sensibilities where they sleep in their inaccessible and profitless sublimity above us; and fated though they be to melt when they are exposed long enough to an ordinary temperature, the consequences to us may in the mean time be sufficiently disastrous. Still we cannot for the life of us consent to be silent; at all hazards we must raise our voice for the guidance or warning of our fellow-voyagers, and are determined to check the rash, or encourage the timid, though it be at some personal risk to ourselves.

The scholastic theology of the middle ages forms an example of how any subject may be mystified by those whose design is, *not* to enlighten. The same mode of dealing with any other topic of human inquiry will lead to the same result:—nothing is so clear, pure, or *natural* as not to admit of being wrapped in obscurity; and it is possible that the world of taste—nay, even of action—might become the same chaos religion was once resolved into, should the "theoria" of Oxonian

* Kugler's Hand-book of Painting. Part II.—The German, Flemish, and Dutch Schools. Edited, with notes, by Sir Edmund Head, Bart. London: John Murray. 1846.

† Modern Painters. Vol. II. Containing a Treatise on the Imaginative and Theoretic Faculties. By a Graduate of Oxford. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1846.

graduates be permitted to influence the student of the arts and sciences to any extent.

In painting—indeed in all the imitative arts—it is the question of the *Ideal* which has engaged more than any other the controversial energies of theoretic inquirers. It has been agitated since the days of Cicero and Quintilian, and will probably remain for ever to be agitated, unless indeed it be finally swallowed up in the profound depths of the “graduate of Oxford’s” metaphysics. It may explain the “ideal” better perhaps than any verbal definition could do, to say that it is the quality which the Dutch and Flemish schools are said to be most without, and which the early sculptures of Greece possessed in the greatest perfection. The doctrine of the Ideal, according to the ultra-idealists, is that according to which it is held necessary that the artist should improve and ennoble nature by having recourse to some storehouse of grand forms existing in his own imagination—or, as it is expressed by Meyer and Schulze in their notes to Winkelmann, *frei gedichtet*, and standing complete before the mental eye. In their theory, not merely is it held that most individual models are imperfect, but that no individual model, however beautiful, can possess that indescribable something essential to the highest works, simply *because it is individual*. Such is the doctrine of the idealists.

That of the “realists” is shortly stated by Sir Edmund Head as follows:—

“It is admitted that most individual models have some defects, but that the correction of these defects must be drawn from the contemplation of other individual forms, and that forms may and do exist which the artist cannot copy too closely—in which the individual character—that is, in other words, the life and reality of nature—will be, if he can attain to it, a source of the highest excellence, not a subject for censure. In correcting the defects of the model before him at the moment, his recollection of finer models is better than nothing; but the reality of those finer models would be better than the recollection.”

The fact is, the true theory lies between these extremes, and is best expressed by Burke in his letter to

Barry (see Prior’s Life of Burke, vol. i. p. 421).

“Without the power of combining and abstracting, the most accurate knowledge of forms and colours will produce only uninteresting trifles; but, without an accurate knowledge of forms and colours, the most happy power of combining and abstracting will be absolutely useless; for there is no faculty of the mind which can bring its energy into effect, unless the memory be stored with ideas for it to work upon. These ideas are the materials of invention, which is only a power of combining and abstracting, and which, without such materials, would be in the same state as a painter without canvas, board, or colours. Experience is the only means of acquiring ideas of any kind; and continual observation and study of one class of objects, the only way of rendering them accurate.

“The painter who wishes to make his pictures (what fine pictures must be) nature, elevated and improved, must, first of all, gain a perfect knowledge of nature as it is.

“It is not by copying antique statues, or by giving a loose to the imagination in what are called poetical compositions, that artists will be enabled to produce works of real merit, but by a laborious and accurate investigation of nature upon the principles observed by the Greeks. First, to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the common forms of nature; and then, by selecting and combining, to form compositions according to their own elevated conceptions. Homer and Shakspeare had probably never seen characters so strongly marked as those of Achilles and Lady Macbeth—at least, we may safely say that few of their readers have, and yet we all feel that these characters are drawn from nature; and thus, if we have not seen exactly the same, we have seen models and miniatures of them. The limbs and features are those of common nature, but elevated and improved by the taste and skill of the artist. This taste may be the gift of nature, the result of organization; and the skill may be acquired by habit and study: but the groundwork, the knowledge of the limbs and features, must be acquired by practical attention and accurate observation.”

The writer of the essay before us very properly judges, that many of those persons who have been most fluent in their praises of the ideal, have had a very indistinct notion of their own meaning.

"At one time the feeling was definite enough: the vague mannerism of the Eclectic painters produced exaggerated adherence to what was called 'Nature,' on the part of the 'naturalists.' The theory of the pure Ideal was the direct antithesis to the doctrine of this latter school, who asserted in practice, if not in words, that it was right to adhere to the reality of the world around them so closely, as to adopt any form which happened to present itself, and apply it to every subject which they wished to paint. The former, shocked by the violation of all propriety, exaggerated and maintained more strongly than ever the power and the necessity of surpassing and elevating nature. Painters like Caravaggio, and some of the Neapolitan masters, would occasionally take a model at random, and set a beggar or a clown to represent a saint or a hero—thus painting with all the vulgar associations of common life the highest and most pathetic subjects, and depriving them of their real force and beauty. They erred, not because they imitated nature, but because they imitated nature in a form unsuited to their end, and perhaps otherwise offensive. According to their view, by the word 'nature' we were to understand any single object which accidentally presented itself, without selection and without reference to its fitness for conveying any particular conception. In this sense, undoubtedly, it will be true that the painter and the sculptor must refrain from the imitation of nature. But nature does not necessarily mean this, or anything like this; and there is an ambiguity in the word as applied throughout these arguments. At one time it is taken to signify, as has been said, any chance object; at another, the aggregate of the visible world around us, from which aggregate must be derived by the artist that form which best fits the feeling of his subject. Now, in the latter sense, it is clear either that nature, and nature only, is the ultimate source of every image conceived by the artist, or that we must maintain the existence of certain innate types or forms in the mind of every great genius—types which are supposed not to be the result of contemplating the natural objects round us, but to have been drawn in some mysterious manner from the invisible world. When thus nakedly stated, however, there are few or none who would maintain the doctrine of the Ideal; and the dispute might probably solve itself into the question of how far practice it is necessary to omit the defects, and improve portions of the individual models, by combining them.

the result of the study or the recollection of such as may be more perfect in those portions. It has probably, too, been felt with truth that a minute and rigid study of individual nature will often taint with these accidental imperfections the works of those masters who devote themselves to it. In this shape the question would be a very narrow one, and would assume a totally different aspect."

"If, however, we reject the pure Ideal, we must still admit that genius is shown in working up the materials furnished by the study of individual objects into an organic whole; and this is true of each single figure, as well as of a whole composition. If the artist, like Raphael in the *Galatea*, is obliged to use imperfect models, it is not merely by patching up what is wanting, and glossing over what is offensive in each successive form, that beauty can be produced. A great master will organize the whole, as if it were naturally and properly so composed; he will 'abstract and combine,' in the sense of Burke. Still, to return to the point, all the elements employed by an artist are derived from the study of external nature only, not from the imagination of the artist. Nay more, as has been stated, no effort of the greatest genius ever has, or ever will surpass or equal the appropriate forms existing in individual life—provided only those forms be properly selected, the closer the adherence to them the better will be the work.

"What reasoning seems to teach us, all the history of art confirms. Has any school ever existed, or any single artist ever painted, independently of the peculiarities of the external world around them? Do we not recognise in the productions of their respective schools the characteristic forms of the Greek race, and the local character of the Venetian, Siennese, or old Cologne masters? Yet if their forms were merely the reflection of a sort of Platonic type existing in the minds of all great masters, why should they have been so powerfully and so universally modified by the accidents of place and country?"

Now, the conception of the ideal, as received by our "Graduate of Oxford," is something so different as to be almost the reverse of this. He holds that the ideal in man is best obtained from individuals, and may be worked out of any single appropriate subject by worthy treatment; that is, he claims for the idealists the sole and characteristic quality supposed to be-

long to the realists; for it is only a few ultras who have gone so far as to say that anything, no matter what, provided it be natural, will serve their purpose. Observe that in the following solemn passage our author, he of Oxford, is maintaining the cause of idealism:—

“That habit of the old and great painters of introducing portrait into all their higher works, I look to, not as error in them, but as the very source and root of their superiority in all things, for they were too great and too humble not to see in every face about them that which was above them, and which no fancies of theirs could match nor take place of, wherefore we find the custom of portraiture constant with them, both portraiture of study and for purposes of analysis, as with Leonardo; and actual, professed, serviceable, hard-working portraiture of the men of their time, as with Raffaele, and Titian, and Tintoret; and portraiture of Love, as with Fra Bartolomeo of Savonarola, and Simon Memmi of Petrarch, and Giotto of Dante, and Gentile Bellini of a beloved imagination of Dandolo, and with Raffaele constantly; and portraiture in real downright necessity of models, even in their noblest works, as was the practice of Ghirlandajo perpetually, and Masaccio and Raffaele, and manifestly of the men of highest and purest ideal purpose, as again, Giotto, and in his characteristic monkish heads, Angelico, and John Bellini (note especially the St. Christopher at the side of that mighty picture of St. Jerome, at Venice); and so of all—which practice had indeed a perilous tendency for men of debased mind, who used models such as and where they ought not, as Lippi and the corrupted Raffaele; and is found often at exceeding disadvantage among men who looked not at their models with intellectual or loving penetration, but took the outside of them, or perhaps took the evil and left the good, as Titian in that academy study at Venice which is called a St. John, and all workers whatsoever that I know of, after Raffaele’s time, as Guido and the Caracci, and such others; but it is, nevertheless, the necessary and sterling basis of all ideal art; neither has any great man ever been able to do without it, nor dreamed of doing without it even to the close of his days.”

The truth is, in the affectation of his favourite “*theoria*,” our Oxford A. M. too often ventures beyond his own depth as well as that of his readers, and finds himself, at the end of a long and luxu-

rious intellectual nation, out of easy reach of land, insomuch that he is obliged to strike out with considerably more of effort than of grace in order to regain his footing and breath. It will be seen by the extract above, that he has had a narrow escape of a coroner’s inquest. But he is not to be discouraged. He is in again without corks:—

“There is a perfect ideal to be wrought out of every face around us that has on its forehead the writing and the seal of the angel ascending from the East, by the earnest study and penetration of the written history thereupon, and the banishing of the blots and stains, wherein we still see in all that is human the visible and instant operation of unconquered sin.”

Here the student of the Isis has assumed that the ideal has exclusive reference to *Christian perfection*—the *salus* of a perfect code. Even where he admits differences of the ideal, they are such as may be reconciled with it. Thus, the ruddy beauty of the youthful David, and the weak but inspired uncomeliness of Paul, are both brought as examples of the ideal, the preference even being given to the latter because there is “in this indication of subduing of the mortal by the immortal part, an ideal glory of perhaps a purer and higher range than that of the more perfect material form.” But the truth is, that writers on this subject will be by no means ready to agree with our graduate as to the standard to which he refers the ideal; nor indeed does he seem himself to be steady in such reference. We all know that as observers it is not to certain qualities without, but to certain preconceived complex notions within, that we habitually refer works of art on this score; and that we judge them more or less ideal according as they approach or fall short of these notions. And so as artists. But these internal standards need not by any means to coincide with the immutable standard of Christian truth. On the contrary, they are sometimes expressly opposed to it. In poetry, for instance, look at the Satan of Milton—a character, if ever there was one, ideally created and ideally to be appreciated. His presence is powerfully described. Terrible and strong as was the infernal armament, yet

" ——— alone
Above them all th' archangel : but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage and considerate pride,
Waiting revenge : cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, &c."

Here is a picture, vivid, intelligible, yet emphatically *ideal*—that is, neither formed from an individual prototype, nor according to a perfect standard. It is neither the actual existing spirit of evil, of whom we know nothing except in his effects, nor is it the perfection—the *beau ideal* of devilishness. It is the impersonation of a great conception, no matter of what parts composed, shadowed forth as a whole in the mind of genius, and corresponding to our preconceived notions of the mysterious presence of Satan.

Thus, too, the "hero" of ancient story, be he immortalized in the verses of Homer or on the friezes of the Parthenon, answers and satisfies a complex idea in our own minds of that particular character; the god-like qualities of form and spirit—god-like in reference to the mythology of the era—there breathe from the verse or the marble. The lofty disdain, the inscrutable tranquillity, the invincible power, the generous candour, all the attributes of the Grecian demigod glow reflected in the chanted or sculptured portrait of the hero, and in proportion as they carry him out of individual life, elevate him to the ideal. But this elevation may approach a false standard as well as a true, provided such be that set up for reference. Pride, by which the archangels fell, enters into the Grecian ideal of human perfection, and is uniformly found contained in it. In early art, humanity was supposed to need the high qualities of the deity—that is, his dominating qualities as well as his other ones—to render him perfect. His should be a form such as that

"Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man ;"

for such was the preconceived ideal to be wrought up to. The ideal of a perfect man is now changed. The humble, patient, meek, suffering Saviour, or, as the Oxonian Alumnus instances, the self-subduing Paul—such is now the standard. That is, we admit another notion into our minds, and expect art to square its productions to it; and, as there may be changing ideals of

the same thing, so there may be ideal moulds or patterns of various things—of pride, of power, of beauty, of grandeur, or of their reverse. But to admit this, which our English academic must be constrained to do, is to negative a great portion of his profoundest reasoning on the subject.

Let us not harass the reader by pursuing this *will-o'-the-wisp* of the schools farther in this direction. It will be interesting to him to know that the Graduate is by no means content with gods and men, and such "mighty themes," for his "theoria." He finds his ideal in the minutest things—in the "trophœan than," for which, according to Herder, the grasshopper chirps his thanks—in the weeds and grasses of the wilderness. It is evident from the following passage that our academic essayist has travelled between terms:—

"The first time that I saw the Soldanella Alpina, it was growing, of magnificent size, on a sunny Alpine pasture, among bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle, associated with a profusion of Geum montanum, and Ranunculus Pyrenaicus. I noticed it only because new to me, nor perceived any peculiar beauty in its cloven flower. Some days after, I found it alone, among the rack of the higher clouds, and howling of glacier winds, and, piercing through an edge of avalanche, which in its retiring had left the new ground brown and lifeless, and as if burned by recent fire; the plant was poor and feeble, and seemingly exhausted with its efforts; but it was then that I comprehended its ideal character, and saw its noble function and order of glory among the constellations of the earth.

"The Ranunculus glacialis might, perhaps, by cultivation, be blanched from its wan and corpse-like paleness to purer white, and won to more branched and lofty development of its ragged leaves. But the Ideal of the plant is to be found only in the last, loose stones of the moraine, alone there—wet with the cold, unkindly drip of the glacier water, and trembling as the loose and steep dust to which it clings yields ever and anon, and crumbles away from about its root."

But he fears that he has gone a little too far. He had said that it was the *happiness* of vegetables, stones, and such created things, that was *το καλον*, that is, their *Ideal*; and he pauses when he finds that he has nevertheless selected a shivering Soldanella and ragged Ranun-

calm as the typical form. He thus attempts to explain:—

“And if it be asked how this conception of the utmost beauty of ideal form is consistent with what we formerly argued respecting the pleasantness of the appearance of felicity in the creature, let it be observed, and for ever held, that the right and true happiness of every creature is in this very discharge of its function, and in those efforts by which its strength and inherent energy are developed; and that the repose of which we also spoke as necessary to all beauty, is, as was then stated, repose not of inanition, nor of luxury, nor of irresolution, but the repose of magnificent energy and being; in action, the calmness of trust and determination.”

That is (for Oxonian explanations need explanation), the *rest of motion*, and the *passion of action*. If our readers are satisfied with this, all we can say is, so are we. The truth is, our academician is attempting a blended metaphysical and ethical treatise in the language of Herbert's Country Parson, and finds the lofty philosophy, clothed in the lowly garb, a little too much for his wit.

Indeed, the magnitude of his own undertaking (though the title of the book be but “Modern Painters”) appalls him at the outset. Like the “fear” of Collins, he “starts from the sound himself has made.” Observe with what solemnity he enters upon his task:—

“It is not now my object to distinguish between disputed degrees of ability in individuals, or agreeableness in canvasses, it is not now to expose the ignorance or defend the principles of party or person. It is to summon the moral energies of the nation to a forgotten duty, to display the use, force, and function of a great body of neglected sympathies and desires, and to elevate to its healthy and beneficial operation that art which, being altogether addressed to them, rises or falls with their variableness of vigour—now leading them with Tyrranean fire—now singing them to sleep with baby murmurings.”

In this mighty national effort the bachelor—or master—or doctor of Oxford feels that he is bound to *cultivate* utilitarianism at once:—

“This Nebuchadnezzar curse, that sends us to grass like oxen, seems to

follow but too closely on the excess or continuance of national power and peace. In the perplexities of nations, in their struggles for existence, in their infancy, their impotence, or even their disorganization, they have higher hopes and nobler passions. Out of the suffering comes the serious mind; out of the salvation, the grateful heart; out of the endurance, the fortitude; out of the deliverance, the faith;—but now, when they have learned to live under providence of laws, and with decency and justice of regard for each other; and when they have done away with violent and external sources of suffering, worse evils seem arising out of their rest—evils that vex less and mortify more—that suck the blood though they do not shed it, and ossify the heart though they do not torture it. And deep though the causes of thankfulness must be to every people at peace with others and unity in itself, there are causes of fear also, a far greater than of sword and sedition, that dependence on God may be forgotten because the bread is given and the water sure—that gratitude to him may cease because his constancy of protection has taken the semblance of a natural law—that heavenly hope may grow faint amidst the full fruition of the world—that selfishness may take place of undemanded devotion, compassion be lost in vainglory, and love in dissimulation—that exultation may succeed to strength, apathy to patience, and the noise of jesting words and foulness of dark thoughts to the earnest purity of the girded loins and the burning lamps. About the river of human life there is a wintry wind, though a heavenly sunshine; the iris colours its agitation, the frost fixes upon its repose. Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which, so long as they are torrent-tossed and thunder-stricken, maintain their majesty, but when the stream is silent, and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them, and the lichen to feed on them, and are ploughed down into dust.”

Here follows a cut at the railways, unkindly severe at the present moment, when locomotive suicide is the order of the day:—

“And at this time, when the iron roads are tearing up the surface of Europe, as grapeshot do the sea—when their great sagene is drawing and twitching the ancient frame and strength of England together, contracting all its various life, its rocky arms and rural heart, into a narrow, finite, calculating metropolis of manufacturers—where there is not a monument throughout the

cities of Europe that speaks of old years and mighty people, *but it is being swept away to build cafés and gaming-houses*—when the honour of God is thought to consist in the poverty of his temple, and the column is shortened, and the pinnacle shattered, the colour denied to the casement, and the marble to the altar, while exchequers are exhausted in luxury of *boudoirs* and pride of *reception-rooms*—when we ravage without a pause all the loveliness of creation which God in giving pronounced good, and destroy without a thought all those labours which men have given their lives and their sons' sons' lives to complete, and have left for a legacy to all their kind, a legacy of more than their hearts' blood, for it is of their souls' travail."

When—when—when, in fact, all this is the case, it is too late to write books of pompous no-meaning in the language of the homilies, anticipative of the restoration for mankind of the golden, or pastoral, or buttermilk era. So much being admitted, our graduated author cannot be offended if we join him in his opinion, and own that he is a couple of centuries at least too far back, or too far forward, for us. We have arrived at that unhappy "time of day" at which we need to understand what we are called upon to enjoy, and are by no means content, like sweet Wordsworth—

"To feel that we are happier than we know."

We have come too late for mysticism and mystification, though too early for the glories of ultimate Oxonian development. And yet, if he of the degree whisk up his gown in a transport of academic disdain, we have to tell him, that it does not follow as a matter of course because we refuse to understand the "imaginative sympathies" of forest trees and bramble bushes, or the realization of Darwin's metaphorical "Loves of the Plants," and of the hitherto unsuggested extravagance of man's tender passion for the plants, or the "artist's combining intelligence" "under the figure of *sulphuric acid*," or such stuff, that we are therefore mere ignoramuses, who deserve to be "plucked" at our "little go," and that on the pictorial "theoria" especially we are nincompoops. It is quite possible that we may vote our Oxford "theorist" a bore, and yet be possessed of some plain common sense, and laugh at such Pecksniffs of the craft without

ourselves being utterly insensible to the "æsthetics" of art, or incapable of appreciating the "sublime and beautiful." Many a gallery have we walked, in many a country, panelled with the genius of successive schools, and thronged with the marble miracles of triumphant art. With awe and reverence have we passed and repassed, and paused, and stood still, and studied, and restudied, the wonders of modern Italy and of ancient Greece, with heart and soul full of the objects before us. Keenly have we analyzed the forms and colours of beauty in nature herself, in the imitation of her, and in the ideal conceptions of things beyond and above her—and emotions we have felt, we confess it, at times, of an undefined and inexpressive rapture, beyond the reach of language, and scarcely recoverable by the unexcited memory. But did we—do we—seek to entrap the evasive spirit in a network of words? No; we feel that to turn and look our Euridice in the face, were to dismiss her for ever to the shades; and, rather than expose ourselves to the ridicule of the world by such an attempt, we would

—————"Live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword."

What evades the comprehension of uninitiated capacities, may more safely be left unexpressed, in matters of art or feeling. A philosophical inquiry, indeed, might be pitched to any height; and where our author is most purely philosophical, he is best; indeed, he might have constructed a valuable treatise on the relation between natural and moral beauty, had he been content with this, and not brought in the cant of an art of which he knows nothing, expressed in the language of obsolete conventionalism, to puzzle, disgust, and tire the reader, when he is best inclined to follow him. For, we repeat, the graduate is often worth following. He is a man of no ordinary capacity, and no mean powers of expression, and his mind is thoroughly imbued with a love of the beautiful and the good. A purer school, and a healthier tone, had constituted him, on some subjects, the rival of John Foster, or of Isaac Taylor. He prefers to prove himself the mongrel breed of Chalmers and Newman, the eccentric Saturn of this modern Cæsum and Terra, than to be a

IRISH RIVERS.—NO. III.

THE SHANNON.

CHAPTER VII.

"And thee, fair *Luimneach*, whose beleaguered wall
So oft the bolts of raging Britons stood,
Before thy gates what thousands met their fall,
And with their bodies choked the spacious flood."

HAYES'S ELEGY.

"Ceterum ex illis negotiis, quæ ingenio exercentur, in primis magno usui est memoria rerum gestarum."
SALLUST.

Few places exhibit such evidences of siege and battery as the chief city of the Shannon; some dim and shadowy traces of its once beleaguered walls and numerous gates still remain; and, reflected in the yet rippling current, proudly stand the castle of King John and the palace of the successors of Brian Boru! Looking at the "roundure of these old-faced walls," or rather the quaint vestiges of them which have escaped the corroding rust of time, a thousand associations crowd the memory and the imagination.

The original foundation of the city is lost in the obscure twilight of the past—the first dawning of our knowledge, perhaps, commencing with Ptolemy, who, there is some reason to suppose, alluded obscurely to it under the name of *REGIA*; and in the *Psalter of Cashel*, and some of the old Irish poets, it held no insignificant place at a subsequent period. In one of the latter, among the places visited by the "King of Aileach," in search of hostages, we find the "strong Kinkora," with

"*Luimneach* of the azure stream;"

and another bard—stringing his harp, amid the whispering of its strings, tells us of the "Shannon of fairy flood," and—

"Kings of the wide-bordered valley,
The vale of the clear-streamed Shannon."

Luimneach, or *Limerick*, according to the etymology of Ware, signifies a place "trampled by horses;" and history comes to our assistance, with the no very flattering tradition, that the island on which the town was originally built was first inhabited by a set

of banditti, who made incursions into the adjacent country, and conveyed their ill-acquired gains across here for safety. Other authorities seem to apply the term to that part of the Shannon stretching from this point to the mouth of the river.

In the year 433, we find St. Patrick on his peaceable mission, "crossing the ford of the Shannon at *Luimneach*," baptizing *CARTHAN FIONN* in the stream, and turning his steps towards Mungret. To many persons, the existence of the great saint is a thing, in the words of an old writer, "the rather to be believed with a poetic faith." Such, however, have not bent their steps along the windings of the Shannon, or read the pages of Irish history. How full, indeed, of intensest interest is the whole life of this great and excellent disciple of the cross, from the time we find him tending the sheep of Milcho, amid the wilds of Slieve-Mis, to that at which we here discover him with all meekness, crossing the stepping-stones at *Luimneach*! amid the idolatry of Druids and pagans—bending over the stream to administer the rite of his new, but lasting and most holy faith; and then, as we read of the mysterious visions of his new Church that daily haunt him; the successful career of his spiritual labours through the hills and valleys of this part of the country, amid cairns and cromleachs;—supplanting these idolatrous relics by the hurdles and thatch of his very primitive churches, and ultimately establishing the see of Armagh; we see what zeal and perseverance can achieve. Many storied ruins and legendary tales still commemorate the labours of the great saint; and several "wells," at which the votive offerings of the

poor are held in the utmost veneration, attest the fidelity with which our humbler countrymen cling to the past. At one of those beautiful springs, not far from the Shannon, called after the saint, [the ablutions and penances of these 'poor people is quite wonderful; and over it a head of the saint, in excellent preservation, is looked at with feelings of pious veneration. At another, an interesting legend exists of the conversion of the king's daughters from paganism to Christianity.

The beautiful Ethnea and her sister, coming early to the fountain, were greeted by the soft, low voices of the saint and his clergy offering up their morning hymn. On approaching nearer, they were surprised by the appearance of the venerable group, each dressed in white; and on making some inquiries as to the object of their visit, St. Patrick availed himself of the accident to convert them—to tell them of that "unknown God" whom they had been "ignorantly worshipping"—and contrived, after no ineffectual fashion, to instil into their minds those sweet truths of Christianity which now, for the first time, fell on their ears. Charmed with the impressiveness of his manner, and the convincing nature of his argument, the fair strangers, after a little, seemed anxious to conform to the new and wonderful faith of which they had heard so much, and having expressed their willingness, were baptized by the saint—becoming afterwards, according to the legend, most pious and devoted—"polished corners" of the mighty temple which the great saint was destined to rear upon the crumbling ruins of Druidism.

The history of Ireland at this period presents, perhaps, as wonderful a moral spectacle as any the course of human affairs ever yet presented. "A community of fierce and proud tribes," in the words of the historian, "for ever warring among themselves, and wholly secluded from all the rest of the world, with an ancient hierarchy entrenched in its own venerable superstitions, and safe from the weakening infusion of the creeds of Greece or Rome, would seem to present as dark and intractable materials for the formation of a Christian people as any that could be conceived. While in all other countries the introduction of

Christianity has been the slow work of time, has been resisted by either government or people, in Ireland, by the influence of our missionary, and, with but little previous preparation of the soil by other hands, Christianity burst forth, at the first ray of apostolic light, and, with the sudden ripeness of a northern summer, at once covered the whole land." That light had been raised upon the "high places," which, in the words of a prophet of the period, was to shine for ever over the entire land.

The history of the city in the eighth century brings us into acquaintance with our old friends, the Danes, whom we find, sailing up the Shannon, and taking up a no very amiable position in its vicinity. After attacking and plundering it, they burned the abbey of Mungret; nor did they confine their destructive ravages to the latter, but continuing their way along the banks of the river, assailed the defenceless inhabitants of Scattery, destroying the monument of St. Senanus, and putting their helpless victims to the sword. About the middle of the succeeding century they became masters of Limerick, and perceiving its excellent situation for inland or foreign trade, set about fortifying it. Lachtna, the son of Lorcán, grandfather of Brian Boru, King of Munster, defeated them, however, in fourteen battles, and in one of them being joined by another chief, a fearful action ensued at *Sainaingéal* or *Singland*, described with desperate accuracy in all the old chronicles of the period. The position at present commands the city. The Danish chiefs were slain, and their followers giving way, retreated before the inhabitants, and were slaughtered in great numbers. The historic traces of these ruthless spoilers along the Shannon, is not without a degree of melancholy interest, and we have at Limerick, Scattery, Clonmacnoise, and other monastic institutions along its banks, the harrowing evidences of that dark and afflicting tyranny under which the religious of the period suffered so cruelly; nor is there not a lesson of saddest teaching also in the fact, that civil dissension in too many instances completed the havoc, where the work of desolation was but half completed. Among the several religious foundations destroyed, were those of Kildare and Armagh, and Farannan:

the successor of St. Patrick at the latter see was seized and brought as a hostage to the Danish ships at Limerick. The cruelties of Turgesius at this period are perhaps unexampled in the whole history of our country; not a place sacred in ecclesiastical annals, not a spot hallowed by the labours of the great saint, but suffered by his destroying hand. His death and the final expulsion of the barbarians soon followed—so characteristic of the period.

The extreme beauty of the daughter of the king of Meath having awakened the passionate attachment of the tyrant, he demanded her from her father. The latter, concealing his horror, consented somewhat hesitatingly to surrender his child; at a small island, in Loch Nair in Westmeath, attended by fifteen maidens, it was arranged they should meet. There Turgesius, all impatient, waited to receive her. The supposed maids, however, were fifteen brave but beardless youths, disguised, each with a dagger, who, taking advantage of the first opportunity, fell on the tyrant and his followers and slew them.

Little is known of Limerick previous to the arrival of the Northmen, except its being the site of a cathedral in the seventh century, and it is to Ivan, not Sitric, we owe the first foundation of the city. St. Munchin, of the Dalcassian tribe, was the first bishop, but the old cathedral bearing his name is now no more, a parish church of no very particular beauty supplying its place, with associations of the archaism of its builder not the most impressive. The original edifice was beautifully situated, overhanging the Shannon, and the churchyard in which still repose the crumbling memorials of a little world once as busy as our own, was bounded by the city wall, John's castle, and the chief of the seventeen gates of the town immediately adjoining. An old legend connected with the erection of this remnant of antiquity has survived the destructive hand of the modern architect, known as "Saint Munchin's prayer," and as shadowing a truth of no little significance, perhaps our friends of this part of the Shannon will thank us for its preservation.

In those very primitive times, we are informed—and how refreshing the intelligence—it was no uncommon thing for the predecessors of our mitred lords

to lay aside occasionally the crozier and crook, for those humbler but not less useful implements, the hammer and trowel. St. Munchin, laying the foundation of his church in *propria persona*, happened to require the assistance of one of our predatory friends already spoken of, to raise a large stone, but was refused. A stranger happening to pass, proffered his aid; when the saint, exceeding wroth, knelt down and abjured after no measured terms the conduct of the former, praying that the efforts of a *stranger* in the city should ever prosper rather than those of one born within its walls.

Without alluding to the consanguinity of the "wish" of the saint and the "thought," according to the familiar formula of Wordsworth, or whether the curse still continues in all its stringency, perhaps there may be some other more philosophic mode of accounting for the matter. Bubbling up with kindness and good nature, we shall not entertain the problem. There are those in the world, it cannot be denied, who are ever anxious to build the sepulchres of the *ancient* prophets, while the great minds of the present hour, delving and digging in the common places of the world around, are neglected and forgotten. Whether the legend has any covert allusion to such, we shall not wait to examine.

The most formidable enemy perhaps the Danes had to encounter at this period, was "Brian of the Tribute," the hero of Clontarf. He succeeded his brother, Mahon, in the crown of Munster, and a very singular idea of the flourishing condition of Limerick may be gathered from the incidental fact, that those of them trading here were obliged to pay him a yearly tribute of three hundred and sixty-five tuns of claret—a tun a day. The first engagement we find him in, was on the borders of the Shannon, where, under the leadership of his brother, Mahon, he distinguished himself. A fearful engagement, however, ensued, in which the Momonians were beaten, and Mahon, forced to swim across the river, was obliged to leave his shield behind him. A little after we find him engaged with his implacable foes within a few days' march of Limerick, and the annals of Innisfallen give a graphic account of the great hero's skill and bravery at Sulchoid or Pallas. A

strong body of cavalry having advanced from the rear of the city to reconnoitre the army of Mahon, a formidable attack on them was made by Brian at the head of some squadrons of light horse, and one half of their number was slaughtered, the remainder fled in the utmost confusion, pursued by Brian; Mahon also following with the entire of his forces, a general engagement ensued, in which no less than three thousand were slaughtered on the spot. The remainder fled towards Limerick, pursued so hotly that the troops of Brian and those of the Danes entered the city together. Here a scene of devastation not easy to conceive ensued; the city was ransacked and plundered of its immense wealth, and left a mass of ruins and smouldering ashes.

The protracted reign of Brian Boru was marked by several interesting circumstances familiar to every reader of Irish history. His chiefest aim seemed directed towards reforming the state and regulating the Church, while his efforts to restore learning and the calm precepts of the Christian religion contrasted singularly with his more general bellicose character. Several lands and territories were restored to their rightful proprietors, numerous privileges and immunities conferred on the nobility, and to each bishop and priest he restored their several preferments. A long interval of peace indeed ensued, during which, we are told by a French

author, who of course knew more of the matter than any one else, that the laws were so much respected, that a beautiful maid, adorned with gold and jewels, with a white wand in her hand, passed alone over the whole island, the emblem of peace, without being molested. But should we not favour you with his verses?

"Une vierge nuisant aux dons de la nature
De l'or et de rubis l'éclat et la valeur,
À la clarté du jour ou dans la nuit obscure
D'une mer jusqu'à l'autre allait sans protecteur
Ne perdait rien de sa parure,
Ne risquait rien pour sa pudeur."

Most rare poet—most excellent lady—would that we could congratulate you on the continuance of this most auspicious state of matters—but after it we find the whole island a prey to civil war, and our favourite city burned three several times. The kingdom of Munster ruled jointly by Tieghe and Donchad, the sons of Brian—the former murdered by the machinations of his brother—the latter overthrown by his avenging nephew, and not till the arrival of Henry II. do we find order restored. An English garrison was now placed in the city for the first time, and the several Irish chiefs entered into a compact, by which they became his subjects under the Brehon laws; on his departure, however, the old spirit again broke out, and Donald O'Brien took possession of the city.—

CHAPTER VIII.

"The tapers all are quenched, the belfries mute,
And mid their choirs, unroofed by selfish rage,
The gadding bramble hangs her purple fruits."

WORDSWORTH.

"Let not the reports of those that has spent all their owns, discourage you from Ireland; although they, and such others by bad dealings, have wrought a general discredit to all Englishmen in that countrie, which are to the Irish unknown."—Payne's "IRELAND" (1689)

THE early Christians were accustomed to preach on the banks of rivers, for the convenience of baptism, a circumstance which in some way explains the number of ancient monasteries and churches found in such situations. Among our Irish streams few abound with these storied relics in such profusion as the "azure" waters, if we may borrow from the poet, presided over by the austere monk of Scattery. The soft wooded shores and smiling bays of the Shannon seem,

indeed, studded with these interesting ruins—each with its presiding saint,—its tale of plunder and desecration—its ghosts and elves and fairy visions—its haunted nooks and mystic legends. We purpose not entering into any dry details, our impression being that mixed up with the kindliness and enthusiasm of our imaginative countrymen, such things are best observed by brake and glen and fountain, and hill and river's brink—mid nooks and dells, beautiful as fairy visions themselves,

abounding in every part of our favourite isle; in a word we would have the poetry scattered through our country, in all its local freshness, and amid the glimpses of our natural scenery. We would fain listen to the historic legend—the wild tradition amid the green fields or mountain breezes—the whirring of the lark in our ears, in the sweet morning of the year, or amid the teeming glories of its golden close, the soft valley or silver rivulet at our feet. He who feels not the pure and silent loveliness of nature, as her all perfect arrangements circle around him, loses a fund of blissful delights, which no effort of art can replace. How have we strayed along in the shadows of the tall trees of this part of the river—soft airs from shrub and flower wafting most fragrant incense around—the long, long summer's day too short—our rod and book our sole companions. The glowing embers of the west, lingering late upon the waters, still discovering us taking lessons from meek Isaac Walton. Yes! we have the weakness to believe with the venerable old Father of the angle, there is no life so happy and so pleasant; “for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then sit we on cowslip banks,” says this fine old fellow, “hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us. I tell you, scholar,” he continues, warming with the subject, “when last I sat on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them, as Charles the emperor did of the city of Florence—‘that they were too pleasant to be looked on but only on holidays.’” Yes! with old Isaac—

“I, in these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle would rejoice.”

In one of the last chapters we left our friends in a somewhat sententious mood amongst the ruins of Mungret, and what more interesting than these finger-posts set up by old father Time? Stonehenge, Mexico, Memphis, what but enduring relics of a state of things not less wonderful than the period of our great catat, and these dim traces

of Dane and Druid—how little different from the present. The great universal mind of man seems never to alter, though his proudest memorials crumble to the dust. In the garden of Adonis, in the “Faerie Queen,” the figure of Time is found walking among its pleasing haunts, yet spoiling its beauties, and cutting down the flowers. We have often thought of this beautiful symbol along the wooded banks of the Shannon. Straying among the ruins of Mungret, we became acquainted with a somewhat ridiculous legend of its “Wise Women.” The Canons of St. Augustine (a branch of the same order as our old friends on Scatterry) held a priory here. So learned had they become, they sent a general challenge to several colleges, which, after a little, was accepted by the heads of the chief place of learning at that period. The inmates of the priory became considerably alarmed for their classical reputation; but hitting on a somewhat humorous expedient, they succeeded in frightening their adversaries. Knowing how obnoxious to the fairer part of creation they were generally considered, it struck them if they could make them speak Greek and Latin, their own superiority would be much magnified. They accordingly habited some of their chief professors in ladies' attire, and sent them to meet the strangers at different points. On came our erudite acquaintances, “with loads of learned lumber in their heads,” till accosting a woman on the road, as to the distance of Mungret, they were met by a whirlwind of Greek; some one or two other young ladies farther on opening on them in Hebrew and Latin. The face of a woman *per se* was quite sufficient to shake their firmest resolves, a *fortiori* of women able to puzzle them in the dead languages; they made a halt, and deeming it not particularly expedient to expose themselves at a place where even the women were so learned, they turned back, pondering portentously on the “wise women of Mungret.” Passing several other old ruins in the vicinity of the river, and a well of St. Patrick, over which is a curious stone with a figure of the great saint, our ramblings terminated at ADARE.

The beautiful combinations of wood and water—the glimpses of sylvan loveliness—the green solitudes of this

sweet spot, are sufficient to fill the mind with feelings of no ordinary delight; the old monastic walls peering at intervals through the trees, form a picturesque contrast to the fine mansion of the proprietor, while the little river reflecting in its placid depths, these storied ruins, comes freighted with old and hallowed associations. Straying along its quiet banks, what "Castles of Indolence" did our imagination build amid its turreted battlements.

Adare was famous as one of the strongholds of the Desmonds, some traces of which yet remain, with some very perfect ruins of a Trinitarian Friary, described by Archdall. The steeple resembles a castle, and is supported by a plain arch, with four diagonal ogives meeting in the centre, and stairs leading to the battlements. The nave and choir are small and plain; in the
• here are several other ruins, the entrance being a low gate, still standing. The greater part of another old monastic building is also visible, the cloisters in rather good preservation, with several other apartments adjoining them, apparently much older than the remaining parts of the building. Adare is situated on the MARGUE, one of the numerous tributaries to old Father Shannon, into which it empties itself at the foot of Carrick o' Gunniel; winding thence, the river passes the beautiful plantation of Elm Park, River Mount, Faha, and in view of Currah, the beautiful residence of Sir Aubrey de Vere, on towards Croom and Bruree, where it receives an additional little river, termed with singular beauty the *Morning Star* or *Dawn*, and passing the classic ruins of Kilmallock, is lost on the borders of the county Cork. Though hiding its diminished head at present, this river at one period enjoyed considerable note, as a channel of communication with Limerick, which in some old documents is yet distinguished as on the Shenan, "near Kilmallock," so illustrious was the latter. The topography of our forefathers, indeed, was sometimes amusing. One of those "learned geographers," acquainting posterity of Ireland being on the "borders of Spain," and another delightful old fellow, of the "countrie being scituated somewhat nearer the equinoctial line than England, but yet lying more upon the

ocean seas, and being fuller of Rivers."

Kilmallock, now in ruins—the "Baalbec of Ireland" at one period—figured very conspicuously in the history of the country bordering the Shannon, though not immediately on the river. In the sixteenth century it was a large place, surrounded by walls, some vestiges of which, with those of the castle of the Desmonds, still remain; being invested by Irish forces at this period, the Earl of Ormond, with 700 men raised the siege, and in the middle of the succeeding century it was surrounded again. It seems, indeed, to have had some of the longevity of the Phoenix, having been burned and dismantled several times, and again rising from its ashes. The old cathedral contains sundry reminiscences of those eventful times; and wandering amid its broken monuments, we were insensibly among thoughts and recollections of a past state of things—the lines of Francis Beaumont on the "Life of Man" occurred to our memory—

"Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like the wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood."

Yes, verily, such is life—an epitaph here, marking out the resting-place of one doughty Geraldine, is worth preserving—it seems the ruling passion, strong after death—

"NON FUGIAM! PRIUS EXPERIOR NON MORAS
MIHI TERROR."

What! run away!—No, no,—I'll try my spear,
If Death shows his grim face—I'll meet him here."

In the year 1572, Sir John Perrot, Lord President, being at church here, one of the Desmonds came to sue for pardon, and some idea of the period may be gathered from the incident, that the Lord President made him kneel down in the church, and place the point of his sword next his heart, a significant mode of reminding him that he received his life at the queen's hands; pretending now he was going on a visit to the Abbey of Holy Cross, to make reparation for his sins, he contrived to gain over to his cause many of the inhabitants of Ulster and Connaught, and set out once more through the county Limerick in defi-

ance of the queen's troops; but being shot by a musket-ball, his body was quartered and fixed upon the gates of Kilmallock!

The town takes its name from "St. Meachollog," who founded an abbey here somewhere about the end of the sixth century. Its crumbling walls at present form a highly interesting and picturesque feature in the scenery of this part of the country, contrasting beautifully with the rich glimpses of cultivation every where around. The "White Knight" is buried in the Dominican Abbey, and an old legend points to a hollow on his tomb formed by a continual drop from heaven—the "hereditary drop"—a mark of deep and lasting resentment for his unnumbered cruelties. The level country, extending from the Shannon towards Kilmallock, is called, among the ancient Irish poets, the plain of *Hy-Cairbre*, where many a wondrous feat was achieved. The hereditary chiefs took the name of O'Donovan, and their territory is described as the country "along the sluggish river Maigue (*Coshma*, i.e., *along the Maigue*), and the plains down to the Shannon." Cathal was the chief of this territory, and we find our friend Muirchertach going into it to receive his submission. A poetic description is given of a night spent in the plain, their only shelter

their strong leather cloaks, "with music, however, in their tents; listening to its strains, and dancing right joyously, they passed the night."

This circuit of the son of the valiant Niall in search of hostages affords a singular notion of the cheapness of kings in those times, and the lawless turbulency of the period—

"Thou hast taken the hostages of Inisfail—
Thou hast brought them all into Allisach,
Into the stone-built palace of steeds."

The Desies were slaughtered by the King of Cashel, it seems, to revenge which the son of Niall assembles the races of Conall and Eoghan, and out of a large number selects ten hundred to accompany him "on the circuit of Erin." And what may have been the mode of selection? A tent was erected on the green, at the door of which was placed, at one side, a furious dog, at the other a man with a spear; the latter stuck his spear in the claimant at one side, while the dog flew at him at the other; if he shrunk from these two attacks, he was prevented from going on the expedition; but if he wrestled manfully and overcame them, he was selected.

Setting out now, we find them picking up kings and princes like paving-stones; nor do we want a poet ("ne carret vate sacro") to chronicle his travels among the wilds of Innisfail.

CHAPTER IX.

"Limerick holds the third rank, though from its situation, and the dignity of the river, the palm should be given to this city. It is washed by the Shannon."—STANIHURST.

"King John was pleased with the agreeableness of Limerick, and caused a very fine castle and bridge to be built there."—IBID.

THE venerable cathedral of Limerick, now standing on the site of the palace of one of its kings, forms a highly impressive feature in the scenery for several miles along the Shannon. The entire structure is built in the most simple style—the ancient Gothic—and is situated about the centre of the oldest part of the town, not far from the time-honoured castle of King John. In the interior there is nothing, perhaps, very remarkable; the roof is supported by several arches, which, as well as the great eastern window, are in excellent keeping with the remainder of the building. Several recesses in the aisles, however, originally family chapels, have fallen a prey to the en-

croachments of modern improvements. The steeple, nearly one hundred and thirty feet in height, is particularly fine, and towering above the several edifices around, carries back the mind to the eventful periods of the past.* It is seen, for several miles along the windings of the river, forming a landmark of no little interest.

Donald O'Brien, the original founder, in the twelfth century, endowed it with several grants of land, and in the early part of the succeeding century, it was much enlarged by Bishop *Donat O'Brien*, who, in addition, assigned prebends to the secular canons. Some traces of the changes which long subsequently occurred at the Reforma-

tion, are also distinguishable; but so many of its antique monuments have suffered, that the imagination insensibly sets about supplying their places; indeed the serene and simple beauties of this fine edifice have been as much defaced by the rude hand of the spoiler in the turmoil of civil strife as the exigent fascinations of modern improvers.

Two or three beautiful pieces of modern art in some way relieve the errors of taste of a previous age, furnishing, as we hope, the initiative of a more correct style.

Straying among the aisles, sundry memorials of those once busy, and great, and gay, meet the eye; nor are there wanting "uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture to teach the passing moralist the unsubstantial nature of this shadowy state of existence. In one corner, a certain little SAMUEL BARRINGTON, "of famous cities clock and chime maker," very horologically acquaints us—

"He made his own time go earlier and later,
But now he is returned to God his Creator,
The 19th of November, then he deceased,
And for his memory this here is placed."

And a little farther off, we find "entombed" Geoffrey Arthur, with some curious abbreviated monkish verses, intended for "the cold, dull ear of death:"—

"Hic jacet in tumuli fundo
Subiatus a mundo
Galfridus Arthurie,
Thesaurarius quondam istius ecclesie,
In tubus sic octavam cane,
Qui hic dice octo precum Eans."

The last distich is somewhat soundingly translated—a sage provision, in case English should supersede Latin, or the latter come to life from being a dead language:—

"Do thou lucite the solemn train,
And with the doleful trump proclaim
Eight times this mournful story,
Then to Eans oblation make
Of eight prayers for the sake
Of his soul in Purgatory."

Several others, of a very old date, also attracted our attention. Among the rest, one to a relative of the great Donald O'Brien himself, which we do not now recollect.

Donald O'Brien was a man of great bravery, and would have been deserving a niche in the affections of posterity, but for his very questionable conduct—burning the city of Limerick.

Henry the Second, embarking at Milford Haven with a fleet of not less than 240 ships, and 4,000 soldiers, landed at Waterford, in 1172. Such a formidable array brought the several Irish chieftains to their senses; and O'Brien, meeting Henry on his way to Limerick, surrendered the city. Leaving his generals in possession of Ireland, Henry next returned to England; but several disputes having arisen, Strongbow thought it necessary to crush the spirit of revolt. In two years afterwards, accordingly, he invaded the territory of the troublesome Donald; but coming off second best, the latter bid defiance to the English, and secured himself in the city. Raymond le Gros now undertook to dislodge him, and arriving on the banks of the Shannon in winter, he found the river swollen and the bridges broken down. Two of the boldest of his knights, venturing to ford the river, one of them was drowned, when the nephew of Raymond, Miler Fitz Henry, leaped boldly into the stream, and swam across. The rest of the troops soon followed, and amid shouts of "Saint David," Donald and his followers were again conquered. With a little of the *nil desperandum* philosophy of the day, Donald again attacked his foes at the earliest opportunity, but was obliged again to yield. As a sort of compromise, he was now invested with the government of Limerick; and Raymond and his troops proceeded to evacuate the town, but they had scarcely passed out of the gate, when the bridge was broken down, and they had the mortification to see the city in flames—the work of Donald! The position of this bridge is still pointed out. The last fifteen years of the life of this extraordinary man exhibits one continuous contest with the English; and some idea of the very troublesome light in which he was viewed by the king, may be gathered from the quaint saying of Henry, on being told of the exploits of Raymond and Donald. "The first gaining of Limerick," quoth the king, "was a noble exploit; losing it, a still nobler: but the only act of wisdom, the last getting rid of it altogether." Donald died in 1194, and with him ended the "kingdom of Limerick." Besides founding the venerable cathedral here, a lasting memorial of his piety, he endowed several

other churches through the country, and lies buried at Killaloe, on the borders of the Shannon.

During the subsequent reign of King John, a great degree of tranquillity prevailed; and both Heylin and Stanihurst tell us, notwithstanding the hostilities of the barons, he seemed particularly delighted with the "well-frequented emporium" of Limerick; he remained there three months, and among other things, disposed of the castle of Carrig o' Gunnel to one of the O'Briens, making him sovereign at the same time. John granted a charter also to the city, recited in the later one of Elizabeth.

During the greater part of the thirteenth century, we find the O'Briens and Butlers in one almost uninterrupted fight. At this time, De Clare, a descendant of Strongbow, arrived, and getting possession of a large estate, built the splendid castle of Bunratty, still in good preservation, on the borders of the river. One of the O'Briens, shortly after, laid siege to it, and obliged De Clare to come to a pacific arrangement.

The signal victory achieved about this period at the little rivulet of Bannockburn, inspired many of the Irish chiefs with hopes of similar success to that of their Scottish neighbours, and a brother of "the Bruce" was crowned king of Ireland, and after several fearful engagements, he approached Limerick, and kept his court here; however, he was shortly after slain, and the Scottish army routed with dreadful slaughter.

During the reign of Richard the Third, a parliament was held in Limerick, but of its legislation, history is silent; and not till the eventful period of Elizabeth, do we find the capital of Munster making any noise in the world: then we find Sir George Carew entrenched at Askeaton, Desmond stirring up a battle at the gates of Limerick. Sir H. Sidney, making a progress through Munster, and meeting the haughty Geraldine, ordered him to make some reparation for his past transgressions, but the earl acquainted him before midsummer he would take the field with 5000 men. Sidney, however, seizing him in his stronghold at Kilmallock, confined him in the castle of Limerick; liberated some time after, he took the field again, and after a succession of

wonderful reverses of fortune, died in the greatest misery.

During the reign of Elizabeth, indeed, we find the author of the "*Pacata Hibernia*" busily engaged quelling the insubordination of the time, and bestowing his attention on the strong fortresses of Askeaton, Kilmallock, and Glin. In an attack on the latter, he was aided by a frigate in full sail, which bore down, and commenced a furious bombardment; a flag of truce making its appearance, was commanded to depart, when a singular expedient was tried with no better success.—A young and innocent infant was placed in the breast-work of the castle, a pledge of the loyalty of the knight; but the opposing general replied, "there were more children where that came from, and though it should be killed, he would continue to point his guns as before!" A breach was soon made, and the garrison either put to the sword, or driven over the battlements into the Shannon.

Stretching across the Shannon not far from the Cathedral, and near the castle of the king of *Magna Charta*, stood, a few years since, the crumbling remains of "Thomond Bridge," now replaced by a clumsy modern structure; this curious relic of the thirteenth century, was perfectly level, and contained fourteen arches, each one differing from the other after some very discursive plan of the original projectors; the marks of the hurdles on which it was erected were visible till the period of its taking down, and if we are to credit an old tradition in no way flattering to our modern appliances of art, the tumbling down of it cost more than its putting up; the original expense of this venerable structure, amounting only to £30! A piece of elegance a little further down the river, in our own recollection, cost the pretty considerable sum of £80,000, and though not much given to prophecy, we venture to predict the frost of six centuries will never pass o'er its grey hairs. The old bridge, erected about the same period as John's Castle, led directly from that ancient fortress in the island on which the town was first founded, into the district of Thomond, and being the only avenue to that extensive district, necessarily became a point of no inconsiderable importance. A little after the arrival of Cromwell in the coun-

try, we find Ireton coming by a detour in this direction. Marching from Cashel, he reached the Shannon opposite Killaloe, where two thousand horse and foot, protected by breast-works, defended the pass of the river. Deceived by a feint, the Irish troops commenced opposing those of the parliament, while Ireton very quietly was marching them in quest of a ford which he discovered not far from Castle Connell. Some traces of the old castle which stood at this ford, still remain, several days were spent in making the ford passable, laying stones and hurdles; and every preparation being effected, we find him with his troops, under the deep shadows of the night, marching silently into Thomond. The first party landed, seized the castle, and killed the guards, and now "turning the flank" of the opposing forces—that great desideratum in tactics—he took possession of Killaloe. Another of his generals, detached to Portumna, took possession of that also, so he was now complete master of the Shannon; advancing next towards Limerick, he seized a battery at the salmon weir, and began the siege in form at Thomond Bridge.

Summoning the governor to surrender, a disposition to treat was evinced on the part of the citizens, but Ireton seemed resolved to press the siege; the castle at the foot of Thomond Bridge, leading to the city, was first carried, and dreadful slaughter on the bridge ensued, amid which the besieged broke down two of the arches next John's Castle, at the other end, rendering it thus impassable. He now attempted to land by boats and a float provided for the occasion, but all who ventured to cross the river, with few exceptions, were drowned or killed. Winter coming on, he would have been obliged to abandon his enterprise, if treachery and sedition had not found their way into the opposite camp; a treaty was agreed on, and the unusual spectacle was exhibited of the contracting parties dining quietly together between the two armies, several successive days! This, however, was, after a little, broken off again, Ireton threw another bridge over the river, marched his troops across, and after making first an encampment close up to the breast-works of the enemy, left an immense force to prevent any one leaving the city. And here perhaps it were

well to pause and turn a thoughtful glance at the horrors of this period, from whence a lesson of deepest interest cannot fail to arise. Indeed the sufferings at this fearful siege almost exceed belief, were the horrors of the time not proved in a thousand ways.

The cruelties of the time may be gathered from the facts in "*Ludlow's Memoirs.*" A gibbet was erected in sight of the walls; any one attempting to come out, was threatened with hanging; several were whipped; and one poor aged man and his daughter escaping the pestilence and famine of the city, the latter was ordered to be hanged before her father's eyes—the aged father to be flogged, and sent back into the city; in vain the poor man remonstrated, and in the intensity of his agony, begging to be hanged in place of his daughter, he was savagely refused. After bravely resisting the siege for a long time, the citizens were betrayed; one of the chief officers, taking the keys of the city from the mayor, seized John's gate, and turning the cannon on the town, declared he would not quit his post till it was surrendered to the enemy.

When the capitulation was signed, the troops, amounting to 2,500 men, laid down their arms in the cathedral, and in marching out of the garrison, Ludlow saw several of them drop dead of the plague. After a short time, Ireton himself caught the infection, and died, and was buried in Henry the Seventh's chapel, at Westminster, but was afterwards taken up, and buried at Tyburn, amid very general execration.

We are not among those, we must confess, who delight in the horrors of war, particularly the fearful devastation of civil strife; "peace has its victories as well as war," is a very prominent item in our moral creed; and we are ever more rejoiced by the laurels won in these bloodless fields, than those stained with the dust and gore of our common humanity: indeed, we should not bring so prominently forward these historic associations, but that lessons of no unconstructive tendency, and gratulations sundry, and various, and gratifying, still linger about these old and venerable walls; the tears of the widow and the orphan cast a gloom, doubtless, over the mind of every well-thinking person; yet such has been the history of the world from the earliest epoch. The

earthquake and storm are not less necessary in the physical world, than the upheavings of society before the establishment of any great principle. Yea, "Paradise itself," in the words of the prophet of the Koran, "lies under the shadow of swords."

But to return to the thread of our narrative.—After the capitulation to Ireton, we find William landing in Ireland, the city invested by him in person, and twenty thousand men encamped under its walls. His first position was at Singland, where his Danish countrymen some centuries before were placed, from whence his field-pieces had full command of the city: a summons to surrender being sent, many in the town, among which were Boiseleau and Sarsfield, opposed it, and the envoy was sent back. Next day a French soldier deserting into the town, acquainted Sarsfield of some artillery coming to William; Sarsfield crossed the Shannon, lay all day concealed in the mountains in the line of their march, and coming up with them, fixed the cannon, loaded to the mouths, in the earth and blew them up. This accident interrupted William's operations for some time; but receiving cannon from Waterford, he renewed the attack, which on both sides was maintained with desperate bravery for some time. A breach was made at length near John's Gate, and the king ordered the counterscarp and two towers on each side of the gate to be assaulted; five hundred grenadiers rushed to the attack, the besieged defending the breach with desperate firmness. The regiment ordered to the support of the besiegers, stopped at the counterscarp, but some driving the Irish before them were killed; the latter rallied, surrounded the breach, and defended it more vigorously than before; and here the women of Limerick gained a title to celebrity equal to that of the Maid of Saragossa, for, mingling with the besieged troops, they pushed to the front and assailed the enemy with stones! During three hours a tremendous hot fire was kept up; a regiment of William's seizing what was called the "black battery," thought all was right, but being full of powder, it was blown up; the defence of the breach still continued as obstinate as ever, and after having fifteen hundred men numbered amongst the dead and dying, the English withdrew. William

now determined to raise the siege, and after offering very advantageous terms, which were refused, he left the command of the forces to Solmes and Ginkle. During a long interval which succeeded after the dismantling of the English batteries, Sarsfield was engaged repairing his fortifications; his army amounted to fifty thousand men. Ginkle in the meantime not idle, was engaged at another point on the Shannon—Athlone. A little after, however, we find him securing the passes of the river at Limerick, and waiting anxiously for his artillery and baggage. An English squadron of nineteen ships, lying in the Shannon, being ordered to sail up the river, and every preparation made, he advanced on the town; the garrison commenced the attack outside the walls, but after one tremendous volley they retired within the town; trenches were opened and batteries thrown up, and shot and shell poured into the city; the terrified inhabitants fled in every quarter, and next day the garrison made a tremendous sally, but were almost immediately driven back. A breach was now made in the town wall, but a gun being placed on the steeple of the cathedral, many of the besiegers were killed; the gunner on the steeple, however, did not escape their vigilance, and this venerable edifice was in a fair way of demolition when Ginkle ordered the cannonading to cease, thinking it a pity the chief ornament of the city should be destroyed.

After standing out for some time, Ginkle at length conceived the only way for reducing the town was to invest it on the Thomond side, and concealing his design, he pretended to leave off the attack; but what was the amazement of those in the town on finding a bridge thrown across the river in *one night*, and Ginkle, with ten regiments of foot and fourteen guns, at the foot of Thomond bridge; a fearful action ensued, the cannon of John's Castle playing on them across the Shannon; the besieged fought desperately, filling the bridge; but being at length routed, a French officer in the city, fearing the enemy would enter along with them, raised the draw-bridge, leaving them to the mercy of the besiegers. A scene horrible to contemplate ensued; six hundred were run through with the sword, and one hundred and fifty were driven into the river and drowned. Grown tired of

war, and exasperated at the dissensions growing up every hour, the besiegers at length capitulated; a treaty was signed, and a general cessation of hostilities agreed on. In these memorable engagements on the banks of the Shannon, history seems unanimous in lauding the prudence of Ginkle not less than the intrepid bravery of Sarsfield; each, supporting those rights and immunities which he considered best, exhibited a zeal and energy worthy of a better cause; and the surrender of Limerick was one of those remarkable events—one of those turning points in human affairs, which One alone can comprehend, and which is not permitted the participators to look into; indeed, under the wise arrangements of Providence, the prospect now brightens, and where English, and Dane, and Irish once met in deadly hostility, the land is now given up to social improvement.

Of the modern city of Limerick, we purpose not to speak at any length, referring rather to the work of a Rev. friend, a perfect miracle of industry and research. The improvement of the city for several years, has been steadily progressive. The capabilities of their noble river have also engaged the attention of the citizens, and docks of some extent are likely at length to result from their solicitous endeavours; to one acquainted with the magnificent works of this kind in the western capital of the sister island, the neglect of our "Irish Liverpool" is a social and geographic anomaly scarcely within the limits of ordinary credibility. Half way in point of time between our very amiable friends, Jonathan and John Bull, each seems to have been studying a chart from which our country has been washed away, and thousands emigrating to the western world, spend somewhat facetiously half the allotted period like pilgrims to Mecca, with their "faces to the east." What some of our future archæologists will think of the "logs" kept on such voyages, it is not easy to anticipate, and when told of the little river Mersey being nearer New York, than our patriarchal acquaintance the Shannon, our friend "near the equinoctial line," will be brought to corroborate some theory of the world having turned upside down, or inside out.

Our readers in Galway have been telling us of the charms of Lough Corrib, and Con, and Mask; our neighbours on the Lee, of the beauties of Cove and Passage—matters we should be the last to question—still we would fain concentrate attention on Kerry point and Loop Head. The thousand islands off Clew Bay and Sline Head, and the tremendous roll of the Atlantic in Mal Bay, are beyond every thing beautiful; we cannot recommend them, however, to the "understandings" of our American barks or to the hawfers of our Indianmen.

There is a certain Briarean individual called "every body," whose business has been, time out of mind, left to another worthy gentleman; we think this negative personage has had his finger in the subject; we are, therefore, the more anxious to direct the attention of our rulers to the undertaking of the matter. The construction of proper and spacious docks at Limerick, indeed, cannot fail to prove an essential step in the experiment of bringing the two countries nearer together; of the unexplored industrial resources of our noble river, we have spoken before—these alone should decide the matter. Some recent evidences of the advantage taken of these capabilities are not wanting, and the polishing of marble, and manufacture of some woollen fabrics in the vicinity of the city, are proofs that we only want cotton to set our entire unemployed population at work. Anchored in the Shannon, in a spot where a French general once said he could take the city with "roasted apples," we had ample opportunity of spying the beauties of the land—but they are to be seen, not described.

The new part of Limerick exhibits no little elegance and taste, being little inferior to many parts of the metropolis. The city has been celebrated, time out of mind, for the beauty and blandishments of the fairer part of creation—a distinction we feel happy in still conceding to it. Its walls and walnut shells, bid fair indeed to go down to posterity together; nor must we forget its lace, only equal to its ladies. To enumerate its fishing hooks and flies, were clearly a work of supererogation, not to mention its salmon, chroniclers of its ce-

lebrities; however, we should not fulfil our office to our friends of both arms of the service, were we not to tell them there are two other things they value to be got here also—the oldest wines and newest news; wishing for the best bottle of wine in the service, or a hint of the earliest brevet, turn towards Limerick.

The city is, of course, governed by a mayor and corporation, and the former—tell it not in the gun-room—is admiral of the Shannon, his jurisdiction extending as far as an arrow can shoot beyond Scattery. Several improvements are in progress in the old part of the city, especially one to embank the original island on which the city was founded, let our friends only avoid commissioners. A very epistolary abstraction termed “Woods and Forests,” whose acquaintance with the locality is something like Mark Tapley’s of Eden, very much confined to paper—has hitherto done much in wax and queen’s heads, let us hope equal activity will be shown in providing an outlet for the tired citizen along his beautiful river. The only available exit at the opposite side of the river where, by accident, he might escape to fill his lungs with the freshness of the country, is of course blocked up, your genuine commissioner forming his plans on the curt maxim—“nothing for nothing”—a third walk, where he was accustomed whilome to wander at his own free will, without the ghost of a commissioner stalking across his path, was too much to indulge in; and now, if found riding without special liberty, he is subject to the solicitous attentions of the Shannon Commissioners and Court of Queen’s Bench. We hope our friends will keep a jealous eye on the Palace of Donald O’Brien and John’s Castle, lest any of these red-tape apparitions, smit with a love of these old relics, should linger in their precincts, and Mary’s Steeple be found eloping some fine morning, or John’s Castle discovered on its way across the river.

A little way above the city, the tidal wave of the river terminates, and the rushing waters of the Upper Shannon meet those of the Lower; and here we would beg leave to part from thee, gentlest reader, for the present. Yet “parting is such sweet sorrow,” we would fain draw out our verbosity longer than the “staple of our argu-

ment,” and keep babbling of green fields, but that we hope to meet thee amongst the witchery of Lough Derg in another number. We have been diverted into the current of history in the present one, by the castellated ruins of the capital of the Shannon; diverted into that *stream* of events so full of interest—

“That river, on whose banks are found
Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that have crowned
Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless force;
And for delight of him who tracks its course,
Immortal amaranth and palms abound.”

Yes, let the practical people of the world prattle as they please, there is a world about and around us, on the confines of the present, where we may acquire lessons of deepest wisdom. Some one speaks of standing high upon this vantage-ground of the present, and looking at the past, and Milton of the “bright countenance of truth shining amid the still air of such delightful studies.”—Beautiful, indeed, on the mountain tops, are the feet of those bringing tidings from the past; beautiful, indeed, the privilege to be permitted to think and feel in concert with such pure minds. The revelations of history bring us into contact with those endowed with like passions, and thoughts, and sentiments to ourselves; gifted with that divine and sublimating spirit, we but too often neglect; and when we find those passions and thoughts linked with the purest love, as in the early teachings of our great saint, breathing the kindest affections of the unchanging heart of man, every wall and ruin becomes hallowed by such associations. History is the great connecting-link of the soul with the feelings of the past, and what a well-spring of delight in those pure sympathies thus awakened; what freshness in the old truths ever gushing up; what a pervading soul of happiness, could we but perceive it! Yes, Schiller—

“Sanft und eben rinnt der Lebens Fluss,
Durch der schonheit stille Schattenland.”

Spite the destroying finger of Time—the crumbling of rock and ruin—softly flows yet ever the calm undercurrent of life, “gliding through the “shadowland” of the beautiful. Nearly six thousand years have the trees of the forest waved in the sweet breath of heaven—have the flowers been renewed in all their beauty and strength. So with the charities of life—ever different, yet the same.

D'AUBIGNÉ'S REFORMATION.*

D'AUBIGNÉ'S History of the Reformation is one of those books of which it is impossible that we should omit giving an account; and yet, as it has almost the interest of a romance—such is the power with which the author exhibits in actual picture, every scene which he has to describe—we cannot but hope that the volume which now demands our attention must be already in the hands of many of our readers. The book has been more popular in England than on the continent. Of the English translations of the three first volumes, from 150,000, to 200,000 have been sold, while the sale of the original did not exceed 4,000. Dr. D'Aubigné says, that great and serious inconvenience has arisen from inaccuracies in the translations—in one instance, likely to have led to the dissolution of the American Tract Society. The American booksellers, it appears, circulated 75,000 copies of D'Aubigné's work, in one or more English translations, but the scattered population in the New Settlements cannot be reached by ordinary booksellers, and among these the American Tract Society undertook to circulate an edition of 24,000 copies through the instrumentality of more than a hundred hawkers (*Colporteurs*). The Tract Society were accused by two presbyterian synods, of mutilating the work, and the effect of the accusation was so detrimental to the society, that Dr. D'Aubigné found it necessary to interpose.

The Tract Society, it would appear, altered the translation which they circulated in a few passages, but the context showed that what they printed was more in accordance with D'Aubigné's views than the passages in the version which they were pirating and paring for their public. In one passage vol iii. book ix. chap. 4, the committee of the Tract Society found these words—"It is the *Episcopal authority* itself that Luther calls to the bar of judgment, in the person of the German

primate." On the committee were episcopalians, and they altered the phrase, "it is the *authority of Rome itself*, that Luther calls to the bar of judgment in the person of the German primate." On this D'Aubigné says—"this is no doubt an important alteration, but the first translator had himself changed my idea. The French reads thus—"c'est l'épiscopat tout entier que Luther traduit à sa barre dans la personne du primat Germanique."

"There," he adds, "is no question of episcopal authority but of the whole body of the Roman Catholic bishops. I pronounce neither for nor against the episcopal authority; I am content to point out an inaccuracy in the translation."

In vol. iii. book ix. chapter 2, the committee found the expression, "the ancient structure of the Church was thus tottering," and they substituted "the ancient structure of Popery was thus tottering."

"In the French," says D'Aubigné, "there occurs neither Church nor Popery, but simply 'l'ancien edifice s'écroulait,' nevertheless the committee's rendering is preferable. It is not the Church of Christ that was tottering, since the gates of hell cannot prevail against it. It is the Papal Church, as is evident from the context. Most of the other passages changed by the American society, were originally translated with tolerable fidelity; but it was sufficient that some were not so to make the author feel the necessity of a new edition, carefully revised by himself."

We think Dr. D'Aubigné quite right in doing what he can to secure his share of the profits, that cannot but arise from the large sales in England of his work; but a translation, no matter by whom produced, could never be secured from such corrections and alterations as he mentions. The implied presbyterianism of the work would for ever subject it to this kind

* History of the Reformation, by J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D., Vol. IV. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1846.

of word-paring, which cannot but create distrust of all popular editions of books circulated by tract societies, and we suspect, that had the translation revised by himself been that in the hands of the committee, it would not have fared much better.

To guard as far as he could against blunders of translators, and tract societies, seemed to Dr. D'Aubigné a duty. It was important too to secure to himself some part of the profits arising from the English sale. These joint considerations having led to a change in his plan of publication, he has examined Mr. White's translation of the three first volumes, "line by line, and word by word," in order to be able to authenticate its being every where faithful to the original, and the fourth volume, which has not appeared in any other than the English form, is the joint work of Mr. White and himself. The only mode in which he could secure to the publishers who have purchased the work from him, a fair return for their large expenditure, was to withhold from immediate publication the fourth volume in French. Throughout the three first volumes he has also introduced original matter, which has not yet appeared in any other form. Oliver and Boyd's edition of D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation is thus the most perfect form in which it can be obtained. We are glad that an arrangement has been made, securing to the author his fair remuneration, and giving the public the best guarantee for correctness that can be had under the circumstances.

We have said that Dr. D'Aubigné's style is singularly animated and picturesque. Indeed we know no book equal to those parts of his which give Luther's early life and struggles. It is far more authentic than Michelet's "Memoirs of Luther, written by himself," as he calls a book substantially made up from the "Table-talk," a work of very doubtful authority. Michelet, with great diligence and with great liveliness, is yet a writer that cannot be altogether relied on, as he does not seem to us to distinguish at all between the relative value of his authorities, and a theory will at any time mislead him. In all the circumstances that prepared

the age in which he appeared for Luther and Luther for his age, D'Aubigné recognises and seeks to exhibit providential purpose. The argument is in substance the same as that illustrated by Dr. Miller in the "Philosophy of History," and by Mr. O'Sullivan in an early work of his on the disposition of events leading to the Reformation in England.

The former volumes of D'Aubigné's History have carried on the narrative to the period when Protestantism began to exist in institutions of its own; and the present volume, occupied with the History of the Protest of Spire, the Confession of Augsburg, and the Reformation in Switzerland, is scarcely less interesting or important than those that have preceded it.

The period of the Reformation is emphatically the commencement of modern history. All things have become new. In the parent Church of the West, no less than in the communities which had hitherto acknowledged a dependence, more or less modified, upon her, the spirit of change was operating; and Rome, no less than Germany, was influenced by the great scenes in which the people were beginning to be felt a powerful and influencing element in the constitution of society. It must be remembered that in these early struggles religious feeling, everywhere awake and active, had not yet fixed itself into adverse dogmas. There was nothing even to render improbable a silent correction of the startling abuses of practice, that presented a more formidable objection to the claims of Rome than conflicting theories. No council had given its sanction to the views with which Luther was at war. The doctrine of justification by faith was in words—and we have no reason to doubt in meaning—expressed as strongly by Contarini and Flaminio as by Luther himself. Cardinal Pole was of opinion that Scripture, taken in its profoundest connexion, preaches nothing but this doctrine.* The doctrines which afterwards obtained the sanction of the Council of Trent had not, at the period of which we are speaking, been yet authoritatively expressed in language irreconcilable with the views of the reformers. The

confession of Augsburg had not yet been drawn up. The order of Jesuits had not been instituted. Opinions were every where afloat unfixed; and we almost think that there was a moment when the adoption of reconciling language, and the correction of abuses which it was Rome's own interest to correct, might have appeased the fermenting spirit that threatened to convulse all society.

The position of the reformers at the period of the diet of Worms, with an account of which D'Aubigné's third volume closes, is scarcely intelligible without considering the peculiar nature of the constitution of the German empire.

The conquests of Charlemagne were conquests not for himself alone, but for the Church. An army of ecclesiastics followed the steps of the conqueror. The people were baptized in thousands, and the children educated. This was a more successful process than we should have anticipated. The missionaries were men in earnest in their vocation, and paganism was everywhere modified, if not actually overcome. Their legends of gods and tutelary spirits were in the feeling of the middle ages transferred to Christian saints, and the old symbols given a new interpretation. This first teaching, if we cannot recognise it as the truth, was yet a preparation for better, and much that was true was thus communicated—perhaps all that was possible under the circumstances of the case.

"The ascending day-star, with a bolder eye,
Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn;
Yet not for this, if wise, shall we decay
The spots and struggles of the timid dawn,
Lest so we tempt the approaching noon to scorn
The mists and painted vapours of our morn."

The Unity of Charlemagne's extended empire was preserved, and expressed by the Unity of the faith. Apostasy from the religion of the empire was in itself an act of rebellion against the state, and was punished as treason. It seems fortunate that, in the early civilization of the barbarous tribes, their instructors were connected with a power other than that of the emperor, for we see no possibility of such an empire as Charlemagne's not ending in pure military despotism, had the emperor united in his own person the double claim of civil and of spiritual

supremacy. Suppose the continuance of the empire in such circumstances, then, instead of the growth and development of European mind, we must have had ages of such imperfect civilization as have paralysed and made a moral desert of Asia. The existence of the two powers in different hands seems to have been the only possible condition of preserving the germ of nationality in each of the several members of the empire, as that nationality was—in every thing—inconsistent with the claims of the emperor, and—in its distinctive religion—the strongest form in which nationality is or can be expressed—was necessarily assailed by the teaching of the Church. We think it is demonstrable that the conflict of those two powers rendered impossible the continuance of the empire for any length of time. The Church, in its claim of universality, usurped a power which counteracted and controlled that other usurpation—the Empire. When the empire was broken into smaller and more governable portions, the acknowledgment of feudal dependence still united the different principalities that constituted its strange chaotic bulk, and though the emperor ceased to have dominion, in any proper sense, over any part of the empire, yet there were acknowledged relations of interdependence between its constituent parts and of dependence of all on the emperor. This latter relation, unfortunately, was expressed in the language of a state of things that had for ever passed away, being derived from the forms of much earlier periods, when the kingdoms were in real truth those of the emperor. This must be remembered in interpreting the language of any documents of the period. There was also the affectation of expressing, as far as it was at all possible, in the language of the Roman civil law, social relations, essentially distinct and modified by the differing laws of the various parts of a great extent of country. The continuance of such a state of things was impossible. The realization of such an empire as Charlemagne contemplated has been found impracticable. The claim of independence for the Church, necessarily arising from the doctrine of its unity and its government by another prince, was incompatible with the continuance of the empire; and it is a curious confirmation of the truth of

this view, that the first partition of the empire after the death of Charlemagne was the direct act of the Church. The unity of the Church itself, as far as it aims at universal dominion, has been found a dream incapable of realization, and it is probable that the theory of a Universal Church, like that of an universal empire, will be ultimately abandoned, as neither gives much aid in the removal of the social difficulties which have suggested them. As far as they have been tried upon earth they have failed, and with their Utopian possibility we are scarcely concerned. The problems of civilizing and educating man, in which the giant Empire and the universal Church failed—because the heart of a man was not given to the giant, and because the universality of the Church was but an abstraction of the schools, and had no other existence—are reserved for other powers—for the people themselves—call their national governments what you will—kings, senates, or more popular names—and for national Churches. It is not surprising that popes and emperors were the last to see the inevitable tendencies of society. The quarrels between them emancipated the people from both.

At the period of the Reformation, the power of the emperor was, through the whole of the states, practically undefined—or rather was embarrassed by so many legal formalities, that it ceased, in any true sense, to exist. The maxims of the Roman jurisprudence were, to a great extent, those to which the notions of law were sought to be accommodated, and these maxims were favourable to the imperial authority. In his hereditary district, or within the province of Franconia, Swabia, and the Palatinate, the emperor sat in the law courts as a matter of right, or administered justice by his judges, and an appeal lay to him. In the electorates, however, and many of the principalities, the imperial jurisdiction did not exist. In his progresses, it is true, he at times sat in their courts of law; but this seems to have been but a formal piece of courtesy; no appeals lay to the emperor from the decision of the local sovereign. In suits between the electors themselves, or the states, the

proper judge was the emperor; but he had no power of enforcing his decision except by laying the matter before a diet; and the dispute, when the parties had strength enough for it, was usually left to be decided by private war. When one of the parties had exhausted all his means in this way, it stepped the imperial majesty, vindicating the violated law. The position, then, of the states constituting the empire, was practically that of independent powers, united by a tie of mutual confederacy,* with this inconvenient difference, that each separate state had at one time been part of the imperial dominions, and was still not only united to the common body represented in the person of the emperor by the relation of mutual alliance which we have described, but also owed to him, in the character of liege lord, the service of feudal vassals.

Whatever were the original rights of the emperor, they had gradually been so far diminished that the imperial power was scarcely more than nominal. The Emperor of the West existed but as a name. The states which constituted the German portion of the empire were, in every respect, independent. Lombardy was divided among a number of great families, and some barren claim of feudal superiority was all that remained for the emperor. If ceasing to be subject to the emperor could be called freedom, Lombardy was free. What were properly called the imperial domains produced little in the way of revenue, and between the demands of the pope, and the continued usurpations of his feudatories, we can scarcely point to any power remaining to the nominal ruler of the Christian world, in the wretched days that followed the reign of Charles the Fourth, except that of being the convener of general councils of the Church; and when the fate of Huss is remembered, and the violation of public faith at the Council of Constance, Sigismund's position, as sovereign of Christendom, was scarcely an enviable one. The emperors, as such, were absolutely without any lands. The imperial domains had been all granted away, or usurped. Their chief revenue was derived from taxes,

* *Pütters Staatsverfassung des Teutschen Reichs. Erster Theil.*

always granted on some temporary pretence or other, as for defraying the expense of a journey to Rome, for their coronation, or a war with the Turks. It was thus rendered desirable, if not necessary, to elect sovereign princes, as none other could support the dignity. This it was which originated the election of the first emperor of the House of Austria, and tended to make the imperial crown hereditary in that house, while in form it still continued elective.

Injustice has, we think, been done to the immediate predecessor of Charles. The reign was, no doubt, inglorious, as far as his relations with foreign powers were concerned; but for his wars he was unable to command any thing from the states, and his sole resources were his patrimonial territories of Austria. His efforts to reform the constitution of the empire were unceasing, and were, on the whole, successful. The strange right of private war was done away with. It had been in part modified by the necessity of formal declarations of hostility, and interrupted at seasons by the proclamation of what was called the "land-friede." By several of the states agreements had been entered into, to submit their differences to courts of arbitration; and Maximilian's legislation but assisted the carrying into effect a very general wish of the whole empire for some security against what was felt a great grievance. The recent invention of gunpowder aided Maximilian in getting rid of it altogether—as it was impossible for a private person any longer to defend his castle, wherever placed, against the discharge of artillery. It is probable that this consideration led to the unanimity with which the decree was passed, which placed under the ban of the empire, and subjected to a heavy fine every city and every private person who should send or accept a "defiance." In Maximilian's reign, though with such changes as varied his plan considerably, the Imperial Chamber of Justice was established. The chief judge—a prince or noble of the empire—represented the emperor himself, and was assisted by assessors. The court was one of appeal only. In all private cases the principle was recognised, that no man could be tried except in the province to which he belonged. In cases where

the rights of states were concerned, the arbitration system, to which we have before adverted, as resting on the voluntary agreement of certain states, was made compulsory on all; and to that mode of deciding differences was the suitor, in the first instance, compelled to resort. The principle that a party could only be judged by his equals, led to one half of the assessors in the Imperial Chamber being chosen from among persons of high nobility, as cases involving the rights of princes and counts might come before the court. The other half were to be professors of law. In the first plan for the constitution of the court, sixteen was the number of assessors fixed. The Germans have no love to part with their money, and to save the expense of paying so many judges, took care that the number should never be full. The matter practically ended in each of the circles, into which the empire was divided, sending an assessor; and as the court had to decide according to the law of the locality in which any suit might arise, it was thought that in this way the best chance was given of its possessing adequate knowledge of the various customs and laws that were to regulate its decisions. The Imperial Chamber which was to constitute a court for the whole empire, would thus have, at least, one judge who could give it information on the law of any particular state; and the presentation of an assessor being the right of each circle, would tend to secure the election of the persons best fitted for so important a trust.

It is not easy to state in a sentence anything so complex as the constitution of a court; nor, perhaps, possible for us to understand its entire machinery. The Imperial Chamber underwent many alterations; but from the first the great difficulty appears to have been to devise any adequate means of enforcing its decrees. In the time of Frederick the Third, the father of Maximilian, there was a struggle for the same object of an Imperial Chamber; and the states made anxious efforts that the judge of the court should have the power of placing under the ban of the empire the violators of the public peace, and should be armed with power to carry the decrees of the court into effect. The states sought to limit the

power of the emperor, by getting rid of the necessity of his interposition. Frederic would not yield; and Maximilian, though he ceded this point, yet restricted the power of the Chamber within very inconvenient limits, as he exempted from the jurisdiction of the court "the ancient prerogatives of the empire," and expressly reserved to himself a concurrent jurisdiction, in cases which concerned an elector or a state. The jurisdiction of the Imperial Chamber, we have said, was appellate only; and in many cases which would seem at first to be within its range, the right of appeal did not exist, as privileges *de non appellando*, and *de non evocando*, had been granted to many of the superior houses, and as the Golden Bull had expressly given to all the electors a general exemption from appeal. The Swabian League, and the Council of Regency, aided in executing the decrees of the Chamber; but their efforts were uncertain and ineffective. In 1505 and 1512, a division of the empire into *circles* of states, which had been in vain attempted at an earlier period, was carried into effect. Each circle had its council, its convener of the council, and its military force. It was the duty of each circle to enforce within its own states obedience to the decrees of the Imperial Chamber.

We have said that Maximilian expressly reserved from the jurisdiction of the Imperial Chamber all the emperor's ancient prerogatives. The Imperial Chamber was, in fact, the court of justice of the Imperial States. Like each of the states, the emperor had a right to his own court; and the assertion of this right, united with his old prerogatives, led to the institution of the Aulic Council of Vienna, which in all cases had concurrent jurisdiction with the Imperial Chamber, and in some exclusive jurisdiction. In both courts—indeed in all the provincial courts of Germany the rules of the civil law regulated the forms of proceeding; and the maxims of that law, as far as possible, influenced the decision. The fiction on which the German Cæsars proceeded was, that they were in truth Roman emperors—that if their courts of justice took notice of local customs, such customs must be regarded, when irreconcilable with the maxims of the civil law, as exceptions which they would take notice of, as a

Roman judge might in deciding the suits of a barbarous province.

While it is plain that a great advance was made during the reign of Maximilian, we are not enabled, from any records of the period, to speak much of his courts of justice. The evidence appears to be, that at the time of the institution or remodelling of the courts we have mentioned, the courts of justice through the empire were remodelled and improved—that appeals to the emperor ceasing to be a vexatious form of delay, were discouraged and discontinued—and that for a considerable time the nobles and judges of the Imperial Chamber had little or nothing to do.

If the civil rights of parties and of states were with difficulty ascertained in this conflict of jurisdictions, and when ascertained, were with difficulty vindicated, the embarrassment became more serious when those of the Church were to be examined. The Church of Rome has at all times insisted, wherever she had the power, on the doctrines of Christianity being taught only by her clergy; and the demand, yielded to in a time of barbarism which she did much to remove, was every where struggled against in one form or other, as soon as civilization led men to feel that they were free. The contests through Europe on the subject of investiture were struggles of monarchs seeking to escape from what they regarded as the tyrannical usurpation of Rome; and their subjects, lay or ecclesiastical, who sided with Rome, were, for the most part, struggling for freedom from the claims of their king. Such was the case in England and in Germany in the old days; and such, perhaps, is the true character of the contest at present in Prussia. In Luther's day, and in Luther's own heart especially, other principles were at work. Never was there a life of which there has been a more entire revelation to mankind; and never does there seem to have been a man possessed of deeper and truer feeling;—honest, affectionate, religious. If we understand the character of the contest aright, we do not think that there was a single moment of it in which he can be described as factious or seditious. We have often thought that till the fatal hour in which Rome succeeded in imposing on her subjects the creed of Pius the Fourth, she was singularly preserved from any public or authoritative de-

claration of false doctrine ;* and by those who hope for the reunion of Christendom, it should not be forgotten that that creed has not been sanctioned by any general council. In Luther's day, there was no reason in the world why, at the commencement of the great contest, he should have regarded an appeal to Rome or to a general council as fruitless. There is no one Roman Catholic writer who does not acknowledge the abuses in practice which led to Luther's first disputations, and, sustained as he was throughout by the civil power of the state to which his allegiance was due, we cannot conceive any theory of Church authority, except those which every Roman Catholic in these kingdoms is supposed to repudiate, which can be alleged in his condemnation. The breaking up of the great body called the Church, was, we think, inevitable. Claims such as Rome made were inconsistent with the effective government of any country. The incidents that provoked and justified Luther but hastened a revolution already in progress. The effort to realise an Universal Church, actually working in the affairs of men, was but an effort under another name, for unlimited dominion ; and barbarism such as that of the later days of the old Roman empire would have been the probable result of its success. If society was ever to be civilized—meaning by society all classes of men, and not the higher ranks alone—it could only be by means of systems wholly different ; and we own that, while neither his nor any other theory is free from difficulties, we cannot but think the system of national Churches in alliance with the state—Luther's practical solution of the difficulty—the best. The great difficulty with which Luther had to deal in argument was the undefined power of the emperor. The system was essentially bad, or unsuited to the state of Europe at the time ; and Luther could scarcely argue against the papal domination, without giving, or seeming to give, to the emperor every thing that was taken from the pope. The appeal, for instance, to a council was attended with this inconvenience. That either emperor or pope should

determine on the subject, was fraught with evil. To make arrangements for public worship, and for education, is the duty and the right of the state. That the Elector of Saxony should, within his own dominions, seek to reform the Church, and that he should avail himself of such instrumentality as God had placed in his hand—in Luther, Melancthon, and the other heroic spirits of their time—was his absolute duty. It is a mistake to think that in this he was violating any law, express or implied, of the empire or otherwise. His right to reform or to create a national Church, and for this purpose utterly to loose such bonds as united the nation with Rome, was as undeniable as ours to discuss the abstract proposition. This became gradually felt. The legal fictions of a Roman emperor still subsisting in the person of the Emperor of Germany, and of a universal bishop in that of the Pope—for in this latter proposition the effort to realise the notion of Catholicity ended—have, when examined, but little force. The first does not present any thing to the mind that it is likely to recognize as true ; and the second proposition was never stated except for the purpose of disturbing some existing rights. The persons who reprove the Elector of Saxony for the part he took in the Reformation, forget that long before these contests his was an independent kingdom—that the assumed right of Pope or Emperor in the affairs of religion, rested singly on the notion of the unity of the Church—a conception, the realization of which, if it be capable of realization in the meaning sought to be ascribed to it, has certainly been at all times interrupted rather than aided by these mighty powers

Each claiming truth, and truth disclaiming both.

That Frederic asserted the independence of the kingdom which he was called on to govern, is the sum and substance of the accusation against him. This he seems to have done with consummate wisdom. The Roman Catholic writers describe Luther's reformation as welcomed by the German secular clergy, who wished to escape

* See Dr. O'Sullivan's answer to Newman, and his work on the Predictions in St. Paul's Epistles. Curry and Co. 1846.

from celibacy; by monks and nuns, who wished to leave their cells, and mingle again in the business of the world; by numbers of learned men—the humanists as they were called—in whom the revival of letters had inspired the love of the classical writers, and who felt that such literature was likely to be neglected and disregarded by theologians of the old school. It is easy to describe all enlightened views of the interest of the public, which must often be coincident with advantages to the individual, who proposes or advocates them, as arising from motives altogether selfish. Still, we own our entire sympathy with those victims of a system of enforced celibacy who wished to break the bondage which has been at all times more than man could safely bear. As far, too, as learned men entertained hopes of a better literature arising from the success of Luther, we regard it as a justifiable motive of action, though we are far from sure that it was one that existed to any great extent; and though we think it highly probable that where it prevailed it might have arisen from a total misconception. The lovers and cultivators of polite literature were not likely to be without considerable sympathies at the court of Rome; and the assigned motive is, we think, the poor and frivolous speculation of persons determined to fancy any cause rather than the true one—a conviction (whether well or ill founded is not now the question) that Rome was thoroughly and utterly unsound*—that her profession of faith was a hollow thing, falsified by all her acts,—a conviction in which public opinion had anticipated Luther, who most often strove to check the irregular and undisciplined energies of his adherents. It is ascribing too much to an individual to assume that the state of feeling in which the Reformation originated was the work of Luther. The countries in which it prevailed were prepared for it. The Church must have perished utterly or be reformed. An honoured and a glorious instrument of God was seen in Luther; but we should as soon think of describing Christianity as the work of St. Paul as speak of its great manifestation in

the sixteenth century as Luther's own work.

We have not hastily mentioned Luther's name in connexion with that of Paul. In Luther we recognise Paul's ardour and Paul's discretion. His anxiety to distinguish between the faith of the Church and the representations which the preachers of indulgences gave of Christian doctrine; his appeals to his bishop—to the pope—to councils—all assumed that he believed himself not to be an innovator, but a resister—as no doubt he was—of innovations—one, stating to them doctrines which, consistently with their own principles, they could not but acknowledge. All this was surely in the spirit of Paul. Then his bold defence at the Diet of Worms; and above all, his return to Wittenberg from his retreat at Wartburg, exposing his life (for he was a condemned man, and under the ban of the empire at the time) to prevent Carlstadt's wild zeal from innovating too rashly in his changes of the ceremonial of public worship.

The account of Luther's preaching on his return, and, its effect, is well given by D'Aubigné.

Luther does not refuse to acknowledge the Faith of the persons acting in the spirit of violent zeal, and wishing to tear down what they regard as the symbols of superstition:

"But," he adds, "there must be more than faith—there must be charity. A man with a sword in his hand in a crowd, must act so as to hurt no one. How does a mother with her child? She first gives it milk, then food less easy of digestion. Have you had enough of the breast? Very well. Allow your brother to have it as long as yourself. Behold the sun—consider his light and heat. Faith ought to be like light, inflexible. Charity should, like heat, diffuse itself in all directions, to meet the wants of our brethren. The abolition of the mass, you say, is conformable to Scripture. Be it so. But what order—what decorum have you observed? You ought to have presented fervent prayers to the Lord—you ought to have applied to constitutional authority, which in that case might have been able to perceive that the work was of God.

"I wish that over the whole world

* Pope Adrian's acknowledgment of the extent of corruption is regarded by Palavicini as too frank. "*In eam sedem (Romæ) aliquot jam annos quedam vitia irreposuere, abusus in rebus sacris, in legibus violationes, in cunctis denique perversionem.*"

the mass were supplanted by the supper of the Gospel; but let nobody be driven from it by violence. And why? Because we do not hold the hearts of men in our hands as the potter does the clay. We have a right to speak, but not to act. Let us preach—the rest belongs to God. If I employ force, what shall I obtain? Grimace, appearances, apishness, human ordinances, hypocrisy. But there will be no sincerity of heart, no faith, no charity. Any work in which these three things are wanting I would not give a pear-stalk for it.

“The first thing to be gained from people is their heart, and for this it is necessary to preach the Gospel. Then the Word will descend on one heart to-day, and on another to-morrow, and operate in such a way that each will withdraw from the mass, and abandon it. God does more by his mere Word than you and I, and all the world could do by uniting our utmost strength. God takes possession of the heart, and when the heart is taken every thing is taken.

“I do not say this in order to re-establish the mass. Since it is down, let it, in God's name, so remain. But was the matter gone about as it ought to have been? Paul, having one day arrived at Athens, a great city, found altars erected to false gods. He went from one to another, viewed them all, and touched none. But he quietly repaired to the market-place, and declared to the people that all their gods were only idols. His words took possession of their hearts, and the idols fell without being touched by Paul.

“I wish to speak, to preach, to write, but I wish not to constrain any one, for faith is a voluntary matter. See what I have done! I have withstood the pope, indulgences, and the papists, but without tumult and violence. I have put forward the Word of God—have preached—have written, but this is all I have done. And while I was asleep, or seated in a friendly way at table with Amsdorff and Melancthon, conversing with them over a pot of Wittenberg beer, the Word which I had preached overthrew the papacy, assailing it more effectually than was ever done by prince or emperor. I have done nothing: the Word alone has done all. Had I chosen to appeal to force, perhaps Germany might have been bathed in blood. But what would have been the consequence? Ruin and desolation to soul and body. I therefore remained quiet, and allowed the Word itself to have free course in the world. Do you know what the devil thinks when he sees recourse had to force in order to spread the Gospel among

men? Seated, with his arms across, behind the flames of hell, Satan, with malignant leer, and frightful smile, says—‘Ah, how sagely these fools are playing my game.’ But when he sees the Word running and wrestling alone on the field of battle, then it is he feels uneasy, and his knees tremble: he mutters, and swoons with terror.”

The same prudence in act distinguished the whole conduct of Luther. Personal fear seems a feeling to which he was altogether insensible; and death would have often been a relief compared to the martyrdom which he had daily to suffer during a considerable part of his career. While he was the assailant, his task was comparatively easy. His real difficulties were not from Rome, but from his own erring and inflamed followers, and from the almost impossibility of making them feel that any authority had rightful claims to obedience, when that which Rome had claimed ceased to exist. To create new institutions was less easy than to show the false foundations on which the old rested.

The edict of Worms against Luther was evaded at first, and afterwards rendered impossible of execution by the resolution at Nuremberg, and the increasing embarrassments arising to Charles from the state of his own affairs in Spain and Italy. The Reformation in the mean time acquired gradual strength. In the countries where the princes were not unfavourable to its progress all violent change was discouraged. Preaching was the instrument chiefly resorted to by the reformers; and for awhile it was not unfrequent to see the priest, after reciting the solemn services of the Church of Rome, occupy the pulpit with an earnest appeal in favour of what Rome would call the new doctrines. The monasteries were still occupied by the old votaries; but their doors were open, and public opinion was no longer offended when inmates withdrew from their imprisonment. Among the modes of occupation which the lately discovered art of printing created, one was the sale of books and pamphlets, and monks of the mendicant orders were but varying their ordinary habits in a slight degree, when they strolled through the country with the volumes which the great controversy was for ever pouring forth. The change, in some respects, was less

than is imagined. The celibacy of the secular priests was enforced in Germany with difficulty; but Germany, in the higher ranks, has been always the country of left-handed marriages, and the parish priests violated no strong feeling of public opinion in forming domestic ties, which were accompanied with every incident of marriage, except giving the rights of legitimacy to their children.* In Sweden the case was very much the same, and so strongly was this felt to be a right, that on the death of a priest his parish provided for the pastor's "*forsia*," or housewife.† To permit the marriage, therefore, of such persons was in reality only to validate what was already done.‡ In the case of the secular clergy we believe that there was no vow of celibacy taken by the individual. When the discipline of Rome insisted on the separation of the priest from the female whom she refused to recognize as his wife, it depended on a thousand circumstances whether such separation could be enforced or not. As far as the immediate purposes of the Church were concerned, it was effective, as it prevented the success of the efforts perpetually made by the possessors of great benefices to render them hereditary; and it is probable that the conduct of the parish priest, in the matter, gave little concern to any body after the first fervour of the Church's zeal had spent itself in warring with them and their wives. The Reformation, we have said, was making, through the greater part of Germany, unobstructed way. Luther had to be sure been proclaimed a heretic; and the theory of Rome was, that she was to be the judge in the matter, and that the civil power had only to execute the law against heresy. Even the Catholic states of Germany which were unfavourable to the Reformation, were indisposed to admit the demands of Rome to this

extent. It was an admitted principle that the heretic should have the opportunity of abjuring; and Luther succeeded in persuading almost all men, that something that could be called a trial should be given him before condemnation. To say that all forms were complied with by the mere inquiry whether certain works were his, and whether he retracted them or not, was an insult to the understanding, which rendered it impossible to execute any sentence so obtained, and it is probable that when the immediate danger was avoided by his temporary imprisonment, there was no period at which Luther had less to fear from legal violence than within little more than a year of the ban of the empire being pronounced against him.

Four years, however, of great excitement passed on. The peasants' war, and the madness of the Anabaptists, was plausibly referred to the effect of the doctrines of Luther. The Diet of Spire (1526) was called for the express purpose of putting down the Reformation by force.

The diet opened. Ferdinand, acting for Charles, insisted that in all the formalities of the diet the Church customs should be maintained. The evangelical princes demanded a place of worship. This was refused; and the princes ordered their ministers to preach in the halls of their palaces. The cathedral of Spire was deserted, and the halls thronged:—

"It was not only the ministers, but the knights and the grooms, 'mere idiots,' who, unable to control their zeal, every where eagerly extolled the Word of God. All the followers of the evangelical princes wore these letters braided on their right sleeves: V. D. M. I. Æ., that is to say, 'The word of the Lord endureth for ever.' [*Verbum domini manet in æternum.*] The same inscription might be read on the escutcheons of the princes, suspended over

* "Where the clergyman was of noble birth this sometimes led to disputes with his relatives. In 1544, Erland Batt wished to marry his old housewife (*forsia* forseer) 'as priests now use to do.' His brethren protested against his resolution now to take in marriage this poor woman, whom he has so long entertained as his mistress, and thereby to bring his spurious issue into their noble lineage and inheritance."—*Geijer's History of the Swedes*.

† A letter of Gustavus I. directs his bailiff to leave to the "*forsia*" of a deceased clergyman, the portion fixed by the parish.—*Geijer's History of the Swedes*. Geijer states that in the Catholic times such housekeepers used, on the death of the priest, to receive a certain allowance from the parish.—*Turner's Geijer*, p. 158.

‡ The celibacy of the secular clergy in Germany was enforced with great difficulty, and was of very recent date. "In Germaniâ primum, ante annos quadringentos sacerdotes vi coacti sunt ad calibatam."—*Augsburg Confession*, 1531.

their hotels—The Word of God—such from this moment was the palladium of the Reform.

"This was not all. The Protestants knew that the mere worship was not sufficient: the Landgrave had therefore called upon the Elector to abolish certain "court customs" which dishonoured the Gospel. These two princes had consequently drawn up an order of living which forbade drunkenness, debauchery, and other vicious customs prevalent during a diet.

"Perhaps the Protestant princes sometimes put forward their dissent beyond what prudence would have required. Not only they did not go to Mass, and did not observe the prescribed fasts, but still further, on the meagre days, their attendants were seen publicly bearing dishes of meat and game, destined for their masters' tables, and crossing, says Cochläus, in the presence of the whole auditory, the halls in which the worship was celebrating. 'It was,' says this writer, 'with the intent of attracting the Catholics by the savour of the meats and of the wines.'"

The zeal of the reformed states had its effect. Ferdinand feared to act on the principle which had led to the assembling of the diet; and he began to consider that it was possible to quiet, if not to please, all parties. The deputies from the cities called for the abolition of every usage contrary to the faith in Jesus Christ. The bishops cried out, "burn all the books with which Germany has been inundated for the last eight years!" The bishops proposed an impossibility, and it is probable that the cities were surprised at finding committees appointed to inquire into their grievances. In what is called by D'Aubigné "the commission of princes," in which ecclesiastics and laymen were in equal numbers, the report was unfavourable to the Romanists. The marriage of priests was recommended. Persons were to be allowed to communicate in one or both forms. German or Latin to be equally permitted in public worship. The seven sacraments to be preserved, but administered gratuitously; and finally, they recommended (and this recommendation is hard to be understood) that the Word of God be preached according to the interpretation of the Church, but always explaining Scripture by Scripture:—

"The evangelical Christians, at the sight of this glorious prospect, redoubled their exertions. 'Stand fast

in the doctrine,' said the Elector of Saxony to his councillors. At the same time hawkers in every part of the city were selling Christian pamphlets, short and easy to read, written in Latin and in German, and ornamented with engravings, in which the errors of Rome were vigorously attacked. One of these books was entitled, *The Papacy with its Members painted and described by Doctor Luther*. In it figured the pope, the cardinal, and then all the religious orders, exceeding sixty, each with their costumes and description in verse. Under the picture of one of these orders were the following lines:

"Greedy priests, see, roll in gold
Forgetful of the humble Jesu:

under another:

"We forbid you to behold
The Bible, lest it should mislead you!

and under a third:

"We can fast and pray the harder
With an overflowing larder."

'Not one of these orders,' said Luther to the reader, 'thinks either of faith or charity. This one wears the tonsure, the other a hood; this a cloak, that a robe. One is white, another black, a third gray, and a fourth blue. Here is one holding a looking-glass, there one with a pair of scissors. Each has his playthings..... Ah! these are the palmer-worms, the locusts, the canker-worms, and the caterpillars, which, as Joel saith, have eaten up all the earth.'

It is hard to relate the proceedings of the diet without apparent inconsistency. On the first of August, a general committee proclaimed the necessity of a reform of existing abuses; and on the third of the same month was published a decree in favour of the edict of Worms.

We transcribe from D'Aubigné:—

"The persecution was about to begin; the reformers would be thrown into dungeons, and the sword drawn on the banks of the Guadalquivir would pierce at last the bosom of Reform.

"The effect of the imperial ordinance was immense. The breaking of an axletree does not more violently check the velocity of a railway train. The Elector and the Landgrave announced that they were about to quit the diet, and ordered their attendants to prepare for their departure. At the same time the deputies from the cities drew towards these two princes, and the Reformation appeared on the brink of entering immediately upon a contest with the Pope and Charles the Fifth.

"But it was not yet prepared for a general struggle. It was necessary for the tree to send out its roots deeper, before the Almighty unchained the stormy winds against it. A spirit of blindness, similar to that which in former times was sent out upon Saul and Herod, then seized upon the great enemy of the Gospel; and thus was it that Divine Providence saved the reform in its cradle."

The instructions from Charles, which Ferdinand thought to execute by this decree, were dated at Seville, March 23rd, 1526. The emperor was then at peace with the pope. In the interval between this and the time of the diet, all was changed—Rome, Venice, France, and England, had entered into a league against Charles. In June, the emperor caused the most favourable propositions to be made to the pope. They were ineffectual; and in the spirit of that age, Charles's ambassador, returning on horseback from his last audience with the pope, placed a court fool behind him, who, by a thousand monkey tricks and gestures, expressed contempt of the pope. The buffoonery of the court-fool, or the insult of the ambassador, was answered by a brief from the pope, threatening the emperor with excommunication:—

"Charles did not hesitate. He wheeled to the right as quickly as the Pope had done to the left, and turned abruptly towards the evangelical princes. 'Let us suspend the Edict of Worms,' wrote he to his brother; 'let us bring back Luther's partisans by mildness, and by a good council cause the evangelical truth to triumph.' At the same time he demanded that the Elector, the Landgrave, and their allies should march with him against the Turks—or against Italy, for the common good of Christendom."

Ferdinand could not safely go as far as Charles wished; and the recess of the diet allowed each state to act on the subject of religion, within its own territories, at its own discretion, till a general, or at least a national council, should be held; such council it proposed to be held within the year.

The purposes of man are strangely frustrated. Notwithstanding the intended crusade against the German reformed states, the imperial army are marching against Rome. It would be out of place were we to relate the circumstances which led to the strange

result of the assault and sack of Rome. The plunder and the outrage were as in other cities; but, in addition to this, there was the delight to the German soldiers of Freundsberg of sacking the papal court.

" 'Many prelates,' says Guicciardini, 'were paraded on asses through all the city of Rome.' After this procession, the bishops paid their ransom; but they fell into the hands of the Spaniards, who made them pay it a second time.

"One day a lasquet named Guillaume de Sainte Celle, put on the Pope's robes, and placed the triple crown upon his head; others, adorning themselves with the red hats and long robes of the cardinals, surrounded him; and all going in procession upon asses through the streets of the city, arrived at last before the castle of Saint Angelo, where Clement VII. had retired. Here the soldier-cardinals alighted, and lifting up the front of their robes, kissed the feet of the pretended pontiff. The latter drank to the health of Clement VII., the cardinals kneeling did the same, and exclaimed that henceforward they would be pious popes and good cardinals, who would have a care not to excite wars, as all their predecessors had done. They then formed a conclave, and the Pope having announced to his consistory that it was his intention to resign the Papacy, all hands were immediately raised for the election, and they cried out 'Luther is Pope! Luther is Pope!' Never had pontiff been proclaimed with such perfect unanimity. Such were the humours of the Germans."

This strange scene gave a time of repose from external enemies, to the states that favoured the Reformation. The reform of ecclesiastical institutions had been more than once thought of; but the unity of the Church and the integrity of the empire were abstractions which paralyzed all exertion. Suppose pope and emperor acting in concert, and desirous of such reform, the necessity of which was admitted by all—the project might, perhaps, have been approachable; but this was an event that could never be expected. What the empire could not accomplish, the Diet of Spire (of 1526) gave each imperial state the opportunity of endeavouring to effect.

To effect a reformation, preserving the Episcopal form of government, but severing the bond of connexion with Rome, was one of the means which D'Aubigné assumes to have been open

to the Reformers. "They might, on the contrary," says he, "re-construct the ecclesiastical order, by having recourse to the sovereignty of God's Word, and by re-establishing the rights of the Christian people." This form was the most remote from the Roman hierarchy. Between these two extremes, there were several middle courses. The latter plan was Zwingli's, but the reformer of Zurich had not fully carried it out. He had not called on the Christian people to exercise the sovereignty, and had stopped at the council of two hundred as representing the Church. In Hesse, the Reformed Church was destined to assume this extreme democratic form, which finds more favour in Dr. D'Aubigné's eyes than it does in ours, and which we have therefore allowed him to describe in his own language.

The Diet of Spire was scarcely over when Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, set himself to reforming his hereditary states, and invited thither for that purpose Francis Lambert of Avignon. Lambert posted on the church doors at Marburg one hundred and fifty-eight theses, expressing his opinions on most of the points at issue between the reformers and Rome. A time was appointed for the discussion, and the landgrave, with a company of priests, prelates, knights, nobles, deputies of towns, and others, attended in the principal church on the day fixed. Lambert put forward his views; the papal party were asked to reply, but said this was not the place for replying. They would say no more, and Lambert exclaimed—"*Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people.*"

The discussion lasted for three days, at the end of which "men were selected and commissioned to constitute the Churches of Hesse in accordance with the Word of God." Within three days they executed their commission.

Dr. D'Aubigné gives ample extracts from the "constitution" of this Church or synod. The name of the landgrave does not occur, and the legislation is made to emanate from the Church assembled in the name of the Lord. The first assembly conjures all future synods to avoid multiplied ordinances, "seeing that where orders abound disorder superabounds." The Church can be taught only by the word of its Sovereign Pastor. Whatever pious person acquainted with Scripture wishes

to teach the Gospel, is not to be prevented, for he is called inwardly of God.

The word bishop often occurs, but care is taken to guard against the word being supposed to mean any thing but "a minister of the word of God." Each church is to elect its deacons and bishop. The bishops or ministers to be consecrated by three bishops; the deacons by the elders, when bishops are not present. Each church to place its bishop or minister in such circumstances as to exercise hospitality. The power of excommunication to be in the assemblies of the faithful acting with the bishop. Weekly assemblies to be held for the regulation of each church, and annual synods for that of all the churches in the state. Of this synod all the bishops are members, and in addition to these, each church to elect a member as its representative in the synod. Three visitors to be elected yearly, to examine those who have been elected bishops, to confirm them, and to provide for the execution of the decrees of the synod. All this would seem democratic enough, but democracies are despotisms in their way, and the new church of Philip and Lambert was not destined to be an exception. The Germans were unfortunate in the higher order of the clergy regarding themselves as the subjects of Rome, and though they did not resist the movement of the reformers actively, for the most part refusing to participate in its direction. This prevented the experiment so successful in England and in the north of Europe of episcopal churches—the form that after all seems best to express the conception of the primitive Church. In Bohemia, where the bishops refused teachers to the Calixtans, they took the first vagabond priest they found, and Luther wrote to them rather in such circumstances to have every father of a family read the Scriptures for his family and baptize his children himself. He told them that men become priests by election and calling, and directed them to choose such as they thought fittest, and the leading powers among them should then lay hands on them and recommend them to the Church.

Dr. D'Aubigné says that in his advice to the Bohemians, Luther was influenced by the circumstances in which they were. The people, without any assistance from the clergy, were to appoint their pastors. Had there been

any clergy, to them too, he assumes, Luther would have given a voice. In the same way Dr. D'Aubigné thinks that Luther was restricted when forming the constitution of his own Church. He did not give the people a voice, because "he could scarcely find any where that Christian people which should have played so great a part in his new constitution. Ignorant men, conceited townspeople, who would not even support their ministers, these were the members of the Church. Now what could be done with such elements?"

From these facts D'Aubigné argues that Luther would, if it were possible for him, have established his Church on a more popular foundation than that on which it rested; that he regarded the princes as the representatives of the "people" and their natural guardians; that this guardianship was, in Luther's view, to be but provisional; "the faithful being then in minority, they had need of a guardian; but the era of the Church's majority might arrive, and with it would come its emancipation." Dr. D'Aubigné would have done more and better had he forborne speculations of this kind, for which we do not think there is the slightest ground whatever. There is a sense of the words in which government is an evil, and this Luther did not forbear to say at the proper times and seasons; but the passages we have already quoted from Luther show that no anticipations of the kind which Dr. D'Aubigné imputes to him came within the compass of his thoughts or his wishes. He does not seem to have had the slightest wish to introduce any thing like the church government of Lambert or Zwingle. We have to complain that in Dr. D'Aubigné's anxiety to be all things to all men, we miss every now and then the sharp and distinguishing outlines that in a work such as he has undertaken are above all things to be desired. We seek for accurate and distinct statements of fact, and we find instead of this, some stray sentiment or moralization equally true at all times and in all circumstances. We can understand how this has arisen, as we believe that much of this history was first delivered in the form of lectures; and an audience, however constituted, finds relief from thought in this kind of display from the lecturer—but what is gratifying to the hearer of a discourse is regarded impatiently by a

reader. In the case before us, there is no reason whatever to think, as Dr. D'Aubigné impliedly suggests, that Luther abstractedly preferred a more democratic constitution of the Church than circumstances allowed him to attempt. While nothing can be more reasonable than that Dr. D'Aubigné should express his own preference of the basis on which the Presbyterian Churches rest, language should not have been used which would lead his readers to think that Luther's views and Dr. D'Aubigné's on Church government were coincident.

Luther's difficulty was the want of aid from the higher orders of the Church. They were against him. The parish priests were ignorant—but for the most part were unlikely to disturb any regulation that might be introduced by the state. As to a Christian "people"—the element assumed in all presbyterian plans of church government—Luther was too honest a man to deceive himself into the belief that such existed—"Alas," said he, "they have abandoned their papistry, and they scoff at all that we can teach." In his "German Mass" he had already expressed his opinion of the impossibility of constituting a Church in Saxony on the system of Lambert. "The real evangelical assemblies do not take place pell-mell, admitting persons of every sort, but they are formed of serious Christians who confess the gospel by their words, and by their lives, and in the midst of whom we may reprove and excommunicate according to the rule of Christ Jesus. I cannot institute such assemblies for I have no one to place in them." (*Neque enim habeo qui sint idonei.* *De Missa Germ.*) Luther's experience of popular assemblies was such as to lead him to discourage and distrust them. While he was personally the most fearless of men, he appears also to have been one of the wisest; and his resistance to what he regarded as the usurped authority of Rome was in the spirit of a man feeling that this resistance was commanded by his allegiance to the civil power under which he was placed. It is honourable to the more recent Roman Catholic writers of Germany, that they acknowledge this. Luther everywhere inculcates obedience to the powers of the state. "It is," said he [two years before the period of which we are speaking], "the secular authority and the nobles who ought to put

their hand to the work. That which is done by the regular powers cannot be regarded as sedition." He counsels his followers "to spread the Gospel by every means of argument—and what then will become of pope, bishops, cardinals, priests, monks, nuns, bells, church-towers, masses, vigils, cassocks, capes, tonsures, beads, statutes, and the whole of the papal nuisance? It will have disappeared like smoke." He bids them not spare the hardened rogues "with whom they have to deal in argument—but as for the men of simple minds whom they have chained down in the bonds of their false doctrine, you must observe quite a different treatment towards them. You must disengage them by degrees. You must give them a reason for every thing you do, and thus *fit them for freedom as you are emancipating them.*"

Soon after the diet (October, 1526), Luther pressed on the Elector the necessity of a visitation of the Churches in his dominions. In this letter he does not assume the mad notion that the people will for themselves desire pastors or schools. Where education is most wanted, there will the people least feel the want. "It is your duty," writes Luther to the Elector, "to regulate those things. On the papal order being abolished, the duty devolves on you. *No other can, no other ought.* As the guardian of youth and of those who cannot take care of themselves, you should compel your subjects, *who desire neither pastors or schools*, to receive those means of grace, as they are compelled to work on the roads, or bridges, and such like services."† In Luther's opinion, then, as in ours, the voluntary principle would not go far to support the institutions necessary for the education or the civilization of a people. A commission was appointed to visit the Churches, and in the spirit of the passages from Luther which we have cited, Melancthon wrote to one of the inspectors:—"All the old ceremonies that you can preserve, pray do so. Do not innovate much, for every innovation is injurious to the people." The Latin liturgy was retained, a few hymns in German being introduced. The communion in one kind for those who scrupled to take it in both; confession was still allowed; many saints' days; the sacred vest-

ments—"There is no harm in them," writes Melancthon, "whatever Zwingli may say." Both Rome and the Reformers were scandalized—"Call you this reformation?" exclaimed the more zealous of Luther's disciples. "Our cause is betrayed." The Romanists exulted at what they called Luther's inconsistency. His old antagonist, Cochläus, taking a leaf from Luther's own book, assailed him with caricature. And Luther himself was exhibited as the seven-headed beast which has served to symbolize so many empires and princes. A monk's cowl covered without concealing seven frightful faces, each with different features; all were represented as uttering words the most contradictory. They were at fierce war with each other; and under the print—a companion for some of Luther's own popular exhibitions of Antichrist—were the words, "*Monstrous ille Germaniæ partus, Lutherus Septiceps.*"

Dr. D'Aubigné tells us that the Elector was surprised at the moderation of Melancthon, and communicated to Luther his plan of reform. The plan had probably been before arranged between him and Melancthon; at all events he approved of it, making a few slight and unimportant changes, and Ecclesiastical Commissioners were appointed, in accordance with these rather low church views. A number of dissolute priests were removed; church property was ascertained, and secured for the maintenance of public worship in the first place, and then for public purposes; convents were suppressed; uniformity of instruction provided for, by ordering Luther's larger and smaller catechisms to be every where taught. The pastors of great towns were commissioned, under the name of superintendents, to watch over the churches and schools in their vicinage; and the celibacy of the clergy was abolished. One of the princes where the reform was carried on, wrote to Ferdinand, that these acts were done rightfully; "for I have been appointed by God the ruler over these people, and this compels me to guard not only their temporal, but their spiritual welfare."

In the Catholic states there was equal anxiety to guard against the doctrines of the Reformers; and D'Aubigné has his tales of martyrdom to

* Michelet's Luther—Hazlitt's Translation. Bogue. 1846.

† Michelet.

relate. Meanwhile Charles and the Pope had settled their differences, and the condition of their peace, or its inevitable consequence, was their joint effort to extirpate heresy.

A diet was convoked to meet at Spire, in February, 1529. To the reformers it was a time of ominous import; and perhaps when we remember the superstitions, unconnected with religion, which then blended with the feeling of the bravest, it may be worth while, in a deeper view than as giving a mere picture of the manners of the time, to state what Luther tells in one of his letters, of a great gulf of light (chasma) illuminating the whole nocturnal heavens. "What that forebodes," said he, "God only knows." There were earthquakes at Carinthia, and lightning had split the tower of St. Mark, at Venice. Astrologers peeped and muttered. "The quartiles of Saturn and Jupiter, and the general position of the stars, was ominous. The waters of the Elbe rolled thick and stormy, and stones fell from the roofs of churches. 'All these things,' exclaimed the terrified Melancthon, 'affect me deeply.'"

There were signs of less doubtful interpretation; and the aspects of King Ferdinand and the papal princes foreboded evil. After a vain effort for the peaceable restoration of the old order of things in the states where the reformation had made way, with some doubtful toleration for the reformers, the diet decreed that the states should continue to obey the decree of Worms against Luther, and interdicted all further innovations. Dr. D'Aubigne gives a minute account of the memorable protest against this decree which gave to the reformers their name of Protestants. The Reformation, as far as it had gone, had been already recognized as legal by the Diets of Nuremberg and Spire. A return to the old state of things would have been now a revolution.

We have exceeded the limits which we proposed to ourselves when we commenced this paper, and cannot accompany our author further at present. His book is one deserving of very high praise. His power of bringing before us the scenes of those old iron days, in which the great battle of liberty was won alike for all

men of all creeds, in pictures as distinct as those of Scott or Michelet, is altogether unequalled by any other writer who has undertaken the history of the Reformation. We think that in stating the doctrines which were the subject of contest, the very words of original documents ought to have been given more often than they are, and that there should be an appendix of such state papers as the Protest of Spire, and the more important decrees of the several diets. Without these, it is not always easy to understand the precise position of parties; and it seems to us important to show that at the different stages of the contest the states which received the Reformation were not only morally justified, but were legally in the right. In the case of the electorate of Saxony, where Luther did not act except in concurrence with the civil power, we think there can be no reasonable doubt of this. We conclude our present remarks with a striking passage from Dr. D'Aubigné:—

"The Reformation had by the protest of Spire, taken a bodily form. It was Luther alone who had said No at the Diet of Worms: but churches and ministers, princes and people, said No at the Diet of Spire.

"In no country had superstition, scholasticism, hierarchy, and popery, been so powerful as among the Germanic nations. These simple and candid people had humbly bent their neck to the yoke that came from the banks of the Tiber. But there was in them a depth, a life, a need of interior liberty, which, sanctified by the Word of God, might render them the most energetic organs of Christian truth. It was from them that was destined to emanate the reaction against that material, external, and legal system, which had taken the place of Christianity; it was they who were called to shatter in pieces the skeleton which had been substituted for the spirit and the life, and restore to the heart of Christendom, ossified by the hierarchy, the generous beatings of which it had been deprived for so many ages. The Universal Church will never forget the debt it owes to the princes of Spire and to Luther."

In a future number we shall probably return to this interesting book.

A.

SKETCHES OF BURSCHEN LIFE.—CHAPTER. I.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in thy philosophy."

INTERIOR OF THE STUDENT'S CHAMBER—HIS SMOKING APPARATUS—THE POODLE AND THE
PROFESSOR—THE STIEFEL PUOSH.

WE have always, even before an opportunity was afforded us of making his acquaintance, had a sort of leaning towards the Bursch. He bore what in the days of boyhood we were wont to deem a fabled existence; there was to us an inexplicable charm in all his wild adventures; there was a beautiful and poetical halo of romance floating around him. We saw him with slashed doublet, long hair, and open collar, with his sword and his trusty dog, and no proud knight of olden time ever possessed half the charm with which we invested him.

That romance is now, in some degree, dissipated—such visions usually fade into thin air when we have known the realities; and though we cannot regard the student now as a personage possessing the concentration of all the graces which ever adorned the flower of chivalry, yet we cannot, for the life of us, help feeling a strong affection for him still. Since those days, when he was to us but as the undefined and fanciful creation of the brain, we have, with him, heard the chimes at midnight, we have tasted of his hospitality, and felt from his hand the hearty grasp of a warm-hearted friend, and, must we confess it, we love him even for his very foibles; they are not many, but such as they are, have not failed to become a source of painful misrepresentation to the ignorant tourist and the Cockney scribe; they have been made known to the public through the medium of dull compilations, which lay undue stress upon all the weak points of his character, discuss learnedly the terms and the rules of his amusements; but fail altogether in communicating to the reader a single touch of his real nature.

The student life of Germany has its rough and eccentric side but it has also many, many points of excellence, from which we might derive a useful lesson. In the free atmosphere of his

university, despite all the useless learning he acquires, all that knowledge of beer and of the schlager, which must so soon afterwards be laid aside. The Bursch learns one thing—he learns to deport himself as a man; he acquires all the virtues of a manly character; he acquires the love of truth and the contempt of danger; he learns how to despise alike the selfishness of the world, and the meanness of insincerity.

If we were called upon to choose an epithet which would convey a just idea of the character and temperament of the German student, we should not be at much loss, for there is a word in his own language, which completely answers our purpose. The Bursch is essentially, and every bit of him a "freundlicher man," which means not only a friendly, but a good, hearty, cordial, lusty sort of fellow, that would stand by one through thick and thin, and is wholly divested of any species of affectation or pretence; in fact, we cannot avoid the conclusion, that a good specimen of his genus would be

"Just the man for Galway."

Some hasty sketches of our student friends, written for amusement, and for the purpose of recalling a few pleasant recollections, having been received by the public with much more favour than the manner of their performance could at all warrant, we cannot but suppose that the subject itself possesses an attraction in the eyes of our readers, too strong to be altogether diminished by any style, however unfinished, or by any pen, however feeble; and we have, therefore, come to the conclusion, that a few more of our recollections of the habits and manners of the students may not prove unacceptable to the reader, who has a fancy for comparing the manner of life at the greatest of the continental universities, with what he knows of similar institutions at home, and

to such of our readers as have never heard of the mysteries of Burschenschaft at all, and may, therefore, be inclined to exclaim—

“Can such things be?”

we shall merely say, that we have attempted to describe nothing, save what we ourselves have either seen or heard—

“*Quorum pars magna fui.*”

We take it for granted, reader, you have never seen the interior of a German student's apartment. If you are an Old Trinity man, you will be a little surprised; and above all, if you have given hostages to the state, which in due time you will of course send to those walls of which, doubtless, you have been no undistinguished member. Come along, then, and have a peep; you will get a wrinkle which may possibly save you a cool fifty when you are furnishing Master Hopeful's chambers (pipes always excepted).

It is a cold, frosty night, about the time of Christmas. “The tree” is blazing in every dwelling with its variegated lamps. As we cross the “*Museum Platz*,” the rich light from a hundred windows flashes on your eye as you set out with the “Irlander” in quest of adventures, “go gently over the stones now.” Mind, as we turn this corner by the fountain—there's always a devil of a sheet of ice there. Safe over, and now we find ourselves in the “*Unten Strasse*”—a street in which, from its proximity to the lecture-rooms, the students most do congregate.

“Let's pull that bell now?” at the private door of the tassel-maker's shop—marked “*Oben Sweite-stock!*”

“*Ha Hanchen! ist der Herr Pagoda zuhause?*”

“*Ja mein herr!*” replies the smiling handmaiden; “*kommen sie-hinein.*”

Up a narrow flight of stairs—we go in single file; and having reached “*Oben Sweite-stock*,” before mentioned, ring for admittance.

“*Herein!*” shout half-a-dozen voices; and in we go.

“Mind, now, you don't tumble over that big dog in the doorway.”

“*Herr Pagoda*, permit us to introduce a friend, who was so delighted with our sketches of your goings on

here, that he has come all the way from Ireland to make your acquaintance. So take a chair, old boy, and you may say whatever you please in the way of questioning, for not a soul in the room, with the exception of ourselves, understands one word of English.”

You become now, for the first time, unpleasantly aware—that is, if you are not a smoker yourself—that every one about you is inhaling the weed; some in the shape of cigars, but more from pipes. The host himself, as you observe, wrapped up in a huge dressing-gown, and reclining on the sofa, has a pipe so long, that the bowl is resting upon the ground. That is the chore-cap he has got on his head.

“What! that curious-looking little round embroidered skull-cap!”

“Yes, my friend. Pitch over that cap, *Herr Pagoda*.”

“*Ha!* how beautifully embroidered!—red and gold! But what a shame to bore holes in such a mischievous manner.”

Simple reader! these are the marks which the schlager has made when the owner of that cap entered the chore. Don't you recollect what we told you, upon a former occasion, about the installation of the foxes. These are all marks of distinction, and you will scarcely see a student here of any standing who has not, at least, half a dozen of these to decorate his chore cap.

“And do they never wear any other covering on their heads but these little caps?”

“During the season, nothing else. They are obliged, however, during the day to conceal these colours, which they do, by putting on a covering of black-glazed leather, as the university authorities do not permit an open exhibition of the chore-colours, although they are perfectly aware that all the students are divided into chores, yet they wish to make it appear they are ignorant of it.

Your eyes will, by this time, have become accustomed to the atmosphere by which you are surrounded; and when, at length, you are able to distinguish objects clearly, you will doubtless be a little astonished at the *menage* of the Bursch.

His room, you see, is a spacious one, but the furniture scanty enough.

There is neither carpet on the floor nor curtains on the windows. The chairs, which are but few in number, are made of walnut-tree; the couches of the same material; and, with the exception of the stove of white or ornamented porcelain, and the mirror, there is not an article of furniture in the room which you would consider of ten shillings' value: and yet you are in the apartments of a rich young Russian nobleman, the eldest son of the present Russian ambassador at London. That curious-looking collection of black profiles, arranged round the chore ribbon which hangs from the wall, has doubtless attracted your attention. Those are the companions and personal friends of our host in the chore to which he belongs; and you will scarcely enter a student's chamber, even of the humblest class, without seeing a similar display of miniatures; for it is a curious fact, and speaks well for the growth of friendship here, that there is scarcely one student in the whole university who has not had his likeness taken for some friend or other. The artist who does those little profiles told us so himself, and we have no reason to doubt him.

"I think some of my friends in my class in college would have been a little surprised had I asked them to sit for their pictures."

"Ah! we know nothing in our country of the holy friendship which exists among these Bursche, they are brothers in every sense of the word."

"Excepting always when they slice off each other's noses, you will cunningly reply."

"Well, we admit that usage might as well be laid aside; it is the only blot in the German student's character; but still there is no doubt whatever that the very association in these chores for that 'sitting purpose' of which you complain, has a tendency to bind them together in bonds of friendship, which are indissoluble. They stand by each other like men; and it was from this very university, from among these very men trained up in such habits, that some of the finest soldiers were supplied—the flower of that army which afterwards rescued their country from the invader's yoke, and drove back the French legions across the Rhine. Look now at that magnificent purple glass goblet yonder, with the silver top;

that is what they call a 'deckel glass'; it is generally a present made by one friend to another, and is used on grand occasions for the purpose of drinking toasts; if you examine it narrowly, you will probably see that it bears some inscription shewing that it is a pledge of 'freundschaft.' Observe now the long row of pipes, from the silver-mounted meerschaum, with a cherry stalk five feet in length, down to the little painted China pipe you could carry in your waistcoat pocket; count them for curiosity; let's see—one, two, four, nine, fifteen, twenty—ay, five-and-twenty."

"And has each of the students such a number of pipes?"

"Nearly every one." The array, possibly, may not be so gorgeous, for such pipes as you now see are enormously expensive; but there are very few German students, or Phillistines either, who possess a room at all, that have not a display of from ten to twenty at least suspended from the walls of their sitting-room."

"And a Phillistine—what may he be?"

"A Phillistine, to give you the shortest definition, is a generic term, comprising every one who is not a Bursch; it comprehends nobles, burghers, bawlers, and all sorts and conditions of men."

"His pipe is an essential attribute of the German student, as unfailing a solace in the time of sorrow as it adds a zest to all his pleasures. Some of these pipes are of extraordinary beauty, being manufactured either of porcelain finely painted, or of whitish-coloured clay. This latter is known by the name of meerschaum, and we have seen several specimens of this description of pipe, which cost from ten to twelve pounds. The principal parts of every student's well-appointed pipe are the head, the mouth-piece, the stock, and the water-sack. The mouth-piece is usually made of amber, the 'stock' or tube of ebony, juniper, or cherrytree, as the case may be; and the mouth-piece is united to the stock by what is called the schlauch, which is a portion of the pipe constructed of beautifully wrought elastic silk and Indian-rubber."

See now that little vase of coloured glass, that is to be found in every student's chamber, and it is "a dodge" which would be well worth importing for the benefit of the smoking coterie

of our native city. It is filled with spirits of wine, there is a little stopper with a cork at the top, and a round tightly wound ball of cotton below, which is always steeped in the fiery liquid, and when you light this, it remains ignited long enough to supply all the pipes in the room, and this end having been accomplished, you have nothing to do but to plunge it back again into its original element, by which the fire is at once extinguished.

You see that fine, tall, handsome man in the slashed velvet coat, with a scar across his upper lip? That is the Senior of the Suabians; he is one of the most distinguished scholars at the university, and is also one of the best swordsmen."

"And are these sort of social meetings frequent among the students?"

"Yes, and they are becoming much more the fashion than they were formerly; besides the *kneipe*, where the whole chore usually meet to drink beer, there are several clubs, which meet on alternate evenings in each other's rooms, and discuss alternately the various literary and political topics of the day, and various pipes of tobacco. Cards or dice are never, by any chance, seen here; their beverage, too, is of the very simplest description—a cup of tea or coffee, with an occasional bottle of wine, towards midnight, as a wind up, being the whole extent of their comotation. In fact, with the slight exception of smoking pipes, and fighting a duel now and then, we do not know a more highly accomplished or a more intellectual being than the German student.

The dog of the student is almost as essential a portion of his equipment as his pipe; he patronizes an infinite variety of the canine species, but the favourites seem to be the large wolf dogs and the poodle—of these two the poodle is, we must confess, most to our fancy, his intelligence is uncommon, and his knowing looking eyes peering out from his suit of fleecy hosiery, with the closely shaven contour of his hinder parts, and his little stump of a tail, give the poodle a very comical appearance indeed. The *Bursch* very often has a chair placed for him at his table, and it is edifying to behold the air of grave seriousness with which he follows with

his eyes every morsel his master swallows, and the patience with which he waits until his own turn comes.

There was a story, when we were in Heidelberg, going about of a certain student who had a remarkably fine white poodle; the intelligence and sagacity of the animal were uncommon, and as he used daily to accompany his master to the lecture-room of a professor, who was not very remarkable for the distinctness of his vision, he would regularly take his seat upon the bench beside his master, and peer into his book as if he understood every word of it. One wet morning, the lecture-room—never, at any time, remarkable for its fulness—was deserted save by the student who owned the poodle—the dog, however, had somehow happened to remain at home. "Gentlemen," said the short-sighted professor, as he commenced his lecture, "I am sorry to notice, that the very attentive student in the white coat, whose industry I have not failed to observe, is, contrary to his usual custom, absent to day!"

These dogs, when their masters leave the university, are often left behind, and become the common property of the chore of which he was a member. They come regularly every evening to the "*kneipe*," and frequent the café or news-room to which it was his custom to resort. These deserted children, particularly if their master happened to have been popular, are taken the greatest care of. They are consigned to the protection of the "*stiefel fuchs*" or boot-fox, who must give them their meals with the utmost regularity.

There was a large bull-dog once belonging to the Prussian chore, who attracted our attention from the air of sentimental melancholy with which he used to sit outside the Prussian beer-house. With his head drooping on one side, his eyelids half closed, he looked as if he despised all the petty vanities of the world. The poodles and juvenile brothers of the canine race would gambol round him in vain—he never took the least notice of them, save by an angry snap, when any intruder pushed his attentions too far. We endeavoured to form an acquaintance with him, always keeping a biscuit which we gave him as we passed. He used regularly to take it; but his austerity of deportment was never in the

least softened by this little mark of attention; he always kept us at a distance. At length our curiosity became so excited, that we asked one of the Prussians to tell us his history.

"That is a curious dog," he answered; "our chore has had him for many years, and the connexion arose from an extraordinary incident."

"Some strong proof of his attachment, perhaps?" we replied.

"No," said the Prussian, laughing; but because he eat a baron's nose."

"The dog," he added, "originally belonged to the Count Richenbach, who was senior of the Prussian chore, and upon a certain occasion, his master being engaged in a duel with one of the Suabians, by an unlucky stroke of his opponent's schlager, lost his nose, the end of which, cleanly cut off, dropped on the floor. The dog, who was present, and had very possibly had no breakfast that morning, jumped forward, and before any one could prevent him, gobbled up his master's nose. In consequence of this voracity, he got, of course, into great disgrace, and was under sentence of hanging. The senior whom we then had, however, saved his life, and bought him; and he having long since left the university, the dog has remained the property of the chore, and has since maintained the utmost propriety of deportment; he is, however, always carefully ex-

cluded from the room when we are fighting."

While we are describing the various adjuncts of the student's "ménage," the gentleman whom we have just named, distinguished as well by the numerous and important duties he discharges, as by the oddity of his appearance and dress, must not be passed over in silence.

Beholding the "stiefel fuchs" or boot-fox for the first time, one would be disposed to imagine him a student in reduced circumstances. His slashed coat of faded velvet is out at elbows; his unmentionables have certainly looked upon better days, and his hat is a curious sort of structure, to which it would not be very easy to assign any specific shape, or indeed to imagine that at any previous period it ever possessed any form in particular. To look at the stiefel fuchs, he would appear but a boy. Notwithstanding his juvenile appearance, however, he is usually the father of a family—of young "fuchses"—and the possessor of a "frau." She is the student's washerwoman. The business of this personage is to call his master in time for lecture, light his fire, clean his boots, sharpen his rapiers, feed his dogs, keep his pipes in order, as well as a variety of other little matters, too numerous to mention; all of which he performs for the moderate stipend of a half gulden, which is about tenpence of our money, a week.

CHAPTER II.—THE VERBUNDUNG OR LANDSMANSCHAFT—THE MRS. TODGERS OF HEIDELBERG AND HER FIGHTING SON.—THE UNIVERSITY PRISON.—THE HARMONIE BALL.—THE AUSZUG, OR MARCHING FORTH.

SCHILLER when he delivered himself of that beautiful sentiment,

"Freedom is only in the realm of dreams,"

had very possibly never bethought him of student life—he had not learned that beautiful song of which we may some day be tempted to indulge our reader with a translation,—"Free is the Bursch!" This freedom which the student enjoys is, we think, to be attributed in a great degree to his association with his fellows into "verbundungs," or "landsmanschafts." All the members of these chores are bound, under the strongest pledges, to support one another. And as we have already informed our readers, they were dis-

tinguished by wearing the colours of the particular nations of which each chore was principally composed. The state, however, fearing that these unions might be converted into a formidable political weapon, published an edict putting them down. This, however, there was devised a variety of ways of evading; and at length the legislature contented itself with forbidding the three united colours which distinguished the chore.

The Bursch, however, having pretty much the same fancy for driving coaches and four through acts of parliament, that has been evinced by the great liberator, indulged himself in various modes of breaking

through this enactment, and he would accordingly go with two other companions—each of them bearing one chore colour in his cap, and the three thus make together the Verbinding or union to which they in common belonged. Legislation, with hasty strides followed all his attempts at evasion, and he was at length obliged to compound the matter by wearing in the day time that covering of glazed silk which we have before described, for the purpose of concealing his chore colours. The state then thought it the safest plan not to interfere further, and we know it is the opinion of men who have any opportunity of acquiring accurate information upon the subject, that it is their policy to permit the duels to continue, and to allow the enthusiasm of the students to vent itself in the channel it does—thinking it preferable to allow them to expend their entire steam in this manner, rather than have such a formidable combination directed to some political purpose, which, had it no other direction, would very probably be the case. The distinguishing characteristic of Burschen-shaft, is the solemn obligation of all the students to acquiesce in whatever rules or laws are pronounced by their body. Hence, the Verruf or ban and its consequences. When a shopkeeper is proscribed or put under the ban, as a punishment for some misconduct upon his part, such as selling bad articles, or at exorbitant prices, the result is ruinous, no one deals with him, and the sooner he ‘shuts up,’ the better, as all chance of future traffic is gone. This visitation is, however, sometimes we think, rather unfairly extended to persons who are not the legitimate objects of so severe a punishment; and a tailor who is troublesome or importunate enough to demand his money before it suits the convenience of the Bursch to pay him, very often incurs this censure—which, should it be con-

fined to one single chore, is not so disastrous in its consequences, but when the verruf is a general one, the unhappy delinquent usually bundles up his movables, and having cursed his unlucky stars, sets off for some other locality, where he can find more available debtors than the hard-hearted Bursch.

There was a lady, living at Heidelberg, a kind of Mrs. Todgers, who kept a lodging and eating house, and had a table d’hôte, where many of the students used to dine. Her cookery, which at first was tolerably good, by degrees began to degenerate, and at last grew so intolerable, that although her dinners were the cheapest in the city, her customers, one by one, deserted her, and at length she was formally put under the ban by the chore who used to frequent her establishment. But the Frau Heximar fortunately possessed a strapping son, who happened to be a remarkably good swordsman, and he very significantly gave several members of the chore to understand, that unless they returned to his mother’s banquets, he would be under the disagreeable necessity of taking compulsory measures. This threat had the desired effect; for a few of the junior members who had not had time to become very cunning of fence, grew frightened—they returned. The cook, anxious to retrieve her credit, put forth all her skill; a favourable report was brought back to the kneipe, and Madame Heximar’s table was soon as much crowded as ever.

There is a beautiful song, by Freilighath, often sung by the Burschen at their festive meetings, which we take this opportunity of presenting to our readers, merely requesting them to observe that it is a burschen lied, and premising that we hold ourselves in no way responsible for the sentiments it expresses. We mention this for the satisfaction of Young Ireland. It is called—

FREEDOM AND RIGHT.

Oh, think not she sleepeth now with the departed,
And never shall cheer us again with her light,
Because her fair name is forbid the bold-hearted,
And the loyal are spoiled of their heart’s dearest right.

No! though into exile the brave have been driven,
 Though some, with the wrong against which they have striven,
 From the dungeon have fled to the mercy of heaven,
 Sleeping, yet deathless, are freedom and right.

Then let not a check in her progress affright us,
 'Twill but hasten the triumph o'er tyranny's might,
 And, with ardour redoubled, but serve to excite us
 To raise the cry louder for freedom! for right!
 For one are these twin-born of heaven, and never
 In daring and truth each from each do they sever,
 Where right is, there too are there freemen found ever,
 And ever where freemen are, there liveth right.

Let this, too, inspire us—their lofty way taking,
 They ne'er flew more proudly from fight unto fight,
 Nor flashed their bright spirit more proud than now waking
 Souls sunk the deepest in slavery's night.
 O'er earth and o'er sea have their bright pinions quivered—
 Wherever the watchword has yet been delivered
 The bonds of the serf into shreds have been shivered,
 And the chains of the negro have burst at the sight.

Yes! flashing afar on their banner so glorious,
 Shall injustice be quelled, and wrong be set right;
 Though they sometimes are baffled, yet often victorious,
 They will conquer at last in the tyrant's despite.
 What a halo of glory they then will appear in,
 When the nations are banded, their standards uprearing,
 The olive of Greece, and the shamrock of Erin,
 And Germany's oak, in the van of the fight.

Though many a heart that now throbs will be lying
 At peace, its last slumber and rest shall be light;
 O'er the place of their rest shall the twin-ones undying
 Unfurl the proud banner of freedom and right!
 Come fill high your glass then to those who have striven!—
 Who have striven, and dauntless their life-blood have given—
 Whose valour and sufferings our fetters have riven!
 Then here's right for ever, and freedom though right!*

Situated in the upper story of a house which hangs over the Neckar, is the university prison; it is admirably adapted for the purpose of giving the tenant a bird's-eye view of the magnificent scenery opposite to him, as well as an opportunity of reconnoitering all the craft which pass up and down the river. It is called the "Carcer," and consists of three or four rooms in the house of the Amtman. The windows are fastened with an iron grating, and the furniture only to be compared in scantiness to that of the cellar of the House of Commons, to which place it has in many other respects certain points of resemblance. The lodging, uncomfortable as it is, must be paid for as long as the

student is an inhabitant of the "jug;" and his refreshments, like the tea and toast of that renowned martyr of modern days, being only to be procured, subject to the payment of certain contingent fees. A protracted residence in this abode is therefore as little desirable on the score of economy as of comfort. The different "cellars" of this dungeon are known among the Bursch by the names of Solitude, Recreation, and Bellevue.

The gentlemen possessing the penal jurisdiction over the students, are the prorektor and the amtman or chief magistrate of the university: in all cases of any flagrant breach of discipline, the latter issues the process

* The writer of this paper is indebted for this translation to the kindness of a friend, to whose knowledge of German, as well as to whose literary taste, he cannot pay too high a compliment. He has taken the liberty of modifying a few expressions, having a wholesome fear of the "Editor;" he is therefore accountable only for whatever faults it contains.

enforcing the student's appearance before the ephorat or senate—a body composed of the principal professors in the university, and similar, in its constitution, to the board of our own university. The punishment of the carcer is rarely inflicted, and then only in cases of some dire delinquency. But it never takes place until after a solemn judicial proceeding has been held before the board, and all the statements of both parties, drawn up in writing, have been carefully examined. The punishment of the university are the reproof, the fine, the carcer, and the consilium abeundi, which is similar to our rustication. The student must first sign a solemn promise that he will not, during the period of his future sojourn, be guilty of any breach of discipline. If he breaks this, then comes the punishment of the consilium abeundi, which is in fact banishment for a year, at the end of which the banished man may, if he pleases, return. The severest punishment of all is the relegation, which is expulsion for two years, and which completely puts an end to the student's academic career, as it involves the sacrifice of his degree, and has besides the additional disgrace attached to it, of publication of the offender's name, not only in the university to which he belongs, but in every other university in Europe. Before this, however, can be inflicted, a formal notice of the nature of the offence must be forwarded by the amtman to the other universities, and the cause of complaint, with the student's name and the date of his sentence, is then written on a black tablet or board, which is suspended in the lecture-room of the university as well as in the town hall, and every other public place. It must also be published in the *Zeitung* or gazette.

With reference to the fair sex, the society in Germany is curiously constituted. Some feeling of romance may exist strongly enough, when the tender passion is in its infancy; but after matrimony the scene is somewhat changed—the German, whether burgher, student, or noble, is essentially what Dr. Johnson calls “a clubbable man,” and the greater part of his time which is not devoted to his professional avocations, is spent in con-

vivial fellowship with his friends at the club or cassino, while the lady remains at home, occupied with her domestic avocations—in the words of the “*Fox Ride*,” “she sits at home and knits.”

The only recreation in which she ever indulges is an occasional drive or ball: for the latter amusement there is at Heidelberg every facility. There are three species of balls—the “*Burger Venrein*,” or the association of citizens; the “*Harmonie*,” so called, we presume, from the harmonizing effect of its society—and the “*Museum*,” which is a spacious building, containing several fine ball and concert rooms, billiard rooms and an excellent table d'hôte. This establishment possesses, also, the additional advantage of a capital news-room, where all the leading continental as well as English journals are taken, and amongst the latter, is our friend Mr. Punch. For a very trifling annual subscription, any one may become a member of this society, and besides access to the balls, concerts, news-room, &c., he has the “*entré*” to a magnificent library, which is stored with authors in all languages, and amongst the collection, strange to say, is a capital selection of some of our best English law books. There is a ball or a concert given at these rooms at least once a month, and the society frequenting them is considered the most aristocratic of the town. To the *Harmonie*, however, all sorts and conditions of men and women repair; we have seen a grafine or countess and a laundry maid dancing in the same set; a crown prince and a head waiter vis-a-vis—but in Germany this is thought nothing of, and the people who thus attain a temporary elevation, never venture to presume upon it—but the instant the ball or festivity is over, return to their respective positions, the waiter and the laundry maid resolve themselves into their original elements, and the next day you will see him whom you met on the previous night, arrayed in all the gorgeousness of blue coat and snowy vest, attired in his accustomed jacket and trousers, of that extraordinary cut by which the German “*kelner*” is distinguished, waiting with meekness beside some solitary guest who is eating his breakfast in the

coffee room of the hotel; or the lady whom you beheld in all the maiden simplicity of white muslin, and "aperient" diamonds, carrying away a huge pail of water upon her head, which she has with much labour just extracted from the adjoining pump.

This curious mingling of ranks is occasionally the source of a little confusion, and a laughable incident occurred during the course of the last summer, at Wiesbaden, while we were there, which is worth narrating. An English gentlewoman of the highest caste in rank and fashion, went to a harmonie ball at the Kur-saal, with her party, which consisted of noblemen, right honourables, and various personages of distinction; having heard a rumour that company, by whom she would not wish to be recognized in St. James's-street, was occasionally to be met with at these places, her ladyship resolved to be very much upon her guard, and preserving a proper degree of aristocratic frigidity, she refused, one after another, various eligible-looking, whiskered foreigners who asked for the honour of her hand. At length a perfect Adonis was presented to her notice, the cut of his glossy whiskers was only to be surpassed by the cut of his inexpressibles, his moustache curled most irresistibly, and there was "fascination in his very bow," as he asked for the honour of the lady's hand for a waltz. The favour was accorded—the handsome German danced to perfection—he spoke English like a native—knew every stranger in the town—had the names of all the travelling English at his fingers' ends—in short, he succeeded in making himself so agreeable, that the fair Englishwoman danced not only once but repeatedly with her amiable partner. At length in a pause of the music, she was seen by one of her own party, who having with some difficulty succeeded in making his way to her through the crowd, was able upon some excuse to detach her from her companion.

"May I take the liberty of asking if your ladyship knows with whom you have been dancing so often to-night?"

"No," was the reply; "but he is a most agreeable and gentlemanly person, and is, besides, one of the very

best waltzers I ever danced with. He knows, too, all the families here at present."

"He has certainly had considerable facilities for making their acquaintance."

"May I ask his name, for in the noise, when he was introduced, I could not distinctly catch it?"

"His name is Der Herr Fritz."

"May I ask what he is? He must be in some public office in this town."

"Yes; he is the 'oberkelner' at the Gasthaus von Rose."

The Auszug, or marching forth, is one of the direst catastrophes that can occur in a university town; and it is another of the consequences which results from this confederation among the students to which we have already alluded. This is a species of rebellion, when the Bursch throw off all manner of discipline, and leave not only the university, but the town in a large body. It is, of course, a very rare occurrence; but we have heard of one occasion on which it took place at Heidelberg, in consequence of some grievous act of oppression on the part of the government, in the meditated arrest, if we recollect aright, of some students whom they wished to remove from the pale of that protection which was extended to them by the university laws. This was an aggression not to be tolerated—to remove, by a summary species of habeas corpus, the person of a student from the "carcer" of the university to the Manheim gate, which is the state prison, was not to be borne; and accordingly, when the guard was turned out for the purpose of arresting the offenders, the nature of whose crime we do not now remember, the formidable shout arose (which those who have once heard it can never forget) of "Bursch, come forth." The whole town was soon in an uproar. It is not difficult for fifteen hundred excited young gentlemen to produce such an effect. Forth from their lodgings they hurried, a tumultuous throng, every horse and every carriage in the place was speedily put into requisition; the seniors of the different chores galloped like mad through the streets, blowing their bugles, and yelling forth that fearful warcry of "Bursch, come forth;" echoed by a thousand voices, it rent the

* We may inform the very small portion of our readers who in these days are unread in German, that "oberkelner" means head waiter.

very air. The townspeople retreated to their habitations in dismay, and at length the mighty host, every man carrying a drawn schlager in his hand, assembled in the Museum Platz, from whence, under the command of their respective leaders, they departed by the Manheim road—some in carriages, some on horseback, but every man of them shouting like devils, and singing at intervals some of the wildest of their Burschen songs.

There was a pretty scene of confusion, as may be imagined, when the last chore had defiled from the city gate. There was a college—there was a lecture-room—there were learned lecturers; but where were the students? The hall was deserted—the streets looked as if they had been desolated by some fearful visitation—learned professors met each other, and shook their heads dubiously in sage consultation. What was to be done? The tradespeople, deprived of most of their customers, seemed like to rise in rebellion too. The high functionaries of the state, both learned and civil, could not for several days make up their minds to any decided course of action; and at length, intelligence arrived that the students had formed a regular encampment upon the left bank of the Rhine, near Worms, and that they were giving a series of entertainments to the surrounding neighbourhood. The "Amtman," who had gone to consult the grand duke, was inclined to think that a troop of dragoons, with drawn sabres, might induce them to listen to reason. The professors and the University beadies, who, probably, knew their men better, endeavoured to dissuade him from such a proceeding, but, however, the Amtman being a man in authority, and thinking he knew better than any of them, would have his own way, and accordingly a troop of dragoons was ordered down from Manheim, and having crossed the

Rhine by the bridge of boats, proceeded at once to where the rebel camp had intrenched itself. Puffing and sweating, with the Amtman at their head, they arrived at the close of a sultry summer's day at Worms, and at once proceeded to summon the students to surrender, but they found them regularly drawn up in an immense square, which presented at all sides a formidable line of serried steel. To charge them would probably have exceeded the Amtman's instructions even if he could have prevailed upon the heavy German cavalry to make the attempt. So he came to the conclusion, that the best thing he could do would be to let them alone; and he accordingly gave the word right about face, and returned to Heidelberg, looking as foolish as it was possible for so solemn a functionary to do. Another council of war was held by the university authorities and the civil functionaries; and after long and grave debate, it was decided that the point at issue should be conceded. An ambassador was accordingly sent to the camp, the bearer of this intelligence. But the students protested loudly against the unusual act of calling out the military against them, and said they would not return until they had a solemn guarantee that every soldier had evacuated the town. This stipulation, the authorities, who saw there was very little use in further contesting the point, at once acceded to; and the rebels then returned to their allegiance. But this prompt assertion of their privileges showed the state how dangerous it was to interfere with them; and the Bursch has ever since been treated with the greatest respect by the "law officers of the state;" and whenever he offends, is always left to be dealt with by the tender mercies of the university authorities.

CHAPTER III.—CAUSE OF DUELS—THE DUNMER JUNGHE—THE "COMITAT" OF THE DEPARTING STUDENT—DAS "ABISHIED LIED" OR THE FAREWELL SONG—THE SUPPER AT CARLSRUHE.

THE real, thoroughbred old Bursch is rapidly disappearing—he will soon be "a rara avis in terris;" therefore any attempt, however feeble, to catch some of the distinctive features of his tribe, or to give a faithful description of those

ceremonies for which he has so long been remarkable, will not, we hope, be regarded as laying a too minute stress upon matters which may appear of comparative unimportance. We take it for granted, that most

of our readers are tolerably familiar with the system of education which is pursued at the more celebrated of the German universities; if he is not, we can refer him to plenty of books, where he will find them most ably discussed. Our object is merely to present to his notice such traits of the character and manners of the students, as will very speedily, in the progress of refinement, be altogether obliterated, or survive only in the memories of those who have seen him.

In a former paper upon student life, we have attempted to describe their duels, several of which we happened to have an opportunity of observing. It may not be uninteresting to the peacefully disposed inhabitants of this country, to know that these duels, which sometimes terminate unpleasantly enough, in the occasional loss of a nose or an ear, very often have their origin in but slight foundations. The causes of quarrel are frequently quite as minute as that sought for by the Irishman of old at Donnybrook fair, who trailed his coat after him, shouting, "Let me see the man that'll tramp on this!" And among the Burschen, especially when no ill-feeling has previously existed, and merely a trial of skill is sought for, the most frivolous pretexts are often made available; and of these, that which is in the most frequent use is the "dunmer junge," which, by a sort of tacit conventional arrangement, is considered equivalent to a challenge; it is at all events considered an insult of so grave a nature, as to render a duel inevitable. Now, reader, what do you suppose this dire offence is? Some epithet of the most atrocious character—"scoundrel," you will say, or "knave." No; for once you are mistaken. It means simply, "block-head," the literal translation of the phrase is, "silly youth;" and when once that expression has passed the "bulwark of the teeth," the only alternative is "cold iron." This is a species of insult which, however frivolous it may appear to us, is not allowed to be given, except by a Bursch of proper standing. A mere fox, for instance, cannot be the bearer of it; and we heard of an amusing incident which once took place, in consequence of a young gentleman belonging to this last mentioned respectable class, making himself the bearer of a message, which he, from the juni-

ority of his standing, had no right to bring.

There was a hoary old senior of a certain chore—a regular ancient—whose face one could hardly discern from the quantity of whiskers and moustache which grew thereon—a man who had fought his way into public estimation, and now, covered with honourable scars, was reposing on his laurels. One day as he was smoking in his chamber, there entered a young fox, who had probably been not very long "caught." "I bring you," said he, in some trepidation at beholding the portentous countenance of the solemn-smoking student—"I bring—or, I mean, 'Herr von Mar,' sends you a 'dunmer junge.'"

"I know it," was the senior's quiet reply, without raising his eyes.

"He sends you a 'dunmer junge,'" replied the fox again.

"Yes, of course," said the senior, looking up, and staring in the fox's face. "I see him."

The poor fox, who was quite unaware of the impropriety of which he had been guilty in being the bearer of this message, retreated in great confusion, evidently seeing that he had somehow got into the wrong box, but not in the least degree being able to understand either the force of the joke, or the impropriety of his conduct, until upon his relating the answer, he was greeted by a shout of laughter from his companions.

Of infinite variety are the names by which the student is distinguished during his abode at the university. While in the gymnasium, or entrance school, he rejoices in the appellation of Frog; and when he succeeds in entering the university, this epithet is altered into that of a Camel. The period of his camelship having passed by, he becomes, upon his admission into the chore, a fox—a term which, as we have heard, is derived from the fact, that these young gentlemen are supposed to possess the cunning and slyness of their namesakes. During the first year of his college life he is a "crass fuchs," or fat fox; in the second, he is a brand-fox. The year of Foxhood having terminated, he becomes a regular Bursch, and so on advances, in due process of time, to be a "bemossed head," which is the very highest degree of honour to which a student can ever attain. Smile not,

learned graduate, or most learned fellow, if haply you have had patience to follow this our narrative so far—smile not in derision at these fantastical degrees of Burschenschaft; but recollect you were once a freshman yourself, from that rank you emerged to be a sophister, and then you became a senior. Now, if these phrases were translated into German, they might happen to be just as ludicrous, or, perhaps, more so to them, than our translation of their degrees is to you.

The business of each chore is usually conducted by a sort of select committee, which is called the chore consent, and by this body all disputed matters are arranged. They it is who publish the "verruff" or ban against any shopkeepers who are proscribed, and who legislate in all cases of disputed duels. In addition to this court of honour, there is also what is called a beer-court, the duty of which is to arrange differences which arise in regard of drinking etiquette. This court is composed of two members chosen out of each chore, and their province is no sinecure; for there is no dispute among the Bursch of more frequent occurrence than that called the beer-duel, and which we hope we may hereafter have some opportunity of presenting to the notice of our readers.

When the student has at last taken his degree, and the time of his departure draws near, he requires a hard head to be able go through with credit all the festivals which await him. Frequent and full are the bumpers which are drained to the Bursch ere he departs into Philisterium, unless, indeed, he should happen to be "a gentleman in difficulties," and then the more quiet his intended departure is kept the better, as if any creditor is able to prove that he has a satisfactory lien, his diploma is kept in pawn until all the debts are discharged.

But should he fortunately happen to be a "free man," and at the same time popular in the university, his exit is attended with considerable pomp, and not the least splendid of the many spectacles which we witnessed during our residence in Heidelberg, was the procession which accompanied the young Count Von Lindenfels, as he took his final leave of the university, upon his departure to Vienna.

"The Schwarzer Adler" was our rendezvous; and as we assembled,

there never was a more splendid morning than that which shone on the departing count. We had known him long and well, and a finer or more open-hearted young fellow, or one more likely to succeed in the road he was about to enter, we never knew.

If the glorious sunshine which sparkled over wood and river, and lit up the road to Carlsruhe, was to be taken as a prophetic token, his path through the future which lay before him was as brilliant as heart could wish.

It is usual for all the companions of the chore to which the departing Bursch belongs, to accompany him some miles on his journey; and it was arranged that we were to go with the count as far as Carlsruhe, where, having supped together for the last time, we were to leave him, and return at night. On the present occasion, however, as an additional mark of the respect and esteem in which he was held in the university, the seniors of every chore, as its representative, were to accompany the procession.

The spectacle was an interesting one, attesting, as it did, the deep and sincere affection which bound these young men together, and establishing, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that, with all its errors, there is much of good in a system where the simple and manly virtues of one who had no other claims upon the affection of his friends than a few years' residence among them was able to produce such a mark of their regard.

The senior of the Suabian chore led the way, in a carriage drawn by four grey horses, and preceded by two foxes, arrayed in full dress—top boots, white breeches, and wearing the "sturm hut," or cocked hat, with a nodding plume of white feathers. The foxes carried their drawn schlagers; and the senior, with his red and gold cap, his long pipe, adorned with silken tassels of a similar colour, and his glittering schlager, the basket hilt of which was decked with ribbands of the same hue, looked a very imposing personage indeed.

Next him came the representative of the Prussian chore, Von Stralenheim, the son of the minister at Frankfurt. His carriage was drawn by two horses, with two foxes in front and two behind, fluttering with silken sashes of the gay

Prussian colours. Very grand, indeed looked our friend, in his white unmentionables, long black boots, and cocked hat, with a broad chore sash traversing his chest, and his drawn schlager on his knee, as in passing he gaily waved his hand to us.

Following him came the "Nassau;" and had he been in Ireland instead of in Germany, he would certainly have been indicted as an "Orangeman," for he came clearly within the provisions of that famous act, passed to suppress the adherents of William the Third, so well known by the name of the 2nd and 3rd of William the Fourth. A blue and Orange banner fluttered at his side from the carriage. Gorgeous rosettes of the same colour, with long ribbands, streamed from the horses' heads; and two schlagers, also decorated with silken favours of a similar hue, lay crossed before him in the carriage. Upon every part of his equipage which afforded a resting-place for his favourite colours, were they to be seen in profusion; and as he whirled rapidly past us, we thought that his very moustachios seemed to have caught a shade of the colour in which he so much delighted. The beautiful colours of the Swiss—green, red, and gold, next followed. The senior was a handsome, graceful young man, and bore him as became the representative of his romantic nation.

"The old pale blue banner" of Bavaria next came sweeping past, and the Westphalian cortege then succeeded. In the front carriage were the Count von Lindenfels and the senior of the chore; in the next, one or two companions of the chore and the Herr Irlander, whose moustache had by this time arrived at a formidable length, and who was attired in a slashed and frogged velvet coat, and a green and white chore cap: metamorphosed, we think, so that his own mother could scarcely have recognised her offspring; in his opinion, however, much improved in his personal appearance, but so elated by the splendour of the spectacle, the pomp by which he was surrounded, and the distinction with which he was treated, that we verily believe could his one solitary client, who lives somewhere in the purlieus of Thomas-street, have presented him at that moment with what at any other time would have almost gratified his most fervid dreams of professional ad-

vancement—viz., "an order to tot," we think the pot-valiant Irlander would have flung it in his face.

As we cannot attempt to describe minutely that part of the procession which came behind us, we shall merely add, that most of the Westphalian chore, in carriages, followed ours, and then came the others in their order. The cortege was a most gorgeous one; the variety of the students' costumes—the splendour of their equipages—the blue steel of schlagers flashing in the sunshine, and the gay ribbands fluttering in the breeze, formed altogether a spectacle as imposing as it was splendid. Three or four musicians struck up a lively note upon key-bugles, and amid spirit-stirring cheers from the assembled multitude, we set out on our journey; the young graf standing up in his carriage, and waving his cap. As we went, several capital songs were sung, all having relation to the occasion which called us together. One of these, "das lied eines abziehenden Bursch," both in music and words was of extraordinary beauty; but it has already been so well translated in a former number of this magazine, that any attempt upon our part to present it to the notice of our readers now, would be as presumptuous as it would be superfluous. Another fine song was also chanted, which we did make an attempt upon, but found many of the expressions so difficult to express in an adequate translation, that after several abortive efforts we at last gave it up in despair. A third song, however, was sung, upon which we also tried our hand, and although we cannot flatter ourselves that we have accomplished a very perfect translation, yet such as it is, we thus present it to our readers:—

DAS ABSCHIED'S LIED.

The level sun slow sinking,
Rolls down behind the hill,
But on the old oak forest
His rays are glancing still.

The city, as night closes,
Seems wrapt in slumber fair,
Whilst sounds of sorrow rising,
Float on the evening air.

From her lattice, many a maiden
Looks forth the throng to greet,
As, with the Bursch departing,
It sweeps down the long street.

The old man leaves his corner
To gaze as it goes by,
And many a tear is stealing
From many a dark blue eye.

"Full often in the brimmer
We've seen the red grape glow,
But never has it sparkled
So bright as does it now.

"At many a festal meeting
We've filled that goblet up,
But it had not half the lustre
Which gems our parting cup.

"Fill, as on our last journey
We go, old friend, with thee,
For by this hour to-morrow,
The kneipe shall silent be.

"A wreath, as we are passing,
Yen fair young girl lets fall,
Her maiden sorrow hiding
In the roses on the wall."

And the Bursch has placed the token
Next a heart to her all true,
As he turns him, sadly gazing,
To wave his last adieu.

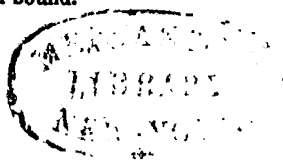
"Though sun or rain may wither
Those flowers that fairest be,
No time can ever alter
My love, sweet girl, for thee."

Now soundeth faint and fainter
The song as eve grows dim;
Still through the twilight fading,
Her blue eye follows him.

The rose and wallflower round her
Their spring-time freshness pour,
But he she loves so fondly
Is gone for evermore!

It was late in the evening as our
cortege, which was now composed of
not more than a dozen of the carriages
which set out, approached the gate of
Carlsrhue; and having drawn up at

the door of the Golden Star, we were
received by "der Wirth" himself, who
had drawn up all the "kelners" of his
establishment in double file upon the
steps of his "gasthaus," in order to give
our reception as much *emprassement* as
possible. The supper, which had
been ordered for several weeks before,
was exquisite; the wines were as cool
as ice could make them; the sunniest
places of the whole of Germany seemed
to have been ransacked for our dessert,
which was indeed magnificent; our
company was unexceptionable; and
with the aid of all these varied and
agreeable incentives the evening passed
delightfully. Merry and convivial as
it was, if we had but had upon
that occasion the presence of one
who is there now—who is, pos-
sibly, luxuriating at this moment in
that very room where we were assem-
bled then, sipping perhaps his Rudes-
heimer, or revelling in brilliant fancies
which flash from none more brightly
than from him—our convivial felicity
would have been perfect; but it is
within the range of possibility, that
upon some sunny evening we may have
our feet under the same mahogany,
and discuss a flask of Herr Ruckhardt's
choicest Hupberger with Harry Lor-
requer yet, and we shall reserve
our ecstasies of what that evening
would have been had he been present,
until then. Suffice it to say, that as
it was—regardless alike of law and
propriety, with as perfect an oblivion
of clients and of briefs as if we had
never received a single guinea—we
enjoyed ourselves to the top of our
bent; and upon awakening the next
morning, found that, with the excep-
tion of our companions in the carriage
which brought us, the whole of our
"company" had departed, "home-
ward bound."



GEORGE HERIOT.*

THE magnificent endowment of Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh, is one of the few works of the kind with which it is possible for us entirely to sympathize. Pure benevolence seems to have been the sole motive influencing the founder. There was no base superstition seeking to propitiate heaven by posthumous good works—there was no lurking revenge against the natural inheritors of property, endeavouring to hide itself from the eye of conscience, by assuming the disguise of public charity. Heriot was a man whose religion seems to have excluded superstition, it was the direct and honest expression of a mind at peace with itself and others—it was the religion of a man of vigorous understanding, and whose best mental power was singular good sense. The institution which he planned, and which was carried into effect in strict conformity with his wishes, was one for the support and education of the children of men of the rank to which he himself belonged—the burgesses of Edinburgh.

It is fortunate that the great historian and poet of Scotland found other means of communicating with the public, than in the formal narratives which used to be called history and poetry, till he more than all others recalled the public mind to something more truthful than the solemn inanities of Watson and sons—the embalmers of Philip the Second, and poor Mary of Scots. Absolute oblivion seemed the lot of all. Everything peculiar—feature—mind—age, was lost from view. The books were read by the young as a dreary task. The solemn and monotonous music—the gradual “decline and fall” of every sentence had no unpleasing effect on the drowsy ears of elderly gentlemen and ladies, and there is something composing in the equal flow of style, which gives no prominence to one

thought or act or sentiment. George Heriot was little likely to come even by accident into any of these India rubber books. The tomb had closed over him for more than two centuries. The history of the House of Stuart had been written over and over. The name of Heriot, though it seemed natural that it should occur, was never introduced (indeed the private life of James himself or his family seem scarcely the subject of occasional mention), when the silence was broken by the voice of the magician, and Heriot stood forth in Scott's fairy-tales of truth, as in life. Who has forgotten him as he stands out in the fortunes of Nigel?

“The stranger's dress was, though grave, rather richer than usual, his panned hose were of black velvet, lined with purple silk, which garniture appeared at the slashes. His doublet was of purple cloth, and his short cloak of black velvet, to correspond with his hose; and both adorned with a great number of small silver buttons, richly wrought in filigree. A triple chain of gold hung round his neck; and in place of a sword or dagger, he wore at his belt an ordinary knife for the purpose of the table, with a small silver-case, which appeared to contain writing materials. He might have seemed some secretary or clerk, engaged in the service of the public, only that his low, flat, and unadorned cap, and his well blacked shining shoes, indicated that he belonged to the city. He was a well-made man, about the middle size, and seemed firm in health, though advanced in years. His looks expressed sagacity and good humour; and the air of respectability which his dress announced was well supported by his clear eye, ruddy cheek, and grey hair. He used the Scottish idiom in his first address, but in such a manner that it could hardly be distinguished whether he was passing on his friend a sort of jocose mockery, or whether it was his own native dialect, for his discourse had

* *Memoirs of George Heriot; with the History of the Hospital, founded by him in Edinburgh; and an account of the Heriot Foundation Schools.* By William Steven, D.D. Edinburgh: Bell and Bradfute. 1845.

little provincialism.'—*Fortunes of Nigel*, Vol. i. p. 20.

Heriot's family were of respectable rank and position. They claimed descent from a family of the same name of some antiquity in East Lothian. Agnes Heriot, of the Lothian family, was mother to George Buchanan, the historian. The grandfather of our Heriot was the first of the family who settled in Edinburgh. His son and grandson were goldsmiths—then the most important trade that existed, for your goldsmith was the only banker. The dealing in money at that time was not, as in ours, a direct and exclusive branch of business. The state of the laws in most countries of Europe, and the feeling against the name of usury entertained by those who had no objection to inordinate profits in any admitted branch of business, rendered it impossible that it should be so, and Heriot, who in process of time became goldsmith and jeweller to James the Fifth of Scotland and his queen, was the person to whom, in all exigencies—and the exigencies were of every-day occurrence—the royal pair resorted for money.

The trade of goldsmith had, in Scotland, been classed with that of the "hammermen,"* or common smiths. When the goldsmiths were first practically separated from the "hammermen" does not appear; but they obtained a separate charter of incorporation from the town council in 1581, and this charter was confirmed by James the Sixth, in 1586, the year in which Heriot commenced business.

In mercantile life especially, good fortune is another name for good conduct; and though Dr. Steven records a popular story of Heriot's purchasing in the ballast of a foreign vessel a quantity of gold dust at a nominal price, he wisely treats it as mere fiction. Absurd stories of the kind are for ever told, as if people took a pleasure in discrediting honest industry. Heriot married early, and during his father's life—the united fortune of himself and his wife, expressed in English money of our day, was £14 11s. 8d., and this was the capi-

tal with which he commenced business for himself. His residence was in the Fishmarket-close, Edinburgh. His first shop or "baith" was attached to St. Giles's Cathedral, at the *Lady's Steps*, at the east corner of the Church. He afterwards moved to the West End of the Cathedral. The booths or shops were called *kraams*, a Dutch word, signifying a temporary shop at a fair. In 1597, he was declared jeweller to Anne of Denmark, consort of James the Sixth. Anne was a good customer. The gift of diamond-rings to her favourites was quite a passion with her. And when she wanted money, Heriot's was the hand to supply it, which he generally did on getting her to pledge her jewels as security. James was sometimes a party to these dealings of his dearest "queen and bedfellow," as he calls her in one order for payment to Heriot.

In 1601, Heriot was appointed jeweller to the king. As goldsmith and cashier to both their majesties, Heriot had a great deal to do, and an apartment was assigned him at the palace of Holyrood. In the ten years immediately preceding James's accession to the throne of England, Heriot's bills for the queen's jewels alone amounted to £50,000.

James's accession to the crown of England was a great day for Heriot. His bills for jewellery to the court and to the principal nobles have been preserved, and are quoted in this memoir in greater detail than is necessary. Heriot himself removed to London, and we find him "dwelland foreneant the New Exchange."

About this time his first wife died; and there is reason to believe that two sons, the only children of the marriage, perished at sea. In five years after he married Alice Primrose, a daughter of the Primrose from whom the Roseberry family were descended. Several years of continued prosperity followed. There was no issue of Heriot's marriage, and George bethought himself of what was to become of his increasing wealth. He made what he regarded as a proper provision for the child of his only sister, and then, "in imitation of the publick, pious, and religious work, founded within the city

* Charter of that corporation, 1483.

of London, called Christ's Hospital," he left his property to be applied to the building and endowing a similar institution, for the education and support of orphans of decayed burgesses and freemen of Edinburgh.

After making these arrangements, Heriot soon died.

There was a portrait of Heriot by Vansomer. It does not appear to have been preserved; but a copy of it by a Scottish artist is now in the Council-room of the Hospital:—

"This picture represents Heriot apparently in the vigour of life, habited in the court dress of the time, with a richly embroidered mantle, and an ample lawn ruff or collar. The fair hair that overshades the thoughtful brow and calm calculating eye, with the cast of humour on the lower part of the countenance, are all indicative of the genuine Scottish character, and well distinguish a personage fitted to move steadily and wisely through the world, with a strength of resolution to ensure success, and a disposition to enjoy it."—
No 37.

The institution which has preserved his name, "is," says Scott, "one of the proudest ornaments of Edinburgh, and is equally distinguished for the purposes of the institution and the excellence of the administration."

We have before stated the object of the institution. Its due administration is guarded by a clause in the founder's will which, in the event of mal-administration, gives the whole funds to the University of St. Andrew's.

To two of his friends, Dr. Robert Johnstone, of the house of Newby

in Annandale, and Dr. Balcanquell, was entrusted by Heriot the special charge of his affairs after his death. Balcanquell was born at Edinburgh in 1586. He had been a fellow of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and in 1624, James gave him the deanery of Rochester. Johnstone was a barrister or advocate of some kind or other, and wrote a Latin history of his own times, more often praised than read. But, author and lawyer as he was, he was also an honest man, and his first act in the trust was relieving it from threatened litigation, by effecting some compromise with the niece of Heriot, who could not be brought to understand the reasonableness of her uncle's disposition of his property. There appears to have been no delay in the effort to call in the funds, for in the year but one after Heriot's death, the trustees commenced their purchase of grounds in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Some confusion and consequent misrepresentation arose from the blunder of an accountant, who mistook pounds Scots for pounds sterling. The sum actually received was £23,625 10s. 3½d. In 1627, the ground on which the hospital stood was purchased, and in the same year a ship was freighted with timber from Norway for the buildings. Inigo Jones is believed to have furnished the plan, and on the first of July, 1628, the first stone was laid. The accounts were so carefully kept, that there could be no difficulty in ascertaining, if it were at any time felt an object to do so, the name of the person by whom any particular ornament was executed, and what he got for his work.* The mas-

* "From the treasurer's book of disbursements in *Scottish money*, for the year 1632, the following extraordinary particulars are derived:—

"March 24	To the wemen that drew in the cairt, at redding [clearing] the fownd,	xxxliij s.
	To the 2 workmen that callit the cairt, iij lib.	xij s.
— 31	To the 6 wemen that drew in the cairt,	xxxliij s.
	To the men that keipis thame,	iii lib. xij s.
April 7	To the 6 wemen that drew the red	xxii s.
June 2	To the gentlewemen that oulk [week]	xxii s.
	For 6 shakells to the wemeinis hands, with the cheingeis to thame, pryce of the piece xxliij s. is	vii lib. iij s.
	Mair for 14 loks for their waistis and thair hands, at vi s. the piece, is	iiij lib. iij s.
	For ane quhip to the gentlewemen in the cairt,	xij s.

"We hope that no one, on perusing the above, will conclude, that, in Scotland,

ter masons were paid ten shillings weekly, and had also £8 10s. a-year.

A description of the building, chiefly borrowed from Telford's article on architecture in Brewster's Encyclopedia, will probably interest our readers more than any other selection we could make from the volume:—

“A general description of the building, conformable to the original design, will naturally be expected in this place. George Heriot's Hospital is a commanding edifice, consisting of one square court, encompassed with buildings. It has—as shewn in the *frontispiece* to this volume—projecting turrets at the external angles, and a square tower over the entrance, which is carried up to double the height of the rest of the building, and finished with a cupola. The windows have pediments over them; some of these are pointed, some semi-circular, and open in the middle. The entrance archway has coupled Doric columns with fully enriched entablature; but this is broken by heavy trusses, having grotesque Gothic ornaments. Immediately above the archway are twisted Corinthian columns; the whole of the centre front is crowned and surrounded by minute sculptures. On entering the court, and immediately above the centre archway, stands a fine statue of the Founder. The interior of the square, which is about thirty-two yards by thirty, has arcades on the east and north sides, and towers at the four angles, in which are stairs. The windows of three sides have pilasters and regular sculptured ornaments over them. In the upper row, on the north or entrance side, in the middle of the sculpture over the windows, there are small niches, with busts in them. On the south side is the chapel with large Gothic windows: but the entrance door has small coupled Corinthian columns, with a semi-circular pediment over each pair. There are upwards of two hundred windows in the hospital, and, strange to say, no one is precisely the same as the other. Notwithstanding this ingenious variety, even an experienced eye would not at

first discover this singular freak of the architect. ‘We know,’ says Sir Thomas Telford, to whom we have been chiefly indebted for the preceding description, “of no other instance in the works of a man of acknowledged talents, where the operation of changing styles is so evident. In the chapel windows, although the general outlines are fine Gothic, the mouldings are Roman. In the entrance archways, although the principal members are Roman, the pinnacles, trusses, and minute sculptures partake of the Gothic. The outlines of the whole design have evidently been modelled on the latter style of the baronial castellated dwelling. It forms one of the most magnificent features of this singular city, and is a splendid monument of the munificence of one of its citizens.”—p. c. 3.

Balcanquel's name does not often again occur in the records of the hospital. He was supposed to have been consulted in Charles's efforts to introduce the English form of Church government into Scotland. He became Dean of Durham, but was soon proclaimed an incendiary, and had to fly. He died in Wales, in the year 1645.

Laud had assisted at the coronation in Scotland of Charles, and he interested himself in the prosperity of the institution. But Laud's power for good or evil soon ceased, and the civil distractions of the period interrupted every thing that the trustees were doing, or had proposed to do. Johnstone, whose heart was in the work, had hoped before his death to have seen the hospital opened for the reception of scholars. He died without having his wish accomplished, leaving a large property of his own to purposes similar in kind to that of Heriot's.

The governor of Heriot's Hospital, as owner of the lands of Broughton, held baronial courts for fully a century, and capital crimes were occasionally tried before them.

During the time occupied in build-

females were generally put to such servile and shocking work in the seventeenth century. These women and gentlewomen, we have no doubt, were hardened offenders, upon whom every kind of Church censure had been fruitlessly expended. There being then no bridewells or houses of correction, it seems probable that the magistrates, whose jurisdiction extended even to hanging, and drowning in the North Loch, had tried the effect of public exposure, by sending these culprits to clear the foundation for the hospital. To prevent their escape, locks and shackles had been used in the scandalous manner noticed in the treasurer's account.”—p. 61.

ing the hospital, and while nothing could be done for the proper objects of Heriot's bounty, the trustees felt themselves justified in giving small pensions to relatives of Heriot. In 1650 the building was nearly completed, and was first occupied by a visitor on whom its governors little counted. Cromwell was destined to visit them, when he

"To peace and truth his glorious way had ploughed,
And on the back of crowned Fortune proud
Had reared God's trophies, and his work pursued :
While Derwent stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbarfield resound his praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath."

It is probable that the governors of Heriot's thought that Oliver had as little right to the high praises given him by puritan John, as to the hospital itself in which he stabled his troopers, and to which, after seizing it uncere- moniously by the right of the strongest, he put forward other claims. "Heriot," quoth Cromwell, "was a naturalized Englishman, and had acquired his fortune in England. He had no right to bequeath it to Scotland —[we do not see the consequence of this reasoning, Oliver ; it sounds like what Newman calls logical sequence] —and at all events the revenue has been applied contrary to the founder's orders, and therefore belongs to the parliament of England !" Well argued, heroic soldier ! There is something to be said in praise of robbery when it assumes this high tone. Thou, too, shalt have thine admirers !

Oliver's stormy hour, however, passed away. More lands were bought. All was again prosperous, and on the 13th of April, 1659, thirty boys were elected on the foundation. On the same day, the first "schoolmaster" was elected. New brooms sweep clean, and the first act of the governors was creditable. There were three candidates, whom they examined in grammar and arithmetic. One of the candidates was a relative of Heriot's—"he was a weak professor of both" [grammar and arithmetic]. The two others were equal, and in these circumstances a preference was given to one who had the good fortune to be a "*burgess's bairn*." The dress of the boys was "sad-russet cloth doublets, breeches, and stockings, hose and gown of the same colour, with black hats and strings."

Anniversary sermons are preached on what is called Heriot's day (the 27th of June). The first was by Robert Douglas, a remarkable man, who had been a chaplain in Gustavus Adolphus's army. Gustavus said of him—"There goes a man that, for wisdom, might be a counsellor to any king in Europe ; for gravity, moderator to any assembly in the world ; and for his skill in military affairs, might be general of any army."

The Heriot gardens were a fashionable promenade. The governors took care from the first that they should present some of the advantages of a botanic garden. Some fear of the plants being stolen by florists is suggested, and endeavoured to be guarded against ; but we suppose all such regulations are vain. Pennant, writing in 1769, tells us that these gardens "were formerly the resort of the gay, and there the Scottish poets often laid, in their comedies, the scenes of intrigue."

An amusing story is told of the boys of Heriot's Hospital, in 1682. The Earl of Argyll was in this year convicted of high treason, for refusing the test oath without certain qualifications. The Heriot boys ordered their watch dog to take the test, and offered him the paper. When he refused, they rubbed it over with butter. He then licked off the butter, but spat out the paper. They empannelled a jury, tried him for treason, and hanged him.

In 1741, Whitfield visited Edinburgh, and went to Heriot's Hospital. He is said to have wrought a great change on the boys in the institution. However this be, the record of his visit states the Heriot's Hospital boys to have been the worst boys in the town—a fact not unlikely, for we believe that no anxiety on the part of trustees or governors can ever be of the same use as the ceaseless vigilance of the parental eye. Much may be done for children in these public institutions, but more than is possible to be effected may also be expected. The fagging (or, as it was called, the garring) system prevailed till within the last twenty years to a fearful extent. It would appear that some of the appointments of masters were of weak, obstinate, well-meaning men ; that to this the insubordination of the boys was

to be referred. "The depraving influence of one ill-judged appointment may have extended its consequences not only over the duration of a single incumbency, but over every succeeding period. Something, of course, must be referred to the imperfect civilization of the period." In 1752, cock fighting was prohibited. In 1756 a master was solemnly deposed on account of his unfitness for his office.

In 1759, the governor of the hospital had a matter of some difficulty to manage. It was one of those cases in which honest and obstinate men might easily be supposed never to come to an agreement. The whole of the ground to the north of the city, on which the new town of Edinburgh stands, was the property of the hospital, and it was sold by the trustees to the city. The prodigious increase of value of this property which was anticipated, and which has since been realized to an extent far surpassing all anticipation, made a transaction, in which the magistrates of the city acting as sellers on the one side (for they, as such magistrates, were governors of the hospital), and purchasers on the other, one of great delicacy. The act was represented as a dishonest sacrifice of the property of the institution. This clearly was a mistake, for in the hands of the institution it could be worth comparatively little; but it led to litigation, and it was not till after some time that a right to sell was established.

In 1762, John Erskine returned to the institution the sum given him for an anniversary sermon, which he preached, requesting that it might be expended in the purchases of religious and moral treatises for the boys. In this gift originated the library.

In 1835, it was found that there was a surplus fund, and on the motion of Duncan McLaren, Esq., one of the magistrates of Edinburgh, a part of this surplus revenue was applied "to the erection of schools for the education of such burgesses' sons as cannot be admitted into the hospital." Infant and juvenile schools were established in the several districts of the city. The payment of the masters and mistresses was made to depend, in part, on the number of pupils attending. Within a fortnight after the first

school was opened, the applications for admission were seven hundred, though the number to be received was limited by the government to two hundred and fifty. The children eligible are: first, children in poor circumstances of deceased burgesses and freemen of Edinburgh; second, children of such burgesses and freemen as are not sufficiently able to maintain them; and, thirdly, children of poor citizens of Edinburgh, residing within the royalty.

Of these schools the plan seems admirable, and the success, as far as we have the means of judging, perfect. They are connected with the hospital, not only by being under the management of the same governors, but by the head master of the hospital being the inspector of all the Heriot schools. Of the latter, we believe, the whole expense is not more than £3000 a-year. Two governors—one lay, one clerical—are each fortnight obliged to inspect the schools in addition to the weekly visits of the head master of the hospital; and written reports are made of the results of these visits half-yearly. There is no charge for education, and not only are school requisites supplied, but each school is furnished with a valuable library. The gratuitous education of the poor will compel a higher order of education for the rich. The masters of the juvenile schools are persons highly qualified; and their remuneration is, considering the average income of parochial teachers in Scotland, liberal in the extreme. The salary is £140 a-year. The masters are assisted by apprentice-teachers—an exceedingly well-conceived part of the system, and which almost wholly gets rid of the plan of monitors, prefects, &c. These younger assistants are bound to act as apprentice-teachers for three years. They are paid three shillings and sixpence a-week for the first year, four shillings and sixpence during the second, and six shillings for the third. When the apprentice-teachers are selected from the boys educated at the hospital, they are bound for five years, and, in addition to their weekly pay, receive £10 a-year. The school is divided into five sections; four are taught by apprentices—the fifth by the head master. The apprentice-teachers receive lessons themselves

each evening in the more advanced branches of instruction.

We cannot find room to give the calculations from which Dr. Steven has satisfied himself that the average expense of each child to the institution is, as nearly as possible, £1. This is exclusive of what is to be calculated for building, repairs, &c., of the school in which they are educated. When these expenses are added, the average amounts to about £1 13s. 6d., or seven-pence halfpenny a-week.

We regret that we have not room to dwell at greater length on this exceedingly important volume. In Ireland, and at this moment, the instruction it gives is such, that we

think any persons connected with education not availing themselves of the information it gives, are neglecting a positive duty. We have done all that it was possible for us to do, consistent with the space that we can give to this article, to select and condense what we regard as most useful; but it is impossible in the compass of a few pages to do more than refer to many things, of which the great practical value cannot be exhibited except by entering into minute detail. To Dr. Steven, the public, and more especially such of the public as take an interest in the great question of education, owe a deep debt of gratitude.

SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

INSCRIBED TO HIS FRIEND, JOHN WILSON, ESQ.

Air—"Our Ain Fire-side."

Oh, the changes of time, like the changes of tide,
Are sudden and certain, though whiles sair to bide;
Our ivy-clad cottage, sae dear to us a'—
Frae that happy hame we are now gaun awa'!

For mony a lang spring-time the bud has been seen
On our bonnie wee bush, wi' its leaflets sae green,
But wha now its blossoms will watch when they blaw?
Frae our ain little cottage we're now gaun awa'!

Oh, there's much for reflection, there's much too for fear—
The past it looks pleasant, the future looks drear!
For wha' warm affection to us e'er will shaw
Like the kind friends departed—the leal hearts awa'!

We think not of fortune, we think not of fame,
But deeply we ponder on leaving our hame—
That hame whose remembrance the deep tears will draw—
Frae our ain little cottage we're now gaun awa'!*

* NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR—Surely if "good wine need no bush," a good song should require no explanation. Egotism as regards this, however, will be pardoned. The song refers to the circumstance of its author leaving a residence which he has occupied for nearly nineteen years, where, in "the happy days o' youth" his best songs have been written, and under whose roof his honoured parents took a farewell of time. These are associations which you will excuse me dwelling on in the humble lyric before you. Yours faithfully,

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Leith, 27th April, 1846.

THE BLACK PROPHET.—A TALE OF IRISH FAMINE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER IX.—MEETING OF STRANGERS—MYSTERIOUS DIALOGUES.

GRA GAL SULLIVAN and the prophet's wife having left the miser's meal-shop, proceeded in the direction of Aughamurran, evidently in close, and, if one could judge by their gestures, deeply important conversation. The strange woman followed them at a distance, meditating, as might be perceived by her hesitating manner, upon the most seasonable moment of addressing either one or both, without seeming to interrupt or disturb their dialogue. Although the actual purport of the topic they discussed could not be known by a spectator, yet even to an ordinary observer, it was clear that the elder female uttered something that was calculated to warn or alarm the younger. She raised her extended forefinger, looked earnestly into the face of her companion, then upwards solemnly, and clasping her hands with vehemence, appeared to close her assertion by appealing to heaven in behalf of its truth; the younger looked at her with wonder, seemed amazed, paused suddenly on her step, raised her hands, and looked as if about to express terror; but, checking herself, appeared as it were perplexed by uncertainty and doubt. After this the elder woman seemed to confide some secret or sorrow to the other, for she began to weep bitterly, and to wring her hands as if with remorse, whilst her companion looked like one who had been evidently transformed into an impersonation of pure and artless sympathy. She caught the rough hand of the other, and ere she had proceeded very far in her narrative, a few tears of compassion stole down her youthful cheek; after which she began to administer consolation in a manner that was at once simple and touching. She pressed the hand of the afflicted woman between her's, then wiped her eyes with her own handkerchief, and soothed her with a natural softness of manner that breathed at once of true tenderness and delicacy.

As soon as this affecting scene had been concluded, the strange woman imperceptibly mended her pace, until her proximity occasioned them to look at her with that feeling which prompts us to recognize the wish of a person to address us, as it is often expressed, by an appearance of mingled anxiety and diffidence, when they approach us. At length Mave Sullivan spoke—

"Who is that strange woman that is followin' us, an' wants to say something, if one can judge by her looks?"

"Well, I don't know," replied Nelly; "but whatsoever it may be, she wishes to speak to either you or me, no doubt of it."

"She looks like '*a poor woman*,'" said Mave, "an' yet she didn't ask any thing in Skinadre's, barring a drink of water; but God pity her, if she's comin' to us for relief, poor crature! At any rate, as she appears to have care and distress in her face, I'll spake to her."

She then beckoned the female to approach them, who did so; but they could perceive, as she advanced, that they had been mistaken in supposing her to be one of those unhappy beings whom the prevailing famine had driven to mendicancy. There was visible in her face a feeling of care and anxiety certainly, but none of that supplicating expression which is at once recognized as the characteristic of the wretched class to which they supposed her to belong. This circumstance considerably embarrassed the inexperienced girl, whose gentle heart at the moment sympathized with the stranger's anxieties, whatever they may have been, and she hesitated a little, when the woman approached, in addressing her. At length she spoke—

"We wor jist sayin' to one another," she observed, "that it looked as if you wished to spake to either this woman or me."

"You're right enough, then," she replied; I have something to say to

* A common and compassionate name for a person forced to ask alms.

her, and a single word to yourself, too."

"An' what is it you have to say to me?" asked Nelly; "I hope it isn't to borrow money from me, bekaise if it is, my banker has failed, an' left me as poor as a church mouse."

"Are you in distress, poor woman?" inquired the generous and kind-hearted girl. "Maybe you're hungry; it isn't much we can do for you; but little as it is, if you come home with me, you'll come to a family that won't scruple to share the little they have now with any one that's worse off than themselves."

"Ay, you may well say 'now,'" observed the prophet's wife; "for until now it's they that could always afford it; an' indeed it was the ready an' the willin' bit was ever at your father's table."

The stranger looked upon the serene and beautiful features of Mave with a long gaze of interest and admiration; after which she added, with a sigh—

"And you, I believe, are the girl they talk so much about for the fair face and the good heart? Little penetration it takes to see that you have both, my sweet girl. If I don't mistake, your name is Mave Sullivan, or *Gra Gal*, as the people mostly call you."

Mave, whose natural delicacy was tender and pure as the dew-drop of morning, on hearing her praises thus uttered by the lips of a stranger, blushed so deeply, that her whole neck and face became suffused with that delicious crimson of modesty which, alas! is now of such rare occurrence among the sex, unconscious that, in doing so, she was adding fresh testimony to the impressions which had gone so generally abroad of her extraordinary beauty, and the many unostentatious virtues which adorned her humble life.

"Mave Sullivan is my name," she replied, smiling through her blushes; "as to the other nickname, the people will call one what they like, no matter whether it's right or wrong."

"The people's seldom wrong, then, in givin' names of the kind," returned the stranger; "but in your case, they're right at all events, as any one may know that looks upon you: that sweet face, an' them fair looks is seldom ever found with a bad heart. May God guard you, my purty and innocent girl, an' keep you safe from all evil, I pray his holy name this day!"

The prophet's wife and Mave exchanged looks as the woman spoke; and the latter said—

"I hope you don't think there's any evil before me?"

"Who is there," replied the stranger, "that can say there's not? Sure it's before us and about us every hour in the day; but in your case, darlin', I jist say—be on your guard, an' don't trust or put belief in any one that you don't know well. That's all I can say, an' indeed all I know."

"I feel thankful to you," replied Mave; "and now that you wish me well—for I'm sure you do—maybe you'd grant me a favour?"

"If it's widin' the bounds of my power I'll do it," returned the other, "but it's little I can do, God help me!"

"Nelly," said Mave, "will you go on to the cross-roads there, an' I'll be with you in a minute."

The cross-roads alluded to were only about a couple of hundred yards before them. The prophet's wife proceeded, and Mave renewed the conversation.

"What I want you to do for me is this—that is if you can do it—maybe you could bring a couple of stone o' meal to a family of the name of—of—" here she blushed again, and her confusion became so evident that she felt it impossible to proceed until she had recovered in some degree her composure. "Only two or three years ago," she continued, "they were the daicentest farmers in the parish; but the world went against them, as it has of late a'most against every one, owin' to the fall of prices, and now they're out of their farm, very much reduced, and there's sickness among them as well as want. They've been livin'," she proceeded, wiping away the tears which were now fast flowing, "in a kind of cabin or little cottage not far from the fine house an' place that was not long ago their own. Their name," she added, after a pause, in which it was quite evident that she struggled strongly with her feelings, "is—is—Dalton."

"Was the young fellow one of them," asked the woman, "that was so outrageous awhile ago in the miser's? I think I heard the name given to him."

"Oh, I have nothing to say for him," replied Mave; "he was always wild, but they say never bad-hearted;

it's the rest of the family I'm thinking about—an' even that young man isn't more than three or four days up out o' the fever. What I want you to do is to bring the meal I'm spakin' of to that family—any one will show you their little place—an' to lave it there about dusk this evenin', so that no one will ever know you do it; an' as you love God an' hope for mercy, don't breathe *my* name in the business at all."

"I will do it for you," replied the other; "but in the meantime where am I to get the meal?"

"Why, at the miser's," replied Mave; "and when you go there, tell him that the person who tould him *they wouldn't forget it to him*, sent you for it, an' you'll get it."

"God forbid I'd refuse you that much," said the stranger; "an' although it'll keep me out longer than I expected, still I'll manage it for you, an' come or go what will, widout mentioning your name."

"God bless you for that," said Mave, "an' grant that you may never be brought to the same hard pass that they're in, an' keep you from ever havin' a heavy or a sorrowful heart."

"Ah, acushla oge," replied the woman, with a profound sigh, "that prayer's too late for me; any thing else than a heavy and a sorrowful heart I've seldom had; for the last twenty years and upwards little but care and sorrow has been upon me."

"Indeed one might easily guess as much," said Mave; "you have a look of heart-break and sorrow sure enough. But answer me this—how do you know that there's evil before me or about me?"

"I don't know much about it," returned the other, "but I'm afraid there's something to your disadvantage planned or a plannin' against you. When I seen you awhile ago I didn't know who you were till I heard your name; I'm a stranger here, not two weeks in the neighbourhood, an' know hardly any body in it."

"Well," observed Mave, "who had fallen back upon her own position, and the danger alluded to by the stranger, "I'll do nothing that's wrong myself, an' if there's danger about me, as I hear there is, it's a good thing to know that God can guard me in spite of all that any one can do against me."

"Let that be your principle, shagur—sooner or later the hand o' God can an' will make every thing clear, an' after all, dear, he is the best protection, blessed be his name!"

They had now reached the cross-roads already spoken of, where the prophet's wife again joined them for a short time, previous to her separation from Mave, whose way from that point lay in a direction opposite to theirs.

"This woman," said Mave, "wishes to go to Condry Dalton's in the course of the evenin', an' you, Nelly, can show her from the road the poor place they now live in, God help them."

"To be sure," replied the other, "an' the house where they *did* live when they wor at themselves, full, an' warm, an' daicent; an' it is a hard case on them, God knows, to be turned out like beggars from a farm that they spent hundreds on, an' to be forced to see the landlord, ould Dick o' the Grange, now settin' it at a higher rent, an' puttin' into his own pocket the money that they laid out upon improvin' it an' makin' it valuable for him an' his—throth, it's open robbery an' nothin' else."

"It is a hard case upon them, as every body allows," said Mave, "but it's over now an' can't be helped. Good bye, Nelly, an' God bless you; an' God bless you too," she added, addressing the strange woman, whose hand she shook and pressed. "You are a great deal oulder than I am, an' as I said, every one may read care an' sorrow upon your face. Mine doesn't show it yet, I know, but for all that the heart within me is full of both, an' no likelihood of its ever bein' otherwise with me."

As she spoke, the tears again gushed down her cheeks; but she checked her grief by an effort, and after a second hurried good-bye she proceeded on her way home.

"That seems a mild girl," said the strange woman, "as she is a lovely creature to look at."

"She's betther than she looks," returned the prophet's wife, "an' that's a great deal to say for *her*."

"That's but truth," replied the stranger, "and I believe it; for indeed she has goodness in her face."

"She has and in her heart," replied Nelly; "no wonder, indeed that every one calls her the *Gra Gal*, for it's she that well deserves it—you

are bound for Condy Dalton's then?" she added, inquiringly.

"I am," said the other.

"I think you must be a stranger in the country, otherwise I'd know your face," continued Nelly—"but may be you're a relation of theirs."

"I am a stranger," said the other; "but no relation."

"The Daltons," proceeded Nelly, "are daicent people—but hot and hasty as the sayin' is. It's the blow before the word wid them always."

"Ay, but they say," returned her companion, "that a hasty heart was never a bad one."

"Many a piece o' nonsense they say as well as that," rejoined Nelly, "I know them that 'ud put a knife into your heart hastily enough—ay an' give you a hasty death into the bargain. They'll first break your head—cut you to the skull, and then, indeed, they'll give you a plaister. That was ever an' always the correcter of the same Daltons, an' if all accounts be thrue, the hand of God is upon them, an' will be upon them till the bloody deed is brought to light."

"How is that," inquired the other with intense interest, whilst her eyes became suddenly riveted upon Nelly's hard features.

"Why a murder that was committed betther than twenty years ago in this neighbourhood."

"A murder!" exclaimed the stranger. "Where?—when?—how?"

"I can tell you where, an' I can tell you when," replied Nelly, "but there I must stop—for unless I was at the committin' of it, you might know very well I couldn't tell you how."

"Where then," she asked, and whilst she did so, it was by a considerable effort that she struggled to prevent her agitation from being noticed by the prophet's wife.

"Why, near the Grey Stone at the cross roads of Mallybenagh—that's the where."

"An' now for the when," asked the stranger, who almost panted with anxiety as she spoke.

"Let me see," replied Nelly, "fourteen an' six makes twenty, an' two before that or nearly—I mane the year o' the rebellion. Why it's not all out two-and-twenty years I think."

"Aisey," said the other, "I'm but very weak an' feeble—will you jist wait till I rest a minute on this green bank by the road."

"What ails you?" asked Nelly, "you look as if you'd got suddenly ill."

"I did get ill a little—but it'll soon pass away," she answered—"thru enough," she added in a low voice, and as if in a soliloquy; "God is a just Judge—he is—he is! Well, but—oh I'll soon get better—well, but listen, what became of the murdered man?—was the body ever got?"

"Nobody knows that—the body was never got—that is to say nobody knows where it's now lyin'—snug enough too."

"Ha!" thought the stranger eyeing her furtively—"snug enough!—there's more knowledge where that came from. What do you mane by snug enough?" she asked abruptly.

"Mane," replied the other, who at once perceived the force of the unguarded expression she had used;—"mane, why what could I mane, but that whoever did the deed, hid the body where very few would be likely to find it."

Her companion now stood up, and approaching the prophet's wife, raised her hand, and said in a tone that was both startling and emphatic—

"I met you this day as you may think by accident, but take my word for it, and as sure as we must both account for our acts, it was the hand o' God that brought us together. I now look into your face, and I tell you that I see guilt and trouble there—ay an' the dark work of a conscience, that's gnawin' your heart both night and day."

Whilst speaking, she held her face within about a foot of Nelly's, into which she looked with an expression so searching and dreadful in its penetration, that the other shrunk back, and felt for a moment as if subdued by a superior spirit. It was, however, only for a moment, the sense of her subjection passed away, and she resumed that hard and imperturbable manner, for which she had been all her life so remarkable, unless when, like Etna or Vesuvius, she burst out of this seeming coldness into fire and passion. There, however, they stood, looking sturnly into each other's faces,

as if each felt anxious that the other should quail before her gaze—the stranger in order that her impressions might be confirmed, and the prophet's wife that she should by the force of her strong will, fling off those traces of inquietude, which she knew very well were often too legible in her countenance.

"You are wrong," said Nelly, "an' have only mistaken my face for a lookin'-glass. It was your own you saw, an' it was your own you wor spakin' of—for if ever I saw a face that publishes an ill-spent life on the part of it's owner, yours is it."

"Care an' sorrow I have had," replied the other, "an' the sin that causes sorrow, I grant; but there's knowledge in your hollow eye of something that's weighin' down your heart, an' that won't let you rest until you give it up. You needn't deny it, for you can't hide it—hard your eye is, but it's not clear, and I see that it quivers, and is unaisy before mine."

"I said you're mistaken," replied the other; "but even supposin' you wor not, how is it your business whether my mind is aisy or not? You wont have my sins to answer for."

"I know that," said the stranger; "and God sees my own account will be too long and too heavy, I doubt. I now beg of you, as you hope to meet judgment, to think of what I said. Look into your own heart, and it will tell you whether I am right or whether I am wrong. Consult your husband, and if he has any insight at all into futurity, he must tell you that, unless you clear your conscience, you'll have a hard death-bed of it."

"You're goin' to Cond' Dalton's," replied Nelly, with much coolness, but

whether assumed or not it is difficult to say; "look into *his* face, and try what you can find *there*. At any rate, report has it that there's blood upon his hand, an' that the downfall of himself an' his family is only the vengeance of God, an' the curse of murder that's pursuin' him and them."

"Why," inquired the other eagerly, "was *he* accused of it?"

"Ay, an' taken up for it; but be-
kaise the body wasn't found, they could do nothing to him."

"May heaven assist me!" exclaimed the stranger, "but this day is—however, God's will be done, as it *will* be done! Are you goin'?"

"I'm goin'," replied Nelly; "by crossin' the fields here, I'll save a great deal of ground; and when you get as far as the broken bridge, you'll see a large farm-house widout any smoke from it; about a quarter of a mile or less beyant that you'll find the house you're lookin' for—the house where Cond' Dalton lives."

Having thus directed the stranger, the prophet's wife entered a gap that led into a field, and proceeded on her way homewards, having, ere she parted, glanced at her with a meaning which rendered it extremely difficult to say whether the singular language addressed to her had left behind it any such impression as the speaker wished it to produce. Their glances met and dwelt on each other for a short time; the strange woman pointed solemnly towards the sky, and the prophet's wife smiled carelessly; but yet, by a very keen eye, it might have been noticed that, under this natural or affected indifference, there lurked a blank or rather an unquiet expression, such as might intimate that something within her had been moved by the observations of her strange companion.

CHAPTER X.—THE BLACK PROPHET MAKES A DISCLOSURE.

THE latter proceeded on her way home, having marked the miserable hovel of Cond' Dalton. At present our readers will accompany us once more to the cabin of Donnel Dhu, the prophet.

His wife, as the reader knows, had been startled into something like remorse, by the incidents which had occurred within the last two days, and especially by the double discovery of the dead body and the Tobacco box.

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Sarah, her step-daughter, was now grown, and as she very reasonably concluded, her residence in the same house with this fiery and violent young female was next to an impossibility. The woman herself was naturally coarse and ignorant; but still there was mixed up in her character a kind of apathetic or indolent feeling of rectitude or vague humanity, which rendered her liable to occasional visitations of compunc-

tion for whatever she did that was wrong. The strongest principle in her, however, was one which is frequently to be found among her class—I mean such a lingering impression of religious feeling as is not sufficiently strong to prevent the commission of crime, but yet is capable by its influence to keep the conscience restless and uneasy under its convictions. Whether to class this feeling with weakness or with virtue, is indeed difficult; but to whichever of them it may belong, of one thing we are certain, that many a mind, rude and hardened by guilt, is weak or virtuous only on this single point. Persons so constituted are always remarkable for feelings of strong superstition, and are easily influenced by the occurrence of slight incidents, to which they are certain to attribute a peculiar significance, especially when connected with any thing that may occasion them uneasiness for the time, or which may happen to occupy their thoughts, or affect their own welfare or interests.

The reader need not be surprised, therefore, on learning that this woman, with all her apathy of character on the general matters of life, was accessible to the feeling or principle we have just described, nor that the conversation she had just had with the strange woman both disturbed and alarmed her.

On returning, she found her husband and stepdaughter both at home; the latter hacking up some whitethorn wood with an old hatchet, for the fire, and the other sitting with his head leant gloomily upon his hand, as if ruminating upon the vicissitudes of a troubled or ill-spent life.

Having deposited her burthen, she sat down, and drawing a long breath, wiped her face with the corner of a blue *prashen* which she always wore, and this she did with a serious and stern face, intimating, as it were, that her mind was engaged upon matters of deep interest, whatever they might have been.

"What's that you're doin'?" she inquired of Sarah, in a grave, sharp voice.

"Have you no eyes?" replied the other: "don't you see what I'm doin'?"

"Where did you get them white thorns that you're cuttin' up?"

"Where did I get them, is it?"

"Ay; I said so."

"Why, where they grew—ha, ha, ha! There's information for you."

"Oh, God help you! how do you expect to get through life at all?"

"Why, as well as I can—although not, maybe, as well as I wish."

"Where did you cut them thorns, I ax'?"

"An' I tould you; but since that won't satisfy you, I cut them on the *Rath* above there."

"Heavens presarve us, you hardened jade, have you no fear of any thing about you?"

"Divil a much that I know of, sure enough."

"Didn't you know that them thorns belongs to the fairies, and that some evil will betide any one that touches or injures a single branch o' them?"

"Divil a single branch I injured," replied Sarah, laughing; "I cut down the whole tree at wanst."

"My sowl to glory, if I think it's safe to live in the house wid you, you hardened divil."

"Throth, I think you may well say so, afther yesterday's escape," returned Sarah; "an' I have no objection that you should go to glory, body an' sowl; an' a purty piece o' goods will be in glory when you're there—ha, ha, ha!"

"Throw out them thorns, I bid you."

"Why so? Don't we want them for the fire?"

"No matter for that; we don't want to bring the '*good people*'—this day's Thursday, the Lord stand between us an' harm—amin!—about our ears. Out wid them!"

"No, the sorra branch."

"Out wid them, I say. Are you afeard of neither God nor the devil?"

"Not overburdened wid much fear of either o' them," replied the daring young creature.

"Aren't you afeard o' the good people, then?"

"If they're good people, why should we be afeard o' them? No, I'm not."

"Put the thorns out, I bid you again."

"Divil a chip, mother dear; if your own evil conscience or your dirty cowardice makes you afeard o' the fairies, don't think I am. I don't care that about them. These same thorns must boil the dinner in spite of all the fairies in Europe; so don't fret either yourself or me on the head o' them."

"Oh, I see what's to come! There's a doom over this house, that's all, an' over some, if not all o' them that's in it. Every thing's leadin' to it; an' come it will."

"Why, mother dear, at this rate you'll lave my father nothin' to say. You're keepin' all the black prophecies to yourself. Why don't you rise up, man alive," she added, turning to him, "and let her hear how much of the devil's lingo you can give. It's hard, if you can't prophesy as much evil as she can. Shake yourself, ruffle your feathers, or clap your wings three times, in the devil's name, an' tell her she'll be hanged; or, if you wish to soften it, say she'll go to heaven in a string—ha, ha, ha!"

At this moment, a poor, famine-struck looking woman, with three or four children, the very pictures of starvation and misery, came to the door, and in that voice of terrible destitution which rings feeble and hollow from an empty and exhausted frame, she implored them for some food.

"We haven't it for you, honest woman," said Nelly, in her cold, indifferent voice—"it's not for you now."

The hope of relief was nearly destroyed by the unfeeling tones of the voice in which she was answered. She looked, however, at her famishing children, and once more returned to the door, after having gone a few steps from it.

"Oh, what will become of these?" she added, pointing to the children. "I don't care about myself—I think my cares will soon be over."

"Go to the devil out o' that!" shouted the prophet—"don't be tormentin' us wid yourself and your brats."

"Didn't you hear already," repeated his wife, "that you got your answer. We're poor ourselves, and we can't help every one that comes to us. It's not for you now."

"Don't you hear that there's nothin' for you?" again cried the prophet, in an angry voice; "yet you'll be botherin' us!"

"Indeed we haven't it, good woman," repeated Nelly; "so take your answer."

"Don't you know that's a lie?" said Sarah, addressing her stepmother. "You have it, if you wish to give it."

"What's a lie?" said her father, starting, for he had again relapsed

into his moodiness—"what's a lie?—who—who's a liar?"

"You are," she replied, looking him coolly and contemptuously in the face; "you tell the poor woman that there's nothin' for her. Don't you know that's a lie. It may be very well to tell a lie to them that can bear it—to a rich *bodagh*, or his proud lady of a wife—although it's a mean thing even to them; but to tell a lie to that heartbroken woman and her poor childre—*her* childre—aren't they her own?—an' who would spake for them if *she* wouldn't? If every one treated the poor that way, what would become of them? Ay, to look in her face, where there's want an' hunger, and answer distress wid a lie—it's cruel—cruel!"

"What a kind-hearted creature she is," said her stepmother, looking towards her father—"isn't she?"

"Come here, poor woman," said Sarah, calling her back; "it is for you. If these two choose to let you an' your childre die or starve, I won't," and she went to the meal to serve them as she spoke.

The woman returned, and looked with considerable surprise at her; but Nelly went also to the meal, and was about to interpose, when Sarah's frame became excited, and her eyes flashed, as they always did when in a state of passion.

"If you're wise, don't prevent me," she said. "Help these creatures I will. I'm your match now, an' more than you're match, thank God; so be quiet."

"If I was to die for it, you won't have your will now, then," said Nelly.

"Die when you like, then," replied Sarah; "but help that poor woman an' her childre *I will*."

"Fight it out," said Donnel Dhu; "it's a nice quarrel, although Sal has the right on her side."

"If you prevent me," said she, disregarding him, and addressing her stepmother, "you'll rue it quickly; or hould—I'm beginnin' to hate this blackguard kind of quarrellin'—here, let her have as much meal as will make my supper; I'll do widout any, for the sake o' the childre this night."

This was uttered in a tone of voice more mitigated, but at the same time so resolute, that Nelly stepped back and left her to pursue her own course,

She then took a wooden trencher, and with a liberal hand assisted the poor creatures, who began to feel alarmed at the altercation which their distress had occasioned in the family.

"You're starvin', childhre," said she, whilst emptying the meal into the poor woman's bag.

"May the blessin' of God rest upon you," whispered the woman; "you've saved my orphans;" and as she uttered the words, her hollow eyes filled, and a few tears ran slowly down her cheeks.

Sarah gave a short loud laugh, and snatching up the youngest of the children, stroked its head, and patted its pale cheek, exclaiming—

"Poor thing, you won't go without your supper this night, at any rate."

She then laughed again in the same quick, abrupt manner, and returned into the house.

"Why, then," said her stepmother, looking at her with mingled anger and disdain, "is it tears you're sheddin'?—cryin' no less! Afther that, maricles will never cease."

Sarah turned towards her hastily; the tears in a moment were dried upon her cheeks, and as she looked at her hard, coarse, but well-shaped features, her eyes shone with a brilliant and steady light for more than a minute. The expression was at once lofty and full of strong contempt, and as she stood in this singular but striking mood, it would, indeed, be difficult to conceive a finer type of energy, feeling, and beauty, than that which was embodied in her finely-turned and exquisite figure. Having thus contemplated the old woman for some time, she looked upon the ground, and her face passed rapidly into a new form and expression of beauty. It at once became soft and full of melancholy, and might have been mistaken for an impersonation of pity or sorrow.

"Oh no!" she exclaimed, in a low voice, that was melody itself, "I never got it from either the one or the other—the kind or soft word—an' it's surely no wondher that I am as I am."

And as she spoke she wept. Her heart had been touched by the distresses of her fellow-creatures, and became, as it were, purified and made tender by its own sympathies, and so she wept. Both of them looked at her; but as they were utterly incapable of understanding what she felt, this na-

tural struggle of a great but neglected spirit excited nothing on their part but mere indifference.

At this moment the prophet, who seemed labouring under a fierce but gloomy mood, rose suddenly up, and exclaimed—

"Nelly—Sarah!—I can bear this no longer; the saicret must come out. I am a ——"

"Stop," screamed Sarah, "don't say it—don't say it! Let me lave the counthry. Let me go some where—any where—let me—let me—*die* first!"

"I am ——" said he.

"I know it," replied his wife—"a MURDERER! I know it now—I knew it since yestherday mornin'."

"Give him justice," said Sarah, now dreadfully excited, and seizing him by the breast of his coat—"give him common justice—give the man justice, I say. You are my father, aren't you? Say how you did it. It was a struggle—a fight; he opposed you—he did, and your blood riz, and you stabbed him for fear he might stab you. That was it. Ha! ha! I know it was; for you are *my* father, and *I* am your daughter; and that's what I would do, like a man. But you never did it—ah! you never did it—in cold blood, or like a coward."

There was something absolutely impressive and commanding in her sparkling eyes, and the energetic tones of her voice, whilst she addressed him.

"Donnel," said the wife, "it's no saicret to me; but it's enough now that you've owned to it. This is the last night that I'll spend with a murderer. You know what I have to answer for on my own account; and so, in the name of God, we'll part in the mornin'."

"Ha!" exclaimed Sarah, "you'd lave him now, would you? You'd desart him now—now that all the world will turn against him—now that every tongue will abuse him—that every heart will curse him—that every eye will turn from him with hatred;—now that shame, an' disgrace, an' guilt is all upon his head, you'd lave him, would you, and join the world against him? Father, on my knees I go to you"—and she dropped down as she spoke—"here on my knees I go to you, an' before you spake, mark, that through shame, an' pain, an' sufferin', an' death, I'll stay by you, an' with you."

But, I now kneel to you—what I hardly ever did to God—an' for his sake—for God's sake—I ask you—oh I say—say that you did not kill the man in cowl blood; that's all! Make me sure of *that*, and I'm happy!"

"I think you're both mad," replied Donnel. "Did I say that I was a murderer? Why didn't you hear me out?"

"You needn't," returned Nelly; "I knew it since yestherday mornin'."

"So you think," he replied; "an' its but natural you should. I was at the place this day, and seen where you dug the *Casharawan*. I have been strugglin' for years to keep this saicret, an' now it must come out; but *I'm* not a murderer."

"What saicret, father, if you are not a murderer?" asked Sarah; "what saicret—but there is not murder on you; do you say *that*?"

"I do say it; there's neither blood nor murder on my head! but I know who the murderer is, an' I can keep the saicret no longer."

Sarah laughed, and her eyes sparkled up with singular vividness—"that'll do," she exclaimed—"that'll do—all's right now; you're not a murderer, you killed no man, aither in cold blood or otherwise—ha, ha—you're a good father—you're a good father; I forgive you all now—all ever you did."

Nelly stood contemplating her husband with a serious, firm, but dissatisfied look; her chin was supported upon her forefinger and thumb, and instead of seeming relieved by the disclosure she had just heard, which exonerated him from the charge of blood, she still kept her eyes riveted upon him with a stern and incredulous aspect.

"Spake out, then," she observed coolly, "an' tell us all, for I am not convinced."

Sarah looked as if she would have sprung at her.

"You are not convinced," she exclaimed—"you are not convinced! do you think he'd tell a lie on sich a subject as this?" But no sooner had she uttered the words than she started as if seized by a spasm. "Ah, father," she exclaimed, "it's now your want of truth comes against you; but still—still I'll believe you."

"Tell us all about it," said Nelly, coldly—"let us hear all."

"But you both promise solemnly in

the sight of God never to breathe this to a human being till I give yez lave."

"We do—we do," replied Sarah; "in the sight of God we do."

"You don't spake," said he, addressing Nelly.

"I promise it."

"In the sight of God?" he added, "for I know you."

"Ay," said she, "in the sight of God, since you must have it so."

"Well then," said he, "the common report is right; the man that murdered him is Condry Dalton. I have kept it in till I can bear it no longer. It's my intention to go to a magistrate as soon as my face gets well. For near two-an-twenty years now this saicret is lyin' hard upon me; but I'll aise my mind, and let justice take its course. Bad I have been, but never so bad as to take my fellow-creature's life."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," said his wife; "an now I can undherstand you."

"And I'm both glad and sorry," observed Sarah; "sorry for the sake of the Daltons. Oh, who would suppose it! and what will become of them!"

"I have no peace," her father added; "I have not had a minute's peace ever since it happened; for sure, they say, any one that keeps their knowledge of murder saicret and won't tell it, is as bad as the murderer himself. There's another thing I have to mention," he added, after a pause, "but I'll wait for a day or two; it's a thing I lost, an' as the case stands now I can do nothing widout it."

"What is it, father?" asked Sarah, with animation, "let us know what it is."

"Time enough yet," he replied; "it'll do in a day or two; in the mean time it's hard to tell but it may turn up somewhere or other; I hope it may, for if it got into any hands but my own——"

He paused, and bent his eyes with singular scrutiny, first upon his wife and then upon Sarah, who had not the most distant apprehension of his meaning. Not so Nelly, who felt convinced that the allusion he made was to the Tobacco-box, and her impression being that it was mixed up in some way with an act of murder, she determined to wait until he should explain himself at greater length upon the subject. Had Sarah been aware of its importance, she would at once have disclosed all she knew concerning

it, together with Hanlon's anxiety to get it into his possession. But of this she could know nothing, and for that reason there existed no association in her mind to connect it with the crime which the Prophet seemed resolved to bring to light.

When Donnel Dhu laid himself down upon the bed that day, he felt that by no effort could he shake a strong impression of evil from off him. The disappearance of the Box surprised him so much, that he resolved to stroll out and examine a spot with which the reader is already acquainted.

On inspecting the newly disturbed earth, he felt satisfied that the body had been discovered, and this circumstance, joined with the disappearance of the Tobacco-box, precipitated his determination to act as he was about to do; or, perhaps altogether suggested the notion of taking such steps as might bring Condy Dalton to justice. At present, it is difficult to say why he did not allude to the missing Box openly, but perhaps that may be accounted for at a future and more appropriate stage of our narrative.

CHAPTER XI.—PITY AND REMORSE.

THE public mind, though often obtuse and stupid in many matters, is in others sometimes extremely acute and penetrating. For some years previous to the time laid in our tale, the family of Condy Dalton began to decline very perceptibly in their circumstances. There had been unpropitious seasons — there had been failure of crops and disease among the cattle,—and, perhaps what was the worst scourge of all, there existed a bad landlord in the person of Dick-o'-the-Grange. So long, however, as they continued prosperous, their known principles of integrity and strict truth caused them to be well spoken of and respected, in spite of the imputation which had been made against them as touching the murder of Sullivan. In the course of time, however, when the evidences of struggle succeeded those of comfort and independence, the world began to perceive the just judgments of God as manifested in the disasters which befel them, and which seemed to visit them as with a judicial punishment. Year after year, as they sank in the scale of poverty, did the almost forgotten murder assume a more prominent and distinct shape in the public mind, until at length it became too certain to be doubted, that the slow but sure finger of God's justice was laid upon them as an additional proof that crime, however it may escape the laws of men, cannot veil itself from the all-seeing eye of the Almighty.

There was, however, an individual member of the family, whose piety and many virtues excited a sympathy in

her behalf, as general as it was deep and compassionate. This was Mrs. Dalton, towards whom only one universal impression of good-will, affection, and respect prevailed. Indeed it might be said that the whole family were popular in the country; but, notwithstanding their respectability both individually and collectively, the shadow of crime was upon them; and as long as the people saw that every thing they put their hand to failed, and that a curse seemed to pursue them, as if in attestation of the hidden murder, so long did the feeling that God would yet vindicate his justice by their more signal punishment, operate with dreadful force against them, with the single exception we have mentioned.

Mrs. Dalton, on her return home from her unsuccessful visit to the miser's, found her family in the same state of grievous privation in which she had left them. 'Tis true she had not mentioned to any of them her intention of appealing to the gratitude or humanity of Skinadre; yet they knew, by an intuitive perception of her purpose, that she had gone to him, and although their pride would not allow them to ask a favour directly from him, yet they felt pleased that she had made the experiment, and had little doubt that the miser, by obliging her in the request she went to prefer, would gladly avail himself of the circumstance to regain their good will, not so much on their own account as for the sake of standing well with the world, in whose opinion he knew he had suffered by his treachery towards them in the matter of their farm. She found her husband

seated in an old arm chair, which, having been an heir-loom in the family for many a long year, had, with one or two other things, been purchased in at the sheriff's sale. There was that chair, which had come down to them from three or four generations; an old clock, some smaller matters, and a grey sheep, the pet of a favourite daughter, who had been taken away from them by decline during the preceding autumn. There are objects, otherwise of little value, to which we cling for the sake of those unforgotten affections and old mournful associations that invest indifferent things with a feeling of holiness and sorrow by which they are made sacred to the heart.

Condy Dalton was a man tolerably well stricken in years; his face was pale, but not unhealthy looking; and his hair, which rather flowed about his shoulders, was almost snow-white—a circumstance which, in this case, was not attributed to the natural progress of years, but to that cankered remorse which turns the head grey before its time. Their family now consisted of two sons and two daughters, the original number having been two sons and three daughters—one of the latter having fallen a victim to decline, as we have already stated. The old man was sitting, in the arm chair, in which he leant back, having his chin at the same time on his breast, a position which gave something very peculiar to his appearance.

As Mrs. Dalton had occupied a good deal of time in unsuccessfully seeking for relief from other sources, it is unnecessary to say that the day had now considerably advanced, and the heavy shadows of this dismal and unhealthy evening had thrown their gloom over the aspect of all nature, to which they gave an appearance of desolation that was in painful keeping with the sickness and famine that so mercilessly scourged the kingdom at large. A pot of water hung upon a dark slow fire, in order that as little time as possible might be lost in relieving their physical wants, on Mrs. Dalton's return with the relief which they expected.

"Here's my mother," said one of her daughters, looking with a pale cheek and languid eye out of the door; for she, too, had been visited by the prevailing illness; "an', my God, she's comin' as she went—empty handed!"

The other sister and Con, her brother, went also to look out, and there she was, certainly without relief.

"She isn't able to carry it herself," said their father; "it will be sent after her; or maybe she's comin' to get one of you—Con, I suppose—to go for it. Bad as Skinadre is, he wouldn't have the heart to refuse us a lock o' meal to keep the life in us. Oh! no, he'd not do that."

In a few moments Mrs. Dalton entered, and after looking upon the scene of misery about her, she sat down and burst into tears.

"Mother," said the daughter, "there's no relief, then? You came as you went, I see."

"I come as I went, Nancy; but there is relief. There's relief for the poor of this world in heaven; but on this earth, an' in this world, there is none for us, glory be to the name of God still."

"So Skinadre refused, then?" said her husband; "he wouldn't give the meal?"

"No," she replied, "he would not; but the truth is, our woeful state is now so well known, that nobody will trust us; they know there's no chance of ever bein' paid, an' they all say they can't afford it."

"I'm not surprised at what Tom says," observed our friend, young Con, "that the mealmongers and strong farmers that keep the provisions up on the poor deserves to be smashed and tramped under foot; an' indeed they'll get it too before long, for the people can't stand this, especially when one knows that there's enough, ay, and more than enough in the country."

"If I had tobacco," said the old man, "I didn't care—that would keep the hunger off o' me; but its poor Mary here, now recoverin' from the sickness, that I pity; don't cry, Mary, dear; come here, darlin', come here and turn up that ould creel, and sit down beside me. It's useless to bid you not to cry, avourneen machree, bekaise we all know what you feel; but you have one comfort, you are innocent—so are you all—there's nothing on any of your minds—no dark thought to lie upon your heart—oh no, no; an' if it was only myself that was to suffer, I could bear it, but to see them that's innocent sufferin' along wid me is what kills me. This is the hand of

God that's upon us, an' that *has* been upon us; an' that *will* be upon us, an' I knew it would be so, for ever since that black night, the thought—the thought of what happened!—ay, it's that that's in me, an' upon me—it's that that has put wrinkles in my cheek before their time, an' that has made my white hair before it's time, and that has——”

“Con dear,” observed his wife, “I never wished you to be talkin’ of that before them; sure you did as much as man could do; you repented an’ were sorry for it, an’ what more could be expected from you?”

“Father dear,” said Mary, drying, or struggling to dry her tears, “don’t think of me, or of any of us, nor don’t think of any thing that will disturb your mind—don’t think of me at any rate; I’m very weak but I’m not so hungry as you may think; if I had one mouthful of any thing just to take this feelin’ that I have inwardly, an’ this weakness away, I would be satisfied—that would do me; an’ although I’m cryin’ it’s more to see your misery, father dear, an’ all your miseries, than for what I’m sufferin’ myself; but there’s a kiss for you, it’s all I have to give you.”

“Mary dear,” said her sister, smote to the heart by her words, “you are sufferin’ more than any of us, you an’ my father,” and she encircled her lovingly and mournfully in her arms as she spoke, and kissed her worn lips, after which she went to the old man and said in a voice of compassion and consolation that was calculated to soothe any heart—“Oh, father dear, if you could only banish all uneasy thoughts from your mind—if you could only throw that darkness that’s so often over you, off you, we could bear any thing—any thing—Oh, any thing, if we seen you aisy in your mind, an’ happy!”

Mrs. Dalton had dried her tears, and sat upon a low stool musing and silent, and apparently revolving in her mind the best course to be pursued under such distressing circumstances. It was singular to observe the change that had taken place in her appearance even within a few hours; the situation of her family, and her want of success in procuring them food had so broken down her spirits and crushed her heart, that the lines of her face were deep-

ened; and her features sharpened and impressed with the marks of suffering as strongly as if they had been left there by the affliction of years. Her son leant himself against a piece of broken wall that partially divided their hut into something like two rooms, if they could be called so, and from time to time he glanced about him, now at his father, then at his poor sisters, and again at his heartbroken mother with an impatient agony of spirit that could scarcely be conceived.

“Well,” said he, clenching his hands and grinding his teeth, “it is expected that people like us will sit tamely undher sich thratement as we have resaved from Dicko’ the Grange. Oh, if we had now the five hundbre good pounds that we spent upon our farm—spent, as it turned out, not for ourselves, but to enable that ould villian of a landlord to set it to Darby Skinadre—for I b’lieve it’s he that’s to get it, with strong intrhest goin’ into his pocket for all our improvements—if we had now,” he continued, his passion rising—“if we had that five hundbre pounds now—or one hundhre—or one pound, great God!—ay, or one shillin’ now, wouldn’t it save some of you from starvin’?”

This reflection, which in the young man excited only wrath, occasioned the female part of the family to burst into fresh sorrow; not so the old man—he arose hastily, and paced up and down the floor in a state of gloomy indignation and fury, which far transcended that of his son.

“Oh,” said he, “if I was a young man, as I was wanst—but the young men now are poor, pitiful, cowardly—I would—I would”—he paused suddenly, however, looked up, and claspin’ his hands, exclaimed—“forgive me, oh God!—forgive the thought that was in my unhappy heart! Oh, no—no—never, never allow yourself, Con dear, to be carried away by anger, for fraid you might do in one minute, or in a short fit of anger, what might make you pass many a sleepless night an’ may be banish the peace of God from your heart for ever!”

“God bless you for them last words, Condy,” exclaimed his wife, “that’s the way I wish you always to spake—but what to do, or where

to go, or who to turn to, unless to God himself, I don't know."

"We're come to it at last," said their other daughter, Peggy; "little we thought it, but at all events, it's better to do that, than to do worse—better than to rob or steal, or do an ondaicent act of any kind. In the name of God, then, rather than you should die of hunger, Mary—you, an' my father, an' all of yez—I'll go out and beg from the neighbours."

"Beg!" shouted the old man, with a look of rage—"beg!" he repeated, starting to his feet and seizing his staff—"beg! you shameless and disgraceful strap. Do you talk of a Dalton goin' out to beg?—take that."

And as he spoke, he struck her over the arm with a stick which he always carried.

"Now, that will teach you to talk of beggin'. No!—die—die first—die at wanst; but no beggin' for any one wid the blood of a Dalton in their veins. Death—death a thousand times sooner!"

"Father—oh! father, father, why did you do that?" exclaimed his son; "to strike poor kind an' heartbroken Peggy, that would shed her blood for you or for any of us. Oh! father, I am sorry to see it."

The sorrowing girl turned pale by the blow, and a few tears came down her cheeks; but she thought not of herself, nor of her sufferings. After the necessary pause occasioned by the pain, she ran to him, and, throwing her arms about his neck, exclaimed, in a gush of sorrow that was perfectly heart-rending to witness—

"Oh! father dear, forgive me—your own poor Peggy; sure it was chiefly on your account and Mary's I was goin' to do it. I wont go, then, since you don't wish it; but I'll die with you."

The old man flung the stick from him, and elapsing her in his arms, he sobbed and wept aloud.

"My darlin' child," he exclaimed, "that never yet gave one of us a bad word or an angry look—will you forgive your unhappy father, that doesn't know what he's doin'! Oh! I feel that this state we're in—this outer desolation an' misery we're in—will drive me mad! But that hasty blow, avourneen machree—that hasty blow an' the

hot temper that makes me give it—is my curse yet, has been always my curse, an' ever will be my curse; it's that curse that's upon me now, an' upon all of us this minute—it is, it is!"

"Condy," said his wife, "we all know that you're not as bad as you make yourself. Within the last few years, your temper has been sorely tried, an' your heart too, God knows; for our trials and our downcome in this world has been great. In all these trials, however, and sufferins, it's a consolation to us, that we never neglected to praise an' worship the Almighty—we are now brought almost to the very last pass—let us go to our knees, then, an' throw ourselves upon his mercy, an' beg of him to support us, an', if it's his holy will, to aid us, and send us relief."

"Oh, Mary dear," exclaimed her husband, "but you are the valuable and faithful wife! If ever woman was a protectin' angel to man, you wor to me. Come, childre, in the name of the merciful God, let us kneel and pray."

The bleak and depressing aspect of twilight had now settled down upon the sweltering and deluged country, and the air was warm, thick, moist, and consequently unhealthy. The cabin of the Daltons was placed in a low, damp situation; but fortunately, it was approached by a remnant of one of these old roads or causeways which had once been peculiar to the remote parts of the country, and also of very singular structure, the least stone in it being considerably larger than a shilling loaf. This causeway was nearly covered with grass, so that in addition to the antique and desolate appearance which this circumstance gave it, the footsteps of a passenger could scarcely be heard as they fell upon the thick close grass with which its surface was mostly covered.

Along this causeway, then, at the very hour when the Daltons, moved by that piety which is the characteristic of our peasantry, had gone to prayer, was the strange woman whom we have already noticed, proceeding with that relief which it may be God in his goodness had ordained should reach them in answer to the simple but trustful spirit of their supplications. On reaching the mise-

rable-looking cabin, she paused, listened, and heard their voices blend in those devout tones that always mark the utterance of prayer among the people. They were, in fact, repeating a Rosary, and surely, it is not for those who differ with them in creed, or for any one who feels the influence of true charity, to quarrel with the form of prayer, when the heart is moved as theirs were, by earnestness and humble piety.

The strange woman, on approaching the door more nearly, stood again for a minute or two, having been struck more forcibly by something which gave a touching and melancholy character to this simple act of domestic worship. She observed, for instance, that their prayers were blended with many sighs, and, from time to time, a groan escaped from one of the males, which indicated either deep remorse, or a sense of some great misery. One of the female voices, too, was so feeble as scarcely to be heard, yet there ran through it, she felt, a spirit of such tender and lowly resignation, mingled with such an expression of profound sorrow, as almost moved her to tears. The door was open, and the light so dim, that she could not distinctly see their persons—two circumstances which for a moment induced her to try if it were possible to leave the meal there without their knowledge. She determined otherwise, however, and as their prayers were almost immediately concluded, she entered the house. The appearance of a stranger in the dusky gloom, carrying a burden, caused them to suppose that it was some poor person coming to ask charity, or permission to stop for the night.

"Who is this?" asked Condý. "Some poor person, I suppose, asking charity," he added. "But God's will be done, we haven't it to give this many a long day. Glory be to his name!" "This is Condý Dalton's house?" said the strange woman, in a tone of inquiry.

"Such as it is, it's his house, an' the best he has, my poor creature. I wish it was better both for his sake and yours," he replied, in a calm and resigned voice; for his heart had been touched and solemnized by the act of devotion which had just concluded.

Mrs. Dalton, in the meantime, had

thrown a handful of straw on the fire, to make a temporary light.

"Here," said the stranger, "is a present of meal that a friend sent you."

"Meal!" exclaimed Peggy Dalton, with a faint scream of joy; "did you say meal?" she asked.

"I did," replied the other; "a friend that hard of your present distress, and thinks you don't deserve it, sent it to you."

Mrs. Dalton raised the burning straw, and looked for about half a minute into her face, during which the woman carried the meal over, and placed it on the hearth.

"I met you to-day, I think," said Mrs. Dalton, "along with Donnel Dhu's wife, on your way to Darby Skinadre's?"

"You might," replied the woman; "for I went there part o' the road with her."

"And who are we indebted to for this present?" she asked again.

"I'm not at liberty to say," replied the other; "barrin' that it's from a friend and well-wisher."

Mrs. Dalton clasped her hands, and looking with an appearance of abstraction on the straw as it burned in the fire, said, in a voice that became infirm by emotion—

"Oh! I know it; it can be no other. The friend she speaks of is the girl—the blessed girl—whose goodness is in every one's mouth—*Gra Gal Sullivan*. I know it—I feel it."

"Now," said the woman, "I must go; but before I do, I wish to look upon the face of Condý Dalton."

"There's a bit of rush on the shelf there," said Mrs. Dalton to one of her daughters; "bring it over and light it."

The girl did so, and the strange woman, taking the little taper in her hand, approached Dalton, and looked with a gaze almost fearfully solemn and searching into his face.

"You are Condý Dalton?" she asked.

"I am," said he.

"Answer me now," she proceeded, "as if you were in the presence of God at judgment, are you happy?"

Mrs. Dalton, who felt anxious, for many reasons, to relieve her unfortunate husband from this unexpected and extraordinary catechist, hastened to reply for him.

"How, honest woman, could a man

be happy who is in a state of such destitution, or who has had such misfortunes as he has had;" and as she spoke her eyes filled with tears of compassion for her husband.

"Don't break in upon me," said the woman, solemnly, "but let me ask my question, an' let him give his answer. In God's name and presence, are you a happy man?"

"I can't spake a lie to that, for I must yet meet my judge—I am not."

"You have one particular thought that makes you unhappy?"

"I have one particular thought that makes me unhappy."

"How long has it made you unhappy?"

"For near two-and-twenty years."

"That's enough," she replied; "God's hand is in it all—I must now go. I have done what I was axed to do; but there's a higher will at work. Honest woman," she added, addressing Mrs. Dalton, "I wish you and your childre good night!"

The moment she went they almost ceased to think of her. The pot still hung on the fire, and little time was lost in preparing a meal of food.

From the moment *Gra Gal* Sullivan's name was mentioned the whole family observed that young Con started, and appeared to become all at once deeply agitated; he walked backwards and forwards—sat down—and rose up—applied his hands to his forehead—appeared sometimes flushed, and again pale—and altogether seemed in a

state which is was difficult to understand.

"What is the matter with you, Con?" asked his mother, "you seem dreadfully uneasy."

"I am ill, mother," he replied—"the fever that was near taking Tom away, is upon me; I feel that I have it by the pains that's in my head and the small o' my back."

"Lie down a little, dear," she added—"its only the pain, poor boy, of an empty stomach—lie down on your poor bed, God help you, and when the supper's ready you'll be better."

"It's her," he replied—"it's her—I know it"—and as he uttered the words, touched by her generosity, and the consciousness of his own poverty, he wept bitterly, and then repaired to his miserable bed, where he stretched himself in pain and sorrow.

"Now, Con," said his wife, in a tone of consolation and encouragement, "will you ever despair of God's mercy, or doubt his goodness, after what has just happened?"

"I'm an unhappy man, Nancy," he replied, "but it never went to that with me, thank God—but where is that poor wild boy of our's, Tom—oh, where is he now, till he gets one meal's mate?"

"He is up at the Murtaghs," said his sister, "an' I had betther fetch him home; I think the poor fellow's a most out of his senses since Peggy Murtagh's death—that an' the dregs of the fever has him that he doesn't know what he's doin', God help him!"

CHAPTER XII.—FAMINE, DEATH, AND SORROW.

It has never been our disposition, either in the living life we lead, or in the fictions, humble and imperfect as they are, which owe their existence to our imagination, to lay too heavy a hand upon human frailty, any more than it has been to countenance or palliate vice, whether open or hypocritical. Peggy Murtagh, with whose offence and death the reader is already acquainted, was an innocent and affectionate girl, whose heart was full of kind, generous, and amiable feelings. She was very young, and very artless, and loved not wisely but too well; whilst he who was the author of her sin, was nearly as young and artless as herself, and loved her with a first

affection. She was, in fact, one of those gentle, timid, and confiding creatures who suspect not evil in others, and are full of sweetness and kindness to every one. Never did there live—with the exception of her offence—a tenderer daughter, or a more affectionate sister than poor Peggy, and for this reason, the regret was both sincere and general, which was felt for her great misfortune. Poor girl! she was but a short time released from her early sorrows, when her babe followed her, we trust, to a better world, where the tears were wiped from her eyes, and the weary one got rest.

The scene in her father's house on this melancholy night, was such as few

hearts could bear unmoved, as well on account of her parents' grief, as because it may be looked upon as a truthful exponent both of the destitution of the country, and of the virtues and sympathies of our people.

Stretched upon a clean bed in the only room that was off the kitchen, lay the fair but lifeless form of poor Peggy Murtagh. The bed was, as is usual, hung with white, which was simply festooned about the posts and canopy, and the coverlid was also of the same spotless colour, as were the death clothes in which she was laid out. To those who are beautiful—and poor Peggy had possessed that frequently fatal gift—death, in its first stage, bestows an expression of mournful tenderness that softens whilst it solemnizes the heart. In her case there was depicted all the innocence and artlessness that characterized her brief and otherwise spotless life. Over this melancholy sweetness lay a shadow that manifested her early suffering and sorrow, made still more touching by the presence of an expression which was felt by the spectator to have been that of repentance. Her rich auburn hair was simply divided on her pale forehead, and it was impossible to contemplate the sorrow and serenity which blended into each other upon her young brow, without feeling that death should disarm us of our resentments, and teach us a lesson of pity and forgiveness to our poor fellow-creatures, who, whatever may have been their errors, will never more offend either God or man. Her extreme youthfulness was touching in the highest degree, and to the simplicity of her beauty was added that unbroken stillness which gives to the lifeless face of youth the only charm that death has to bestow, whilst it fills the heart to its uttermost depths with the awful conviction that that is the slumber which no human care nor anxious passion shall ever break. The babe, thin and pallid from the affliction of its young and unfortunate mother, could hardly be looked upon, in consequence of its position, without tears. They had placed it by her side, but within her arm, so that by this touching arrangement all the brooding tenderness of the mother's love seemed to survive and overcome the power of death itself. There they lay, victims of sin, but

emblems of innocence, and where is the heart that shall, in the inhumanity of its justice, dare to follow them out of life, and disturb the peace they now enjoy by the heartless sentence of unforgiveness?

It was, indeed, a melancholy scene. The neighbours having heard of her unexpected death, came to the house, as is customary, to render every assistance in their power to the bereaved old couple, who were now left childless. And here too, might we read the sorrowful impress of the famine and illness which desolated the land. The groups around the poor departed one were marked with such a thin and haggard expression as general destitution always is certain to leave behind it. The skin of those who, with better health and feeding, had been fair and glossy as ivory, was now wan and flaccid;—the long bones of others projected sharply, and as it were offensively to the feelings of the spectators—the over-lapping garments hung loosely about the wasted and feeble person, and there was in the eyes of all a dull and languid motion, as if they turned in their sockets by an effort. They were all mostly marked also by what appeared to be a feeling of painful abstraction, which, in fact, was nothing else than that abiding desire for necessary food, which in seasons of famine keeps perpetually gnawing, as they term it, at the heart, and pervades the system by that sleepless solicitation of appetite, which, like the presence of guilt, mingles itself up, whilst it lasts, with every thought and action of one's life.

In this instance it may be remembered, that the aid which the poor girl had come to ask from Skindree was, as she said, "for the ould couple," who had, indeed, been for a long time past their *last meal*, a very common thing during such periods, and were consequently without a morsel of food. The appearance of her corpse, however, at the house, an event so unexpected, drove, for the time, all feelings of physical want from their minds; but this is a demand which will not be satisfied, no matter by what moral power or calamity it may be opposed, and the wretched couple were now a proof of it. Their conduct to those who did not understand this, resembled insanity or fatuity more than any thing else.

The faces of both were ghastly, and filled with a pale, vague expression of what appeared to be horror, or the dull staring stupor, which results from the fearful conflict of two great opposing passions in the mind—passions, which in this case were the indomitable ones of hunger and grief. After dusk, when the candles were lighted, they came into the room where their daughter was laid out, and stood for some time contemplating herself and her infant in silence. Their visages were white and stony as marble, and their eyes, now dead and glassy, were marked by no appearance of distinct consciousness, or the usual expression of reason. They had no sooner appeared, than the sympathies of the assembled neighbours were deeply excited, and there was nothing heard for some minutes, but groans, sobbings, and general grief. Both stood for a short time, and looked with amazement about them. At length, the old man taking the hand of his wife in his, said—

“Kathleen, what’s this?—what ails me? I want something.”

“You do, Brian—you do. There’s Peggy there, and her child, poor thing; see how quiet they are! Oh, how she loved that child! an’ see, darlin’—oh, see how she keeps her arm about it, for fear any thing might happen it, or that any one might take it away from her; but that’s her, all over—she *loved* every thing.”

“Ay,” said the old man, “I know how she loved it; but, somehow, she was ever and always afeard, poor thing, of seemin’ over fond of it before us, or before strangers, bekase you know the poor unhappy—bekase you know—what was I goin’ to say? oh, ay, an’ I’ll tell you, although I didn’t let on to her, still I loved the poor little thing myself—ay, did I. But, ah! Kathleen, wasn’t she the good an’ the lovin’ daughter?”

The old woman raised her head, and looked searchingly around the room. She seemed uneasy, and gave a ghastly smile, which it was difficult to understand. She then looked into her husband’s face, after which she turned her eyes upon the countenances of the early dead who lay before her, and going over to them, stooped and looked closely into their still but com-

posed faces. She then put her hand upon her daughter’s forehead, touched her lips with her fingers, carried her hand down along her arm, and felt the pale features of the baby with a look of apparent wonder; and whilst she did this, the old man left the room and passed into the kitchen.

“For God’s love, an’ take her away,” said a neighbouring woman, with tears in her eyes; “no one can stand this.”

“No, no,” exclaimed another; “it’s best to let her have her own will; for until they both shed plenty of tears, they won’t get the better of the shock her unexpected death gave them.”

“Is it thrue that Tom Dalton’s gone mad, too?” asked another; “for it’s reported he is.”

“No; but they say he’s risin’ the counthry, to punish Dick o’ the Grange and Darby Skinadre—the one; he says, for puttin’ his father and themselves out o’ their farm; and the other for bein’ the death, he says, of poor Peggy there and the child; an’ for takin’, or offerin’ to take the farm over their heads.”

The old woman then looked around, and asked—

“Where is Brian? Bring him to me—I want him here. But wait,” she added; “I will find him myself.”

She immediately followed him into the kitchen, where the poor old man was found searching every part of the house for food.

“What are you looking for, Brian?” asked another of his neighbours.

“Oh,” he replied, “I am dyin’ wid fair hunger—wid fair hunger, and I want something to ait;” and as he spoke, a spasm of agony came over his face. “Ah,” he added, “if Alick was livin’—if Alick was livin’ wid us, it isn’t this way we’d be, for what can poor Peggy do for us, afther her “*misfortune*?” However, she is a good girl—a good daughter to us, an’ will make a good wife, too, for all that has happened yet; for sure they wor both young and foolish, an’ Tom is to marry her. She is now all we have to depend on, poor thing, an’ it wrings my heart to catch her in lonesome places, cryin’, as if her heart would break; for, poor thing, she’s sorry—sorry for her fault, an’ for the shame an’ sorrow it has brought her to; an’ that’s what makes her pray, too, so often

as she does; but God's good, an' he'll forgive her, bekaise she has repented."

"Brian," said the wife, "come away; come away till I show you something."

As she spoke, she led him into the other room.

"There," she proceeded, "there is our dearest and our best—food—oh, I am hungry too; but I don't care for that—sure the mother's love is stronger than hunger or want either; but there she is, that was wanst our pride, an' our delight, an' what is she now? She needn't cry now, the poor heart-broken child,—she needn't cry now,—all her sorrow and all her shame and all her sin is over. She'll hang her head no more, nor her pale cheek won't get crimson at the sight of any one that knew her before her fall; but for all her sin in that one act, did her heart ever fail to you or me? Was there ever sich love, an' care an' respect, as she paid us? an' we wouldn't tell her that we forgave her; we wor too hard-hearted for that, an' too wicked to say that one word that she longed for so much—oh, an' she our only one—but now—daughter of our hearts—now we forgive you when it's too late—for, Brian, there they are! there they lie in their last sleep—the sleep that they will never waken from! an' it's well for them, for they'll waken an' rise no more to care an' trouble an' sorrow an' shame! There they lie—see how quiet an' calm they both lie there, the poor broken branch, an' the little withered flower!"

The old man's search for food in the kitchen had given to the neighbours the first intimation of their actual distress, and in a few minutes it was discovered that there was not a single mouthful of any thing in the house, nor had they tasted a morsel since the morning before, when they took a little gruel, which their daughter made for them. In a moment, with all possible speed, the poor creatures about them either went or sent for sustenance, and in many a case, almost the last morsel was shared with them, and brought, though scanty and humble, to their immediate assistance. In this respect there is not in the world any people so generous and kind to their fellow-creatures as the Irish, or whose sympathies are so deep and tender, especially in periods of sickness, want, or death. It is not

the tear alone they are willing to bestow—oh no—whatever can be done—whatever aid can be given—whatever kindness rendered—or consolation offered, even to the last poor shilling, or "the very bit out of the mouth," as they say themselves, will be given with a good will, and a sincerity that might in vain be looked for elsewhere. But alas! they know what it is to want this consolation and assistance themselves, and hence their promptitude and anxiety to render them to others. The old man, touched a little by the affecting language of his wife, began to lose the dull stony look we have described, and his eyes turned upon those who were about him with something like meaning, although at that moment it could scarcely be called so.

"Am I dhramín?" he asked. "Is this a dhrame? What brings the people all about us? Where's Alick from us—an' stay—where's her that I loved best, in spite of her folly? Where's Peggy from me—there's something wrong wid me—an' yet she's not here to take care o' me!"

"Brian dear," said a poor famished-looking woman approaching him, "she's in a better place, poor thing."

"Go long out o' that," he replied, "and don't put your hands on me."

"It's Peggy's hands I want to have about me, an' her voice. Where's Peggy's voice, I say. 'Father forgive me,' she said, 'forgive me, father, or I'll never be happy more'—but I wouldn't forgive her, although my heart did at the same time; still I didn't say the word;—bring her here," he added, "tell her I'm ready now to forgive her all; for she, it's she that was the forgivin' creature herself; tell her I'm ready now to forgive her all, an' to give her my blessin' wanst more."

It was utterly impossible to hear this language from the stunned and heart-broken father, and to contemplate the fair and lifeless form of the unhappy young creature as she lay stretched before him in the peaceful stillness of death, without being moved even to tears. There were, indeed, few dry eyes in the house as he spoke.

"Oh, Brian dear," said her weeping mother, "we helped ourselves to break her heart, as well as the rest. We wouldn't forgive her; we wouldn't say the word, although her heart was

breakin' bekaise we did not. Oh, Peggy!" she commenced in Irish, "oh, our daughter—girl of the *one fault*! the kind, the affectionate, and the dutiful child, to what corner of the world will your father an' myself turn now that you're gone from us? You asked us often an' often to forgive you, an' we would not. You said you were sorry, in the sight of God an' of man, for your fault—that your heart was sore, an' that you felt our forgiveness would bring you consolation; but we would not. Ould man," she exclaimed abruptly, turning to her husband, "why didn't you forgive our only daughter? Why, I say, didn't you forgive her her *one fault*—you wicked ould man, why didn't you forgive her?"

"Oh, Kathleen, I'll die," he replied mournfully, "I'll die if I don't get something to ait. Is there no food? Didn't Peggy go to thry Darby Skina-dre, an' she hoped, she said, that she'd bring us relief; an' so she went upon our promise to forgive her when she'd come back wid it."

"I wish, indeed, I had a drop o' gruel or something myself," replied his wife, now reminded of her famished state by his words.

At this moment, however, relief, so far as food was concerned, did come. The compassionate neighbours began, one by one, to return each with whatever could be spared from their own necessities, so that in the course of a little time this desolate old couple were supplied with provisions sufficient to meet the demands of a week or fortnight.

It is not our intention to describe, or rather to attempt to describe, the sorrow of Brian Murtagh and his wife, as soon as a moderate meal of food had awakened them, as it were, from the heavy and stupid frenzy into which the shock of their unhappy daughter's death, joined to the pangs of famine, had thrown them. It may be sufficient to say, that their grief was wild, disconsolate, and hopeless. She was the only daughter they had ever had; and when they looked back upon the gentle and unfortunate girl's many virtues, and reflected that they had, up to her death, despite her earnest entreaties, withheld from her their pardon for her transgression, they felt, mingled with their affliction at her loss, such an oppressive agony of remorse as no language could describe.

Many of the neighbours now proposed the performance of a ceremony, which is frequently deemed necessary in cases of frailty similar to that of poor Peggy Murtagh;—a ceremony which, in the instance before us, was one of equal pathos and beauty. It consisted of a number of these humble, but pious and well-disposed people joining in what is termed the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, which was an earnest solicitation of mercy, through her intercession with her Son, for the errors, frailties, and sins of the departed; and, indeed, when her youth and beauty, and her artlessness and freedom from guile, were taken into consideration, in connexion with her unexpected death, it must be admitted that this act of devotion was as affecting as it was mournful and solemn. When they came to the words, "Mother most pure, Mother most chaste, Mother undefiled, Mother most loving, *pray for her!*"—and again to those, "Morning Star, Health of the Weak, Refuge of Sinners, Comfortress of the Afflicted, *pray for her!*"—their voices faltered, became broken, and, with scarcely a single exception, they melted into tears. And it was a beautiful thing to witness these miserable and half-famished creatures, shrunk and pinched with hunger and want, labouring, many of them, with incipient illness, and several only just recovered from it, forgetting their own distresses and afflictions, and rendering all the aid and consolation in their power to those who stood in more need of it than themselves. When these affecting prayers for the dead had been concluded, a noise was heard at the door, and a voice which in a moment hushed them into silence and awe. The voice was that of him whom the departed girl had loved with such fatal tenderness.

"In the name of God," exclaimed one of them, "let some of you keep that unfortunate boy out; the sight of him will kill the ould couple;" the woman who spoke, however, had hardly concluded, when Thomas Dalton entered the room, panting, pale, tottering through weakness, and almost frantic with sorrow and remorse. On looking at the unhappy sight before him, he paused, and wiped his brow, which was moistened by excitement and over-exertion. There was now the silence of death in the

room so deep, that the shooting of a spark from one of the death-candles was heard by every one present, an incident which, small as it was, deepened the melancholy interest of the moment.

"An' that's it," he at last exclaimed, in a voice which, though weak, quivered with excess of agony—"that's it, Peggy dear—that's what your love for me has brought you to! An' now it's too late, I can't help you *now*, Peggy dear. I can't bid you hold your modest face up, as the darlin' wife of him that loved you better than all this world besides, but that left you, for all that, a stained name an' a broken heart! Ay! an' there's what your love for me brought you to! What can I do now for you, Peggy dear? All my little plans for us both—all that I dreamt of an' hoped to come to pass, where are they now, Peggy dear? And it wasn't I, Peggy, it was poverty—oh you know how I loved you!—it was the down-come we got—it was Dick o' the Grange, that oppressed us—that ruined us—that put us out without house or home—it was he, and it was my father—my father that they say has blood on his hand, an' I don't doubt it, or he wouldn't act the part he did—it was he, too, that prevented me from doin' what my heart encouraged me to do for you! Oh blessed God," he exclaimed, "what will become of me! when I think of the long, sorrowful, implorin' look she used to give me, I'll go mad—I'll go mad!—I've killed her—I've murdered her, an' there's no one to take me up an' punish me for it! An' when I was ill, Peggy dear, when I had time to think on my sick bed of all your love and all your sorrow and distress and shame on my account, I thought I'd never see you in time to tell you what I was to do, an' to give consolation to your breakin' heart; but all that's now over; you are gone from them all—you are gone from me, an' like the lovin' crathur you ever wor, you brought our baby along wid you! An' when I think of it—oh, God, when I think of it, before your shame, my heart's delight, how your eye felt proud out of me, an' how it smiled, when it rested on me. Oh, little you thought I'd hould back to do *you* justice—me that you doted on—an' yet it was I that sullied you—I! me! Here," he

shouted—"here, is there no one to saize a murderer!—no one to bring him to justice!"

Those present now gathered about him, and attempted as best they might, to soothe and pacify him; but in vain.

"Oh," he proceeded, "if she was only able to upbraid me—but what am I sayin'—upbraid! Oh, never never was her harsh word heard—oh nothing ever to me but that long look of sorrow, that long look of sorrow, that will either drive me mad, or lave me a broken heart! That's the look that'll always, always be before me, an' that, 'till death's day, will keep me from ever bein' a happy man."

He now became exhausted, and received a drink of water, after which he wildly kissed her lips, and bathed her inanimate face, as well as those of their infant with tears.

"Now," said he, at length; "now, Peggy dear, listen—so may God never prosper me, if I don't work bitter vengeance on them that along wid myself, was the means of bringin' you to this—Dick o' the Grange, an' Darby Skinadre, for if Darby had given you what you wanted, you might be yet a livin' woman. As for myself, I care not what becomes of me; you are gone, our child is gone, and now I have nothing in this world that I'll ever care for—there's nothing in it that I'll ever love again."

He then turned to leave the room, and was in the act of going out of it, when her father, who had nearly recovered the use of his reason, said—

"Tom Dalton, you are lavin' this house, an' may the curse of that girl's father, broken-hearted as you've left him, go along wid you."

"No," exclaimed his wife, "but may the blessin' of her mother rest upon you for the sake of the love *she* bore you!"

"You've spoken late, Kathleen Murtagh," he replied, "the curse of her father is on me, an' will folly me; I feel it."

His sister then entered the room to bring him home, whither he accompanied her, scarcely conscious of what he did, and ignorant of the cloud of vengeance which was so soon to break upon his wretched father's head.

THE WINE SPILLED.

[A friend of mine, who was in the Spanish legion, brought home a small oil painting from Valladolid. It seems very old; and, though not clearly intelligible, it is painted with such power, that the impression never leaves my mind. It represents a chamber, in which a young man stands alone. He appears to be gazing at some unseen object on the wall near which he stands. A wine-glass, spilled and broken, lies near the chimney. His attitude is that of one bending forward, as if to salute some object of affection, and suddenly startled by an unexpected horror. The open window shows a horse, with an empty saddle, standing below under a deluge of rain. Such is the bare subject which I have attempted to realize in the following verses; perhaps they may interest some one who knows the picture. The verse from Solomon's Song, which I have marked, is similarly traced on a leaf in a wreath of ivy which surrounds the painting.

Faithfully yours,
C * * L.]

What withering gloom inspired thee?—
What undeparting woe?—
Could Genius dream those stricken eyes?—
Could Fancy paint?—Ah, no!

Woe in the heart for ever!
The long days of despair,
The nights whose darkness reached the soul,
Have left their record there.

What story can I fashion
For eyes whose blasted sight
Might fit Belshazzar, as he gazed,
Upon the wall that night?

But his were sunk with sinning—
His recompense was due:
This lifted brow holds faithful thoughts—
Those parted lips are true.

Those lips with wonder parted—
Those lips with misery pale—
Those close-wrung hands—those withered flowers—
Ah, woe betide the tale!

I have seen death with hunger,
And lips with thirsting gray;
But strength yet nerves those clenching hands,
And the wine is thrown away.

Is this some guilty felon
Entrapped into his snare?
Is it some murderer who beholds
His bleeding victim there?

Is it some prodigal's last hour
Of ruined hope and youth?
Ah, no—for round the ruins creep
The ivy leaves of truth.

Or has black death bereft him
Of fortune, friend, or love?
No—Faith can stand upon the grave,
And sorrow look above.

More like some trusting pilgrim,
That tracks a falling star,
Betrayed to ruin by the beam
That led his steps so far.

Or some forgiving victim,
Unfailing to the grave,
Stabbed by the hand, mocked by the heart
He came to bless and save.

For so those lips are parting,
As they had closed to kiss,
And opened, at the blow, to say,
“*Ah, me! was it for this?*”

No anger sits upon them—
You almost hear their breath
Choking the agony that strives
With something worse than death.

Those lips apart and pallid
Are sobbing while they part;
Those hands are wrung, as though they strove
To close a breaking heart.

The faded flowers within them,
Alas! they tell the story;
No more for him the earth shall bloom,
The sky has lost its glory!

That spilled and broken wine-cup
Betrays the loss divine;
The cup is spilled that held for him
A “better draught than wine.”*

IBRAHIM PACHA AND WELLINGTON.

ORACULAR, FROM THE COPTIC.

“Is there a wise man in your queen’s dominions?”
Asked Ibrahim. The Prince of Waterloo
Replied—“There cannot, sire, be two opinions
Of Williamsmythobrienbrushboru”†

* Solomon’s Song, chap. i. verse 2.

† In the triumphal procession at Limerick, Mr. Egan, on the part of the brush-makers, presented the hero with a monster brush, entreating him to sweep away the abuses of the imperial parliament.—See *Limerick Chronicle* now, and *Punch* hereafter.

THE DRAMA IN CONNEXION WITH THE FINE ARTS.

THAT the taste for the drama has been declining amongst us for many years, and is now at its lowest ebb, is a remark so familiar, that its soundness is never questioned. The *Syncretics* tells us that the mind is wanting to follow them in their illustrations of the higher drama; and the managers are in despair, because the public will not reward with overflowing houses their assiduous efforts to illustrate the lower. The former never had, and never will have a public; the latter have lost theirs, in just retribution for pandering to a taste ephemeral in duration, as it was coarse in its indulgence. The taste for such a drama as both are in the habit of presenting has declined among all the intelligent supporters of the stage—or rather it never existed. But that the taste for the drama in itself—the love of the dramatic art, whether in author or actor, wherever it presents itself in a form worthy of the name—the delight in scenic representation, where true to common nature, or transporting us into those regions of the ideal, where we instinctively recognize and bow before a higher truth—that these have not declined, is manifest to any one who has carefully watched the audiences of our theatres. Nay, to admit that they could by possibility have declined, would be to admit that we were behind our ancestors in our feeling for the earnest and the romantic in passion and emotion, and for the noble and beautiful in art and poetry—a position which, despite the mechanical tendency of the age, there seems to be no good warrant for admitting.

What the drama was to our forefathers, it is in a peculiar degree to us—a refuge from the dust, and drudgery, and commonplace of every-day life—where we may forget, in the “high passions and high actions” of the poet’s world, how worn and weary, how petty and personal we become in this; and, catching new inspiration from the refreshing breezes of that better atmosphere, resume the routine duties of working day existence with purer heart and higher purpose. For on us the burden of life presses more

heavily every year as our civilization advances. The Actual hems us in on every side. Our faculties of thought and action are all tasked to the uttermost in the practical details of life; and we are swept along with the torrent, unable to do more than to cast well nigh momentary glances towards those regions of ideal beauty, which artists and poets—

“Serene creators of immortal things,”

have conjured up for us, but towards which the spirit turns with a yearning, passionate in proportion to the obstacles to its gratification. We live too fast—we are forced to live too fast, to find leisure for contemplation. But the heart, the imagination, are immortal. Each will make itself heard, each will demand its gratification, let the world, with its practical strivings, absorb us as it may. And where, in all the realms of literature or art—where, amid the throng and turmoil of modern life, may both be satisfied so well and so readily as in a drama, rich as is our own in all that can stimulate the feelings, and quicken and irradiate the intellect? Here the necessity of our nature to escape from the real to the ideal finds an indulgence which it can find nowhere else. The drama is poetry in its highest, its most suggestive, as well as its most compact form. It places the joys, sorrows, passions, fears, struggles, temptations, triumphs, that are the essence of poetry, living before us, and makes every spectator, as it were, a poet for the time, by inspiring him with vivid sympathy for the passion or emotion of the scene. The drama must, therefore, always exercise an influence over an educated people, and never more than when they have little leisure, or are too much over-wrought, to pursue the calmer studies of the closet.

More peculiarly is this true as regards ourselves. The nation that produced Shakspeare, that cherishes him as the supreme of poets, can never be indifferent to the acted drama. His plays were written for the stage, not for the study. Not only is he the first of poets, he is also first of dramatic artists, in

skillful construction, in power of situation, in interest of action. Himself an actor, he loved and revered his art. He knew the power that lies in an actor's hands; and he trusted to that power to fill up his outline, to inform with the moving spirit of life the beings of his fancy, till they lived for other eyes and hearts truly and intensely as for his own. Rare, indeed, has been, and ever must be, the appearance of genius capable of fully carrying out our great poet's conceptions, till, even from the most indifferent representation, some fresh ideas will be gathered—some clearer views of the general structure of the play, or of the characters that fill it. The public feel this, and they act upon the feeling. We see them attracted by his plays, even when these are put before them poorly, both as regards performers and scenic appointments; and wherever something like justice is done to his conceptions, as by Miss Helen Faucit, or Mr. Macready (far short of the standard of a great Shaksperian actor as that accomplished artist is), they are never slow to recognize and reward the power.

Can any one who has watched the recent history of the stage doubt, that, if the tragic drama were to be placed before the public in worthy and suitable form, there would no longer be left the shadow of pretext for maintaining that the love of the drama had undergone any decay? Look, for example, at the success which attended Mr. Macready's admirable revivals of Shakspeare, some years ago at Drury-lane. His management was undertaken under serious disadvantages, both as regarded the circumstances in which he found the theatre, and in the materials for carrying out his purpose which lay within his command. For the first, the buffooneries, and indecencies, which had degraded what should have been the temple of national literature and of art, into a haunt of folly and vice, had perverted the taste of that large class of play-goers, who seek the theatre for mere excitement, whilst it had driven from its walls those to whom the drama was a study, and intellectual recreation. The latter were to be won once more into the habit of visiting the theatre—the former were to be taught to find pleasure in something higher than the splendours of

spectacle, or the meretricious fascinations of the ballet. On the other hand, the old companies of performers had all been broken up, and a company was to be brought together new to each other—in itself, a drawback of a very serious kind,—and for the most part unaccustomed to that long course of severe training which is necessary for the accomplishment of a good actor. Over these difficulties, the energy, intelligence, and predominating will of Mr. Macready, in a great measure, triumphed. Mind resumed the place of “inexplicable dumb-show and noise”—spectacle was rendered subservient to the illustration of the poet. The public hailed the change with rapture, and seconded, most liberally, the efforts to establish a pure taste, and to present the masterpieces of dramatic art in a manner, in some degree worthy of the poet's conceptions. These efforts were discontinued from causes, we believe, entirely private—public, at least, only in so far as the public were losers by the result—certainly not from any lukewarmness on their part. Had they been continued, it may fairly be presumed, that the cause of the drama would have been materially benefited. There were, no doubt, many and grave errors in Mr. Macready's management, which it is foreign to our purpose to consider, but it must always be regarded with grateful recollection by many, who then received higher and more vivid impressions of the capabilities of the stage, than they had ever before imagined.

The difficulties that would attend the revival of a similar enterprise are now infinitely augmented. Not that public support would be wanting—not that an equal amount of presiding intelligence could not be commanded. The resources of the antiquary, the machinist, and the scene-painter, are equally ready now as before. The whole dead machinery of the stage, the framework of the picture is equally at command. But where are the actors? We neither have them now, nor do we see much prospect of having them. It is they, we maintain, who have declined; not the taste for the drama. Place a Kemble, a Siddons, a Kean upon the stage, surround them with that cluster of able and practised artists, who vied with them in their great delineations of character and passion, and see whether

the public would be less forward than before to do homage to their genius! So far is indifference to excellence from being characteristic of the time, that it seems to us, that there is only too great an eagerness to hail even the *semblance* of power, and to crown it with the fame and rewards that should be reserved only for greatness. Some peculiarity of manner, some unusual vehemence of style, some mere trick of art—anything in short, that is out of the usual run of commonplace, passes current, as evidence of genius. But the prevailing curse of clever mediocrity has, with one or two brilliant exceptions, settled upon the stage, as upon literature and art, and we cast our eyes hopelessly around for evidence of that high ambition and patient striving towards greatness, which made the stages of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden illustrious during the last generation.

It seems as if greatness then produced greatness—genius fostered genius—as, indeed, we believe they ever will. Sympathy and emulation stimulated faculties, that had else been dormant, to join in the glorious struggle for distinction,

“*Certe ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctes atque dies, præstant niti labore.*”—

The skill, intelligence, and enthusiasm of each labourer in the same noble field reacted favourably upon the other, and all attained a higher excellence than they could have reached, had each been left to pursue his aspirations singly and alone. We see the operation of this principle in the lyrical Italian opera of Her Majesty's theatre. There all the performers are masters of the art,—all have risen to their position by the labour and science of years bestowed in the cultivation of great original powers. Each individual is distinguished by some peculiar gifts. In combination they produce effects of surpassing excellence. The collision of the qualities of one performer with those of another, corrects faults, develops new ideas, suggests new combinations. A school where even accomplished artists may learn, is thus formed, and the public reap the results in the improved musical taste which is insensibly acquired under the influence of such consummate skill.

Let us imagine a national theatre with a company of corresponding excellence, with genius for the tragic drama equal to that of Grisi, Lablache and Mario in the lyrical, and with the same predominating taste and intelligence in all the details of the scene! Can it be doubted, that such a theatre would command the warmest support of all the intelligence of the time, of all those sections of society who are at present repelled from our theatres by bad plays and worse acting? Unquestionably it would. But alas! the hope of such a theatre and of such actors is a remote one indeed.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is nevertheless the fact, that the increasing love for the drama has debased its quality and lowered the standard of excellence in the performers. The demand for the latter has outrun the supply, and inferior talent is consequently elevated to a position far above what it formerly could have obtained. So long as dramatic performances were limited to a few theatres, the leading actors were concentrated within their walls, and they were regarded by the profession generally, as the goal of honourable distinction, for which it was their ambition to qualify themselves. Within these theatres a system of rigid discipline was maintained, and a high standard of excellence preserved. The ideas of the great performers of former times were handed down, and the genius of the actor availed itself of the conceptions and experience of his predecessors. The whole resources of art were then brought in aid of the original powers of the actors. In the provinces, again, the theatres of Edinburgh and other places were considered as schools for the training of young actors. The same high standard of excellence was there placed before them by the managers, and maintained by the occasional visits of the great actors, who kept alive within their younger brethren the ambition of distinction, while they illustrated the means by which it was to be obtained. Years were then not thought too much for the practice of the subordinate parts of the profession, years of severe application and study, in which habits of observation were acquired and ripened, and practical dexterity attained in an art where it is only to be arrived at by patient and per-

severing zeal. The plays, too, which then held possession of the stage were plays of character and passion. To embody them, knowledge of life and of the heart were indispensable; and the actor could not escape into that mere sparkle and dash of manner, which carries most of our performers successfully through the extravagance and caricature of the staple pieces of the present day. Under these circumstances, a class of performers grew up,—well studied in the theory and practice of their art; and there was no leading provincial theatre which could not shew within its company more than one actor of a higher stamp than will now be found in any except the leading metropolitan theatres.

But we have changed all this. Actors, like other people, live in a hurry now-a-days. The steps to greatness are forgot in the eagerness to achieve it. They must run before they can walk, and, like Bottom, put in for the topping parts without scruple. The patience of genius, one of its inherent qualities, is clean banished from our theatres; and, if an actor can but command a trifle of applause in some minor part, he takes it as a sure sign that he has the stuff of a Kean within him, and that nature and his inborn greatness are wrongfully depressed by the jealousy and ignorance of his manager. Unfortunately, too, the demand for actors which the increase of theatres, especially under the recent Licensing Act, has created, gives only too much scope for the indulgence of this vanity, for it holds out a premium to any thing in the shape of talent, however raw, which acquirement and long years of experience were formerly unable to command.

In this way companies are perpetually changing—habits of patient perseverance, and mutual emulation are lost. Acting ceases to be an art, and becomes the mere assumption of dress and language, without an attempt at impersonating character. Then, too, managers find that they cannot get up the sterling plays and comedies that filled their theatres of old, and seek a fitter occupation for the abilities of their performers in melo-drama and burlesque. Matters grow worse and worse. The better class of playgoers desert the theatre; attractions of coarser grain must be found for those who remain.

The powers of the actors themselves degenerate, because they have neither the ambition, nor the scope to improve; and thus the majority of our provincial theatres threaten in the long run to fall into the hands of the galleries, which, under the state of things we have represented, have become their chief support.

How this state of things is to be reformed, and the drama restored to a condition commensurate with its own dignity and the intelligence of the time, it is not easy to see. It is not from without, we apprehend, that the remedy is to come. The public cannot supply dramatic or any other power—they can only encourage it, and encourage it they will, whenever it comes before them. The fault is not theirs, if the theatres be deserted, when they visit them only to be disappointed—perhaps disgusted. They cannot be expected to leave home, and home studies and enjoyments, and to lay out money for the privilege of seeing incapable actors and plays that minister neither amusement, nor instruction. The evil is in this—that the stage, generally, is below the intellect of the time, not above it, as it should be. From itself, then, and from its professors, the reformation of its defects must flow. Let these rise to the level of the current taste amongst the educated classes. Let actors learn to appreciate the importance and dignity of their own art, and strive, as of old, to guide and elevate the taste and intellect of their audience,—let them remember that they may become the exponents of the noblest poetry in the world, and exercise a sway over the hearts and minds of thousands, such as even great orators have it rarely in their power to exert; and they may then confer a lasting benefit on the nation, and make their profession at once lucrative and honorable to themselves.

The first step towards this result, will be the steadfast contemplation of their profession as a great and ennobling art, the object of which is to pourtray the many-coloured forms of life and emotion, in such a way as to refine the feelings, to elevate the mind, to educate the taste—an art that brings to bear on its exercise, a wide and searching knowledge of the human heart; an acquaintance with the per-

fect forms and groupings of painting and sculpture; a vivid apprehension of the subtlest beauties of poetry in its highest form. In all things the actor must learn to think of his art first, and of himself as subordinate to it. Let him strive to raise it, and he cannot fail to rise with it. Let it be his first care that the work be presented to the spectator, lifelike and complete, as it was moulded in the poet's brain, each part carefully finished in itself, and bearing its due relation to those around. *Desdemona* is not to be sacrificed to *Othello*, nor *Jacques* slurred over, because *Rosalind* fills a more prominent place in the eyes of the audience. All are important, all worthy of a performer's best care in giving to them precisely that importance in the scene, which the poet had in view.

We know how little of this spirit prevails on our stage now—how little of it has perhaps ever prevailed. Performers judge of plays and of parts, with reference solely to their own share in them. The treatment of the subject of the drama, as a whole, never occupies their thoughts. It would be well if they would take a lesson in this from the Continent. There a great actress will not hesitate to assume a subordinate part, and to throw her best powers into it, if need be; as we have known in the case of *Schröder*, who followed a majestic performance of *Lady Macbeth* on one night by undertaking *Lady Capulet* the next. What her views on the subject were may be gathered from her answer to a friend, who expressed surprise at her undertaking so insignificant a part. "Insignificant! a character of Shakespeare's insignificant!" So, too, when an actor of some eminence refused a minor part in one of Schiller's plays, at the Weimar theatre, Goethe, as Eckerman tells us, answered him, "if you will not play it, I will play it myself;" and he would have done it, too, had the recusant not succumbed. Unfortunately, some of even our greatest performers appear to have possessed little of this spirit; they have felt a morbid dread of letting themselves down, by playing anything but leading parts; and by always acting upon this fear, they have, perhaps, made it well-grounded. At all events, they have done this prejudice to the cause of the drama, that they have accustomed audiences to go

to see this or that particular performer, and not to see the play as a whole put upon the stage, in all respects, in the best possible style.

A reformation, such as we have pointed at, can only come by slow degrees; perhaps, only in another generation. It must be commenced by one or more of the leading members of the profession, or by the efforts of some actor of genius, sufficient to arrest and direct the public taste, and to inspire a new feeling into the profession. There never was a time, we believe, more favourable to the attempt than the present, if the stage could but furnish the man or men to make it. The want of a good theatre for the higher drama is deeply felt in the metropolis, where both the great theatres have been handed over to opera and ballet, and the only other well appointed theatre, the Haymarket, is devoted almost exclusively, and indeed, has a company only adapted to comedy. But strongly as it is felt, any imperfect attempt to establish a theatre to supply this void would, in all probability, fail; because, nothing short of excellence will satisfy such an audience as it must depend on for success. And we do not well see how any attempt could, in the present state of things, be otherwise than imperfect, seeing that such talent as does exist could only be brought together at an expense which no theatre of proper dimensions could warrant.

Small as the grounds for nourishing it may be, we cannot surrender the hope, that a better race of performers may yet arise, with higher ideas of their art, and greater accomplishments than the majority of those now upon the stage. The prejudice against the dramatic profession has greatly diminished, and it is the fault of its own members, that it is not already extinct in all quarters where its existence could be regretted. It holds out great prizes to ambition, in the shape both of fame and fortune. Excellence in it is the passport to society; and it demands no more labour in its study, than is expended, too often thanklessly, in the education of the learned professions. That it does not number more educated men within its ranks is therefore surprising. Of course, to be a great actor, as to be a great statesman or great lawyer, demands the

rare gift of genius. But why should we not have as many highly accomplished actors, at least, as we have statesmen and lawyers, created more by the force of study and perseverance, than by great natural powers? If our view of the art be correct, no scholar or gentleman need to blush at the adoption of the profession; nor will he turn back from it, despite the many disturbances to enthusiasm and self-respect which he may encounter within it. No doubt, he will need all his enthusiasm, all the reliance on his own ideal of his art to sustain him through the degradations and discomforts that beset it. But no profession is entirely free from these, and the theatrical profession is not without compensations for its sorest trials.

For ourselves, it appears to us that there is almost no position which supplies so many gratifications of those tastes and motives which influence the best natures as those of a great actor or actress. Their greatness presupposes quick and keen sensibility, and sympathies warm and comprehensive. Their studies lie among the masterpieces of art, of learning, intellect, and poetry. The painter or sculptor is not more free to indulge his love for nature in its boundless variety of grandeur and beauty, or to follow the sportings of imagination through the bright world of dream, and poetry, and romance. Like the painter, too, great actors are the stewards of the mysteries of nature, gifted to probe her most recondite recesses, to apprehend the spirit of all forms and passions. The human heart, in all its phases of power and weakness, is their kingdom. The pleasures and pains of many lives are theirs. The beings begotten of the poet's brain live again in them. They rise with their greatness—bend with their mighty griefs—are swayed by their passionate impulses—glow with their intense joys, that rush along the blood, and “feel almost like pain.” They may shake off the trammels of vulgar life, and move in the pure regions of the ideal. They are the *Imogen* or the *Othello* of the hour. With all these internal and external resources, and incentives, and supports, they wield, too, an influence over the hearts of others—one hour of which many noble natures would almost purchase with life; an influ-

ence great as that of the greatest poets and artists, and, in the direct expression of the homage which it commands, second not even to that called forth by the highest oratory, inspiring and illuminating with eye, and voice, and language, and shaking, with its “oracular thunder,”

“The listening soul in the suspended blood.”

In the plenitude of inspiration, and armed with language, the mere utterance of which is a potent spell, the great actor feels and knows, that the minds of the listening thousands before him are within his grasp, and that he may turn and wind them which way he will;—fascinate, subdue, exalt, alarm, distract. Their very souls are his for the time. He sees his power in the smiling eye, the rigid muscle, or the rush of tears. An impalpable sympathy convinces him of his triumph, and he leaves the stage with the deafening plaudits in his ears of men and women of all grades, and all degrees of mental and moral culture, whose will and feelings have been surrendered to his control for hours, peeling the assurance that he has put his idea into act, and inspired his audience with the vivid image of some lofty character, that may affect their own being beneficially for life. The actor may be above his audience; but he can always in some measure lift them towards himself—eye speaking to eye, and tongue to ear, and motion to sense, as we feel ourselves exalted in the presence of a nobler nature. Not so is it with the philosopher or the poet. They are in advance of their time. Their audience is to seek. Not in the flushed cheek and kindling eye of their fellow-men—not in outspoken plaudits or vivid sympathy, must they expect solace and support amid the doubts and depressions that beset genius, but in the light of their own high endeavours and noble studies. Calmly they abide their time, knowing the truth which our own Anster has beautifully adapted from Goethe—

“The truly great, the genuine, the sublime,
Tells its slow way in silence, and the bard
Wins from the slow regard of after-time
The imperishable wreath, his best, his sole reward.”

Yet who shall say, which is the more desirable triumph—the actor's or the poet's—the assurance of success of the

one—the misgivings of the other? And the fame itself! To how few is it more than a name; a name that leaves no stronger impression on the ear than those of Polos, or Cægros, or Roscius, the great actors of antiquity, or Burbage, or Betterton, or Siddons? Their spirits do not, it is true, “rule us from their tombs,” as do those of Phidias, or Raphael, or Homer, or Milton. But is not their memory as familiar to us, as suggestion to our thoughts, as the great proportion of those illustrious names that do

“On fame’s eternal bederoll shine for aye?”

And surely not unmeet it is, that they should be so remembered, when it is considered how great and salutary their influence is upon the moral and intellectual being of a people, by implanting or fostering elevated and purifying sympathies, and by educating their tastes for the beautiful and noble in feeling and thought, in expression and in motion?

A great actor or actress! What qualities does this pre-suppose? A fine form, habitually graceful, and capable of dignity and grandeur—features flexible for the expression of the most minute shades of feeling, as of the strongest passion—a voice, full, clear, and resonant from its lowest to its highest tones—an instinctive knowledge of the outward expressions, in look, and act, and gesture, of all varieties of emotion—an ear refined to the most subtle cadences of verse—a heart and mind that can grapple with and quicken within themselves

“All thoughts, all feelings, all delights—
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,”—

a cultivated taste that rounds and refines all its motions and gestures to the limits of the beautiful or the grand. Such qualities, we apprehend, constitute a great actor or actress; and where such qualities exist, who shall estimate their wholesome and elevating influence on the minds of an audience? To this influence we would joyfully subject the plastic minds of our children, assured that they would reap a profit from it to their tastes and whole moral being, similar, but higher in degree, to that education of their eye for the beautiful in form and colour, which they

should imbibe, if habitually surrounded by the masterpieces of ancient art.

We know that there have been great actors and actresses without many of these qualities which we have described. Genius, the lightning flame of mind, has made physical defect a matter of indifference. In their mood of inspiration, “Pritchard was genteel, and Garrick six feet high.” And so it will ever be. But where these qualities are combined with genius, how glorious the result! In a greater or less degree, we believe, they must have been possessed by the great actors of former times. They shine conspicuously in the great living ornament of the English stage—Miss Helen Faucit, a lady, whose recent performances in our Dublin theatre, during an engagement of unusual duration, have left us, in common with all who had the good fortune to witness them, under a debt of gratitude which we are proud to acknowledge.

Miss Helen Faucit is one of those rare creatures, “with gifts and graces eminently adorned,” whom we feel it to be a privilege to have seen; and, whom having seen, we can afford to resign all regret at not having known her great predecessors. Her genius is of a class that renders comparison impertinent. She is original in her greatness, and supplies the standard by which alone she can be fitly judged. It is not by reference to others who have gone before her, that she is to be estimated, but to what she is in herself. She is not to be criticised, but studied, as we study the masterpieces of some great sculptor, or poet. And she is the greatest poetess of our time, in the power, the variety, the beauty of the images which she places before us, of the sentiments which she awakens, of the memories to endure with life itself implanted in us by her “so potent art.” Words, however powerful, produce no such impression, do not so permeate and steal into the very depths of our being, as the unwritten poetry of this lady’s acting. It is not alone our fancy, our imagination, or our intellect, that are excited—but with these our whole sentient nature is purified and refined. Her performances not merely send us away, filled with brighter and higher conceptions of

the creatures of the poet's world, whom she has embodied, but better men, inspired with something of the Ideal, the study of which has made her the great mistress of her art, and great instructress of her time.

Miss Helen Faucit's impersonations are nature itself; but they are nature as it appears to the poet's eye—nature in its finest and most beautiful aspect. She possesses in an eminent degree the physical requisites for her art—a person graceful and dignified, a voice supremely fascinating in its “most silver flow,” yet equal to the expression of the most commanding passion—a face gifted peculiarly with that “best part of beauty, which a picture cannot express—no, nor the first sight of the life,”—a face, wonderful indeed, in the magic and variety of its expression. Along with these she possesses a complete command of all the resources which intelligence gathers from experience, and an obvious familiarity with the treasures of art, which has strengthened and exalted strong natural perceptions of the graceful and beautiful in form and motion. But greater than all these is the spirit by which they are vivified and swayed; the lofty impulses, the commanding powers of thought and feeling, the inspired energy, the pure taste, the exquisite ladyhood of nature which are conspicuous in all Miss Faucit's personations. It is such visions as she presents that bless the dreams of poets; and happy are we, who, in this dull mechanical time, have seen with our waking eyes a reality fair as imagination may picture.

The remembrance of these is fresh upon us as we write. Juliet, Rosalind, the Lady Constance, Portia, Lady Macbeth, “divine Imogen,” Beatrice, all crowd upon our fancy; and after them Pauline, a character made more by Miss Faucit than by the author; Julia, Belvidera, Nina Sforza, and the Lady Mabel, that exquisite portraiture of all that can fascinate in womanly grace, or move in womanly suffering. To have seen Miss Faucit in these characters, is to have seen a whole world of poetry revealed, of which the most enthusiastic and intelligent study of their authors could have helped us to no idea. Henceforth they live for us—live in the most perfect form. Where

the author has furnished but a barren outline, she pours into it the strength and radiance of her own spirit, and a noble picture glows before us. Nor is this true only in the case of inferior poets. In dealing with Shakspeare, this great actress rises to the full measure of her strength. Her performances are revelations of the great master-poet's subtlest powers. When we have once seen them, there is a light evermore upon his page which, but for the magic of this great commentator, would never have been there for us. Arden has a deeper charm in the shade of its “melancholy boughs;” for the smile of Rosalind, our own “very, very Rosalind,” gleams through it, and the voice is near us, that wooed from Orlando, with its most womanly coquetry, the little remnant of his heart which he bore with him to the forest. We have stood beneath Juliet's balcony; we have heard the nightingale singing on the neighbouring pomegranate tree, and our eyes have trembled with Romeo's beneath the wonder of her face. We have followed her, as she rises heroically with every fresh disaster, and laid down our heart with hers, when she escaped from a life now nothing worth without the light of love. So, too, have we seen, as we could never have hoped to see, Lady Macbeth in the grandeur of her dauntless will, inflexible from its purpose; and when this was achieved, and the avenging furies lay their grasp upon her, maintaining a Spartan self-control, dying a daily death in the pangs of uncommunicated remorse, isolated from her selfish lord, to whom and to whose ambition she had sacrificed all. Miss Faucit's conception of this character, original and most powerful as it is, throws more light upon it than the sagacity of all the commentators. In it we see a will masculine in energy, a heart insensible to fear,—a mind subtle, prompt and resolute, without religion, without pitifulness, without sentiment in any shape,—and yet a woman, claiming some hold on our sympathies, in her love, her endurance, and in the inevitable pangs of retributive conscience. Here, as in all other characters, she seems to have trusted to the instincts of her own genius and woman's heart, and the result has proved that the trust was not misplaced. It is, we know, a bold thing to say; yet believing, we must

say it, that the genius is akin to Shakspeare's, that can so thoroughly realize his conceptions as Miss Helen Faucit does, clothing with very life the creatures of his imagination, and not one or two of these alone, but many—all various, and for the most part opposite in kind.

But this great actress's versatility is not confined to the romantic drama alone. Her *Antigone* stands out in the roll of her triumphs, simple and majestic, in severe beauty—consummate in its kind, as her *Imogen* or her *Constance*; but that kind how different! Here, twenty-three centuries after the poet who conceived it has gone to his rest, it is presented to us fresh and beautiful, like some magnificent statue dug up from the ruins of Time, perfect as when it left the sculptor's hand. The joy of the

" Watcher of the skies,
When some new planet swims into his ken,"

is a type of that, which every scholar and student of Greek life and literature and art must have experienced, when he first saw in the person of Miss Faucit the embodiment of this the noblest heroine of the Greek drama. It was the opening of a new world, or, more truly perhaps to such a man, the vivifying of a dead but familiar one, when she first entered on the scene, "with face resigned to bliss or bale," and declared her determination to obey the dictates of nature in defiance of her uncle's decree. He saw before him the type of those beautiful forms, which sculpture has made immortal, in the majestic form, the simple drapery, the serene and noble features of the actress. She looked as one that had long been familiar to the sad thoughts of the destiny that hung upon her race, and under which her father had perished strangely before her eyes. And when she spoke, her voice, in its earnest tenderness, made richer music than the flowing numbers of the

Grecian bard. Simple, noble, royal in her bravery of heart, she proclaimed to the tyrant the supremacy of the great law of Nature on which she had acted, in a manner which gave to the sublime thoughts of the poet all and more than all they lost in the feeble language of the translators.* But it is in the concluding scene that the powers of the actress rise to their height. The sisterly love that had sustained her till now is absorbed in the contemplation of the fearful doom that awaits her. Here, the fervent imagination and wonderful power of Miss Faucit inspire her audience with a sympathy for the Greek girl, lively and intense as for the sufferings, with which modern life is familiar. Dirce's clear flowing stream, its many coloured meadows, the rays of "golden Helios," all rise before our eyes, and we share the passionate ecstasy with which the young girl in the fullness of her life gales on them for the last time. How shall we describe the tone, the gesture, with which her whole heart vents itself in that exclamation, in which is expressed the remorseless inevitable doom, that pursued the race of Labdacus.

" Oh fate! The curse that fell on the maternal bed,
That gave their father's mother's children birth,
Was theirs, is mine.

"Ariadne passioning," Niobe with her slaughtered offspring around her, Cassandra in her prophetic mood, are the images that spring most readily to our mind. A sculptor that could have fixed the attitude in marble, though the deep pathos of the tremulous lip, and the eye that seemed to look through Fate, must have escaped him, would have earned lasting fame.† The Greek stage could boast of no such acting—from its very character, such acting was impossible. But the spirit of Sophocles, speaking the voice of Nature, that was, and is, and ever shall be the same while the world endures, has found a home in the heart of an Eng-

* We refer to the passage v. 450—"ὅ γὰρ εἶμι Ζεύς ἦν."

† We cannot here omit to speak of the exquisite portrait of Miss Faucit as Antigone, by our townsman, Mr. F. W. Burton, in the possession of Dr. Stokes. It is not Antigone merely—the noble, suffering virgin—"the martyr by the pang without the palm"—but the genius of the Greek drama—the embodiment of the spirit of sadness and prevailing doom that moved darkly through it all. We can pay no higher compliment to the artist, than to say that he has caught and embodied the spirit of his noble original.

lish girl, and thrills on English hearts with a force greater than could ever have been contemplated by the bard himself. Beautiful Antigone!—beautiful to us now in form and feature, as thou hast ever been in thy noble martyr spirit, and great woman's heart!

The effect of such a performance on the taste and scholarship of a people cannot be over-estimated. The eye accustomed to beauty of form so ideal, will shrink ever afterwards from the mean or the ungraceful. The mind into which the nobility of Antigone's character has been impressed by such fascinating power, is permanently elevated: And for scholarship, it receives an impetus, and a flood of light from the living passion infused into the forms, that in the study have scarcely been associated with the idea of life, which no teaching could convey. It was well done, then, in the most eminent among us for learning and science, and the humanizing arts,

to confess their gratitude as they did last year to this distinguished lady in the address which accompanied their appropriate gift of a classic *fibula*.^{*} And it was better still, and a sight gratifying to all admirers of genius, to all who would wish to have learning prosecuted in an ardent and generous spirit, to see the youth of our university—the bud and promise of the mind of Ireland—crowding the theatre in a body, to learn from a young and beautiful woman to appreciate the genius of the Greek drama, and of one of its noblest masters.

When such a sight is to be seen, let us not be told that the taste for the drama is declining. Give us the drama as it should be given, and the public will do *their* part. Give us nature, and passion, and genuine art, and it will be seen that the spirit to appreciate, and the hand to reward them are not wanting.

The address was in the following terms:—

“TO MISS HELEN FAUCIT.

“MADAM—We beg to give expression to the unalloyed and sustained satisfaction which we have derived from your late performances at our national theatre.

“We have each and all endeavoured to promote the cultivation of classic literature, and the study of ancient art in this our city; and we feel that your noble representation of *Antigone* has greatly advanced these important objects, by creating a love and admiration of the beauty and grandeur of ancient Greece.

“With the writings of the Grecian dramatists, it is true, we have long been familiar; but their power and their beauty have come down to us through books alone. “Mute and motionless” that drama has heretofore stood before us; you, Madam, have given it voice, gesture, life; you have realized the genius, and embodied the inspirations of the authors and of the artists of early Greece; and have thus encouraged and instructed the youth of Ireland in the study of their immortal works.

“We offer the accompanying testimonial to the virtues and talents of one, whose tastes, education, and surpassing powers, have justly placed her at the summit of her profession.

GEORGE PETRIE, V.P.R.I.A., Chairman.

JOHN ANSTER, LL.D., M.R.I.A. {

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, M.R.I.A., } Secretaries.

Dublin, 1848.

ON VISITING IRELAND AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

BY SARAH PARKER—THE IRISH GIRL.*

Oh, Erin! bright emerald isle of the ocean,
 Thou darling of nature, I visit thee now,
 And ne'er did I feel with more grateful emotion
 The breeze of my native hills play on my brow.
 I see, my own Erin, thy heath cover'd mountains,
 Whose green sunny summits bring back to my mind
 The days of my childhood, which, bright as thy fountains,
 Sped onward and left but their mem'ry behind.

Yet bound with the spell of their dear recollections,
 Which time hath no power to root up or efface,
 This heart to the spot where first dawn'd its affections,
 To where the first sunbeam play'd bright on my face.
 I see my own hills, and again my feet wander
 O'er walks that in childhood with rapture I trod;
 Where the wild rose blooms gaily, bright streamlets meander,
 And the primrose and cowslip enamel the sod.

But where is the gush of delight deeply thrilling,
 That sprung in my heart when each feeling was young,
 When I wonder'd why tear drops these eyes should be filling
 While resting on nought but where loveliness hung.
 They were childhood's pure joy-drops, the springtide of feeling;
 Nature spoke to the heart, and they rose at her call,
 Till the cares of my after hours subtly stealing,
 Embitter'd joy's fount with life's acid and gall.

Yes, Land of the Shamrock! life's rapturous morning
 Fled glad 'neath thy shades, which can ne'er be forgot;
 E'en when from thee sever'd, fond fancy returning,
 Sought out mid thy valleys one evergreen spot—
 The home of my childhood, the vale of my fathers,
 Whose memory gleamed through each sorrow and joy,
 So sacred and clear, all the mists that time gathers
 Ne'er had power its pure lustre to dim or destroy.

I have left for a season fair Scotland behind me,
 The banks o' "auld Ayr," the long famed for its brave,
 But to it the sweet trammels of gratitude bind me
 So strongly, they burst not till snapt in the grave.
 The cottage by which flows the Doon's shining river,
 Clear winding its pebbled and serpentine way,
 The friends I have met there, whose kindness shall ever
 Lead back every wish to the shades of Doon brae.*

* The above are the name and literary designation of a young poetess, whose effusions, published in "Chambers's Journal," and other periodicals, have attracted general admiration for their beauty of expression and tenderness of feeling. She is a native of Newry, the daughter of humble parents, and has not enjoyed the advantage of superior education. She has been for some time resident in the town of Ayr, where her genius and modest worth have combined to win for her many patrons and friends. She is about to publish, by subscription, a volume containing verses "On the Opening of the Seventh Seal, and other Poems." She has already obtained a number of Irish subscribers, and our publisher will feel happy to receive and forward the names of any persons who may be inclined to encourage genius in humble life.

† Doonbrae Cottage, the seat of David Auld, Esq.

And there is a spot still in vision appearing—
 A paradise ever in memory's view;
 If friendship exalted can make aught endearing,
 Beechgrove,* each fond wish must cling grateful to you;
 The home of kind feeling and beauty all real,
 Which stamps its sweet image for aye on the heart;
 Oh! my visions of loveliness all were ideal,
 Till I gazed on young features ne'er equall'd by art.
 I had fancied soft cheeks like the hue of young roses,
 Fair brows like the lily, as chaste and unsoil'd,
 Bright eyes like the violet, when dew there reposes,
 And I saw all my dream in that beautiful child.
 Yes, Erin! fair Scotland hath powerful attractions
 Of beauty, of friendship, as perfect as thine,
 Yet here are entwined all my first recollections,
 And I pride in the thought that this country is mine.

TO THE THRUSH.

Sweet minstrel of the wood,
 Whose artless music fills
 The air around with melody
 That thro' the bosom thrills,
 Entrancing with a deep delight
 Those who stray forth at morning bright.
 A pleasant warbler thou,
 Thy clear and lively note
 Rings cheerily through this grassy dell,
 Poured from thy little throat;
 All nature seems attentive near,
 All mutely heed thy notes to hear.
 And most of all thy mate,
 Whose brightly speckled breast
 Doth cover at this early hour
 Home treasures in the nest,
 While thou to her dost tune thy lay,
 To make her life a holiday.
 'Tis sweet at early morn
 Near some lone wood to stray,
 While Nature seems as newly born,
 To listen to thy lay;
 For thou to poet's hearts art dear,
 Thou fillest all their souls with cheer.
 To Nature ever true
 Thy mellow flute doth sound,
 Thro' all the sky serenely blue,
 O'er all the mossy ground,
 While slowly rising from afar
 Yon golden orb, the bright day-star.
 Thy song is all of summer,
 Of gratitude and love—
 Of verdant meads and leafy shades,
 A hymn to one above;
 Now mingling with the gushing rill,
 It soothes my ear, it charms me still.

May, 1846.

H. G.

* Beechgrove, the residence of Dugall Hamilton, Esq.

† Miss Norah Hamilton.

BELL'S LIFE OF CANNING.*

GEORGE CANNING was a smart and brilliant politician; and Mr. Bell is a smartish biographer. The former lived and occupied no small space in the public eye, during the most stirring and eventful period of England's history; and both his excellencies and his defects were such as to captivate the admiration of our author, whose praises and commendations have been elicited not more, perhaps we might say not so much, by the powers both of reasoning and of eloquence, which he undoubtedly possessed, as by the giddiness and party spirit, which sometimes gave to them a mischievous, or, an eccentric direction.

Canning was the son of an Irish gentleman, who was born heir to the estate of Garvagh, in the county of Londonderry, but had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of his father, by whom he was disinherited, and dismissed from the paternal mansion, with an allowance of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. His mother was a Miss Costello, whose ancient Irish lineage our author traces to the family originally called M'Costello, and who were settled in the County of Mayo, as lords or barons of the district which bears the name, long before the Conquest.

Mr. Canning, the elder, was called to the bar, but never addressed himself to his legal studies, so as to be qualified for practice. He was not without a talent for popular composition, both in prose and verse; and if he lived at the present day, it is very probable that his abilities would procure for him profitable employment; but circumstanced as he then was, we are not surprised to learn from Mr. Bell, that "his various flirtations with literature and politics resulted only in a succession of failures." Other schemes were

tried with no better success. "He set up as a wine merchant, and failed, as might have been expected." And it was in the midst of the troubles and distresses in which he was thus involved, that his son George was born. This event took place on the 11th of April, 1770; and Mr. Bell observes, the man would have been a bold prophet, who should have ventured to predict, "that the child of such afflictions would one day be prime minister of England."

His father died when young George was just one year old, and his widowed mother felt herself in a very forlorn and desolate position, not being fortunate enough to attract the regard or the sympathy of her husband's relatives; and the scanty pittance of £150 a-year, which had hitherto constituted their whole available income, now reverting to the family at Garvagh.

The stage was the only resource which presented itself as a refuge from present distress, and to that she turned with some hope that her personal attractions, and her theatrical capabilities, might win for her the favour of the public. But her success did not answer her expectations. Older and more experienced favourites were in possession of the principal parts; and it is no wonder that the struggling widow was not able to oppose any successful rivalry to such established actresses as Mrs. Ebrington and Mrs. Barry. She accordingly descended from the leading to inferior parts, and finally took her fortunes with a strolling company, where she fell in with, and married one Reddish, an actor of good family, but indifferent character, whose irregular life and brutal excesses caused her much misery, until they eventuated in insanity, and terminated in death.

It was during her connexion with this man, that the peculiar position of

* The Life of the Rt. Hon. George Canning. By Robert Bell. London: Chapman and Hall. 1846.

young George attracted the benevolent attention of the actor, Moody. The boy's talents must have made a strong impression upon this worthy man, to have induced him to interest himself about him as he did, and to plead his cause with his respectable relative, Mr. Strafford Canning, with an importunity and an energy that was at length successful. He saw that the boy's ruin would be the consequence of leaving him amongst the associates by whom he was surrounded; that his poor mother was utterly unable to prevent the moral contamination to which he was exposed; that in Reddish he had constantly before his eyes the very worst example. In short, he declared that, circumstanced as he was, "he was on the high road to the gallows." Such were the very words of this honest and plain-spoken man; "while," he added, "if he were only properly cared for, and justice done to his abilities, he must yet become an ornament to his country." The actor prevailed. Mr. Strafford Canning, then a member of the banking and mercantile firm of French, Burroughs, and Canning, consented to take the charge of his nephew, on condition that all intercourse with his mother's connexions should be strictly abridged; and the boy had thus an early opportunity of meeting at his house the leading Whig politicians of the day—Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and General Fitzpatrick—and catching that tone of good society by which he did not fail to profit, and which may have been the more valued by him from its contrast with the scenes of odious debauchery from which, by this sudden revolution in his fortunes, he had been so happily redeemed. Poor Moody! how happy it must have made him thus to have been instrumental in rescuing such a youth from the ignominy and the degradation which full surely awaited him had he remained where he was, and introducing him into an atmosphere where he breathed a wholesome air, and trod upon a path which led to honour. We trust that his protégé, now no longer in need of his protection, felt a grateful sense of all that he owed to him. Canning did not want amiable and generous feelings; and we are very sure that the poor player would have experienced

their warmest glow, did any occasion present itself for manifesting them towards him. But none such does the biographer record. Of Moody we hear no more. He dropped back into his quiet obscurity, well pleased to witness the triumph of his benevolence, while the youth, who was so fortunate as to have attracted his regard, aptly availed himself of every means of improvement and distinction which was placed within his reach, and very soon evinced both industry and abilities from which the very highest distinction might be expected.

Under the Rev. Richard Hyde, of Hyde Abbey school, in the neighbourhood of Winchester, he received the rudiments of his education, and retained so strong a sense of the services of that excellent man, that, when he came into power, towards the close of his career, he presented him to a prebendal stall in Winchester cathedral.

From Hyde Abbey, he passed to Eton, whither he was sent by the advice of Fox, who took a personal interest in his progress. Here his course was marked by a steadiness and regularity which secured for him the respect of his superiors; while his good sense was strongly exhibited in keeping under proper control the lighter faculties of wit and humour which he was known to possess, and to the indulgence of which so many temptations must have been presented. He appears, his biographer tells us, to have commenced his studies with a sort of prescience of the course which lay before him, and to have trained his faculties with a steady reference to the uses to which they were to be put in after life. Already he had evinced a considerable proficiency in the art of composition, both in Latin and English, and his rising reputation had drawn about him the chief spirits among his young contemporaries.

"A society existed there for the practice of discussion, and used to meet periodically in one of the halls of the college. This little assembly was conducted with a strict eye to parliamentary usages; the chair was taken by a speaker duly elected to the office; the ministerial and opposition benches were regularly occupied; and the subject for consideration was entered upon with the most sincere and ludicrous formality. Noble lords,

and honourable and learned gentlemen, were here to be found in miniature, as they were in full maturity in another place; the contest for victory was as eager; and, when it is added that amongst the earlier debaters were the late Marquis Wellesley and Earl Grey, it will readily be believed that the eloquence was frequently as ardent and original. In this society Mr. Canning soon won distinction by the vigour and clearness of his speeches, anticipating upon the themes of the hour the larger views of the future statesman. And here, too, in these happy conflicts, he formed some solid friendships, that lasted through his life."

Nor was this the only mode in which the young Etonian evinced a desire for intellectual distinction. A little periodical publication, entitled "*the Microcosm*," to which Canning was a principal contributor, made its appearance on the 6th of November, 1780, and was characterized by a correctness of style and a degree of ability, which, considering the youth of the several writers, is quite surprising. The following is our author's estimate of the merits of this little literary undertaking, which assuredly made known powers and pretensions of no ordinary kind, on the part of the tyros to whom it was indebted for its existence:—

"The work abounds in touches of well-bred humour, and quaint irony of amiable foibles, and sedulously displays a proper sense of the genteeler virtues, and an amusing sympathy for all sorts of oddities, especially that superannuated order of correspondents who represent abstract ideas and exploded eccentricities. As in the '*Spectator*,' so in the '*Microcosm*,' social weaknesses are laid bare—social vices never; or only in a way to give the greater importance to the externals of decorum, insisting with overwhelming sententiousness upon the doctrine of appearances, while great offences, too mighty for ridicule, are suffered to stalk abroad with impunity. The ethics of the '*Spectator*' are diligently slipped and transplanted into this lighter soil, and blossom, as all such transplantations do, in diminished force and fainter hues. Every thing is tested by a judgment too cautious and exceptional to throw out much vigour and freshness; the ear is lulled by the flowing repose of undulating periods; and

we have the satisfaction of retracing, in smooth and agreeable cadences, a whole anthology of truisms."

It is not easy to over-estimate the importance to the practical politician of the early intellectual discipline which gives him a command of his faculties, so as to render his powers effective and his knowledge availing. Without it, no amount of learning can enable him to meet the sudden emergencies which arise in debate, and which demand a promptitude and a vigour which can only be acquired by constant practice. The man of vast acquisitions may feel himself only embarrassed and encumbered by them, when not possessed of a ready eloquence, by which they might be exhibited to advantage. The armour to which he trusted for his defence may prove the source of his defeat and capture: and many an intellectual Goliath has had his head cut off by his own sword, by some stripling, who, with a sling and a stone, has been more than a match for him in the combat. Of this most useful training Mr. Canning knew the entire value, and took care to have his full share; and while no opportunity was lost for storing and cultivating his mind, the practice was never intermitted upon which his alertness and efficiency must depend, in the wordy contests by which his life was to be distinguished.

In 1788 he passed to Oxford. His uncle, Mr. Strafford Canning, had died just before his entrance at Christ Church College; and he was left at that early period of his life entirely to the guidance of his own discretion. Now it was that the discipline of Eton proved an invaluable protection. His literary tastes and habits effectually precluded any sordid or dissipating connexions; and the chosen companions with whom it was his privilege to associate, were all calculated to profit the studious and ambitious youth who looked forward to political advancement. Mr. Jenkinson, afterwards Earl of Liverpool, Mr. Sturges Bourne, Lord Holland, Lord Carlisle, Lord Seaford, Lord Grenville, and Lord Boringdon, were amongst his most familiar acquaintances, a proof in itself that not only

was his character unexceptionable and his views high, but that he was already recognized as possessed of powers which must in any walk of professional life ensure distinction. Upon his course in the university, Mr. Bell observes :—

"His studies were pursued with unremitting diligence. There never was a collegiate career more distinguished by brilliant achievements and indefatigable industry. The character he built up at the university was in itself a prediction of the success that awaited him in the ambitious paths to which he aspired.

"But great obstacles were in his way. He possessed none of the magic facilities of wealth, or patronage, or influential connexions. Every thing depended on his own genius—and poor genius had a hard battle to fight in those days when it chanced to be on the wrong side of power. The worst omen of all was that he was reared in a Whig nursery, and believed to be a disciple of Fox. This was fatal under the reign of Pitt, especially at a moment when the ministerial imagination was reeking with the horrors of the French Revolution. But omens, like dreams, must sometimes be read backwards. And so it happened with this student of Christ Church when he quitted the university and went up to London to study the law at Lincoln's Inn."

Canning had, at his uncle's, been introduced to the best Whig society, and his early leanings were all towards the democratic and revolutionary party, by whom, at that period, the institutions of the country were brought into so great peril, and society threatened with the worst evils. Nor is it surprising that an ardent youth, who was more familiarised with the abstractions of Grecian and Roman history, than with the practical realities of the world in which he lived, should have been smitten by ideas of liberty and equality, which are so captivating to young imaginations. But it is scarcely conceivable that a mind so sagacious as his could long remain captive to such a delusion. Our author either wilfully conceals, or is grossly ignorant of the dangers which at that period menaced the English monarchy. The tempest of the revolution was then at its height. France, like an unmanacled

demoniac, had burst her chains, and was hurling a fierce defiance in the faces of the affronted potentates of Europe. The faction who in England sympathised with her excesses, was numerous, truculent, and daring; and waited only for an opportunity to emulate their Gallican compatriots in the extent and the magnitude of the sanguinary atrocities, by which they were affrighting the world. Reform was the pretext, but revolution was the object which the leaders of that movement had at heart. Godwin's "Political Justice" and Paine's "Rights of Man," contained the principles to which they were pledged, and by the full development of which they would alone have been contented. And had not a sovereign so sound-hearted as George the Third filled the throne, and a minister to intrepid and vigorous as William Pitt held the chief place in the administration, a loose would have been given to popular violence, the consequence of which the latest posterity might deplore. That Canning's feelings and sentiments were so far interested upon the popular side, as that he was almost personally compromised, will appear from the following very graphic account which Mr. Bell gives of his appearance at one of the debating societies, where revolutionary questions were discussed; and the very extraordinary confidence of which it was productive :—

"Amongst them was a student of pale and thoughtful aspect, who brought to the nightly contests unusual fluency and grace of elocution. He, too, along with the rest, had been inspired by the heroic spectacle, had pondered upon its causes, and exulted over its prospects. His head was full of constitutions; for his studies lay amongst the elementary writers, rather than the special pleaders and form-mongers of the law. And after a morning of close reading and severe reflection, he would wend his way in the evening to one of those debating-rooms, and, taking up his place unobserved, watch the vicissitudes of the discussion, noting well its effect upon the miscellaneous listeners; then, seizing upon a moment when the argument failed from lack of resources, or ran into sophistry or exaggeration, he would present himself to the meeting. A figure slight, but of elegant proportions; a face post-

ical in repose, but fluctuating in its expression with every fugitive emotion; a voice low, clear, and rich in modulation; and an air of perfect breeding, prepares his hearers for one who possesses superior powers, and is not unconscious of them. He opens calmly—strips his topic of all extraneous matter—distributes it under separate heads—disposes of objections with a playful humour—rebukes the dangerous excesses of preceding speakers—carries his auditors through a complete syllogism—establishes the proposition with which he set out—and sits down amidst the acclamations of the little senate. Night after night witnesses similar feats; at length his name gets out; he is talked of, and speculated upon; and people begin to ask questions about the stripling who has so suddenly appeared amongst them, as if he had fallen from the sky.

“While he is revolving these auguries in his mind, and filling his solitary chamber with phantoms of civic crowns and strawberry-leaves, flitting around his head in tantalizing confusion, a note is hurriedly put into his hand, with marks of secrecy and haste. It is from one of whom he has but a slight personal knowledge, but whose notoriety, if we may not venture to call it fame, is familiar to him. The purport of the note is an intimation that the writer desires a confidential interview on matters of importance, and will breakfast with him on the following morning. The abruptness of the self-invitation, the seriousness of the affair it seems to indicate, and the known character of the correspondent, excite the surprise of the law student, and he awaits his visitor with more curiosity than he chooses to betray.

“A small fresh-coloured man, with intelligent eyes, an obstinate expression of face, and pressing ardour of manner, makes his appearance the next morning at breakfast. The host is collected, as a man should be who holds himself prepared for a revelation. The guest, unreserved and impatient of delay, hastens to unfold his mission. Amongst the speculators who are thrown up to the surface, in great political emergencies, there are generally some who are misled by the grandeur of their conceptions; and who, in the purity and integrity of their own hearts, cannot see the evil or the danger that lies before them. This was a man of that order. He enters into an animated description of the state of the country, traces the inquietude of the people to its source in the corruption and tyranny of the government, declares that they are resolved to endure oppression no longer, that they are already or-

ganized for action, that the auspicious time has arrived to put out their strength, and ends by the astounding announcement, that they have selected *him*—this youth who has made such a stir amongst them—as the fittest person to be placed at the head of the movement. Miracle upon miracle! The astonishment of the youth who receives this communication may well suspend his judgment: he requires an interval to collect himself and decide; and then, dismissing his strange visitor, shuts himself up to think. In that interval he takes a step which commits him for life. It is but a step from Lincoln's-inn to Downing-street. His faith in the people is shaken. He sees in this theory of regeneration nothing but folly and bloodshed. His reason revolts from all participation in it. And the next chamber to which we follow him is the closet of the minister, to whom he makes his new confession of faith, and gives in his final adherence.

“Reader, the violent little man was William Godwin, the author of the ‘Political Justice,’ and the convert was George Canning.”

Such is our author's account of Mr. Canning's conversion. That a mind like his could have long continued deluded by the puerilities or the plausibilities of the revolutionary jargon, we cannot for a moment suppose; but it required no small resolution to sever himself at once from the great whig authorities whom he had been accustomed to look up to with respect, and who had already treated him with much distinction, and to take his part with their political opponents. But “the times were out of joint.” A fearful convulsion seemed nigh at hand; already the low mutterings of the thunder were heard, and the lightning flashes might be seen, which portended the coming storm. And no thoughtful man could look upon the consequences of giving a loose to the violence of a revolutionary multitude, without misgivings which might well “give pause” to the theorising imaginings which might prompt the desire for a more perfect system of constitutional liberty. Nor are we to forget that much might have been seen by one who had been behind the scenes, in the characters of the “new light” politicians, to whom high places were to be assigned in the untried system which was to be set up as soon as the monarchy had been overthrown, by which a refined

and cultivated mind must be offended. The hollow pretensions and the vulgar presumption of the apes and the mountebanks who were to be installed in office, upon the supercession, by revolutionary violence, of the established authorities, were not calculated to awaken any hopeful emotions in the philanthropist who speculated upon the chances and changes of human affairs. And, upon the whole, a young man of Mr. Canning's intelligence must have seen the folly, if not the frenzy, of the course upon which he would be expected to enter, had he, by any overt act, plighted his troth to the democratic leaders. It is true, that by joining the administration of Pitt, his own personal interests were best cared for; but we see no ground for imputing to him the baseness of bartering his principles for the wages of a mercenary; nor was the cause which he espoused by any means at that period so triumphant as to render his change of view a certainly gainful speculation. The game was a bold and hazardous one which the prime minister resolved to play, and the chances were often in favour of his antagonists, amongst whom were to be found some of the ablest and most unscrupulous debaters in parliament. These he must be prepared to encounter, under the disadvantage of being regarded as little less than a deserter from their ranks; and we feel assured that nothing short of a force of conviction such as it would be wickedness to resist, could compel the young politician to enter upon the hazard, as well as the odium, of such a contest. We do not claim for Mr. Canning any insensibility to worldly advantages, or any romantic or chivalrous sense of honour. But we think it only due to him to express our belief, that he had outgrown the errors of his earlier days, that he had become fully awakened to the perils to which England would be exposed if the democratic faction prevailed, and that he was chiefly influenced, in the part which he took, by a desire to avert from his country the horrors of a frantic revolution.

The first services of the new recruit were some able speeches in which he supported the war policy of his great leader. His biographer, who is little short of jacobinical in his predilections,

can see no justification for that war. We would have thought, at this time of day, so able a man could not be so blinded. The truth is, that Pitt stood more in need of justification for not having entered upon hostilities earlier, than for having at length, and most reluctantly, been compelled to abandon the pacific and financial projects which he had long and fondly entertained, by such demonstrations on the part of the regicides as made it clearly manifest that they would not regard their work as done while a crowned head remained in Europe. Had Burke's advice been followed, hostilities would have earlier commenced; and had they been but vigorously prosecuted, a speedier termination might have been calculated upon, and a long and wasteful expenditure avoided. It was no measure of change of dynasty, or of national reform, by which Britain was justly provoked. These are matters respecting which wise men may entertain strong opinions, but with which they will be slow to intermeddle. As long as the good or evil resulting from such changes is confined to the people amongst whom they are made, it can furnish no ground for interference to those who are practically unaffected by them. But if they involve, of necessity, a spirit of propagandism, which threatens surrounding countries with convulsion and ruin; and if this be manifested by overt acts, repeated, systematic, deliberate, and universal, such as could not be connived at without a compromise of every interest which the governors of a country are bound to maintain, then it is plain that the parties *originating* the war are no other than those by whose wanton aggressions it has been *necessitated*; and that the minister would be infatuated who could defer his preparations against coming dangers, until events might render them unavailing. Whatever may have been the notions which the young politician entertained of reform, there can be no doubt that he entered heartily into the views of Mr. Pitt, respecting the necessity of meeting, by a vigorous resistance, the inroads of Gallican aggression. His biographer observes:

"It seems to have been Mr. Canning's main determination to avail himself, in

this session, of every proper occasion which offered, for making a clear declaration of his principles, on all the great questions which were then before the country. He left nothing in doubt as to the course which he felt it his duty to pursue; and even they, who dissented most strongly from his opinions, were compelled to applaud the candour and integrity with which he avowed them. He spoke only three times during the session: the first time on the subsidy to the King of Sardinia; the second, on the review of certain circumstances in the campaign just then closed; and the third, on the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. The first and second may be taken as declarations in favour of the war; and the third, as the announcement of his determination to support Mr. Pitt in any measures which he should consider necessary for its maintenance."

Our author makes a distinction between opposition to French principles, and resistance to French aggression. The latter he admits to be justifiable, while he protests against the former. But if French principles prompted and directed French aggression, it would be difficult to combat French aggression without contending against French principles. The one was but the manifestation of the other; the overt act by which the animus was betrayed, which, as long as it was suffered to subsist in power, must disturb the repose of Europe. The French executive were a banditti rather than a government; and before any satisfactory termination of hostilities could take place, the governing power must assume such a shape as would guarantee the inviolability of international arrangements. Whether such a consummation was to be brought about by the restoration of the old regime, or the establishment, in some permanent form, of a new one, which would inspire confidence and command respect, were matters respecting which Mr. Pitt did not concern himself, beyond what the interests of Great Britain required. But until some substantive government was formed, by which anarchy might be quelled, and a mad spirit of propagandism repudiated, it was clear that there could be neither honour nor safety in any negotiations for the termination of the war. Mr. Bell may call this, if it so pleases him, a war

against opinion; but its true name is a war rendered necessary by the prevalence of opinions and principles, which, as long as they continued to be entertained and acted upon, must have rendered all hope of lasting peace delusive. The young ally of administration was, therefore, strenuous in his adherence to the Pitt policy, and merited, on many occasions, the warm approbation of his leader. At the close of the session of 1795, he became under secretary of state for the foreign department, and for the next two years devoted himself so assiduously to the duties of his office as to acquire an official expertness fully equal to his parliamentary reputation.

Nor was it in office, or by his exertions in the House of Commons, alone, that Canning rendered himself useful to the party with which he was now identified. The press was made available for the propagation of the opinions and the sentiments by which the public mind was to be moulded and animated; and the young politician found leisure, notwithstanding the pressure of the various duties which claimed so large a share of his attention, and no one of which was ever neglected, to be a frequent contributor to a publication which extended rapidly in circulation, and by its pointed satire and vigorous reasoning, contributed materially to the ascendancy of the views and principles which he deemed it desirable to maintain.

"The first number of the 'Anti-Jacobin' or 'Weekly Examiner,' was published on the 20th of November, 1797. The avowed purpose of this journal was to expose the vicious doctrines of the Revolution, and to turn into ridicule and contempt the advocates of them in this country. The work originated with Mr. Canning, who wrote the prospectus, and contributed some of its ablest articles. Mr. Gifford was the editor, and amongst the writers were Mr. John Hookham Frere, Mr. Jenkinson, Mr. Geo. Ellis, Lord Clare, and Lord Mornington, afterwards Marquis Wellesley. It occupied the opposite ground to that which had formerly been taken up by the 'Rolliad' and the 'Probationary Odes,' but 'with a difference.' The wit and vigour (and scurrility) of the 'Anti-Jacobin' left behind, at an immeasurable distance, the gentlemanly satire of the Whigs.

"Wherever the wit of the 'Anti-Ja-

cobin' is irresistible, the reader may conclude that he has detected the hand of Canning; but there was such a co-partnery in these things, and such a disinclination to separate each person's share, even were it possible to do so, that, with some marked exceptions, the authorship cannot now be ascertained with certainty. The work closed in 1798, and during its brief existence, Mr. Canning wrote largely for it. His connexion with it was well known at the time, nor was he ever disposed to disavow it. He declared in parliament, ten years afterwards, that he had no other source of regret for the share he had in it, except the imperfection of his pieces. But what that share was is to a great extent a matter of conjecture, to be determined by internal evidence."

Our readers require not to be told that Mr. Southey was at that time in his non-age as a public writer, and that under the delusion of false views of human nature, and erroneous notions of human society, very extravagant opinions were propagated by him, which served to countenance and confirm the popular delusion.

"In the creed of the day, every rich man was an oppressor, and every poor man a martyr. All such generalisations are fair game for the satirist, who pushes the argument to its extremity in the case of the Knife-grinder. He supposes that 'a human being in the lowest state of penury and distress is a treasure to a reasoner of this cast,' and that he 'refrains from relieving the object of his compassionate contemplation, well knowing that every diminution from the general mass of human misery must proportionably diminish the force of his argument.' The colloquy in which this philanthropic principle is illustrated possesses immortal merit as a piece of imitative versification; showing Mr. Southey's Sapphics in all their varieties, from the dancing rhythm with its fine swing of melody to the break down into flat ambling prose. As this poem may be considered Mr. Canning's *chef-d'œuvre* in this way, and is now rarely to be fallen in with, it is inserted here. But in order to quicken the enjoyment of its skilful wit, it is preceded by a specimen of Southey's Sapphics duly accentuated, as it was introduced by the author in the 'Anti-Jacobin':—

"Cold was the night wind: drifting fast the snows fell,
Wide were the downs, and abscissides and malds;
When a poor wanderer struggled on his journey
Wearied and waysore."

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

- "Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Blak blows the blast—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!
- "Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives
and
Scissors to grind O!'
- "Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind
knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?
- "Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?
- ("Have you not read the 'Rights of Man,' by Tom
Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Fifteenth story."

KNIFE-GRINDER.

- "Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.
- "Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
stocks for a vagrant.
- "I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir."
- FRIEND OF HUMANITY.
"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damn'd first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to
vengeance;
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!"

"Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his
wheel, and exit in a transport of republic-
an enthusiasm and universal philan-
thropy."

This is, surely, a most happy specimen of Mr. Canning's satirical and imitative powers. There are certain weeds, which, if only cut down, will grow again even more vigorously; but if severed from the root, just below the surface of the soil, are sure to perish. Just such a service this distinguished man rendered, by his mode of dealing with the false philosophy and the pseudo-sentimentalism which were running wild at this period in our popular literature. "Ridiculum acri fortius ac melius secat res." And many a chimera, which, if assailed by weighty argument, would laugh to scorn opposition, and only flourish under the blows which were dealt for its destruction, falls at once, and never to rise

again, under the quiet scorn by which, as by a magnifying glass, its enormities and absurdities are reflected. Prove to a man that he is a sophist, and you may only raise him in his own estimation; not so if you show that he is a fool; and that the fancies upon which he pranked himself, and by which he hoped to earn a crown of laurel, are only deserving of a *cap and bells*. This service the young novice at Downing-street well performed. Many able men, who afterwards became honourably distinguished by their writings upon the side of religion and loyalty, were then fully enlisted with the partizans of revolution; and the merciless castigation which they received, was necessary not only to counteract the mischief they were endeavouring to do, but to deter others from copying their example. Southey and Coleridge, even when brought to their better mind, never ceased to feel sore upon the subject of their early flagellations. In the maintenance of their young opinions they were passionately, and even superstitiously sincere; and their conversion was nothing more than the natural growth of their faculties, and the riper judgment of a more enlarged experience. If they were, themselves, alone, to be considered, a gentler treatment would not only be more humane, but might have been more availing. But they were the leaders of sections; the setters-up of a school; in which literature was to be pressed into the service of politics, and youthful enthusiasm directed to objects incompatible with social order; and merely to deal with them as erring but reclaimable individuals, would not sufficiently answer the end in view. Public opinion was diseased; and those who contributed to produce, or to keep up, the unhealthy action by which it was characterized, must be victimised, if the evil was to be arrested. We do not say that Mr. Canning merely obeyed the dictates of a sound judgment when he dealt his caustic satire so unsparingly amongst his political opponents. He was following the bent of his nature. He was indulging his favourite propensities, when he thus applied the dissecting knife to the follies which he delighted to lay bare. No sportsman ever pursued his game with a higher

zeal of enjoyment; nor was his satisfaction diminished, by considering that in thus contributing to banish and drive away erroneous and strange political doctrines from the minds of his countrymen, he was highly gratifying the master whom he served, and most effectually forwarding his own advancement.

Nor would it be easy to over-estimate the services, at this critical period, of so accomplished a politician as Mr. Canning, both in the house and out of it. Hitherto the measures of the minister had not been crowned with success. Among the contingencies upon which he calculated, as subserving the cause of the enemy, Napoleon Bonaparte was not numbered. It did not enter into his imagination to contemplate this military prodigy re-uniting the scattered elements of the revolutionary party; out of chaos producing order; creating a body, and infusing into it a soul; and ruling both with a fiery determination, as masterful and energetic as ever wielded the resources of a great empire. This was the first accident by which the calculations of Mr. Pitt were "let and hindered." The second was the misconduct of the allies. While they were insatiable in their greed of gold, and Britain was expected to satisfy their cravings for the subsidies by which they were to be bribed, or enabled to defend themselves, their exertions by no means corresponded with the sacrifices which were made to obtain them. And while the empire was becoming every day more and more burdened with debt, the power of France was becoming more formidable; and, to human foresight, we seemed further than ever from the end which was sought to be attained. All this furnished the opposition with powerful weapons for attack. And it was while the rebellion was raging in Ireland, on the 11th of December, 1798, that Mr. Tierney made his celebrated motion, recommending negotiations for peace. Mr. Canning rose to reply, and his biographer tells us—

"Delivered a speech which for compass of reasoning, and masterly elocution, might well have drawn an expression of admiration from Mr. Pitt. This magnificent display of eloquence fairly electrified the

house—the previous dulness disappeared—members crowded in—and the orator held the senate suspended in wonder and delight. It is not too much to say of this speech, that it is one of the greatest—in some respects the most complete, that was delivered on the ministerial side in reference to the war. We had at that time, too, passed out of the mere abstract question: it was no longer speculation; experience had thrown unexpected lights upon the subject; we had tested our strength through triumphs and reverses; we had tested our alliances also, and found some of them frail, selfish, and cowardly; Austria and Prussia had at different times made peace with France, in violation of their engagements with us; Spain, Holland, and Sardinia were overawed by the arms of the republic; our situation was no longer the same as when we commenced the crusade, and that which was at first a question of policy, open to doubts and difficulties, had now become a point of honour with ministers—a calculation in which they were to strike the balance between glory and shame.”

His reputation was now established as a first-rate parliamentary debater. The highest offices of the state were before him, and he had only to persevere steadily in the course upon which he had so successfully entered, to attain the highest objects of his ambition.

But Pitt's administration was verging towards its dissolution. The Irish rebellion had been successfully put down. The union had been accomplished; and as, during the negotiations which led to it, the minister had committed himself by pledges, that the Roman Catholics should be emancipated, which pledges the royal scruples had rendered him unable to redeem, he resigned office rather than consent to carry on the government upon terms which would compromise his personal honour.

Our author is “*suo more*” diffuse in his declamation about Ireland's grievances; and we cannot afford space, on the present occasion, to deal with his ignorance and charlatany as it deserves. But we fancy there are few of our well-informed and sober-minded readers who will not acknowledge that George the Third knew the spirit of Popery better than Mr. Pitt, and that his reasons against violating his conso-

nation oath, by consenting to the repeal of the disabling statutes, was far more creditable both to his natural sagacity and his moral sense, than the subtleties and subterfuges of the intriguing jurists and politicians who, in dealing with this momentous subject, would

“From the body of contraction pluck the very soul,
And sweet religion makes a rhapsody of words.”

Then followed the Addington administration. Never did a man succeed to the burden of office laden with greater responsibilities than those with which the new premier must have felt himself charged. Ireland in a state of smouldering discontent, where the traitorous ashes only covered the fire; the fleet in a state of mutiny, or only just recovering from it, and ready at a signal to take the navy into French ports; a shock given to public credit by the suspension of currency payments at the bank; the armies of the republicans invariably triumphant; and France ruling the Continent as Britannia rules the waves; an opposition which might be called the best allies of the French rulers; active, daring, unscrupulous, and malignant; deprecators of our own efforts and resources, and ostentatiously laudatory of those of the enemy. Such were a few of the clouds which hung suspended over the new ministry, when Mr. Addington was called to the helm of power. And had he not possessed an honesty of purpose which nothing could pervert, and the bravest of English hearts, he would have declined a position so beset with difficulties and so fraught with dangers.

Whether Pitt's scruples upon the Emancipation question were the sole cause of his retirement, or merely the feather that turned the scale, other and weightier motives inclining his judgment in the same direction, it would not be easy, at this period, to say; and we look with some interest to the forthcoming memoirs of the late Lord Sidmouth, for revelations by which some mysteries may be cleared up, which still continue to perplex the political inquirer. But that Pitt was heartily sick of the war, and worried almost to death by the opposition with which he had, almost single handed, to

contend; and that he was desirous of peace, if it could be had upon any terms compatible with the safety of the country, and imagined that it might be more successfully negotiated by another than by himself, who had been such a leader and principal in the war, it may not be unreasonable to conclude, as Mr. Addington most certainly undertook office relying upon his support; and it is scarcely conceivable that he would have undertaken it, had he any reason to apprehend his hostility.

But it has often been remarked, that the hour of greatest darkness is that which immediately precedes the dawn; and so it proved on the present occasion—the clouds which portended so fearful a storm dispersing almost as rapidly as they had collected. In Egypt, the French met their first decided check—the conquerors at Aboukir and Acre rudely dissipating Napoleon's dream of eastern empire. In Ireland the insurrection under Emmet, a sort of after-birth of ninety-eight, was promptly put down. The peace had already been negotiated by Lord Cornwallis, and upon terms which, if they met not the hearty support, at least received the quiet recognition of the late prime minister. The public credit was restored; and our gallant sailors were put into such good humour by the frankness and liberality with which their reasonable complaints were redressed, that no fear need any longer be entertained that they would pass over to the enemy.

Pitt, it is to be observed, honourably observed his implied engagement to give a general support to Mr. Addington's administration. But not so his followers and dependants. Mr. Canning could not but regard the minister as the occupant of a station not his own. He was, he thought, now reaping where he had not sown. The toil and the bloodshed of former years, the storms and earthquakes which had tested the firmness and taxed the energies of the son of Chatham, were but the needful processes through which the grain was gradually ripening, which now ensured us a golden harvest; and there is some excuse for a man of George Canning's sanguine temperament and ambitious yearnings, when he regarded with an angry jea-

lousy such an interloper as the then prime minister, putting in his sickle, and loading his granaries, with the fruits of his illustrious predecessor's unbending spirit and lofty determination. But his opposition exceeded all proper bounds; we scarcely hesitate to call it unprincipled and malignant. And when he afterwards, at a more advanced period of life, encountered what he deemed a similar opposition, it is not unlikely that he was reminded of his offences at this period, and felt the treatment under which he suffered so severely, a sort of retributive justice for his misdeeds during the Addington administration.

The peace having been negotiated, and Pitt surfeited with retirement, before Mr. Addington had become so wearied by the cares of office as to be anxious to withdraw from the government, Canning was indefatigable in putting every engine to work which could compel him to relax his hold upon the seals. Nor was it long before the ministry crumbled to pieces. The peace, which all wise men foresaw could not be a lasting one, was but the precursor of a fiercer war. And in the event of hostilities, men's minds were naturally directed to "the pilot who had weathered the storm." Accordingly, in 1804, Pitt was called upon to resume his former station. It was his desire that the basis of administration should be extended, and that Fox and some of his friends should be brought into the councils of his sovereign. But this George the Third would not hear of. The proposition to confer office upon the great opponent of the revolutionary war was peremptorily rejected, and the minister was compelled to go on with crippled resources, and without the aid which would have made his task comparatively easy. Mr. Bell observes, that

"Canning's opinion of Pitt's position was made up even before his attempts at coalition failed. He saw that Pitt could not form a strong government; that the opportunity was lost for that union of parties, which recent circumstances had so singularly conspired to favour; and that a cabinet constructed upon any other principle must inevitably fail. He communicated his impressions to Pitt, before a single appointment was made out, assuring him, at the same time, that

for his own part, he would rather not take office, but that he was quite ready, if he could be of use, to do any thing Pitt desired; that the cabinet was out of the question, as he did not yet consider himself qualified, and that there were only two offices which seemed to come to him in the regular course of promotion—those of the Treasurer of the Navy and the Secretary at War. Pitt received this communication with his usual caution; went into the country, and in a day or two wrote to Canning, offering him his choice of the two offices he had pointed out. He selected the former."

Then came the administration of "all the talents," when the king found that Fox's services could no longer be dispensed with. But he, too, was near to his latter end, and before he was eight months in office, the ministry was virtually dissolved by his death; for although it continued to linger for some time longer, all men foresaw its doom. Its downfall was precipitated by an attempt to force upon the king the obnoxious measure of Catholic emancipation. To this administration Canning's hostility was quite as vigorous, if not as unvenomed, as that which he had indulged in towards the Addington ministry. The weight of indignation under which they sunk, arose from the apprehension that their pro-popery measures would compromise the safety of the Protestant Church. This was the ground taken by Mr. Percival and the high principled Protestants; and if the following stinging verses be, as our author suspects, the production of Mr. Canning, it cannot be supposed that he very vehemently discountenanced the cry of "the Church in danger," by the skilful, if not factious, employment of which, the new administration succeeded to power.

"ALL THE TALENTS.

"When the broad-bottom'd Junta, with reason at strife,

Resign'd, with a sigh, its political life;
When converted to Rome, and of honesty tired,
They gave back to the devil the soul he inspired;

"The demon of faction that over them hung,
In accents of horror their epitaph sung;
While Pride and Venality join'd in the slave,
And canting Democracy wept at the grave.

"Here lies in the tomb that we hollowed for Pitt,
Consistence of Grenville, of Temple the wit;
Of Eldmouth the firmness, the temper of Grey,
And Treasurer Sheridan's promise to pay.

"Here Petty's finance, from the evils to come,
With Fitzpatrick's sobriety creeps to the tomb;
And Chancellor Ego,* now left in the lurch,
Neither dines with the Jordan,† nor whines for the Church.

"Then huzza for the party that here is at rest,
By the spoils of a faction regretted and blest;
Though they sleep with the devil, yet their's is the hope,
On the downfall of Britain to rise with the Pope."

The Duke of Portland was the nominal head, Mr. Percival the efficient leader of the new government. The office of Foreign Secretary was conferred upon Mr. Canning, and he soon had an opportunity of rendering his country an important service. The power of Napoleon was now supreme upon the Continent. The peace of Tilsit may be said to have divided Europe between him and Alexander. Every secret preparation was made for the purpose of forcing neutral nations into an alliance against England, so as to bring to bear upon her the whole naval power of Europe, "and specifically the fleets of Portugal and Denmark."—

"While the emperors were thus partitioning Christendom on a raft on the Niemen, Mr. Canning was forming a plan for the protection of England against the imperial conspiracy. The first intimation the world had of his design, was the sudden appearance, in the month of August, of an English fleet in the Sound, the bombardment of Copenhagen, and the capture of the whole navy of Denmark."

It would be difficult to say, whether this bold stroke was regarded with more consternation by our friends or our enemies. The opposition were open mouthed against the apparent violation of neutral rights. They contended that there was no ground whatever for imputing to the high contracting parties to the treaty of Tilsit, the perfidy with which they were charged; and that the aggression was utterly indefensible upon any principle recognized by the law of nations. They demanded to see the article in

* Lord Erskine.

† Mrs. Jordan.

the treaty to which reference was made. It was replied, that it was a secret article. Buonaparte proclaimed aloud, that there was no such article. His friend Alexander did the same. And, now, what was the fact? We give the answer in the words of Fouché, at that time the confidential agent of the French Emperor, as they appear in his memoirs, published in the year 1824, just seventeen years after the transaction occurred, and in which we have the following revelation :

“ About this time it was that we learned the success of the attack upon Copenhagen by the English, which was the first derangement of the secret stipulations of Tilsit, by virtue of which the Danish fleet was to be placed at the disposal of France! Since the death of Paul I., I never saw Napoleon give himself up to such violent transports of passion. That which astounded him most in that vigorous stroke (*vigoureux coup de main*) was the promptitude with which the English ministry took their resolution. He began to suspect some new treachery in the Cabinet, and gave me orders to ascertain if it had nothing to do with the ill-will created by a late removal—that of Talleyrand from the office of Foreign Secretary.”

This is surely decisive. Napoleon's suspicion of Talleyrand was quite unjustifiable ; as he was not removed from office until the eighth of August, 1809, at which time the British fleet must have been under weigh for Zealand. Ministers, it now appears, were fully informed of Napoleon's designs two months before the treaty of Tilsit was signed ; and the first intimation of it was communicated to the Duke of Portland by the Prince of Wales.

“ Ministers learned through this channel, that a plan was formed by Napoleon for surprising the Danish fleet, with the assistance of which he intended to invade the north-east coast of England, and that he also meant to avail himself of the Portuguese fleet for the same purpose. The proposal had in fact been made to Denmark, to include her in the continental system of blockading England ; and she accepted it, either from cowardice or ill-will, although she afterwards denied that she had ever assented. The same proposal was made

to the Regent of Portugal, who rejected it, and at once communicated the notable project to the Prince of Wales.”

That Mr. Canning and the ministry encountered much odium for this transaction, by which he and they were seriously damaged in public estimation, is most true ; but it is not less true, that in boldly acting upon his own responsibility, he frustrated the designs of the enemy, and averted from his own country a formidable danger. We would respectfully ask of his able biographer, whether he would be equally prompt and decisive in his action under the surveillance of a reformed parliament?

To Mr. Canning also belongs the merit of having seen from the first the importance of the Spanish contest. All his energy and all his eloquence were put into requisition, both within and without the house of commons, to stir up a feeling on behalf of the outraged liberties of the peninsula, and to aid the gallant Spanish people in their struggle for national independence. Our author claims for him the credit of an early appreciation of the transcendent merits of the Duke of Wellington as a military commander, and corrects the error of those who ascribe to Lord Castlereagh the first appointment of that illustrious man to the command of the forces sent into Spain. We can readily believe that Canning may have learned from Pitt the very high estimate which he had formed of the Duke from his services in India, and how much the modesty of his bearing, and the clearness and the simplicity of his statements won his confidence, and extorted his admiration. But we have no reason to believe that Lord Castlereagh did not fully concur in the recommendation of his distinguished countryman, for whom he cherished the warmest personal regard, and with whose great abilities he was well acquainted. Had Sir Arthur been continued in his command, the evacuation of Portugal would have been accomplished without the disgrace of the convention of Cintra ; but it is just within the scope of possibilities, that had it thus early appeared that the French troops were clearly over-matched in Spain, the Russian expedition would have been

postponed by Napoleon, for the purpose of concentrating all his energies upon the contest in the peninsula, and conducting in person the operations of the war. What the result, in such a case, might have been, it would be rash to affirm; but it cannot be doubted, that much of our success, at subsequent periods, arose from his mind being distracted by foreign objects.

Between Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh, no cordial good understanding subsisted; but the antipathy of the former carried him too far, when he insisted, as the *sine qua non* of his retention of office, that the former should be removed from the station which he held as secretary of war. Our author's feeling towards Lord Castlereagh is that of the most envenomed malignity. He can see in him nothing but a blundering incapacity by which the efficiency of the government measures was constantly compromised. But no one competently read in the history of the time can thus think of that distinguished man. He was not so brilliant as a debater as his more showy colleague; but, upon public affairs, his judgment was as sound as that of most men, and notwithstanding the flatnesses and the collapses to which as a public speaker he was subject, he sometimes rose into an eloquence by which his hearers were amazed. That he was treated ill in the transaction Mr. Bell acknowledges; but asserts that the blame did not rest upon Mr. Canning, but upon those to whom Mr. Canning's wishes were communicated, with a view that they might be conveyed to the secretary at war, and by whom a concealment was observed much longer than he approved of. But admitting that, our objection is to the entertainment of any such personal feeling at all. The truth appears to us to be, that Canning was a parvenu, who, forgetting his origin, exhibited occasionally such evidences of it as rendered it very unmistakable to other men. Notwithstanding the purifying processes through which he passed, as he rose into eminence, the son of the actress still retained some faint relish for the garishness and the waggy with which he was familiar during the earlier and more unimprovable portion of his existence. Lord Castlereagh, in all his

thoughts, words, and actions, was an assured and perfect gentleman. There can be no doubt that the demand for his dismissal took him by surprise, and that he vented against the originator of that demand the resentment which he should have reserved for those by whom the culpable concealment of it had been practised. But had Canning been either more discriminating, or less over-weening; had he had more of the modesty of genius, or less of the arrogance of talent intoxicated by its own success, he would have borne with the imperfections, such as they were, of his colleague, until a remedy might be found, without periling the existence of the administration. In such a case, the arbitrament of the pistol would not have been required, and much personal mortification would have been avoided. That the quarrel was prosecuted with unusual bitterness, if not deadly rancour, will appear from the following account of the duel, which we extract from the work of Mr. Bell:—

"The parties met on the 21st of September, near the Telegraph on Putney Heath, Lord Castlereagh attended by Lord Yarmouth (afterwards Marquis of Hertford), and Mr. Canning by Mr. Charles Ellis (afterwards Lord Seaford). Having taken their ground (in sight of the windows of the house where Pitt died!) they fired by signal, and missed. The seconds endeavoured to effect an accommodation, but failed, and they then declared that, after a second shot, they would retire from the field. The principals again fired, and Lord Castlereagh's ball entered Mr. Canning's thigh on the outer side of the bone. According to some accounts of the meeting they were placed to fire again, when the seconds, seeing the blood streaming from Mr. Canning's wound, interfered, and so the affair ended."

Then followed the Percival administration, in which the Marquis of Wellesley filled the foreign department, and was thus enabled powerfully to aid his illustrious brother in the contest going on in Spain. Canning took but little part in public affairs; but when he did appear in the house, he generally supported ministers. On one occasion he distinguished himself by his opposition to the government;

that was the celebrated report of the Bullion Committee, upon which, our author tells, us, he delivered a speech, "which, for beauty of illustration, mastery of principles, and sound reasoning, has never been surpassed at any period in any language."

Upon the assassination of Mr. Percival, Lord Liverpool succeeded to power; and Mr. Canning had more than one offer of high station in the ministry, which he was induced to decline from personal disinclination to act with Lord Castlereagh. The foreign secretaryship was placed at his disposal, connected with the stipulation, that Lord Castlereagh should lead in the House of Commons;—but rejected because he deemed the acceptance of such a condition incompatible with his personal honour. He lived, Mr. Bell tells us, to regret this ill-timed indulgence of temper; and notwithstanding his personal objections to taking office with Lord Castlereagh as leader of the Commons, a very short interval had elapsed when he accepted the Lisbon embassy, under Lord Castlereagh, as secretary of state for foreign affairs."

At his return from the Lisbon embassy, he accepted the office of President of the Board of Control, which he continued to hold until the proceedings against the unfortunate Princess of Wales took place, to which his personal feelings towards her would not suffer him to be a party. In 1822, he was nominated by the Board of India Directors, as Governor-General of India. This appointment, both he himself and the public regarded as a kind of lucrative and honourable banishment; but before he left England, the suicide of his old rival, Lord Castlereagh, produced such a change in affairs, as rendered his detention at home desirable, when the seals of the foreign office were again placed at his disposal, and without the offensive condition which he had before so unwisely resented.

His foreign policy, Mr. Bell tells us, was distinguished by his antipathy to the Holy Alliance, and his sympathy with democratic movements tending to the disintegration of old states, and the establishment of independent communities, by which the right of a people to frame a system of government for

themselves might be avowed and vindicated. But he omits a consideration which we cannot but consider of some importance. Judging from the strength of Mr. Canning's antipathies, it would not be unreasonable to surmise that his views would be very much in opposition to those of Lord Castlereagh. Upon that, however, we cannot dwell at present. He now had another rival, who was running a race against him for the possession of the highest place in administration. This was Robert Peel. That distinguished man had hitherto signalized himself chiefly as the advocate of the exclusion of Roman Catholics from places of trust and power. He was regarded as the ablest of the champions of the Established Church, and his strength lay in the Protestant feeling of the empire. Against this Mr. Canning had no set off, which would be available to give him the victory over such an opponent. He accordingly set himself strenuously about realizing what the Americans call "political capital," and sought, by the brilliant prestige of his foreign policy, to win for himself such golden opinions, as might stand him in stead, when the time again came for determining who was to be his majesty's principal adviser. Such we conceive to be the key to his foreign policy. His annihilation of the Turkish marine by his interference in the affairs of Greece, and his calling a new world into existence, by acknowledging the independence of the South American Republics, might pass for mischievous charlatany or pure bombast, if they had not this concealed object, by which all the partizans of revolution and change would rally round him, when it became necessary to sustain his claims against the anti-papery pretensions of his more plausible rival.

Lord Liverpool's illness, which necessitated his resignation, soon brought matters to a crisis. Mr. Canning peremptorily refused to serve in any ministry, the head of which should oppose the Catholic claims, and he boldly claimed for himself the first place. The king yielded; an unhappy facility. The minister succeeded; an ill-starred success! The glittering prize towards which he had been looking all his life was in his

hands; and he never after enjoyed a moment of peace or tranquillity.

He first endeavoured to construct his cabinet out of the materials of the former ministry, and office was offered to all his late colleagues. It was declined by all with a singular unanimity.

It has been said that when Sir Robert Peel represented himself as unable to take office under Mr. Canning, because of his fixed and unalterable adherence to the principles which compelled him to oppose the admission of Roman Catholics to places of trust and power, he made a representation which was not true, as he had, on a previous occasion, so early as 1825, admitted to Lord Liverpool that he was unwilling any longer to persevere in supporting the policy of exclusion. This statement has been echoed in parliament by Lord George Bentinck; and the discussion to which it has given rise has been characterized by much personal bitterness. Much has been said on both sides to sustain and to disavow an accusation by which the premier felt that his honour was compromised. But into the asperities of personal controversy we never have suffered, and we will not now suffer ourselves to be drawn. Sir Robert's policy we have boldly impugned. Where character is vitally concerned, and when views and intentions are to be gathered from the words of reporters, whose reports were not submitted for revision to the individual most interested in their correctness, and that after an interval of more than seventeen years, we do think that the accused is placed at great disadvantage, and that the precedent may be a dangerous one which would be established by his hasty condemnation.

But if the intentions of Sir Robert may be gathered from his confidential communications with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, when he was home secretary, was the secretary for Ireland, they cannot be said to be in the least degree doubtful. Mr. Goulbourn (than whom we believe no public man ever stood higher with the respectable portion of all parties, for unswerving purity, and untainted honour); declares; that he believes he was possessed of the premier's inmost thoughts respecting the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities in 1825,

and that he does not believe an idea of assisting in such removal, or of foregoing his strenuous opposition to it, was for one moment entertained by him. Knowing the speaker as we do, we consider this as decisive as any collateral testimony can be upon such a subject. Both honourable gentlemen may by this be out of office. In the present state of parties it is not in their power, and it can scarcely be their wish, to remain in office long. But we agree with our able cotemporary "*The Times*," that the characters of public men are public property; and that the less of unnecessary vituperation with which they are loaded, the better both for them and for the country. Sufficient, and more than sufficient, will they all have to suffer amidst the strife of parties, and the chances and changes of human affairs. And had Lord George Bentinck been as experienced as he is both able and honest, he would not, we think, have consented to fight the battle of protection with the poisoned arrows which he has employed, or seek to baffle a government upon a measure in which they are clearly right, because he cannot get them to agree with him respecting other important interests of the empire. But, to return to our proper subject.

Canning's triumph was short lived. The harassing opposition which he experienced told fearfully upon his naturally susceptible frame. His death-illness was caught when dining with the chancellor at Wimbledon, and sitting incautiously in the open air, when heated by exercise; and he expired at Chiswick, a villa of the Duke of Devonshire's, in the fifty seventh year of his age;—the same villa and the same room to which Fox, under circumstances painfully similar, and at the same age, had also removed to die.

His death was regarded as a relief to his former friends, and a heavy blow and great discouragement to his former enemies. We think unwisely. Had he lived to carry emancipation, it would have been carried with restrictions which might have rendered it safe; and never would he have consented to legislate upon the subject under the influence of intimidation. O'Connell would have been made to

feel that nothing was to be got by swaggering; and the reformers might have adjourned to the Greek Kalends their hopes of mutilating, capsizeing, or metamorphosing the constitution; thus, if no great good was to be attained, great evil might have been avoided.

He came, a deserter from the whig camp, into the service of the tories; and he left a tory cabinet in possession of the whigs. We have already expressed our opinion that he was justified in the first change; the only thing to be regretted is, that it was never sufficiently thorough or well grounded. His sense of the absurdity of the various visionary theories of government which were afloat as thick as moats in the sun in his earlier days, was sufficiently strong and keen; and the evils of popular misrule he could not fail to perceive, as they were exhibited in the phantasmagoria of the French revolution. But the true foundation for a wisely-balanced system of social order he never sufficiently apprehended, and did not know, and could not understand, that it could be only securely laid upon the principles of true religion. He was, therefore, a tory from circumstances, a whig by nature; and when the pressure was removed which compelled him to take up arms against revolutionary violence, he was carried, by a kind of rebound, into his former position, and became as active in kindling a new fire as he had been useful in extinguishing the old conflagration. He in some measure resembled the knavish rat-catcher, who takes care, in banishing the vermin which he is hired to kill, always to leave seed enough to give him employment at a future day.

The connexion of Canning and other distinguished men with what was called "the Catholic question," was a calamity both to themselves and to the empire. It was suffered to interfere with various arrangements which might have been adopted with advantage to the public; and in the end disorganized the government, and prepared the way for that influx of popular violence which threatens, sooner or later, to prove our ruin. It was like one of those *mesalliances* with a termagant mistress, which often prevents a happy and an honourable marriage. Had Canning only understood and valued

the Church to which he belonged, and expended the same amount of anxious thought in strengthening its bulwarks and purifying its administration, as he did in promoting, however unconsciously, the growth of superstition, and contributing to the aggrandizement of the Church of Rome, he would have accomplished a good for which the present generation and a remote posterity would recognize him as a benefactor to his country and to the world. But, although pure minded, honourable, and benevolent, he was *not* a religious man; and those institutes and principles which have reference to the immortal part of our nature, and regard the well-being of man as a responsible moral agent, for endless ages, he contemplated chiefly, if not merely, in their temporal subserviency to the uses and purposes of this present existence. Hence, as a politician, he was glittering, superficial, unsound, and equivocal; and although the blows which he dealt laid prostrate the giant revolution, in the guise of reform, the countenance which he showed to the Popish faction (which had not, we admit, in his day, taken the offensive attitude which it afterwards assumed), may be said to have undermined the bulwarks of the British empire.

As an orator, he was smart and clever, rather than profound and sagacious. His speeches are piquant rather than racy, and resemble tastefully cultivated gardens, rather than spacious landscapes. There are to be found in them the exotics of every clime, tastefully culled, and gracefully trimmed, rather than those vigorous productions,

"Which Nature, boon,

Pours forth profuse, o'er hill, and dale, and plain."

and by which the speaking of the more eminent of the worthies in the school of British oratory is distinguished. But if not often forcible, he was always pointed; and if his reasonings lacked argumentative sequence, they were never deficient in polished wit, by which he sometimes dazzled, sometimes tickled, and sometimes pierced his adversary, until the stoutest of his antagonists were ready to cry, "hold, enough;" and suffered more under the fire of his light artillery, by which they were confounded and disconcerted, than they might have done, from weapons which would have inflicted more

grievous wounds. If the speeches of the right honourable gentleman do not furnish forth the most substantial intellectual repast, they are the very best specimens which we know of the confectionary of elocution.

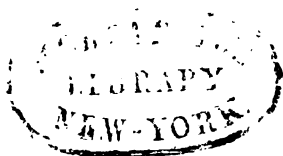
His foreign policy, with the exception of his noble advocacy of the revolutionary war, and the war in the peninsula, was rash and egotistical. He assumed, Mr. Bell tells us, that England should hold, not only "the balance of power, but the balance and principles;" and he aided to the utmost in the dismemberment of states, when a triumph was to be given to the democratic element struggling for ascendancy over established institutions. A principle was thus admitted, which, if acted upon by other powers, would be fatal to the integrity of the British empire. By it, if extensively adopted, what Shakspeare calls

"The unity and married calm of states"

would be disturbed, and where harmony prevailed, "confusion worse confounded" would be triumphant.

In the end, he attained the summit of his wishes. But his elevation was

an unhappy one; for he rose like the aeronaut, and found it necessary to throw over the ballast of principle before it was attained. The genius of Whiggery seemed to place him on an eminence, from whence he might survey the most dazzling objects of human ambition, and say to him—"All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." The worship was not actually rendered; but he had not the virtue to rebuke the foul fiend, or resist altogether his treacherous allurements. And soon he began to experience that all was vanity. When the intoxication of success had passed over, he felt that his position was hollow and insecure; and that to maintain it, he must not only abandon old connexions, but rely upon old opponents for support, with whom, sooner or later, a day of reckoning must come, when he must consent either to abandon power, or desert the principle of resistance to reform which, during his whole life, he had maintained. We cannot but think that it was happy for him to have been saved from these embarrassments by "Azrael, the angel of Death."



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Vol. XXVIII.

ADVENTURES IN THE PACIFIC—DR. COULTER AND HERMAN MELVILLE.*

It is now more than three centuries since Magelhaens entered, and Drake crossed the Pacific, and though its general bearings are pretty well known, there are in this vast Sahara of the sea whole groups of islands with which we can scarcely call ourselves acquainted, save as to their sites and aspects, and single islets almost unknown. This ocean was indeed explored in the eighteenth century by such enterprising mariners as Behring, Anson, Byron, Bougainville, Cook, Vancouver, Broughton, and La Perouse, and in the present age the voyages of Entrecasteaux and Krusenstern, and the surveying and scientific expeditions made from time to time under the direction of our own government, especially those of Beechey and Fitzroy, have greatly extended our information on the subjects of the navigation, botany, meteorology, and some other departments of knowledge in these regions; but there are two classes of persons to whom we are mainly indebted for an intimate acquaintance with the native tribes of the Pacific islands, as well as for a more minute knowledge of their localities—these are, the missionaries and the whalers. The well known names of Marsden, Ellis, and Williams, will occur to our readers as among the former class, and in the latter, together with Bennett and others, we are to place the writers of the works be-

fore us. Dr. Coulter, whom we take first, bears a name not new to the scientific world, or unknown to those who take an interest in enterprising travel; he is, we have learned, nearly related to that distinguished botanist who formed the Coulter collections, now in the possession of Trinity College, Dublin, who in his zeal for knowledge adventured in regions where no white man had been seen before, gave up the fair hopes of professional advancement, freely expended a considerable private fortune, and sacrificed all the vigour of as manly a frame as ever engaged in any service. Our present Dr. Coulter is an M.D., who having, like Humbolt, when young, a decided taste for travel, and being resolved to see a good deal of the world before he settled down, engaged himself as surgeon on board a whaler destined for the South Seas. His work is a well told narrative of bold adventures, interspersed with information which shows that the author knows how to observe, and all presented in so unpretending a form as to make us wonder that one who had so much to say could, in these compiling days, say it in a single and very small volume. There is one fact mentioned in the book which, had it no other attractions, would give it importance with the public—that is, the discovery of coal in large quantities, in an uninhabited island of the Pacific, called Chatham

* *Adventures in the Pacific.* By John Coulter, M.D. Dublin: Curry and Co. 1845.

Narrative of a Residence in a Valley of the Marquesas Islands. By Herman Melville. London: Murray. 1846.

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island, which although known to our seamen, and sailed round and described, as regards the neighbourhood of its shores, by Captain Fitzroy and Mr. Darwin, appears to have been first traversed by Dr. Coulter, who explored it alone, remaining there more than a week, and who is certainly the first person who has made us acquainted with its interior. At a moment when steam is making a pathway o'er the deep, and packet stations are in the course of being established, linking the remotest countries of the earth in a direct communication with England, as the centre of commerce, the discovery of a coal depot in this region of the Pacific is a fact of great interest, and as such we give it the prominence it deserves. The "*Adventures*" will, no doubt, prove to most of our readers, the "metal more attractive," and we shall therefore proceed to notice them, first giving a programme of our author's track. He engaged in a fine, new-built vessel, named the *Stratford*, commanded by an experienced seaman, Captain Abijah Lock, and sailed from Spithead in October, 1832. When in the latitude of 45° N., they encountered a tempest which we refer to as described with spirit, and which it appears was more like a typhoon off the coast of Japan than an Atlantic gale. On getting between the tropics, the author remarked, that though the sky was a clear blue it was monotonous as compared with its appearance in higher latitudes, but the sea, he says, has the charm of endless variety. It is of a dark blue colour, and on looking deep into it, is found to teem with life. The flying-fish is seen endeavouring to escape from the dolphin, and thousands of bonitos and albicans attend the ship, while whales of every kind are ploughing along before it. Birds, too, give an interest to the scene. Hundreds of miles from any land, the Cape pigeon, "a beautiful white bird, with a few black spots," comes flying around the ship, and the Tropic bird, "about the pigeon size, of a pure white, with two long feathers in the tail, and a red bill, called by sailors the 'boatswain,' as it sails over the ship, looking well at it, apparently to see if all is right and ship-shape." Altogether, our doctor is impressed with a conviction, which he is very likely to convey to his readers, that life at sea is anything but monotonous.

This voyage, which, it appears, was not the author's first, lasted for four years, and his adventures lay chiefly amongst the Gallapagos, a group of islands lying under the equator, between 89° and 92° W. long. and the Marquesas, some hundreds of miles further west. He then sailed south to that dangerous coralline archipelago, the Low islands, thence south again to Tahiti, and having visited most of the islands in the northern and southern Pacific, returned to England in the year 1836. Our doctor was, at one time, pressed into the service of a savage king, compelled to take part in a very sanguinary engagement, tattooed against his will, made a chief, per force, and rigged out as such, in the dress, or undress, of Indian costume, reappeared among his wondering messmates. We have thus his adventures in many lines—in exploring, whaling, shooting, fishing, but in all the book not a word on the more ordinary topic of love, save indeed that once, in an isle of palms, he is offered in marriage a maid of honor, with a dowry in land and kine, all which, unlike most adventurers, whether in works of imagination or in the prose of life, he sternly declines, and leaving this Ariadne of the south, returns, unenchanted, in his whaler home.

Having thus glanced at his voyage in the general, we shall now, as far as our limits permit, cull from our author's pages in detail whatever appears likely to interest our readers. On nearing the coast of South America, the *Stratford* first anchors at the Falkland islands, which are called by our southern seamen the "egg-market," and with much propriety, except that it differs from most markets in the two particulars of there being no people there, and nothing to pay. Geese, penguins, and albatross have colonized this place, building their nests in streets from two to three miles long, and from three to six broad. Having procured some six or seven tons of eggs, and fired a twelve-pounder, to see how the birds would like it, they weighed anchor, and after a beating-match of about three weeks, rounded Cape Horn. They coasted along, putting into most of the ports of Peru and Colombia, and then made for the Gallapagos islands. This group lies between five and six hundred miles to the westward of the American coast, and

consists, as Dr. Coulter tells us, "of six large, and seven smaller islands." They are of volcanic formation, and of two kinds, one consisting of scorise and lava, the other of finely stratified volcanic sandstone, without any lava, and the latter take very beautiful forms. The largest, Albermarle, is sixty miles long and fifteen broad, with a summit rising to about 4000 feet above the level of the sea. They abound in land tortoises, from which circumstance the Spaniards gave them the name of *Islas de los Galapagos*, or islands of Land Turtles. Although under the equator, the climate is not oppressive, owing to the low temperature of the surrounding sea. The Stratford anchored first at Charles Island, where there is a fine beach known by the name of "Pat's Landing." From this, up to the mountains, the country is described as very beautiful, with rocks of an irregular and fanciful appearance, and deep and rich foliage, especially as you ascend. The lower parts of the islands are, in general, bare looking. Dr. Coulter's "Adventures in the Pacific" comprise not merely his own, but the stories of some of those Robinson Crusoe characters who from time to time have taken up their dwelling in one of the desert islands of the ocean, and there are few of them, we are told, without a solitary inhabitant of this description. The person after whom the landing place in Charles's island was called, was, as his name implies, an Irishman. He had the national predilection for rows, and shared in the revolutionary wars of Chili, Colombia, and Peru, and partaking a little of the spirit of agitation, and having been discovered as the framer of several plots to mutiny and take the ship—a whaler, in which he had engaged—the captain thought that the best way to dispose of him was to put him on shore on the nearest land, which proving to be a desolate island, there he was left. He had food enough, doves and land-tortoise, but would, at first, have died for want of water, only that he made out a substitute in the juice of the prickly pear and the cabbage tree. He afterwards found out some fine water springs, built a hut, and had a good deal of ground about it under cultivation, producing sweet potatoes, melons, pumpkins, and indian corn, with which, and with hogs and poultry, he had the monopoly of a trade with

such shipping as called there for some years. He was a daring and reckless fellow with, it appears, some force of character, for whenever runaway sailors appeared on the island, he contrived not only to enforce subjection, but even compelled them to work hard at his farm; so that they were uniformly very glad to get away. The close of his career was characteristic. Thinking it proper to have a queen, he went to Guyaquil to choose one, and as he rather preferred doing all things irregularly, he there made love to the wife of another man—a Spaniard—and was successful. He had actually placed her in his boat, and was putting off, when her husband came to claim her, jumped in, and a struggle ensuing, Pat was stabbed to the heart. Dr. Coulter knows the stories of many such Crusoes, and gives an account of one other, named Johan Johnston, a Swede, who is still alive, and now monarch of all he surveys on James's Island. The Stratford next made for Chatham Island, and as they neared it, they found the air scented with the fragrance of mint and other sweet herbs, borne by the breeze from its shores. They landed on a fine beach, inside which was a range of ponds which were covered with wild fowl; and a few yards farther on was an open space of about two acres, covered with grass and surrounded by a deep wood. As the island was uninhabited and no grog-shops there, the doctor advised that the crew should remain awhile, to recruit after their whaling labours. They accordingly set up their tents on the green sod we have described, and so abundant was the food on shore that they had no occasion for anything from the ship, except biscuit. Green turtle came in on the beach every night, and were easily taken; the lagoons were covered with wild duck, and large doves were so plenty as to be knocked down by a man's only throwing a stick amongst them. Besides these were the terapin, or elephant tortoise, of from two to four hundred pounds weight, mentioned before as giving their Spanish name to these islands, and always fine fish close in to the rocks. Having made all arrangements in regard to the health and comforts of the men, the doctor determined not to leave this beautiful island, where he had touch-

ed twice before, without making himself acquainted with its interior, and he accordingly prepared to explore it. Dressed in canvass trousers, a leathern jacket, to pass more easily through the bushes, and a cap of the same, with a belt to hold his small axe, knife, and ammunition pouch, and with, moreover, a canteen for water, and a pocket compass, our author left the encampment at sunrise on a lovely morning, receiving, as he departed, three cheers from the men. He directed his course inland, and for most of the first day got but slowly on, as he had to make his way through a thick wood, and often circuitously, to avoid the net-work of a wild, close-growing vine; towards evening, having, with great difficulty, advanced about eight miles, he got into a more open country, where he found numbers of terrapins feeding in the grass. Taking one of them, he made a fire, and cooking it on cross sticks, was thus provided with a supper. He then chose an elevated spot, near a rock—and cutting some branches, and collecting some long grass, made a hut and bed. This was his general plan of arranging for the night. Next morning, on coming out of his hut, the place appeared to him as all alive with birds of every kind, doves, canaries, mocking-birds, hawks, &c. all proceeding eastward, and so unused to man as to do the doctor the very great injustice of mistaking him for a post, perching on his shoulders and cap to rest themselves, and thus shewing that the fear of man is, as Mr. Darwin observes, an acquired instinct. This passage of the birds leads to an observation of some importance. "If," says our author, "any man who may be cast on an island like this, without any previous knowledge of it, only follows the birds, or keeps on after them, he is sure to fall in with that all-important thing—fresh water." On this useful topic he adds:—

"I have known men lose themselves through the interior of islands, and be found all but exhausted for the want of water, though there was plenty not far from them. This arose from their ignorance in not knowing how to look for it. It would be long before you would find a native of any of the islands to the westward so much deficient. Land one of them on

any uninhabited island, and he knows how to light his fire, where to find water and if there is anything fit for food growing on it.

"Another way to find water is to get up on a hill, or climb a tall tree, and look well round you in the valleys, or low grounds. If you see a patch of forest foliage of a livelier green than the rest, make straight for that, and you are almost sure to see the water. If the ground should be only moist, cut a branch or pole, flatten the end of it with your axe, and after digging down a little, so as to make a small hole, the water will come up soon.

"Then, again, if there is (about two or three hundred yards inside the beach) any spot of ground lower than the beach, and nearly on a level with the sea, by digging deep enough, the water will be found very fresh; and, if there cannot be obtained by all these means, a supply, there are always, in tropical climates, trees of a soft description, such as the cabbage-trees, &c. from which, by tapping the stem, or pounding the branches between stones, a quantity of juice may be obtained sufficient to allay thirst for a time, until the water could be hunted for.

"I have known some of our men, on others of these groups of islands, lose themselves, and be absent for five or six days in the bush, both too ignorant, and too lazy to find water, support nature, and quench their thirst by killing both terrapin and birds, and drinking their blood fresh; but such are the bounties of Providence, that, in the most torrid climates (except in actual sandy deserts) there is "water enough for every thing on it, if they only knew where to find it."

"Now, on those islands, and particularly the island I am now on, there is an immense number of birds—I mean land-birds (the sea-fowl keep to the rocks, beeches, and mangrove bushes close to them). Those birds cannot exist without water; and consequently there must be enough. Only go quietly along in search of it, and if you cannot fall in with it immediately, cool your mouth with some soft vegetable matter."—pp. 97-99.

Two lines of hills, some of them of great height run along the whole length of the island, from east to west. Between them is a continued valley, about three miles broad, clothed with luxuriant grass, while the hill-sides are covered with rich timber. On the fourth day, Dr. Coulter descended into this silent valley. It

is about eight miles inland from the sea, on either side, and has a large stream of clear water, running through it in an easterly direction. About the middle of the valley the earth appeared to have fallen off from about the foot of one of the hills, leaving exposed to view some large black rocks. On going over to examine it, Dr. Coulter found them to consist of coal in vast abundance, and extending away in under the hills. There can be no misconception on this point, for as the day was closing, and as Dr. Coulter was about to prepare his evening meal, he cooked it on a wooden spit, before a fine fire of the new-found coal. He describes it as igniting quickly, flaming up, and burning after the cheerful manner of Kendal coal. There are, he adds, great hills of it, and he subsequently found coal again in another quarter of the island, with iron, and lead ore. Dr. Coulter remained in this valley for seven or eight days, and had thus very sufficient opportunities of examining it. He, in like manner, wandered over several of the other islands of this archipelago, and says that they have been very erroneously described as barren, destitute of water, and scarcely habitable. They are, he assures us, on the contrary, most fertile, and of great natural beauty, with fine harbours, fit for any sized vessel, and very little rise or fall of the tide. He expresses the wish that the Gallapagos islands were regularly taken possession of by England, as their position and natural resources may render them of great importance. As a steam station, and in the event of a passage being made across the Isthmus of Darien, they would, no doubt, be a very desirable acquisition.

Among the odd incidents of the doctor's walk, there is one which we must not omit—that is, his battle with the hawks. It occurred in the valley where, as we have said, he remained for some days.

"There were a great many splendid hawks hovering about; they were frequently some annoyance to me: when I killed either a goat or terrapin for food, they would hover round, screaming and making all sorts of noise, and sometimes seemed to think that I actually came there to butcher for them, for they would alight on the ground and hop

around me, sometimes would even jump on the carcass, have the impudence to look me straight in the face, and grapple the meat in their claws, and pull for the half with me; matters between us went so far that I was obliged to provide myself with a long stick, and knock them down as they came too close. They were immense and powerful birds, more like eagles than hawks. I fired a few shots among them, but they paid no attention to it, did not seem to fear the gun or its effects, and tormented me as much as ever, so that, at last I was obliged to compromise matters, by killing something and leaving it with them; then, when the chief body of them were engaged, I would start off and transact business for myself."—pp. 104, 105.

He had hardly adjusted matters with the hawks, when we find him in danger of a different description—that of becoming food for fish. On reaching the sea-side he indulges in a swim, but perceiving a whole shoal of sharks splashing about, attracted by his appearance there, he was glad to make a summary retreat. He next made for the place where he had left the crew encamped; but instead of being received, as he expected, with cheers, he found no one there, and the ship away. On looking round, however, he perceived a glass bottle, in which there was a note for him from the captain, saying that he was obliged to put off, but would call back, and directing him to a spot where he would find clothes and provisions. The doctor had to wait a fortnight before the ship returned, and made out that interval in shooting, fishing, and, being a practical man, in salting fish. He found abundance of salt among the rocks, and with it prepared a quantity of cod-fish, which the crew found well cured and dried on their return. They next stood away for California, and after visiting the chief places along the coasts of North and South America, came back to the Gallapagos, and thence worked their way westerly to the Marquesas. When about three miles off the island of Magdalena, called by the natives "Fetuiva," a fleet of canoes came out to meet them, with an interpreter, a native, who having served on board one of our ships, had picked up some English. They were also accompanied by the chief of the tribe which dwelt about the place to which the ship was going. The ship-captains have such small dependence on the natives of these islands, that it

is customary with them to have one or two of the head chiefs as hostages, before they allow the boats to engage in trade. Even then the boats are not allowed to land, and are secured by oars passing across from one to the other, to prevent the natives from upsetting them, as they sometimes do for the sake of some enticing article, which they are sure to get by diving for it. Treachery and theft are not peculiar to the Marquesas; they abound in most uncivilised tribes, and especially flourish in such places as Europeans and American traders frequent. The reckless masters and undisciplined crews of merchantmen have long and too often been the apostles of iniquity, and it is to be regretted that no means have been devised for the punishment of such offenders. This observation has been suggested to us by passages in each of the works before us, reflecting on the conduct of the captains and ship's companies of trading vessels, and which we commend to the consideration of our readers. The Marquesans are admirable fishers, and are about as much at home at sea, or in the sea, as on land. They have a method of taking fish, which demands great dexterity, and which is often attended with fatal consequences; this is with a small hand-net, fitted with a hook.

"The fisherman, in this case, must dive well down, close to the coral rocks, the net in one hand, and a stick about two feet long in the other. He dives, and applies the net to any hole or opening in the coral, and with the stick he pokes the fish from behind into it. There are two dangers attending this mode: one is the close vicinity, or unsuspected dash of a shark at the man; the other is, that if he has not his long bushy hair well secured, it might get loose, and hold him fast to the coral, the branches of which are here very strong.

"I saw an occurrence of this kind while on a fishing excursion with the natives. As fine a young man as I ever saw, went down in this manner, and while using his stick and net, his hair got loose, and became entangled. He apparently used cool but powerful exertion to disengage himself from the rocks. Another man dived to assist him, by some manœuvring, they both got to the surface, and into the canoe; the first-mentioned, with about four pounds weight of coral fast to his hair, which broke off at last, and both livid in the face, and blood oozing out of

ears, mouth, and nose. If any man, not possessing the coolness and presence of mind of these natives, had made use of violent and useless exertion, he would have been certainly drowned, for he could not with impunity remain so long under water as was necessary to extricate himself."—pp. 160-162.

The Marquesas were first discovered by Mandana, a Spanish voyager, in 1595, and were named by him after the Marquis Mendoza, then Viceroy of Peru. It is singular that the title of this nobleman's rank has remained as their appellation, while his family name has passed away. The Americans have, with no good reason, tried to give to a part of this archipelago the name of "the Washington Islands." The Marquesas are classed among the high islands, as their aspect is precipitous, and some of their mountains rise to the height of 5,000, or 6,000 feet; but Dr. Coulter informs us, that on coming in to land and taking excursions through the country, the scenery has a different look, presenting the character of irregular beauty and grandeur in all directions. Those who have not visited a tropical country can have no idea of the richness of the soil or the luxuriance of the vegetation. "Wherever you see a rock or precipice — and they well deserve the name, if irregularity, height, and nakedness can give it to them; their base and surrounding lowland is covered deeply with a never-ceasing, richly vegetable mould, throwing up the finest fruit trees and other large timber; and where the woods are not dense the very richest grass prevails." The valleys have always streams, usually of great beauty, and often forming magnificent cascades. In Nukahiva there is said to be one with a fall of 2,000 feet. The natives generally dwell in their valleys, scattered about. Their houses, which are always close to trees, resemble the longitudinal section of a single house, low in front and with a shed roof. They are thatched with the leaves of the bread-fruit or cocoa-nut, thickly put on, and the inside walls are covered with a close matting. Their sleeping arrangements are peculiar.

"Two long sticks or spars, run the whole length of the house near the back

wall, about six feet apart from each other—the intervening space covered deeply with either leaves or grass, and a fine mat over it. This is the bed for the whole household, and a very capacious one it is, considering their arrangements for lying on it. The head rests over one spar, the back of the neck supported by it. The feet or ankles are on the other. It is a curious sight to observe from under the mat, fifteen or twenty heads—sometimes more, sometimes less—along one spar, and double the number of feet and legs, according to their length, clear of the mat, along the other. After all, it is not a disagreeable arrangement. The bed is certainly soft, except the pillow part of it.

"In this state they will lie, talking and singing over affairs, until they fall asleep. The part of the house, or earthen floor in front of this sleeping contrivance, is used for domestic purposes—eating, nest-making, singing, and various other amusements."—pp. 166, 167.

The Marquesans have a species of theatre called their "tabooa," where they hold festivals and indulge in song. Their dances are revolting, indicating the lowest condition of morals, yet there are so many good traits about them, that under favourable circumstances, we might look for their rapid advancement.

There is, as we learn from Dr. Coulter, scarcely an island in the Pacific of any note, where there are not Europeans or Americans living among the natives, and adopting their usages in all respects. They are prized as assistants in their wars on account of being good shots. The natives, though dextrous in many things, and not unused to guns, cannot fire well. Their guns are commonly of a cheap, bad description, got from the shipping in exchange for refreshments. They cannot take aim well, or re-load quickly, so that, after an unavailing shot, the musket is, in their hands, an incumbrance. If a stranger aids them with his gun, they make him a chief, and show him all possible kindness; but if, from strong principle or weak nerve, he declines to do so, his life is not safe for an hour, and the youngest child that can speak is taught to use towards him a native expression which means "no good." These observations make a fit preface to Dr. Coulter's main adventure in the *Marquesas*. On reaching the large island of Hivooa or Santa Dominica,

he determined to stay on shore as long as the ship remained either at or in the neighbourhood of the island. When, therefore, the head chief came off to visit the ship, Dr. Coulter got into his boat, explained his objects and profession, rubbed noses, and exchanged names with him—all which, according to their usages in the South Seas, is equivalent to swearing an eternal friendship, and, as our doctor thought, to a guarantee for protection. He landed amongst them with his rifle and a good store of ammunition, was welcomed with singing and clapping of hands, and was the more popular, as, from having been before this occasionally at the island, he could by this time speak their language. After having regaled him with a well-dressed dinner of roast pig, fish, and yams, they asked him to shoot at something. To amuse them, he took from one of them a pearl-shell ornament, about the size of a saucer, placed it up in a tree, and firing at it from about the distance of two hundred paces, broke it in pieces. They pronounced it all chance, and set up another mark, when the result being the same, they exhibited what appeared to the doctor a very singular degree of joy, at the same time shaking their spears in the direction of the enemy. He soon afterwards discovers that they are at war, and that they count on his assistance. Before, however, consenting to take any part in their quarrel, he asked the cause of it, and ascertained that his friends were the aggrieved party, that their enemies were three times more numerous than they were, and that in their forays they carried off not only their food, but their children—making food of them. They had, in a late incursion, taken away the chief's, Toomova's, mother and his only boy, and the worst apprehensions were entertained of their fate. We pass over our author's graphic description of their council of war, and of a review of their forces held at his suggestion, as well as his account of how he was compelled to be made a chief, and to tolerate being tattooed, and thus come at once to the battle:—

"Toomova was commander-in-chief. I was to remain by him wherever we moved, and Mate's nephew was also to be with us, as he would not leave me. The wind increased considerably, and swept up our valley and in face of the enemy. There was a vast quantity of

small cane growing from the breast-works, a good way into the enemy's country, which, though it formed good cover for them to advance through, was dangerous in other respects. Our whole tribe were now at their posts—the men in front, the women and children at some distance in the rear, singing away as usual.

"From the rock we could see the reeds moving to and fro, and here and there a high head-dress would pop up. At it a shot was sure to be fired by our party. By-and-by the cover appeared all to be in motion, and full of men. We now got down off the rock, and went to the centre of the defence with about three hundred men. I saw bundles of dry grass scattered all along inside the defences, in case they were hard set to fire the cover. This evening was peculiarly favourable for a purpose of the kind, and I suggested to Toomova to do so at once, and hunt them out of it; but he said no, it would retard their rushing on them in a body, but if they came too strong, I should then see fire.

"The enemy came crawling through the reeds, and were endeavouring to muster up for a rush, when a rattle from our muskets made them lie down again. In number they evidently had the advantage of us. In about half an hour more they made the expected rush, and numbers actually got in on us, when there ensued a terrific contest with clubs, spears, and musket butts, the women yelling all the time; others succeeded those who got in, and it now was evident that it required the bold, united effort of the whole tribe to save themselves. Every man fought, and had to fight; no man dare for his life be idle; if he did not act on the offensive, he was obliged to defend himself.

"This hand to hand business gradually ceased; then the muskets, spears, and slings began again, and as there were plenty of rocks, trees, and long canes all round, each man sought concealment to save his person, occasionally only appearing to fire and advance, or retreat to another shelter; in fact, this part of the fight was what is commonly called "dodge and fire." Night was fast approaching; the distance was all gloom; the battle-ground, which extended for about two miles (for there was constant shifting of position), was partially illumined by the dry grass and canes taking fire here and there, from the falling of the ignited gun waddings. There was also a full moon at the time, so that we had very fair light to see each other occasionally; but fearing mistakes might occur, Toomova told every man to tie a piece of white cloth about his neck. This made all our's known to each other at any fair dis-

taunce. It was a very judicious plan, considering that night was on.

"This tribe of ours were better shots than any I had seen at the Marquesas. They were also very quick at watching the cover, and equally quick with aim. We gained well and fast on the enemy, hunted them from rock to rock, and from tree to tree until (with the aid of the blaze from the fires), we could see their brown and well-oiled bodies flying past, and over what had been defences in the forenoon, but were now ruins, with many passes through it. We had now only an occasional shot after any of the natives who had kept to our cover too long, and were trying to escape, but could not. If they missed the shot, they were sure of spear or club.

"The time now arrived for Toomova's final revenge. The bundles of dry grass along the entire line were ignited, and thrown into the dried cane-brake; the fresh breeze assisted, and carried the blaze onwards; and very soon there was two miles wide of roaring fire in smart chase of the retreating enemy. It was a terrific sight—a sad sight; scores of wretches must be scorched alive; they could not clear the canes or grass in time to save themselves. The hills on either side of the pass were too steep to clamber up. In fact they were in a bed of fire, from which there was no escape.

"The rushing and crackling noise of the furious flame as it swept away from us—the wild and triumphant shouts of our people—their mad-looking dance, and rapid running to and fro of the natives in the bright light (for every bush and plot of ground around us was on fire), gave the whole scene a downright picture of hell."—pp. 222-227.

The impression made upon our author by the demon-aspect of this wild and savage fight was, no doubt, deepened by a feast which followed, and which is alluded to in the closing paragraph of his account of the engagement.

"I was leaning against a rock resting myself, when I was startled by a slap on the shoulder; and on turning round, beheld Toomova, unhurt, in all his triumph, and my companion, Mate's nephew, covered with blood, and a broken arm. The first told me I was a very good man, shook me heartily with both hands, and said that the women were getting some water up from the stream, and something to eat would be here directly. This was pleasant news. The latter told me to get on my legs, and come along with him over the ground, to see all the dead; and added, with a significant gesture, '*Epo, newe, newe,*

kai, kai te tanai ;' the interpretation of which is 'by-and-by eat, plenty of men.'" —pp. 227, 228.

There are even at the present day voyagers who have the hardihood to deny the cannibalism of the South Sea islanders. Dr. Coulter and Mr. Melville are new witnesses to this already well attested fact. The former describes a foul repast which was prepared soon after the battle, and from which he turned with loathing; and the latter made his escape from them because he was afraid of having some additional evidence on the subject which he did not at all require, that is that they contemplated cooking him.

Dr. Coulter's sojourn amongst these savages terminates most happily. A flag of truce arrives, leading back Toomova's mother and his boy, and the doctor avails himself of this opportunity of proposing a peace between the tribes, and succeeds in concluding it. Almost immediately after, the loud boom of a ship's gun is echoed through the valley, and a fog clearing off, the Stratford is seen about two miles off, with the main-yard abaft. The natives knew the vessel, and held a conference as to how they might avert the calamity of losing their new comrade. Another gun was fired from the ship, being, as was well guessed, a mode of asking for the doctor; and an effectual one; for the natives were not disposed to resist a request likely to be pressed by such arguments, and consented to see our adventurer on board. He arrives there in native costume, that is, nearly naked, and is received first with wonder, and afterwards with cheers and laughter, by the crew. "Well," said the captain, as he shook him heartily by the hand, "I am glad to see you on board once more, out of the hands of these man-eaters. What! all your clothes gone—gun and all—come off to the ship naked and tattooed like a Marquesan? Well, if this is not the fag-end of a cruise among savages, I don't know what is."

We now turn to Mr. Herman Melville—a nondescript young American, whose passion for adventure appears to have led him to engage in a whaler—in what capacity we know not—and afterwards to leave her, that he might enjoy the novelties of savage life, and the excitement of being amongst cannibals. Wander where he will abroad,

Mr. Melville is always at-home with his pen, and a lively and easy style is sure to make him a favourite with the public. The following description of a sea-scene in the Pacific, in their course to the Marquesas, may serve as a sample of it.

"I can never forget the eighteen or twenty days during which the light trade-winds were silently sweeping us towards the islands. In pursuit of the sperm whale, we had been cruising on the line, some twenty degrees to the westward of the Gallapagos; and all that we had to do when our course was determined on, was to square in the yards, and keep the vessel before the breeze, and then the good ship and the steady gale did the rest between them. The man at the wheel never vexed the old lady with any superfluous steering, but comfortably adjusting his limbs at the tiller, would doze away by the hour. True to her work, the Dolly headed to her course, and like one of those characters who always do best when let alone, she jogged on her way like a veteran old sea-horse as she was.

"What a delightful, lazy, languid time we had, while we were thus gliding along! There was nothing to be done; a circumstance that happily suited our disinclination to do anything. We abandoned the fore-peak altogether, and spreading an awning over the fore-castle, slept, ate, and lounged under it the live-long day. Every one seemed to be under the influence of some narcotic. Even the officers aft, when duty required them never to be seated while keeping a deck watch, vainly endeavoured to keep on their pins; and were obliged, invariably to compromise the matter by leaning up against the bulwarks, and gazing abstractedly over the side. Reading was out of the question; take a book in your hand, and you were asleep in an instant.

"Although I could not avoid yielding in a great measure to the general languor, still, at times, I contrived to shake off the spell, and to appreciate the beauty of the scene around me. The sky presented a clear expanse of the most delicate blue, except along the skirts of the horizon, where you might see a thin drapery of pale clouds which never varied their form or colour. The long, measured, dirge-like swell of the Pacific came rolling along, with its surface broken by little tiny waves, sparkling in the sunshine. Every now and then a shoal of flying fish, scared from the water under the bows, would leap into the air, and fall the next moment, like a shower of silver, into the sea. Then you would see the superb albion,

with his glittering sides, sailing aloft, and often describing an arc in his descent, disappear on the surface of the water. Far off, the lofty jet of the whale might be seen, and nearer at hand the prowling shark, that villanous foot-pad of the seas, would come skulking along, and at a wary distance regard us with his evil eye. At times, some shapeless monster of the deep, floating on the surface, would, as we approached, sink slowly into the blue water, and fade away from the sight. But the most impressive feature of the scene was the almost unbroken silence that reigned over sky and water; scarcely a sound could be heard but the occasional breathing of the grampus, and the rippling at the cut-water."—pp. 8, 9.

They first made the island of Nukuheva, which the Americans consider as not belonging to the Marquesas, but as forming, with two others, a separate group, called by them the Washington islands. They hold that these islands were, for the first time, discovered by an American, Captain Ingraham, of Boston, in the year 1791, and that they are properly named after their great President. It is, however, unreasonable to regard them as a group, separate from the rest of the Marquesan archipelago. They are in the immediate neighbourhood of the other islands: the inhabitants of all have the same language, the same general customs, the same laws, and the same religion; and it is well known that the group was visited, and named two centuries before Ingraham was ever heard of. Nukuheva has latterly acquired some little political importance from the circumstance of its being the centre of the French efforts in the Marquesas. An expedition, fitted out at Brest in the spring of 1842, proceeded thither; and when our author landed there, in the summer of that year, he found six French ships of war in the bay of Nukuheva, and that the admiral—Du Petit Thouars—who commanded the expedition, had just taken possession of the Marquesas, in the name of France. Their first steps towards civilising the natives were characteristic. They did not trouble themselves with schools, missionaries, or instruction in the arts of life, but relied on dress—gave the king, the queen, and the chief persons first-rate Parisian habiliments, and looked with confidence for an immediate result. Three years after the

date of this, his first visit, and of the adventures of his present narrative, Mr. Melville made the Marquesas another visit, being then on board the flag ship of an American squadron. The French suggested that the American commodore should receive the royal party in state, on board his ship, and witness the dignity and propriety with which they could now conduct themselves. The fête was given—the king and queen came. The former was brilliant in military uniform, and unexceptionable, save that his face was tattooed; the latter had this peculiarity of costume, that her legs were bare, and embellished with a spiral tattooing, "somewhat resembling two miniature Trajan's columns." Her majesty's attention soon became fixed on a very humble member of the crew, "an old salt, whose bare arms, and feet, and breast were covered with as many inscriptions in India ink, as the lid of an Egyptian sarcophagus." She hung over him with wild gestures and exclamations, and eager to show him the hieroglyphics on her own person raised her garments in such a fashion as made the French officers fly aghast to their boats, and blushing, admit the utter failure of their tailor-system of civilization.

While on the topic of the French at the Marquesas, we may observe that they are not likely to keep their ground there long without an additional force and a very much increased expense. The natives are evincing towards them a resolute hostility, have already compelled them to concentrate their force within a very small district, hate them thoroughly, and harass them by every contrivance they can think of.

While at anchor in the bay of Nukuheva, Mr. Melville having, as he assures us, good reason to be dissatisfied with the conduct of his captain, on account, especially, of his violence and parsimony, and there being, besides, some ground for supposing that he purposed protracting the voyage indefinitely, sailing and trading about the world as he pleased, and disregarding the interests of his employers, made up his mind to leave the ship, and take to the bush—albeit, that his experimental trip might be in the direction of the "Typees," the most formidable, cannibal, and most warlike of all the native tribes. Their very name is full of terror, as the word "Typee,"

in the Marquesan dialect, means "a lover of human flesh." The natives at Nukuheva had often described their dreadful doings, in pantomime, to the ship's company; and while very untruly disclaiming cannibalism themselves, they uniformly represented the "Typhées" as gormandizers of men. He was joined by another of the crew, a bold and active seaman, named Toby. Their object was to get away from the ship at all hazards, and to make out life as best they could, until an opportunity offered of getting home. Having leave for a day on shore, they made their preparations, and set out to scale a mountain which stood before them, and on the other side of which dwelt the Typhées. They had nearly gained the mountain top when they were stopped by a mass of tall yellow reeds, "growing together as thickly as they could stand, and as tough and stubborn as so many rods of steel." They had nothing for it but to pierce this deep thicket, and taking out their knives, began to cut their way. The labour of this was so great as almost to drive them to despair; but at length it was overcome—day-light was seen through the reeds, the cane-forest was cleared, and climbing on, they crested the ridge.

"Elated with the success which had so far attended our enterprise, and invigorated by the refreshing atmosphere we now inhaled, Toby and I, in high spirits, were making our way rapidly along the ridge, when, suddenly from the valleys below, which lay on either side of us, we heard the distant shouts of the natives, who had just descried us, and to whom our figures, brought in bold relief against the sky, were plainly revealed. Glancing our eyes into these valleys we perceived their savage inhabitants hurrying to and fro, seemingly under the influence of some sudden alarm, and, appearing to the eye, scarcely bigger than so many pigmies, while their white thatched dwellings, dwarfed by the distance, looked like baby-houses. As we looked down upon the islands from our lofty elevation, we experienced a sense of security; feeling confident that, should they undertake a pursuit, it would, from the start we now had, prove entirely fruitless, unless they followed us into the mountains, where we knew they could not dare to venture. However, we thought it as well to make the most of our time; and, accordingly, when the ground would admit of it, we ran swift-

ly along the summit of the ridge, until we were brought to a stand by a steep cliff, which, at first, seemed to interpose an effectual barrier to our further advance. By dint of much hard scrambling, however, and at some risk to our necks, we at last surmounted it, and continued our flight with unabated celerity. We had left the beach early in the morning, and after an uninterrupted, though at times, difficult and dangerous ascent, during which, we had never once turned our faces to the sea, we found ourselves, about three hours before sunset, standing on the top of what seemed to be the highest land in the island, an immense over-hanging cliff, composed of basaltic rocks, hung round with parasitical plants. We now have been more than three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the scenery, viewed from this height, was magnificent."

After wandering for many days in the woods and about the mountain-side, they find themselves at the entrance of a rich valley, which they cannot doubt is inhabited. Exhausted from want of food, for they had found but little fruit, and ill from fatigue and exposure to heavy rain, they were thankful to find themselves near human beings, even though they might be Typhées, as, it seems they were. They first meet a boy and girl, "slender and graceful, and completely naked, with the exception of a slight girdle of bark, from which depended, at opposite points, two of the russet leaves of the bread-fruit tree." They are soon surrounded by the natives, and led to a large and handsome building of bamboos.

"In a moment the slight tonement was completely full of people, whilst those who were unable to obtain admission gazed at us through the open cane-work. It was now evening, and by the dim light we could just discern the savage countenances around us, gleaming with wild curiosity and wonder, the naked forms and tattooed limbs of brawny warriors, with here and there the slighter forms of young girls, all engaged in a perfect storm of conversation, of which we were, of course, the only theme; whilst our recent guides were fully occupied in answering the innumerable questions which every one put to them. Nothing can exceed the fierce gesticulation of these people when animated in conversation, and on this occasion they gave loose to all their natural vivacity, shouting and dancing about in a manner that well-nigh intimidated

us.. Close to where we lay, squatting upon their haunches, were some eight or ten noble-looking chiefs, for such they subsequently proved to be, who, more reserved than the rest, regarded us with a fixed and stern attention which not a little discomposed our equanimity. One of them, in particular, who appeared to be the highest in rank, placed himself directly facing me; looking at me with a rigidity of aspect under which I absolutely quailed. He now once more opened his lips, but maintained his severe expression of countenance without turning his face aside for a single moment. Never before had I been subjected to so strange and steady a glance; it revealed nothing of the mind of the savage, but it appeared to be reading my own. After undergoing this scrutiny until I grew absolutely nervous, with a view of diverting it, if possible, and conciliating the good opinion of the warrior, I took some tobacco from the bosom of my frock, and offered it to him. He quietly rejected the proffered gift, and without speaking, motioned me to return it to its place. In my previous intercourse with the natives of Nukueva and Tior, I had found that the present of a small piece of tobacco would have rendered any of them devoted to my service. Was this act of the chief a token of his enmity? Typee or Happar? I asked within myself. I started, for at the same moment this identical question was asked by the strange being now before me. I turned to Toby; the flickering light of a native taper showed me his countenance pale with trepidation at this fatal question. I paused for a second, and I know not by what impulse it was that I answered, 'Typee.' The piece of dusky statuary nodded in approval, and then murmured, 'Mortarkee.' 'Mortarkee,' said I, without further hesitation — 'Typee mortarkee.' What a transition! The dark figures around us leaped to their feet, clapped their hands in transport, and shouted again and again the talismanic syllables, the utterance of which appeared to have settled everything."

They were supplied with food, and taught to eat it. The native dish, the "poe-poe," made from the bread-fruit tree, is described as resembling book-binder's paste, very stubborn in its consistency, tart to the taste, and at first, not agreeable, but after a few days, Melville says he liked it well. Other dishes followed, with the cocoa-nut for drink, and a pipe of tobacco. They were then allocated apartments and given an attendant each, who was to assist them in everything, and perhaps to watch

them. Notwithstanding the hospitality and kindness shown them, they could not divest themselves of the impression that the Typhes were fattening them up to make a feast for themselves. So strongly was Toby impressed with this apprehension, that he apprised his friend of his intention to attempt an escape, which he effected, or at least he disappeared, for Mr. Melville has never since had any intimation of his fate.

The main interest of Mr. Melville's work hangs on his personal narrative, but its value as a contribution to knowledge arises from his minute account of this tribe, their characters, usages, and mode of life; of all which, a four months' residence gave him sufficient means of judging. They are, he says, the handsomest people he ever saw; almost every individual of the many crowds he met there, might be taken for a sculptor's model. The men are rarely under six feet, the women generally diminutive. He mentions, too, the marvellous whiteness of their teeth, and ascribes it to their pure vegetable diet and uninterrupted health. Their badge of wedlock is peculiar. The married woman has her right hand and left foot elaborately tattooed, and this is a marked distinction, as the women there do not tattoo, except that they have a few minute dots on their lips, and a small epaulette on each shoulder. They are early mothers, often at thirteen, and, as in many of the islands of the South Seas, are far outnumbered by the men. This may in some degree account for the fact, that there is established among them that singular form of polygamy—a plurality of husbands — no man has more than one wife, and no wife has less than two husbands, and some have three. Domestic unhappiness, we are told, is rare, inasmuch as the parties can, without any difficulty, separate if they please. This is a usage which we should least of all expect to find amongst a race of men who are represented as brave and of great physical strength. The valley of Typhes is about nine miles in length and one broad, and has, altogether, about two thousand inhabitants. Their houses lie scattered among the groves, or along the banks of a winding stream, "their golden-hued bamboo sides, and gleaming white thatch forming a beautiful contrast to the perpetual

verdure in which they are embowered." One of the novelties in Mr. Melville's book, is a description of the dexterity with which a Typhee walks up the side of a cocoa-nut tree, and pulls the fruit.

"I will endeavour to describe the way in which Namee, a noble young chief, sometimes performed this feat for my peculiar satisfaction; but his preliminary performances must also be recorded. Upon my signifying my desire that he should pluck me the young fruit of some particular tree, the handsome savage, throwing himself into a sudden attitude of surprise, feigns astonishment at the apparent absurdity of the request. Maintaining this position for a moment, the strange emotions depicted on his countenance soften down into one of humorous resignation to my will, and then, looking wistfully up to the tufted top of the tree, he stands on tip-toe, straining his neck and elevating his arm, as though endeavouring to reach the fruit from the ground where he stands. As if defeated in this childish attempt, he now sinks to the earth despondingly, beating his breast in well-acted despair; and then, starting to his feet all at once, and throwing back his head, raises both hands, like a school-boy about to catch a falling ball. After continuing this for a moment or two, as if in expectation that the fruit was going to be tossed down to him by some good spirit in the tree-top, he turns wildly round in another fit of despair, and scampers off to the distance of thirty or forty yards. Here he remains awhile, eyeing the tree, the very picture of misery; but the next moment, receiving, as it were, a flash of inspiration, he makes again towards it, and, claspings both arms about the trunk, with one elevated a little above the other, he presses the soles of his feet close together against the tree, extending his legs from it until they are nearly horizontal, and his body doubled into an arch; then, hand over hand, and foot after foot, he rises from the earth with steady rapidity, and, almost before you are aware of it, has gained the cradled and embowered nest of nuts, and, with boisterous glee, flings the fruit to the ground."

We are hardly more struck with this wondrous feat, than with the admirable acting by which it was preceded. We have now, we hope, made our readers pretty well acquainted with Mr. Melville. He will be, no doubt, a very general favourite, and we must meet the interest which his story has excited by describing his escape. We shall do so briefly, omitting

many affecting and effective incidents, and meagrely epitomizing the facts. The Typhees had treated him with uniform kindness, had abundantly supplied all his wants, and even given him an attendant who was to be his horse—that is, whose duty it was to carry him on his back; but he quite understood that they had no idea of ever letting him go, whatever might be their motive for detaining him. It possibly was, as occurs to us, the policy of their chief, who seems to be a person of considerable talents, to have him as a resident for the instruction of his people; or it may be, as many circumstances had led our author latterly to suspect, that their final object was to eat him. It was, at all events, their purpose to keep him, and his to escape. One morning a native brought in the news that Toby was arrived, and on the shore. Great was the excitement caused by this intelligence. Melville, in every mode of earnest entreaty, besought the chief to let him go to see his friend. After many refusals he was allowed to go, accompanied by an escort, most probably in the expectation that Toby would return with him. On reaching the shore they found that there was no truth in the report of Toby's reappearance, but an English whale boat was seen in the surf, manned by some Nukuheva men, one of whom, rigged out in a half European costume, had often been on board Melville's ship, and was well known to him. He had a gun, some cotton, and ammunition, which he appeared to have brought for the purpose of treating for our author's release. They were all impatiently rejected, and there seemed to be not the least chance of his escape; when, suddenly, a difference which had arisen amongst the escort ripened into quarrel; blows were given, a fight ensued, and our author, too happy to avail himself of the moment, rushed into the sea, while his friends, pulling through the surf, caught him into the boat at the very moment that the escort, re-uniting, pursued him with darts and spears far into the water.

In parting with the writers of these volumes we have good hopes of meeting them soon again. Dr. Coulter intimates that he has more to tell; and both he and Mr. Melville write so easily and so well, that neither of them, we are sure, will rest satisfied with the plaudits of a first appearance.

SIGNOR FORMICA.

CHAPTER I.

It was towards the end of the "reign of terror," which marked the brief ascendancy of Masaniello at Naples, that a dark-featured, bright-eyed man, whose doublet had seen better days, and whose feet seemed sore with travel, arrived, about nightfall, at the Porta San Giovanni at Rome, and, mingling with the stream of citizens who were returning from their evening walk without the walls, passed in, unchallenged by the sentinels. He traversed the darkening streets without seeming to have any certain destination in view, till he found himself, he hardly knew how, in the Piazza Navona, and before the door of a stately house, contiguous to the Pamfili palace. Here he seemed to recollect himself, and, bursting into a bitter laugh, as he looked up at the fair, tall windows, which glittered in the moonlight, he said—

"Am not I a fool, to let my feet carry me, in spite of my head, to my old lodgings? Ay, ay, it will cost canvas before I plant my easel in those goodly chambers again."

An overpowering sense of fatigue constrained him to sit down on the door-steps; he felt prostrated in body and mind, and he muttered between his teeth—

"*Per Giove*, I feel as if I had done with canvas in this world, excepting so much as will make me a shroud."

A cutting north-wind hissed along the streets. The traveller felt the necessity of seeking a shelter: he stood painfully up, tottered from the place, reached the Corso, and turned thence into the Via Bergognona, where he stopped in front of a small house, only two windows in breadth. He knocked, and knocked again, for a long time without effect. At length he could hear a sound from within—

"The old lady," thought he, "is getting up—thank God!"

Then the clapping of slippers on the floor was heard, and then a window was thrown open, and a torrent of abuse poured out on the *briccone*, who disturbed a decent house at that time

of night, and who, if he wanted *acqua-vita*, could find dram-shops enough to furnish him.

It was long before the object of all this abuse could bring the "old lady" to the consciousness that she was wasting her oburgations on an old friend: her zeal, however, and the night-air combined, threw her after some time into a fit of coughing, and then the traveller had time to say—

"Why, Monna Caterina, don't you know me? I have been obliged to run away from Naples, and glad to get off with my life, and I don't know where to go here in Rome, if you do not take me in, for I'm not so rich as I was. There are too many brigands in the flesh at Naples just now, to leave much demand for my brigands on canvas."

"Oh! in the name of all the saints," exclaimed the old lady, on hearing his voice, "is it you, Signor Salvator? Ay, you'll be wanting your little room up stairs again, looking over the court?"

"Any room you have for me, Monna Caterina."

"Well, Providence is in your favour; the room is vacant to this day, and—what do you think?—the old fig-tree has got fairly in at the window, leaves and branches and all, since you went away, so you will sit and work there as if you were in an arbour. You're fond of fresh figs, I know."

"Monna Caterina, I pray——"

"Ah, heavens! how glad my daughters will be that you are come back, Signor Salvator. But do you know—Margarita is grown a fine, tall, handsome girl: you'll dandle her no more on your knee, I promise you. And—only think—your poor little cat was choked—let me see, ay, three months ago—three months it was last Friday, with a fish-bone! You see death comes to all."

"Monna Cat——"

"And oh! Signor Salvator, of all things in the world, what do you think? You won't believe it, I know! Our fat neighbour, that you so often laugh-

ed at—I have the picture that you made of her yet—well, she has married young Signor Luigi at last! Ay, ay, matches are made in heaven!”

“My good Monna Caterina,” cried Salvator Rosa at last, in despair, “will you see me die on your door-step? Am I to carry all this news to the other world? I beseech you, for the sake of that heaven in which matches are made, let me in first, and then tell me as much as you please of the fig-tree, your daughters, the little cat, and our fat neighbour! If you don’t, I shall follow the cat, and have no neighbours but the worms, who will make themselves fat enough at my cost.”

“Now,” said Monna Caterina, “is not this an impatient man? Did you never hear the proverb, Signor Salvator?—

“Chi va piano
Va sano,
Chi va presto
Muore presto.”

Most haste, worse speed.”

“But I tell you, woman without judgment, I’m dying of fatigue and cold, and if you don’t make haste to open the door, you’ll speed me to the other world!”

“Ay, ay, you’re tired, you’re cold; that alters the case. But why didn’t you tell me that before? Ah, you sha’n’t wait another moment, Signor Salvator, now that I know that! Only stop till I get the key.”

She left the window, called her daughters, and bid them guess who was at the door. This, of course, they could not do; so, after a while, she told them that it was Salvator Rosa; and, moreover, that he was tired and cold, and must be let in without a moment’s delay. Her next proceeding was to strike a light, which having, after a series of unsuccessful efforts, effected, she at length opened the door. Salvator entered; but scarcely had he crossed the threshold ere he sank down, exhausted and like one dead, on the floor. Fortunately, Monna Caterina’s son, who lived at Tivoli, had come that same day to pay his mother and sisters a visit, and stayed the night. He was now roused up, and cheerfully vacated his warm bed in favour of his former house-
mate.

Monna Caterina was a widow, in
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whose house Salvator had lodged when he came to Rome, a nameless and unnoticed beginner. She had a great affection for him, and was now half-distracted at his piteous condition. She was for running to the nearest convent for blessed candles, the light of which she held to be a specific against all evils under the sun. Her son Carlo, however, thought it would be best to try first what earthly medicine could effect; and, without staying to discuss the point with his mother, he hastened at once to the Piazza di Spagna, where, as he knew, was the dwelling of the celebrated Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni. No sooner did that eminent person hear that Salvator Rosa was lying dangerously ill in the Via Bergognona, than he made ready with all possible expedition to repair to the patient’s bed-side.

As for the latter, he was by this time unconscious, and in a high fever. Caterina had done what she could for him. She had hung half a dozen pictures of different saints about the bed, and now prayed with great fervour. The daughters, bathed in tears, strove from time to time to pass a few drops of cool lemonade between the sufferer’s lips; and the son, standing at the head of the bed, wiped the cold sweat from his brow. Thus the night passed, and the day had already broke when the door of the sick room was thrown open with a bang, and the renowned Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni walked in.

Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni was a gentleman who fell short, by a mere trifle, of the imposing stature of four feet. His head, however, was large enough to have belonged to a man of nearly twice that height; not that his cerebral developments were of unusual amplitude, but that his cheeks and chin—or chins, for he was a pluralist in this point—setting all limit and proportion at defiance, rolled themselves out so expansively over his breast and shoulders, that he looked, at a little distance, like a small boy half hid behind a gigantic mask. This strange figure was now wrapped in a most voluminous dressing-gown of Venetian flowered damask; a broad leathern belt girded his waist, supporting a rapier half as long again as himself; his head was covered by a snow-white

peruke, that reached, bushy and broad, to the small of his back, and a tall, pointed nightcap, not very unlike the obelisk in the Piazza San Pietro, surmounted this.

Having goggled for a minute or two at Salvator, through his great spectacles, Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni turned his stare upon Monna Caterina, and said, in a snuffing tone—

"There lies the great painter, Master Salvator Rosa, mortally sick, and like to die—and die he will, unless I save him. Tell me, Monna Caterina, how long has he been lodging with you? I did not know he was in Rome at all. Has he many fine pictures with him?—large pictures, eh?"

"Alas! *Sor Dottore mio*," answered Caterina, "it is but this blessed night that my poor child is come under my roof, and what pictures he has or has not, I know no more than your own gentility. But, indeed, there is a great chest below stairs, which Salvator was very anxious about, before he got so bad as you see him, and which he prayed me to take the best care of. Doubtless there will be some wonderfully fine picture in it, that he has painted in that accursed Naples."

This was a lie; but Caterina had her reasons for telling it.

The doctor stroked his chin with a complacent air—drew near to the bed with as much dignity as the long rapier, catching in every chair and table, would permit, and felt the patient's pulse, grunting and snuffing, meanwhile, in a way peculiar to himself, which, in the solemn stillness of the sick-room, had a curious effect. He then named, in Latin and Greek, a hundred and twenty diseases, which Salvator had not; then about as many more, which he might have had; and finally avowed that he could not, at this moment, tell what Salvator's sickness was called, but that he would shortly find a suitable name for it, which was the first step towards ascertaining how it was to be treated. Having delivered this oracular speech, he departed as majestically as he had come, and left the sick man's friends as anxious and as sorrowful as he had found them.

Below stairs he desired to see Salvator's chest. Monna Caterina showed

him one which contained some old clothes, boots, &c., of her departed worser half. Doctor Splendiano smiled gravely, tapped with his knuckles on the chest, and said, "We shall see—we shall see;" which words he continued to repeat with a pleased air as long as he was within Monna Caterina's hearing.

After some hours he came back with a very handsome name for Salvator's sickness—indeed, with two names, one of them Greek and the other Latin: with the names he also brought some bottles, the contents of which, he directed, should be poured down the sick man's throat, at the rate of a spoonful every ten minutes. This was not found an easy task, for the person principally concerned testified a decided abhorrence of the physic, though, to say the truth, it smelt abominably enough to have been a universal medicine, and to have combined in itself the nauseousness and the virtues of the whole pharmacopœia.

Now, whether it was that Salvator's illness, having now got a name, was determined to do credit thereto, or that Splendiano's draught had overdrawn the amount of vital energy in the poor artist's system; certain it is, that the latter, from this very hour, got worse and worse—weaker and weaker; so that, although the doctor declared the worst symptoms were those which gave him most hope, and that the patient, were his illness a thought less serious, would certainly die, yet, not one of Salvator's friends took the slightest comfort herefrom, but all were of opinion that he would certainly die, notwithstanding that he was as ill as any mortal could reasonably wish to be.

At last it happened, one day, that Salvator suddenly passed from a state of extreme weakness into one of raging delirium—sprang out of bed—seized the medicine-bottles, and hurled them, in his madness, out of the window. Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni was, at that moment, entering the house, and it came to pass that a bottle fell right on his head, and, breaking, poured a brown torrent over his wig, face, and ruff. The doctor rushed into the house, reeking like the genius of physic, and screamed like one possessed—

"Signor Salvator is gone mad! phrenetic! delirious! No art of man can save him. He is dead in ten minutes! The picture, Monna Caterina—the picture here! It is all I shall get for my fee, as the patient will not live to learn my claims on his gratitude! The picture, I say—quick, quick!"

Monna Caterina threw open the chest; Doctor Accoramboni beheld the old coats and dilapidated boots—memorials, to her, of happier days, but possessed of no such interest for him; his eyes rolled in his head like a pair of catherine-wheels; he ground his teeth, stamped, consigned Salvator, the widow, the coats, boots, and their sometime wearer, the widow's daughters and son, the house, and the whole Via Bergognona, to all the armies of a potentate who shall be nameless, and flew out of the door with almost as much precipitation as his bottles had just done out of the window.

Salvator's paroxysm of fever was followed by a state of stupor; his kind hostess believed that all was now over with him, and ran to the nearest monastery, to call a monk, to give him the sacraments of the dying. Padre Bonifazio, the good regular whom she brought with her, had seen many dying people, and was not without some medical skill himself. Salvator, he was positive, had not the *facies Hippocratica*, and might yet be saved; he would, in fact, himself undertake the cure, under the sole condition that Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni, with his Greek names and his infernal bottles, should no more cross the threshold.

Salvator awoke out of his swoon, and it seemed to him that he was lying in a fair and fragrant bower, for the first objects of which he was aware, were green and leafy branches hanging over him; he felt as it were a cool stream of new life stealing along his veins, but his left arm, he thought, was fettered. In a faint voice he asked, "Where am I?" That moment a young man who was standing at his bedside, and whom he now for the first time perceived, dropped on his knees, seized the artist's right hand, on which his warm tears fell, while he kissed it fervently, and cried in accents of joy—

"Oh, Signor Salvator! all is right now! you are saved—you will recover!"

"But tell me," began Salvator—

"You must not talk," interrupted the young man: "only be quiet, and you shall hear the whole history of what has befallen you. You were very ill when you arrived here from Naples, yet not so ill but what, with your good constitution, you might easily have been got on your legs again. Poor Carlo, however, who meant to do you a good office, did you the worst he could, when, running to fetch the nearest physician, he brought you into the hands of that accursed *Doctor Pyramid*, who would have left no stone unturned to get you under a tombstone."

"What!" said Salvator, laughing, in spite of his weakness, "*Doctor Pyramid*, say you? Ay, ay, ill as I was, I saw plain enough that the little man of damask, who sentenced me to that potion of Acheron, carried the obelisk of the Piazza San Pietro on his head; and so you call him *Doctor Pyramid*."

"No, no," responded the young man, laughing in his turn; "it is not on account of his tall night-cap that Splendiano Accoramboni has got the name of *Doctor Pyramid*, but for a reason which I will tell you. You must know, then, that he is a great lover of pictures, and in fact possesses a very choice collection, which he has gained by a mode of practice quite his own. When he hears of a sick painter, he will move heaven and earth to get him for a patient, especially if it be a foreign artist, who has perhaps exceeded in his maccheroni, or drunk a glass too much of Syracusan wine. His first step is to give the disorder some terrific name, and then to attack it with all the resources of his art. For his fee he makes the painter promise him a picture, and of this promise he generally contrives that the fulfilment shall be posthumous. I need not assure you that Signor Splendiano always chooses the best picture the deceased has left; nor is he scrupulous about demanding any thing that particularly strikes his fancy, into the bargain. Thus, as pictures multiply in his chambers, painters multiply in a certain peace-

ful enclosure you wot of, that lies beneath the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Cestius."

"I know," said Salvator; "the strangers' cemetery."

"Exactly," replied the young man; "and now you see why we call him Doctor Pyramid. Well, now, when you hear that Monna Caterina, to stimulate the doctor's zeal, made him believe you had brought a glorious picture with you from Naples, you may think with what energy he went to work, to smooth your way to the other world. It was certainly your good angel that guided your hand, in the fever-fit, to fling his bottles on his own head, and that then whispered, to him, that it would be compromising his dignity to attend you anymore, and to Monna Caterina, that Padre Bonifazio was the man for you now, as you stood more in need of sacraments than physic. The *padre*, as it happened, knows something of medicine himself—he saw what it was you really wanted—brought me to you——"

"Ay, ay," said Salvator, in rather a dolorous tone; "then you're a doctor too. God help me!"

"I am a surgeon," replied the young man, colouring. After a moment's silence he proceeded, "I cannot say whether I was more shocked or delighted, when I heard who lay dangerously ill in the Via Bergognona, and required my help! I hasted hither, opened a vein in your left arm, and you were saved. We brought you into this cool, airy chamber, which you tenanted once before, and where Padre Bonifazio's simple remedies, and

Monna Caterina's good nursing, will soon make you as well as ever. And now let me once more kiss that divine hand, before whose wondrous creations I have so often stood awe-struck! Once more let me thank that great Spirit of nature, whose prophet you are, that it has chosen so humble an instrument as Antonio Scacciati, to save the precious life of Salvator Rosa!"

"My good Antonio, if that is your name," said Salvator, with a faint smile, "you are, you tell me, a surgeon, and this bandage on my left arm testifies to the fact. Now, I never understood that people of that profession cared much about painting or painters."

"I will not talk to you about those things now," answered the young man, with downcast eyes. "When you are quite strong again, I have something to say to you, *caro maestro*, that lies heavy on my heart."

"Whatever you say to me," returned Salvator, "you will say to a sincere friend, Antonio. To say nothing of your having saved my life, and of your admiring my pictures, I like you for a look you have of Raphael Sanzio."

The young surgeon's eyes blazed; he seemed to struggle for words; but in the same moment Monna Caterina entered the room, ushering in Padre Bonifazio, who brought Salvator a draught; the sick man took it without difficulty, for it neither smelt nor tasted much worse than if it had had no salutiferous properties at all.

CHAPTER II.

SALVATOR's health improved rapidly, and it was not long before he was able to take pencil in hand again, and to trace out subjects for future pictures; Antonio Scacciati seldom quit the great master's room; he was all eye when Salvator drew, and the judgment evinced in his remarks assured the latter that he was himself not uninitiated in the mysteries of art. Salvator questioned him on this subject, and Antonio acknowledged that he detested his profession, and that he had thoughts of giving it up altogether, and devoting himself to painting.

"Take care, take care," said Salvator; "you are a good surgeon, and would, perhaps, never be more than a bungling painter. You are young, no doubt, but too old, I should say, to begin an art which it requires a man's life to attain real mastery in."

Antonio smiled—"From my childhood," said he, "I have not only loved painting, but have caught at every opportunity to practise it. And I have had opportunities, *maestro*, of no every-day kind. My father (may he rest in peace!) insisted on making a surgeon of me, but heaven's goodness

brought me under the notice of more than one great master. Annibal Carracci thought he perceived some talent in me, and was generous enough to give me his instructions; but it is to Guido Reni that I owe most."

"If you are a scholar of Guido Reni's," interrupted Salvator, somewhat roughly, "how can you find any thing to like in my pictures? Your school, I know very well, scarcely holds me for an artist at all. I want grace, delicacy, refinement, and the Lord knows what! My St. John in the Wilderness looks like a highwayman, and my Plato, like a gipsy! At most, I can paint a tolerable landscape, but should leave history to those who know something of anatomy and human character! Eh, Antonio, runs not the cuckoo-song so? Bah! Salvator Rosa knows what the disciples of the gentle Guido think of him."

"I'll tell you what *I* think of Salvator Rosa," cried Antonio, colouring high at the sarcastic tone of the painter; "and you shall judge if I sing a cuckoo-song. He is the master whom of all others I most revere. I stand stupified before the superhuman thoughts which his pictures often express. He seizes the deepest secrets of nature, he deciphers the wondrous hieroglyphic of her trees, her rocks, her waterfalls; he hears her holy voice—he understands her mysterious speech, and has the boldness to write down truly what she says to him. I do not think the so-called historical picture is his element——"

"Cuckoo," sang Salvator, "cuckoo."

"It is too narrow a field for him," continued Antonio, without noticing the interruption; "men, and men's doings yield him too scanty materials for the mighty creations to which a spirit, mightier than he, impels him;—to those creations, nature must contribute her immeasurable vastness, her inexhaustible fulness! Man is, to Salvator Rosa, nothing, if you dis sever him from nature; but, in their connexion with nature, how wonderful are his men! Who calls Salvator Rosa's pictures, landscapes? They are inspired glimpses into the heart of the mystery of life. You may gaze on one of these divine works, till a rock, a tree, shall seem to return your gaze with more than human expression, or till a strangely ap-

parelled group of human figures shall appear to you as if arrested in the moment of its transformation into a rock or tree. The deep, inner harmony that runs through all things animate and inanimate, and weaves earth, and sea, and sky, and all that is in them, into a living whole—that is what it has been given to Salvator to feel, and to make felt. And yet I would not, if I could, paint as Salvator paints, and I will tell you why;—in Salvator I find nature, but in nature I do not find Salvator, and, if I paint, I will paint what *I* find in nature, not what another finds. I contemplate both your art, Salvator, and Guido's, with a far deeper admiration than I am able to express; but I would not be the copyist of either of you."

Salvator had gazed fixedly on the young man during this speech, and, at the end of it, caught him with southern fervour in his arms.

"By Jove, Antonio," exclaimed he, "and by Apollo, too, you have told me more about my pictures than ever I knew myself, and yet I feel the truth of every word you have said. Well, I'm glad you understand me, and I'm glad, too, that you don't copy me,—that you don't, as some I could name do, smudge a piece of canvass over with black paint, put in a patch or two of flaming white or yellow, by way of lights, stick a couple of inhuman figures, with diabolical faces, in the middle, and persuade themselves they have painted a capital picture in the manner of Salvator Rosa! Of all abusers of my pictures, defend me from those that abuse them in this fashion! And now, Antonio, I have a favour to ask of you—take me to your *studio*."

Salvator had expected nothing *médiocre* from one who had spoken with so much judgment on his art, yet he was not prepared for the high order of excellence which the pictures of the young surgeon presented. He found in all of them bold thoughts, correct drawing, and a certain freshness in the colouring, a grand taste in the draperies, a delicacy in the extremities, a grace in the heads, that bespoke the worthy scholar of Guido. Withal, there was a visible effort to avoid that master's frequent fault, of sacrificing expression to beauty—an effort sometimes *too* visible. You saw that Antonio struggled for the force of Anni-

bal Carracci, but had not yet attained it.

"Antonio," said Salvator, "you have not mistaken your vocation; you were born for a painter. Heaven has given you not only the soul, but the eye and the hand of an artist—gifts that are often dissociated. I were not your friend, but your flatterer, if I said you had nothing left to labour for—if I told you that you had the wonderful grace of Guido, the calm strength of Annibal, already at your command. But I can and will say that there is not one of our masters here at Rome—our academicians of San Luca, that you do not far excel. Tiarini, Gessi, Sementa, and such fellows, will never in their lives have it in them to do such things—no, nor Lanfranco neither, who can paint on nothing but lime. And yet, Antonio, and yet—I would think twice if I were you, before I would throw away the lancet for the pencil. There is not a set of greater rascals living than the painters of our time; they will do all that the devil can inspire envious mean souls to do, to keep you down; the first thing they will set to work to do is to break your heart, as they did Annibal's—as they did Dominichino's—and, if they don't succeed in that—if you get up in spite of them, they will have you stabbed or poisoned."

"They are ready to do all that as it is," answered the surgeon; "and, once for all, Salvator, I have made up my mind. I will be nothing but a painter. And you, Salvator, you can lift me, by a word, above the reach of their machinations."

"What my word can do, count done," said Salvator, as he stopped for the second time to contemplate a Magdalen at the feet of Christ, on which he had already bestowed high praise, and which he now began to commend anew.

"And yet," he observed, "I cannot call it an orthodox Magdalen, either. On that innocent young brow there is no trace either of sin or penitence. You have painted there a girl, pure, gentle, candid, child-like—just a being, I should say, for Antonio Scacciati to be in love with. Hey? have I hit the mark?"

"Well—I confess it," said Antonio, "the original of that Magdalen is one whom I will not talk about now. But this I will tell you, Salvator, that I prize that picture above all that I have ever painted, and that I have hitherto guarded it, as a holy mystery, from every eye."

"What?" cried Salvator, "has no painter in Rome seen that picture?"

"Not one," replied Antonio.

"Victoria!" exclaimed Salvator; "the game is won! Antonio, will you send that picture privately to-night to my lodging?"

Antonio looked surprised, but answered without hesitation, "I will."

"What? without asking why or wherefore?" said Salvator, laughing.

"Ay," said Antonio; "I have no half-confidences; I would entrust anything to you, Salvator."

"Anything!—the original of the picture, too?"

"Nay, it is a bad philosophy that does not distinguish between persons and things."

Some days after this conversation, the academy of St. Luke held a sitting, in the church of their patron, for the purpose of considering the claims of some candidates for reception into their body. Salvator had had Antonio's picture brought to the church, and announced it to the assembled academicians as the work of a young Neapolitan painter, whose eyes, he said, he had closed shortly before his journey to Rome. The most enthusiastic and unqualified praise of the picture burst, at this announcement, from the lips of all present.

It was not long before all Rome flocked to see and admire the work of the deceased young painter, and the general voice determined that since Guido's Reni's time, nothing so lovely had been seen; nay, there were some whose enthusiasm went so far as to extol the new Magdalen above all the creations of that master's pencil. Among the crowd of worshippers, Salvator one day remarked a strange-looking man, elderly, tall, and lean to excess, with a cadaverous complexion, a long, pointed nose and chin, a curiously twisted moustache, and small, grey,

twinkling eyes. He wore an auburn wig, over which was set a high-crowned hat, with feathers; a short red mantle hung from his shoulder; under this was a sky-blue doublet, slashed in the Spanish fashion, and the rest of his costume consisted of a pair of wide-wristed gloves with silver fringe, a long rapier, light-grey stockings that reached above the knee, yellow garters, and great bows of ribbon of the same colour in his shoes.

This extraordinary figure stood as if bewitched before the Magdalen, raised itself now on tiptoe, now ducked till it nearly sat on its heels, then jumped up with both feet from the ground, moaning all the time and sighing, and alternately shutting its eyes so tight that they watered again, and opening them so wide, that it made the spectator's water to look at them, during which strange manifestations it kept murmuring in a thin, querulous *false* *falsetto*—

"*Ah! carissima—benedettissima—ah! Maria—Marianina—bellina—carina—ah! bellissima!*"—and so on.

Salvator, to whom such an apparition was a godsend, drew near to the old gentleman, and offered some remark on the picture which seemed to charm him so much. Without noticing what Salvator said, the old man burst forth into execrations of his own miserable poverty, but for which he would buy the picture, were it at the cost of millions, and shut it up from all eyes, that no mortal man might be able to bend one satanic glance upon it. Then he resumed his singular dance, and gave thanks to the virgin and all the saints of heaven, that the infernal painter was dead, who had painted the heavenly picture, which plunged him into despair and frenzy.

Salvator thought he saw how it was—the old man was certainly an academician, but an eminently candid one.

The fame of the wonderful picture increased every day; scarcely anything else was talked of in Rome, and never had a work of art so united all suffrages in its favour. Salvator saw that the game was in his hands, and, at the next meeting of the academy, suddenly asked whether, if the painter of the Magdalen had lived, he would have been considered worthy to be made an academician. All the masters, the

hypercritical Cavaliere Josepin not excepted, declared with one voice that such an artist would have been an ornament to the academy, and deplored, in the choicest terms, his untimely death, although there was not in reality one of them who did not in his heart praise God for the same. In their enthusiasm they went so far as to resolve that the gifted youth, whose career death had too early cut short, should be named an academician in his grave, and that masses should be said for his soul in St. Luke's Church. They, therefore, craved of Salvator the name of the deceased, the year and place of his birth, and such other particulars as were needful for the meditated purpose.

"Good sirs," said Salvator, "the honours which you are ready to pay to a dead man in the grave, you will be happy to learn you may bestow on a living one, who walks the earth with the most gratifying erectness. You have expressed your grief for the early death of the greatest genius of the age: you will rejoice to hear that he is alive, and at Rome. The early death, and all that, was a little harmless fib, *signori*, of mine, intended simply to put you in the position of posterity towards the artist, who could not count on so unprejudiced a judgment from his contemporaries. I have now to tell you that the Magdalen which you, and all Rome, admire as the masterpiece of modern art, is from the hand of Antonio Scacciati, the surgeon!"

The academicians stood thunder-struck, and Salvator went on—

"Now, *signori*, you would not receive Antonio hitherto, because he is a surgeon; and yet, methinks, a surgeon were the very man your exalted body stood most pressing in need of, that help might be at hand for the many figures that go every year from the easels of your honourable members, with dislocated arms and legs. I don't see, however, how you can well avoid doing now, what you ought to have done long ago—namely, placing the name of the best of living painters on the roll of the academy of St. Luke."

The academicians gulped the bitter *bolus* which Salvator had administered to them, pretended to be delighted that Antonio's talent had manifested itself so decisively, and elected him into their number with great pomp. The

news that he was the creator of the incomparable Magdalen, soon spread through Rome; praises, and, what was more to the purpose, commissions for great works, flowed in upon him from all sides, and he found himself, through his friend Salvator's stratagem, placed, with one stride, at the top of the ladder of fame.

Nevertheless, his triumph was but a few days old, when he entered Salvator's *studio* one morning, with despair and distraction in his looks, and exclaimed—

"Ah! Salvator, Salvator, all your friendship, your aid, has been thrown away upon a man whom heaven deserts! I am more wretched than ever! What do you think? That very picture, which has filled Rome with my name—which has brought me glory and the prospect of wealth, and enabled me to give up the detestable surgery—that very picture has ruined me—has given the death-blow to my hopes."

"Nonsense," said Salvator; "pictures ruin nobody but the people that buy them. As to your being wretched, I don't believe a word of it:—you say so, but you are in love, and therefore not a competent witness. Come, sit down in that chair, and tell me what's the matter."

"Ah!" began Antonio.

"Stop!" interposed his friend: "one word, before you begin. Every man has his antipathy, and I have mine. One man cannot abide a cat, another faints at the smell of cheese, and I get angry when I hear an interjection. Therefore, if your story cannot be told without *ahs* and *ohs*, and all such love-sick parts of speech, I fear, Antonio—I fear, in my present state of health, I ought not to risk hearing it."

"Mocker!" said Antonio, seating himself, "you make me laugh in my misery. Well, then, you must know, Salvator, that there lives in the Strada Ripetta, in the high house, the projecting balcony of which catches your eye as soon as you pass through the Porta del Popolo, the greatest oddity that is, perhaps, to be found in all Rome. An old bachelor, with all the virtues of his order—a miser, a coxcomb, a would-be youth, a lover—in short, a fool of the first water. He is tall, thin as a lath, and dry as a skeleton; he dresses, Spanish-fashion, in all the colours of the rainbow, with an

auburn wig, sugar-loaf hat, fringed gloves, a rapier at his side——"

"Hold, hold!" cried Salvator, "just two moments, Antonio!" And turning up the back of the picture on which he was at work, he took a piece of charcoal, and sketched, in a few bold lines, the queer figure he had seen playing such strange antics before Antonio's Magdalen.

"By all the saints," exclaimed Antonio, in great wonder, "that is the very man!—that is Pasquale Capuzzi, to the life!"

"Good," said Salvator: "now go on."

"Pasquale Capuzzi," continued Antonio, "is as rich as a Jew, but, as I said before, a most sordid hunk, and vainer than a peacock. The best thing about him is that he loves the arts—in particular, music and painting; though in this, too, he has his own crazy way. He fancies himself the first composer in the world, and a singer such as the Pope's chapel cannot match. In his earlier years he brought an opera upon the stage, which was with great unanimity damned; but that did not cure him of his rage for composing atrocious airs; on the contrary, when he heard Francesco Cavalli's opera, '*Le Nozze di Teti e Peleo*,' he swore the *maestro* had stolen the sublimest thoughts out of his, Capuzzi's, immortal works—an assertion which was near earning him the thrust of a stiletto. His great passion is to sing his own music to the accompaniment of an unhappy, superannuated guitar. In this performance he usually has the assistance of an unfortunate wight, well known in Rome by the name of Pitichinaccio, whose parents thought to make a first-rate *soprano* singer of him, but succeeded only in making a miserable little monstrous dwarf. And—who, do you think, makes up the *trio*? No other than your friend, Doctor Pyramid, who, while emitting sounds which you would believe to proceed from a jack-ass wounded in his tenderest feelings, flatters himself that he sings a bass to make Martinelli die of envy. These three worthies come together every evening at Capuzzi's, plant themselves on the balcony, and sing Carissimi's motets, till all the dogs and cats in the neighbourhood break out into a sympathetic wail, and all human beings within hearing

pray that a thousand imps would transport the infernal *trio* to a sphere where their howling would be more in place.

"Now, you are to know, my father was barber to Capuzzi, and, on his death, the honour devolved on me. Signor Pasquale was extremely well satisfied with me; in the first place, because no one, he said, had the art of giving his moustache so martial a flourish as I; and, secondly, because, being a youngster, and hating my profession, I never grumbled at his niggardliness, in giving me no more than half the regular fee. However, he considered that he repaid my services most richly by singing me one of his own airs every day, with his eyes fast shut, while I trimmed his beard. I need not tell you if *that* set my teeth on edge, yet the old gander diverted me so with his antics, that I could not bring myself to give him up. One day I walked up stairs, knocked at the door, and opened it myself as usual. What did I see?—a young girl, Salvatore, an angel,—in short, you know my Magdalen—it was she! I—well, well, you will hear no interjections; suffice it to say, I fell in love with her at once. The old man simpered, told me the girl was the daughter of his deceased brother, Pietro—was called Mariana—had no mother, no brothers nor sisters; in short, no relation but himself, who was her uncle and guardian; and he had, therefore, taken her to live with him. You can think that from this time Capuzzi's house was my paradise. A moment's *tête à tête* with Mariana, however, I never could bring about; I could only see her in her uncle's presence; to speak to her, further than to the extent of a 'Good day, fairest damsel,' was out of the question. Well, for all that, it was not long before she and I perfectly understood each other: looks, sighs, an occasional pressure of the hand,—these were the parts of speech in which we talked to each other, and, in short, we were both of us very happy, and very unhappy at the same time.

"The old man shut his eyes when he sung, but he was not always singing, and he soon saw how matters were: he told me he did not like my behaviour towards his niece at all, and asked me what I meant by it. I confessed to him that I loved Mariana with all my soul, and that to call her mine

was my highest earthly wish. Capuzzi measured me with his eyes in silence, then burst into a scornful laugh, and declared that, for a scurvy beard-scraper, I entertained tolerably lofty notions. I fired up, as any mortal would have done in my place, and told him he knew right well that I was no scurvy beard-scraper, but an able surgeon, and a painter to boot—a scholar of the great Annibal Carracci, and of the unrivalled Guido. But at this the old wretch only laughed louder than before, and squeaked in his detestable *fulsetto*—

"Hey, my sweet Sir Beard-scraper—my excellent Mister Surgeon—my revered Signor Painter—my sublime Annibal Carracci—my exquisite Guido Reni!—go, go—I most humbly make bold to pray you—to the devil, and don't—don't show your face here again, unless you wish for an opportunity of exercising your surgical skill on your own bones."

"And with that the mad old rickety beast was for seizing me (save the mark!) by the neck, and pitching me down stairs! That was too much: I gave him a swing that left him with both legs in the air, and ran out of the house, which, from that time, was for me a paradise lost.

"That was the footing things were on when Padre Bonifazio (whom the heavens remember for it!) brought me to your bedside. I got you back into the world, you got me into the academy, all Rome glorified me; I had the fairest prospects of fortune, and I thought I might now venture to try my luck with Capuzzi again. I went to him, told him that Antonio Scaeciati was now no beard-scraper, nor even a surgeon, but a renowned painter and academician of San Luca, and might well, I trusted, pretend to the hand of the niece of Signor Pasquale Capuzzi. Good heavens! you should have seen his frenzy: he howled, he shrieked, he beat about him with his hands like one possessed of the devil; he cried out that I was an assassin, that I had designs on his life, that I had stolen his Mariana from him, and hung her out in my accursed canvass, which had plunged him into madness and despair, seeing that now all the world could gloat on his Mariana, his life, his hope, his all, with their wanton, wishful eyes; but he warned me

he would burn the house over my head, and I and my infernal picture should perish together! And therewith he began to scream out in such an unheard-of way, 'Fire!—murder!—treason!—blasphemy!—help, help, help!'—that I was perfectly confounded, and only thought of making the best of my way out of the house.

"The old maniac is over head and ears in love with his niece: he has shut her up, suffers no human being to see her, and is moving heaven and earth to get a dispensation to marry her. With the money he has, his success is not questionable, and all hope for me is at an end."

"Not at all," cried Salvator, "not at all, Antonio!—quite the reverse.

Mariana loves you—what could be better? All you have to do is to get her out of the hands of the mad old Pantaloon, and, by Jupiter, I say you shall do it. How, I don't know yet; but done it shall be, or my name is not Salvator Rosa. There, get away home now, and come to me as early as you can in the morning, that we may lay our heads together how to open the campaign."

While speaking the last words, Salvator had stood up, and washed out his brush; he now took his mantle and hat, and, quitting the house in company with his friend, walked in the direction of the Corso, while Antonio turned his face homewards with hopes somewhat revived.

CHAPTER III.

"I HAVE news for you, Antonio," cried Salvator laughing, when the anxious lover entered his *studio* the next morning: "I have got intelligence of old Capuzzi's whole way of life, and you know, before laying down the plan of a battle, it is necessary to be acquainted with the ground it is to be fought on. In the first place, then, you must know that Mariana is diabolically tormented by the old madman. He sighs, and oges, and languishes, the whole day long; and, what is worst of all, sings the poor child all the airs he has ever composed, in the hope of touching her heart. Moreover, he is jealous to that degree that he will not suffer her to have so much as a maid about her, lest the Abigail should be made the medium of an intrigue; to wait upon her, therefore, he has got the unhappy Pitichinaccio to put on women's clothes, and the hideous little goblin comes regularly to her every morning and evening, and frightens the pretty soul to death with his blear eyes and his white flabby cheeks. When Capuzzi goes out, every door between Mariana and the street is carefully locked, barred, and bolted; and, as if all that were not enough, a miscreant who lives in the lower part of the house keeps guard—a certain Michele, who was first a bravo, and afterwards a policeman, and who was and is, always, a desperate ruffian. Well now, Antonio,

what will you say when I tell you, that, in spite of all this, you shall, before this time to-morrow, be in the house, and shall see and converse with your Mariana?"

"See and converse with Mariana before this time to-morrow!"

"Before this time to-morrow; you must submit, however, to a slight drawback on your felicity—Capuzzi will be present. But he won't interrupt you."

"I confess myself puzzled."

"Puzzled?—of course you are. But come! you shall have the key to all these riddles. First, look here! I have been dealing with Signor Pasquale, without knowing anything about it. You see that unfortunate spinet in the corner there? That's his."

"Ay!"

"Ay, and he expects the very moderate price of ten ducats from me for it. You see, as I found myself getting well, I longed for music, which is my balm, Antonio—my paradise, and the light of my life. Well, I prayed my good hostess to see and make me out a spinet somehow. She soon got intelligence that a gentleman in the Strada Ripetta had a very fine one, which he wished to dispose of, and at once had the thing you see yonder brought hither. I never asked either the price, or who the piece of lumber belonged to; but yesterday evening, after you left me, I learned accidentally that it is

no other than the honest Signor Capuzzi, who thinks to take me in with his old crazy spinet. Monna Caterina had applied to a gossip of hers, who lives not only in the same house with Capuzzi, but on the same floor, and now you will guess the quarter from which I have my information."

"Hal!" cried Antonio, "and through your hostess's means we shall get access to——"

"No, no," interrupted Salvator, "Monna Caterina must know nothing at all about our projects; she is a good soul, but has not the gift of holding her tongue. He that takes counsel with Monna Caterina will enjoy the advantage of having all Rome in his confidence. No; listen. Every evening, as soon as Pitichinaccio has done duty as waiting-maid to Mariana, Capuzzi carries him home."

"Carries him!"

"Carries him home in his arms. The truth is, Pitichinaccio is not brave: no representations would induce him to set his foot on the pavement after dusk. Well! when——"

At this moment a knock was heard at the door, and, to the no small astonishment of the two friends, Signor Pasquale Capuzzi, in all his Spanish finery, walked in. When he saw Scacciati, he stood as if paralyzed, stared, gasped like a man half-hanged. Salvator sprang hastily to meet him, seized both his hands, and exclaimed—

"Signor Pasquale, is it possible that I see my poor dwelling honoured with your presence? Ay, ay, we know who in Rome loves the arts! You wish to see what Salvator Rosa has been doing since his illness—perhaps you are going to give him an order? Ah! there's a satisfaction in working for a true connoisseur. Say, good Signor Pasquale, wherein can I serve you?"

"I have—I—that is, I wanted to speak a few words with you, good Signor Salvator," stammered Capuzzi; "but you have—that is, you—you are engaged just now. I will come another time—a more—that is, a—a more suitable time, Signor Salvator."

"By no means," said Salvator, holding him fast; "my good sir—my dear sir—you shall not quit me. No no. And at a more suitable time you could

not come, for you find in this moment with me a man whom, I doubt not, you have long desired to know. This, my dear sir, is Signor Antonio Scacciati, the first painter of the age, the creator of that exquisite, that incomparable Magdalen, which is now enchanting all Rome!"

The old man did not know what to do with himself; he shook with fright and rage; he stared at Antonio with a blank air, and it was not easy to decide, for the first few moments, whether he was more likely to run away or to break out a scolding. Antonio stepped forward with an affable smile, bowed courteously to the old gentleman, and declared himself but too happy to make the acquaintance of Signor Pasquale Capuzzi, whose profound knowledge, not only of painting but of music, was the theme of admiration, he would not say to all Rome, but to all Italy, and to whose protection he would profit by that opportunity of recommending himself.

Capuzzi came to himself a little on hearing these flattering words, and on perceiving that Antonio acted as if he saw him then for the first time. He constrained himself to smile, gave his moustache a twirl, and, after stammering some unintelligible words in reply to Antonio's compliments, turned to Salvator, and said he had just called about the ten ducats for the spinet.

"We will talk of that trifle by-and-by, Signor Pasquale," answered Salvator. "First, be pleased to give me your opinion of this sketch of a picture I am thinking of—and, in the mean time, honour me so far as to taste some Syracusan wine, which I am told is not of the worst quality."

Nobody liked a glass of good wine better than Pasquale Capuzzi, when it cost him nothing. He had now this enjoyment, combined with the expectation of pocketing ten ducats for an infamous old spinet, which was not worth one. Furthermore, he was sitting before a picture in Salvator's best style, the excellencies of which, with all his eccentricity, he was perfectly qualified to appreciate. All this made him wonderfully comfortable; he simpered, half shut his eyes, stroked his moustache and his chin without ceasing, and murmured again and again, "Glorious! delicious!" without its being easy to judge whether he used these

epithets in reference to the picture or the wine.

"But tell me, Signor Pasquale," began Salvator, suddenly, as he saw that the good-humour of his guest was at its height, "is it true that your niece, Mariana, is so beautiful as they say? All our young gallants are perfectly frantic about her: I know some dozens of cavaliers myself, who do nothing but walk up and down the Strada Ripetta all day, and go home at night with a crick in the neck, from constantly looking up to your balcony, in the hope of catching a glimpse of your divine kinswoman."

Capuzzi's simper vanished in a moment; he grew pale with anger, and said, savagely—

"What corruption!—what depravity!—how sinful are our young men become!—they cast their satanic eyes upon children, abominable profligates that they are! For I declare to you, worthy Signor Salvator, my niece Mariana is a mere child—a mere child—an infant, my good signor, scarcely out of the nurse's arms!"

Salvator turned the conversation, and the old man recovered his composure. But no sooner did he, with new sunshine in his aspect, again lift the glass to his lips, than the painter said—

"But tell me, Signor Pasquale, is it true that your niece Mariana, who, I understand, is in her seventeenth year, is so like our friend Antonio's Magdalen, as they say? Has she really such beautiful chesnut hair, and such heavenly—such angelic eyes? All our young gallants assure me it is the case."

"I know nothing about it," snarled the old man; "I pray you let us talk no more about my niece. We can surely find a worthier subject of conversation in the masterly work of art which you have before you."

Salvator now asked the judgment of his visitor on an effect of light which he had just began to throw into his picture, and which promised to work very strikingly. Capuzzi spoke eagerly on the subject, and with much intelligence. He threw out some suggestions which Salvator adopted on the spot, without telling the old man that they only anticipated what he had already intended to do. Signor Pasquale's vanity was flattered, his features brightened again, and the

cup was once more raised to his lips, when Salvator said—

"But tell me, Signor Pasquale, is it true that your niece——"

"By the black Pluto!" roared the old man, starting up in a rage, and putting down his glass with a thump that had nearly broke it; "by all the furies, this is too much! You offer me wine, and then turn it into poison—I say into poison, with your questions about what does not concern you—your eternal 'but tell me, Signor Pasquale, is your niece this, and is your niece that?' What's my niece to you, Signor? I beg you will just pay me the ten ducats you owe me, and then I will leave you and your fellow-roogue, Master Beard-scraper Guido Reni, there, to go to the gallows at your best leisure!"

"How!" cried Salvator, as if in a furious passion; "you venture to talk to me this way in my own house. And ten ducats—ten ducats I am to pay you for that old worm-eaten box of wires, the jingle of which is enough to make God's angels my enemies for all eternity, if I were capable of offending their ears with it! Ten ducats! no, nor five ducats—nor three—nor one, shall you get from me for the rubbish! Ducats, forsooth! if you had asked ten *quattrini*, it would have been audacity enough. Away with it out of this! I wonder at your effrontery, to send such trash into the presence of a man like me. Away with it, I say!"

And therewith he bestowed a hearty kick on the ill-starred spinet, which tumbled over with a discordant crash.

"Ha!" screamed Capuzzi, foaming and stuttering for anger; "there's law—there's law—in Rome—yet! You shall smart—you shall smart—for this! I'll appeal—to the authorities; I'll fetch—the police—I will,—this instant!"

He was rushing out of the room, but Salvator caught him by both arms, pressed him gently down into the arm-chair, and said in a coaxing tone—

"My good Signor Pasquale, your anger flatters me—it proves that I am a good actor. And you really did not see that I was joking with you? Or were you, too, acting? I could almost suspect it, from the moderate opinion I have of my own dramatic talent, and the high one I entertain of yours."

Not ten, but thirty ducats you shall have for your spinet."

He went on repeating, "Thirty ducats, Signor Pasquale—thirty ducats," till Capuzzi, his passion subsiding by degrees, said in a faint voice—

"What is that you tell me, good Signor? Thirty ducats for the spinet?—just as it is?—without repairs?"

"I stake my honour," said Salvatore, letting go his hold of the old man, "that the spinet shall, within a hour or so, be worth from thirty to forty ducats, and that you, my good Signor Pasquale, shall get that sum for it."

The old man sighed, drew a deep breath, and murmured, "Thirty to forty ducats!"—then he began, "But you provoked me very much, Signor Salvatore."

"Thirty ducats," said Salvatore.

"To forty," subjoined Capuzzi.

"To forty," assented Salvatore.

Capuzzi simpered, but soon began again—

"You said things that went to my heart, Signor Salvatore."

"Thirty to forty ducats!" repeated Salvatore.

He continued to reiterate, "Thirty to forty ducats—thirty to forty ducats," as long as the old man showed any signs of lingering ill humour, till the latter, at length quite conciliated, said with a beaming countenance, "Let me but have thirty to forty ducats for my spinet, and all is forgiven and forgotten, dear signor."

"One more condition," said Salvatore, "before I fulfil my promise, and a condition, my very dear Signor Pasquale, which you can very easily comply with. You are, without any comparison, the first composer, and the most delightful singer, that Italy can boast of. With what rapture have I listened to the grand *scena* in the *Teti e Peleo*, which that unblushing plagiarist, Francesco Cavalli, has pilfered out of your incomparable works, and had the effrontery to palm on the world for his own! If you would but sing me that grand *aria*, while I put the spinet in order, you will do me a pleasure which will leave me in your debt, though I should put eighty ducats in your pocket instead of forty."

"It is easy to see," replied the old man, his little grey eyes blinking with beatitude, and his whole frame in a flutter—"it is easy, excellent signor,

to see, that we have in you a true musician, and a man of genuine taste, who can appreciate what the dull and thankless Romans are not worthy of. I will sing you the music, my dear signor, as originally composed, not as disguised and debased by the scoundrel, Cavalli, who, not satisfied with kidnapping the precious fruit of my genius, has so barbarously disfigured it, to conceal the theft, that only a parent's infallible instinct could recognize it again. Hear, then, hear the air of all airs!"

He stood up, reared himself on his tiptoes, stretched out his two arms, shut his eyes, and presented the liveliest image of a cock preparing to crow. In this position he forthwith began to scream in such a manner that the walls rang again, and Monna Caterina with her two daughters, came running in, having no other idea but that the dreadful outcry which reached their ears was occasioned by some terrible disaster. On seeing the old gentleman in his crowing attitude, they stood, mystified to the last degree, at the door, hereby more than doubling the number of the audience for whose delectation Pasquale Capuzzi was exerting himself.

In the meantime Salvatore had lifted up the fallen spinet, thrown open the lid of it, taken pallet and brush in hand, and now painted rapidly and boldly on the smooth board, a picture, in which his wild and exuberant imagination overleaped all limits, and revelled unrestrained. The leading conception was a scene out of the opera of *Teti e Peleo*, but with the antique forms of gods, heroes, and sea-monsters, mingled themselves in a strange and fantastic way, a multitude of figures the most incongruous. Among these were seen Capuzzi, Antonio, Mariana, as she appeared in her lover's picture, Salvatore himself, Monna Caterina, and her daughters, even Doctor Pyramid and Pitichinaccio were not wanting, and all this was arranged with such admirable skill, such inimitable effect, that Antonio, as he looked on, could not contain his astonishment at the inventive genius, and the practical facility of the great master.

Capuzzi was far from confining his exertions to the *scena* which Salvatore had desired to hear. He sang on, like one possessed by the demon of evil

music, working his way through a wilderness of frightful recitative, from one diabolical air to another. This went on, it might be a matter of two hours, when he sank down, breathless, exhausted, and purple in the face, into his arm-chair. By this time Salvator had worked out his sketch till all was full of life, and the whole had, at a little distance, the effect of a finished picture. He now whispered in the ear of the old man—

“Well, my good Signor Pasquale, I have kept my word as to the spinet.”

Capuzzi started up, as if awaked out of some Elysian dream. His eye fell on the spinet; he stared as if a miracle had been wrought before him, clapped his hat on, stuck his walking

stick under his arm, made one stride to the spinet, wrenched the cover from its hinges, hoisted it on his shoulder, and ran, as if the furies drove him, down stairs, out of the house, to the immense admiration of Monna Caterina and her two daughters.

“The old fox knows very well,” laughed Salvator, “that he has only to show it to Count Colonna, or to my good friend Rossi, to get forty ducats for it, at the lowest penny.”

Salvator and Antonio now concerted their plan of attack, which was to be carried on that night. We shall presently see what our two adventurers concluded on, and with what success their measures were attended.

CHAPTER IV.

NIGHT was come, and Signor Pasquale, having carefully locked and padlocked his doors, carried home Pitichinaccio as usual. The whole way, the little creature did nothing but weep and wail, and complain that, as if it were not enough that he had to sing himself into a consumption with Capuzzi's airs, and burn his hands with cooking of maccheroni, he must now perform a service that brought him no revenue but cuffs and kicks, which Mariana bestowed liberally upon him whenever he came near her. Capuzzi soothed him as well as he could, promised to augment his allowance of sugar-plums and comforts, and when he found that the unhappy little monster still did not cease groaning and lamenting, he went so far as to say that a certain black plush waistcoat, on which Pitichinaccio had long cast the eyes of desire, should be his, being first cut into a nice little cassock, to make him look like an abbé. The dwarf demanded, in addition to this, a peruke and a rapier, and the parties were yet occupied with the capitulations on this point, when they reached the Via Bergognona, in which Pitichinaccio lived, in a house only four doors distant from the lodging of Salvator Rosa.

Signor Pasquale set down his burden with great care; he then opened the house-door, and the two friends, Pitichinaccio foremost, Capuzzi after him, mounted the narrow stair, which

indeed was little better than the ladder of a hen-house. But they were scarcely half-way up when an awful racket was heard on the landing-place above them, and a hoarse, biocuppy voice broke out in imprecations on the stairs, the house, and all that lived in it. The owner of the voice was (there was no mistaking that point) extremely drunk; had, it would seem, some how got into the house by mistake, and could not find his way out of it again. Pitichinaccio squeezed himself up as small as possible against the wall, and supplicated Capuzzi, for the love of all the saints, to go on before him; but, hardly had Signor Pasquale mounted two steps more, when the drunken brute above came tumbling downstairs, swept the old gentleman with him like an avalanche, and bore him away, through the open air, out into the middle of the street. There both fell together; Capuzzi under, the temperance man over him, like a heavy sack. The poor old man cried dismally for help; in the next moment two men came running up, who, not without some expense of strength, relieved Capuzzi of his load: the cordial-drinker staggered away as soon as he was got on his legs, swearing like the Council of Trent.

“God bless me! Signor Pasquale! No—yes, 'tis no one else! My good signor, what is all this? How came you here at this time of night? What sort of house is that in which you have

met with such terribly bad treatment?"

Such were the questions asked, with a great appearance of interest, by Salvator Rosa and Antonio Scacciati; for no other than these were Capuzzi's deliverers.

"Ah!" groaned Signor Pasquale, "it's all over with me—I am a murdered man—cut off in my best years!"

"Nay, heaven forbid!" said Antonio: "let me see." He felt the sufferer all over, and on, a sudden, gave him such a desperate pinch on the shin that Capuzzi shrieked like a man on the wheel, at the first stroke of the bone-breaker.

"Oh, all ye saints!" exclaimed the ex-surgeon in a compassionate tone—"my good Signor Pasquale, you have got your left leg broke in the most dangerous place! Without prompt help you are a dead man in two hours, or at least a tripple for life!"

Capuzzi howled in grief and terror. "Be calm, dear signor, be calm," proceeded Antonio: "it is true that I am no longer a surgeon, but a painter; nevertheless, I have not quite forgot my former profession. We will carry you to Signor Salvator's lodgings, and I will set your leg at once."

"Ah, my good Signor Antonio!" whimpered Capuzzi, "you are my enemy—I know it but too well."

"Fie, fie!" said Salvator: "who talks of enmity here? You are a man, and in danger. That is enough for a soul like my friend Antonio's, all the resources of whose art are at the service of the unfortunate. Come, Antonio, take up Signor Pasquale tenderly."

They took up the old man with great care, and carried him, groaning and crying, into Salvator's dwelling.

Monna Caterina protested she had had a foreboding of some calamity, and that was what had kept her up. As soon as she saw the old man, and heard what had befallen, she began to censure his whole way of life with great fluency.

"I know right well, Signor Pasquale," said she, "whom you've been carrying home to-night again. Fie upon you! you think, though your pretty young niece lives with you, you have no need to keep a maid for her; and you misuse that poor little object of a Pitichinaccio in the most blas-

phemous manner—making him put on petticoats like a woman! Faugh! it makes my stomach turn to think of such perjury—I might say such rhapsody, for no name is bad enough for it! You should consider, signor, that where there's meat there's bones, and where there's a young lady, there should be a maid. You must wear your shoe according to your corn, and not require anything of your niece but what is right and proper. Don't lock her in like a felon—don't make a jail of your house. The horse that feels the spur, must trot, and a man that has a pretty niece must do whatever she wishes. But you are an ungallant and a hard-hearted man; and I'm greatly afraid you are, at your years, in love, and jealous. Excuse my speaking so plain, Signor Pasquale; you can't squeeze treacle out of a lemon, and they that expect pleasant words from me, must please me first. Well, Signor Salvator, if Signor Pasquale doesn't die of his broken leg, which, at his age, is likelier than not, at least, let us hope it will be a warning to him, and that he will, after this, give his niece liberty to do what she likes, and to marry the handsome young gentleman whom you and I wot of."

"Don't speak—don't answer her," said Antonio to the patient, who listened not very patiently to these chidings: "your life depends on your keeping quiet. Go, good Monna Caterina, I beseech you, and get us some iced water—a good deal—as much as you can. You shall talk to Signor Pasquale when he is better."

The man whom Salvator and Antonio had sent into Pitichinaccio's lodgings, had done his work extremely well. Capuzzi had received no injury, except a few bruises of no consequence, terrible as the fall had been in appearance. Antonio laid the old man's leg in splints—taking care to hurt it a good deal as he did so, and then bandaged it so that all motion was impossible. Withal they wrapped it in cloths kept copiously wet with iced water, to prevent inflammation, so that the sufferer's teeth chattered in his head.

"My good Signor Antonio," said he, in a piteous voice, when these arrangements were completed, "tell me, is it really all over with me—must I die?"

"Don't frighten yourself, Signor Pasquale," replied Antonio, "since you have borne the setting so well, and not fainted during the bandaging, I trust we may consider the most pressing danger as, in a great measure, past. However, you still require the greatest care, and I must tell you that your surgeon's presence is, for some time, imperatively necessary."

"Alas! Antonio," whimpered the old man, "you know what an affection I have for you—how high I rate your talents! Don't leave me—give me your dear hand—say, my good Antonio—my dear boy, you won't leave me—you won't abandon an old friend!"

"Why, Signor Pasquale, the fact is, as you know, that I have given up the profession of surgery altogether, and devoted myself exclusively to painting. Nevertheless, I will make an exception in your favour, and undertake your cure, for old times' sake, Signor Pasquale, for which I ask no other fee or reward than the restoration of your friendship and confidence. You were, certainly a little rough with me, Signor Pasquale."

"Don't speak of it, good Antonio."

"Your niece will be frightened to death at your not coming home. Now, considering the misfortune you have met with, you are wonderfully strong, and we will, therefore, have you removed, as soon as the day dawns, to your own dwelling. There, I will look to the bandage again, see your bed properly arranged, and give the *signorina* directions what to do, that you may be, as soon as possible, well."

The old man sighed, shut his eyes, and was, for some moments, silent; then he stretched out his hand to Antonio—drew the young artist close to him, and whispered softly—

"I am sure, my dear signor, all *that* about Mariana—you know what I mean—was only a joke, eh?"

"Oh! Signor Pasquale, is this a time to think about such things? The *signorina* made an impression on me, I will not deny it; but I assure you I have other matters in my head now, and, to be quite candid with you, I hope to have no reason to regret the mode you took to cure me of a youthful folly. Artists often fancy themselves in love, my good signor, when they are only in a fit of artistic enthu-

siasm: they persuade themselves they are seeking a companion for life, when they are merely seeking a model for a picture. The picture once painted, the model becomes an object of indifference."

"Antonio!" sobbed the invalid, "blessed young man!—heavenly signor!—you are my consolation, my help, my refreshment! Now that I know you do not love Mariana—perhaps, on the whole, rather dislike her—all my pain is gone!"

"Really, Signor Pasquale," observed Salvator Rosa, "if you were not so well known as a grave and a judicious man, who knows what becomes his advanced years, one would almost be tempted to the wild suspicion that you were frantic enough to be in love with your young niece yourself."

Capuzzi shut his eyes again, and moaned and wailed at the agonizing torments he suffered, which had suddenly returned with tenfold fury.

Day dawned, and Antonio declared it time to carry home his patient to the Strada Ripetta. With the help of Salvator, therefore, he lifted Signor Pasquale out of bed, and enveloped him in a voluminous cloak, which had belonged to Monna Caterina's departed lord, and which she charitably gave for the purpose. Capuzzi begged for the sake of all the saints that the frightful wet napkins which were bound round his bald head, might be removed, and that it might be permitted him to wear his wig and plumed hat. He supplicated also that Antonio would put his moustache into some kind of order, that Mariana might not be altogether too much horrified at the sight of him.

Two porters, with a hand-barrow, waited at the door: Monna Caterina, scolding the sufferer all the while, and citing an incredible number of proverbs, brought beds down, in which he was well packed, and then carried home, Salvator and Antonio escorting him.

Mariana's alarm and grief were without bounds, at seeing her uncle brought home in so miserable a plight; she threw herself on her knees beside the old man, she seized his hands, pressed them to her lips, bathed them with her tears, lamented with heart-breaking cries the calamity that had befallen him, and had neither eyes nor thoughts

but for him, though her lover was so near. So great was the good child's compassion for the old wretch who embittered her life with his amorous dotage. Salvator, however, after some time, managed to catch her eye; and, with a woman's quickness, she soon gathered, from some ocular telegraphing on his part, intelligence of the real state of affairs. She now ventured a stolen glance at Antonio; a deep blush overspread her cheek, and it was the prettiest thing in the world to see how mirthfully her eyes danced in their tears, and how gracefully awkward was her unsuccessful attempt to look as if she did not by any means consider the trick played on her uncle a thing she could altogether approve.

As for the victim, he was in a state of beatitude at his niece's reception of him; he simpered, he blinked, his very moustache quivered with delight, and he sighed, whined, and emitted every variety of lamentable sound, not with pain, but with downright tenderness. Antonio, in the mean time, arranged his bed *secundum artem*, and, when he was laid in it, made the splints and bandages faster than ever, fixing the right leg also in such a way that the patient lay there with as little power of motion as a wooden doll. Salvator now went away, and left the lovers to their happiness.

Capuzzi lay buried in pillows, a thick cloth tied about his head: he could neither see nor hear what was not intended for his eyes and ears, and the young people were at liberty to pour out all their hearts, and to seal with a due number of kisses their vows of eternal love. To blind him the more completely, Mariana let hardly a minute pass without inquiring solicitously how he found himself, and even suffered him from time to time to press her little white hand to his lips. As soon as it was fully day, Antonio took his departure, ostensibly to provide what was necessary for the further treatment of his patient, but in reality to consider how he could, at least for a few hours, put the latter into a still more helpless condition, and to consult with Salvator what to do next.

It was not, however, till the next morning that the friends met again, and Antonio was the bearer of bad news.

"All is lost!" cried the lover of

Mariana—"our stratagem is found out, and there is open war between us and Capuzzi!"

"So much the better," said Salvator; "but what has happened?"

"I was away," began Antonio, "but two hours at most, and came back to the Strada Ripetta with a whole cargo of essences, when—imagine my confusion, Salvator!—whom should I see, but my patient standing at his own door, in full dress, and as well as ever he was. Behind him stood Dr. Pyramid, and the respectable Signor Michele, the bravo, and between their legs I saw something moving, which, I believe, was the little abortion, Piti-chinaccio. The moment Capuzzi saw me, he clenched his fist, cursed and swore in the most horrible manner, that he would have every bone in my body converted into bone-dust if ever I appeared at his door again, and bidding me go to the abodes of Pluto, for a beard-scraping reprobate, with my worthy patron, Salvator Rosa; and then he reviled you for a brigand, a murderer escaped from the gallows, an accomplice of Masaniello, and I know not what all—whom he swore he would get banished from Rome, before many days were over. As for me, he would spend his last ducat to have me disposed of."

"Oho!" said Salvator.

"Doctor Pyramid," proceeded Antonio, "cried, 'why don't you seize the villain, Michele?' The bravo was on the point of making a spring on me, a crowd of gapers was beginning to collect, I had nothing for it but to take to my heels, and—by Jove, Salvator, I believe you're laughing at me!"

"Oh Lord, oh Lord!" cried Salvator, as soon as he could speak, "my poor Antonio! Was ever surgeon so disappointed by his patient's getting well too soon? Ay, ay, we might have been prepared for this. Dr. Pyramid was sure to hear of his crony's misfortune, and to come and see him. We are checkmated for this time, Antonio."

"And you laugh at this! But I knew it—it was because I knew you would laugh at me that I didn't come yesterday."

"Don't be downcast, Antonio; we have lost this game, but we will have our revenge, and checkmate in our turn. Listen to me. I told you before, that there lives a gossip of Mon-

na Caterina's in the same house, and on the same floor with Capuzzi. This good woman has a daughter, a great ally of my worthy hostess's younger girl, Margarita. Rosa, as she is called, has made up an acquaintance with your Mariana, through a hole which she has found, or perhaps made, in the partition between her mother's and Capuzzi's lodgings, and, when the old gentleman is enjoying his *siesta*, the two girls enjoy the sweets of mutual confidence at this hole."

"How fortunate!" cried Antonio; "I have only to give Margarita a letter, to be handed to Rosa, for Mariana."

"What's the use of that?" said Salvator, "I told you about Rosa and Margarita, only to account for my being in possession of the information I am now going to give you—and, by the way, I knew as early as yesterday evening all you related to me just now. But listen, for I have important news for you. The old dotard of an uncle is completely taken in by his niece's reception of him on his hand-barrow yesterday morning; he believes that she at least half responds to his sentiments, and, in his ecstasy with the indignation she affected at our prank, and her declaration that she would repel with scorn any future attempt you might make to approach her, he hastily swore she had but to ask him for any thing that would afford her pleasure, and he would do it on the spot. Mariana modestly asked nothing more than that her *zio carissimo* would take her to the theatre outside the Porta del Popolo, to see Signor Formica!"

"This took the old gentleman a little aback; however, he consulted with Dr. Splendiano Accoramboni and the little *musico*, and it was finally agreed that Pasquale and Pyramid shall escort Mariana to-morrow evening to the theatre in question. Piti-chinaccio is to accompany them in his—or its—feminine garb, as the young lady's *suivante*, Signor Capuzzi having promised it a peruke in addition to the plush waistcoat, and having agreed to carry it home, turn about, with Dr. Pyramid, after the play. To-morrow the *trio* are to go with your fair Mariana,—and a fair creature in truth she is,—to Nicolo Musso's theatre, without the Porta del Popolo, to see Signor Formica."

We must here interrupt our narra-

tive, to give the reader some information respecting Signor Formica, and the theatre of the Porta del Popolo.

The end of Lent generally finds the Romans not more hungry for flesh than for fun, and it was at this season that a certain Nicolo Musso had opened a theatre, in the locality referred to, in which he promised no other performances than those trifling improvised *masques*, which are so peculiar to, and characteristic of, Italy. The theatre was nothing more than a little booth; had a pit and gallery, but no boxes; was without an orchestra; boasted, for a stage, only a carpeted platform, around which were displayed some hangings, of various colours, to serve instead of scenery, and offered to the audience no better accommodation than that of hard and uncomfortable wooden benches. All this made no favourable impression, the first night the place was opened, and a good deal of grumbling was to be heard at Signor Musso's calling such a paltry shed as that by the imposing name of theatre. But scarcely had the first two actors that appeared exchanged half a dozen sentences, ere the attention of the audience was arrested; and, as the piece proceeded attention became approval, approval admiration, and admiration enthusiasm, which vented itself in gales, tempests, tornadoes of laughter and applause.

In fact, nothing could be more perfect than these improvised representations, which foamed over, as it were, with wit, whim, and good sense, and scourged the follies of the day with prodigious effect. Each one of the players gave his part in a way that left nothing to wish for; but the *Pasquarello* of the troop, above all others, carried away the spectators by his inimitable imitations of sundry well-known personages at Rome, whose voice, gait, and whole exterior, as well as their characteristic ways of thinking and acting, he had the art of assuming with such extraordinary life and truth, that the illusion was complete. Nor did his wonderful pantomime, his lightning-like wit, and his inexhaustible oddities of thought and expression, yield less delight to the hearers than his unrivalled gift of mimicry. In truth, the man who played the part of Pasquarello, and who called himself Signor Formica, seemed to have

something about him that was not like other men; there was often in his tones and his movements something so strange, so indefinable, that the spectators felt a sort of creeping chill run over them in the very agony of their laughter. This player was worthily supported by the *Doctor Graziano*, who was an old Bolognese named *Maria Agli*, a man possessed of a power of gesture, a flexibility of voice, and a talent of saying the most delectable things in the world while seeming to talk the maddest nonsense, and *vice versa*, that surpassed anything of the kind ever known at Rome. What wonder that in a short time *Nicolo Musso's* little theatre, outside the *Porta del Popolo*, became the rage—that it was crowded, evening after evening, with delighted audiences—that *Formica's* name was in every mouth, and that, in the street as well as within the theatre, you heard enthusiastic play-goers cry, “*Oh, Formica! Formica benedetto! Oh, Formicissimo!*” *Formica* was in fact looked upon as a preternatural being—as something unearthly and inexplicable; and many an old dame, who had laughed her sides sore in the theatre, grew suddenly serious if any body ventured a criticism of anything in *Formica's* play, and answered with solemnity—

“*Sehersi coi fanti,
Lascia star i santi.*”

This feeling was due, however, not exclusively to *Formica's* great histrionic talents, but in a great measure to the mystery that enveloped his person. He was seen no where out of the theatre, and all endeavours to find out who he was, where he lived, &c., proved wholly vain. *Nicolo Musso* observed the most impenetrable secrecy on every thing relating to *Signor Formica*.

So much with respect to the theatre *Mariana* was so eager to visit.

“Now is the time,” said *Salvator*, “for a bold stroke, and the return of the party from the theatre to the town, offers us the best possible opportunity for striking it.”

As soon as it was night, *Salvator* and *Antonio* took their guitars, went to the *Strada Ripetta*, and gave *Mariana* a serenade, which was indeed intended not less for *Capuzzi's* discomfort than for his niece's delight. *Salvator* was one of the best musicians of his time, and *Antonio's* fine tenor was

hardly inferior to that of the renowned *Ceccarelli*. Nevertheless, this did not secure for the performance of the two minstrels the patronage of *Signor Pasquale*, who presently appeared on the balcony, and, with much abuse, bid them go their ways, and not make such a riot before his house. His neighbours, however, whom the sweet sounds had drawn to their windows, called out to him to hold his peace, asking him if he would suffer no one else to sing, because he and his consorts could do nothing but howl; and telling him he might take himself in out of that, and stuff his ears with cotton, if he did not like to hear the cavaliers' music. Accordingly, *Signor Pasquale*, to his infinite torment, was obliged to hear *Salvator* and *Antonio* sing song after song through the best part of the night, the theme being now the sweetness of young love, now the mockery of superannuated coxcombry and enamoured dotage. They saw *Mariana* at the window, too, with her uncle at her side, vainly conjuring her, with all manner of honied words, not to expose herself to the unwholesome night-air.

The next evening, there appeared, passing along the *Strada Ripetta*, and towards the *Porta del Popolo*, the most remarkable party ever seen in Rome, out of carnival time. *Signor Pasquale*, with a new yellow feather, and for the rest, as the reader already knows him, tripped and minced his steps over the pavement as if the stones had been eggs, in shoes that were some sizes too small for him, handing along the lovely *Mariana*, whose fine shape and beautiful features were disguised by a vast shroud-like veil. On the other side of her marched *Splendiano Accoramboni*, in his great peruke, which covered his whole back, so that from behind, you would think you saw a prodigious head walking away upon two diminutive legs. Close on *Mariana's* heels, with a frightened and unhappy look, the little horror, *Pitchinaccio*, stumbled and stamped along like a tortoise on its hind flippers, in a gown of flame-coloured taffety, and with a whole garden of artificial flowers about his head. Such was the group which, followed by many wondering eyes, took its way on that eventful evening, to witness, for the first time, the delectable performance of the renowned *Signor Formica*.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. XXXIX.

SIR ROBERT SALE.

THE hero of Jellalabad has fallen! And truly may it be said, that England mourns over Sale, more than she rejoices in her late Indian victories!

Sir Robert was the son of Colonel Sale, one of the old fighting colonels of the East India Company, who distinguished himself on several occasions in their service. He was, we believe, engaged in a sortie from Vellore when his gallant son was born, which event took place on the 2nd of September, 1782. His father was a Yorkshireman; his mother a Kentish woman, and daughter of Commodore Beynes, who was lost with his ship in the West Indies.

His first commission bears date the 24th of February, 1795, when he was gazetted as an ensign in the 36th foot. Two years after he became a lieutenant, and immediately proceeded to India. He there exchanged into the 12th, and served creditably with Lord Harris, during the campaign which terminated in Tippoo's death. He was engaged in the battle of Mallavelly, the first general action at which the hero of an hundred fights, His Grace the Duke of Wellington, was present. And at the taking of Seringapatam, which very soon followed, he was very creditably distinguished.

The years which followed were eventful in the history of India. British power was then far from established or consolidated as it afterwards became; and the native princes but sulkily submitted to what they deemed, and with colour of reason, foreign usurpation. The consequence was, intrigue and treachery; a show of peace, without the reality; a disposition to take advantage of every untoward circumstance by which the authority of the company might be narrowed or shaken; and a readiness to associate themselves with any allies by whose aid the objects of their fear and their aversion might be rooted out of the land. Such were the feelings which engendered the Maharatta war, during the whole of which, under General Stevenson, Sir Robert, still a subaltern, served with distinction. And had not a man of Lord Wellesley's firmness and decision held the office of governor-general; and had not our gallant army been commanded, as it was, by Lord Lake and Sir Arthur Wellesley; and had there not been amongst its subalterns many who were animated by the spirit, or influenced by the example of Sir Robert Sale, it is more than probable that a campaign which added millions to the exchequer, and kingdoms to the territory of the East India Company, would have terminated in their expulsion from India. It was not until 1806 that Sir Robert, being then in his twenty-fourth year, obtained his company.

In 1809, he married the distinguished lady who is now his sorrowful survivor. Lady Sale is the granddaughter of Alexander Wynch, a Yorkshireman, who was governor of Madras. Her father, George Wynch, was a civilian in the company's service. We need not say what an object of interest she became to the whole of Europe during her severe and perilous captivity under Akbar Khan; nor with what eagerness her journal of her trials and sufferings was devoured by the reading public after her so unexpected deliverance. Suffice it to say, she proved herself in all respects worthy of the heroic individual with whom her lot in life was united.

Three months after his marriage, we find Sir Robert engaged, under Colonel Chalmers, in storming the lines of Travancore; and he was present at the capture of the Mauritius, when that beautiful island, the paradise of the East, was taken from the French by General Abercrombie.

Had Sale possessed powerful friends, his promotion, no doubt, would have been more rapid. He had now seen much and varied service, during more than three campaigns, in all of which he was actively engaged; and frequently, by his gallantry, attracted the marked approbation of his superiors. And yet, he had not risen higher than the rank of captain; nor was it until the year 1813,



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after a period of eighteen years' almost unremitting service, that he reached the rank of field officer.

In 1818, he was placed upon half pay, the second battalion of the 12th, to which he belonged, having been reduced. And "the piping time of peace" but ill assorting with the disposition of one who had been bred amongst battles, in 1821, by "paying the difference," he effected an exchange into the 13th light infantry, and proceeded, in 1823, to India. This was decidedly the busiest period of Sir Robert's active life. The Burmese war was then raging; and an officer of his intelligence and intrepidity was a great acquisition to our army, contending, as it was, with active, daring, and skilful enemies. He was present at the capture of Rangoon, on the 2nd of May, where his conduct was such as to attract the marked approbation of all his superiors. In the month following, he stormed the stockades near Kemmendine, for which he received the thanks of his commanding officer on the field of battle; nor did the notice of that affair end there. The gallantry and skill which he then displayed were honourably mentioned in a general order issued to the army in the following July. This was in 1824. In the December of that year, he stormed the enemy's lines; and four days afterwards, having been placed at the head of 1,600 men, he led them with such determined gallantry, that the Burmese warriors, though skilfully posted, and far outnumbering his own troops, were every where routed from their position. For this service he was highly extolled. It was followed rapidly by a signal victory obtained by him over the enemy near the great Pagoda of Rangoon. And on the 15th of December, he received a severe wound in the head, while storming an entrenchment near Koskein; "making," observes the writer in *The Times*, to whom we are chiefly indebted for the substance of the foregoing, "altogether four victories in the course of one month—every one of them hard-fought battles."

Sale was now universally regarded not merely as a gallant soldier, but an able commander. His name again appears in the general orders, as one who had entitled himself to the respect of the army; and having been appointed to the command of the brigade sent to reduce Bassein, he justified the selection by the complete success of all the operations undertaken by that portion of the army with whose conduct and direction he was entrusted.

On the 2nd of June, 1825, he obtained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Towards the close of that year we find him again engaged with the Shawms and the Burmese at Proma—as usual, with honour to himself, having succeeded both in defeating the attack of the enemy, and in his attack upon their lines and heights on the following day.

On the 13th of January, 1826, he received a severe wound when storming Melloon. On this occasion, his signal gallantry was noticed in the handsomest manner by the commander-in-chief, who presented him with the badge and riband of a Companion of the Bath.

We now approach the period of the disastrous expedition to Affghanistan. His brevet rank as colonel bears date the 28th of June, 1831; and in 1838 he commanded the first Bengal brigade of the army of the Indus, to whom the advance into the country of Dost Mohammed was confided. The events of that melancholy enterprise are too fresh in public memory to need any detail of them here. But whatever may have been the policy or the impolicy of the measure itself, for that Sale was not responsible; while to him principally are attributable the successes by which the errors of his superiors were redeemed.

The advances through that difficult country, the expedition to Girishk, the storming and capture of Ghuznee, were all services in which he was honourably distinguished, and for which he received the local rank of major-general, and the star of a Knight Commander of the Bath; while the new sovereign, Shah Soojah, dignified him with the order of the Douranee Empire.

The forces sent to the Kohistan country, for the purpose of subduing and capturing Dost Mohammed, were placed under his command; and Tootum Durrah, Thoolghur, Borhoo Kush Ghur, Kar Durrah, soon felt the power of his arms, and yielded successively to the active and vigorous proceedings by which all his operations were characterized. On the 2nd of November, 1840, "he expelled the enemy, under the command of Dost Mohammed, from the forts and

town of Perwan ;* and when the surrender of that chieftain, into the hands of Sir William Mac Naghten, apparently put an end to the war, he was raised by Shah Soojah to the highest class of the above-mentioned order of knighthood, by which that short-lived sovereign marked his sense of the merits and services of those to whom he was chiefly indebted for the establishment of his authority.

Hitherto we have seen the hero in success. Up to the date last mentioned, a prosperous issue attended all the warlike efforts of the British army. Now came disasters by which their constancy was sorely tried ; and it is not too much to affirm, that to the heroic gallantry and endurance of this veteran soldier, under a pressure of disasters and difficulties such as would have overborne almost any other commander, is to be ascribed our rescue from final ruin, when Akbar Khan and the Affghans rose up against us.

Our space does not permit us to enter in detail into the gallant exploits of Sir Robert in storming the Khoord Cabul pass, driving the enemy from the heights of Teezeen, forcing the pass at Jugdulluck, and storming the fort at Manao Khail. But his retreat upon Jellalabad, and the heroic stand which he made there, under circumstances almost unparalleled in the annals of warfare, have given the crowning grace and glory to his character as one of the most renowned of British warriors in India.

At Ghuznee our hero received a sabre wound in the chin, and musket balls in the breast and shoulder, and still he continued amongst the most active of those engaged in the service ; directing by his counsel (as far as his counsel would be listened to by the civilians who were in that country at the head of affairs), and animating by his example.

He was also severely wounded in the leg at the Khoord Cabul pass by a musket shot, the ball entering near the ankle, shivering the bone, and being taken out at the other side from the skin, where it had made a lodgment. He was suffering much from this wound when, on the 7th of April, he entered Jellalabad, an almost defenceless village ; his men, few in number, and disheartened by the severities both of the campaign and the season, and in want of almost all the necessaries which would enable them to make a stand against the enemy, now flushed with success, having captured or massacred most of the British authorities and a large portion of the troops, and under a leader who cherished a natural resentment against the subverters of his father's throne, and who was fully bent upon the utter extirpation of the hated invaders. To resolve, as he did, under such circumstances, to make a last stand in such a place, proves Sale to have been every inch a soldier.

He immediately set about rendering the place as defensible as possible, and superintended the labours of his gallant band with unremitting vigilance, although he was obliged to be carried about in a litter, his wound not permitting him to use his foot. There was not a day on which he did not insist upon being carried to the ramparts, for the purpose of personally inspecting the surrounding country ; and when pressed upon closely by Akbar's savage hordes, these daring and hardy mountaineers were made to feel that it was a lion they had at bay, whom, though wounded, it was dangerous to provoke to combat.

We must not omit to mention that this gallant stand was made, notwithstanding an order from General Elphinstone to deliver up the place to the Affghan chief, with whom, it was stated, a treaty had been made, guaranteeing the safe conduct of the British into India. But Sale's sagacious mind saw the treachery which this document had been fraudulently procured to conceal, and he bravely as well as wisely determined, great as was the responsibility of such an act, to disobey it.

And it was not alone the severity of the season and the fury of the enemy against which he had to contend. Even the accidents of nature seemed to conspire against him. Scarcely was the rampart completed, which had cost him and his almost famished soldiers so many weeks of unremitting toil, and by which, at last, as it seemed to them, a certain degree of security was obtained, when, by a shock of an earthquake, it was levelled to the ground. But his fortitude rose

* "Times," February 24th, 1846.

sublime over even this great calamity, and again he and his men addressed themselves to their weary work, until their rude fortification was again such as to afford them some shelter from the enemy.

From the 12th of November, 1841, to the 7th of April, 1842, they continued thus straitly invested in this miserable place, except when the near approach of the enemy, or their unguarded position, gave some opportunity for a sortie, in which cattle were sometimes captured, which served to provision the little garrison, when they were reduced to the last extremity for want of food.

At length the approach of Pollock, with a relieving army, which had long been anxiously expected, seemed to indicate the very moment when the enemy might be successfully assailed. Akbar's attention was naturally drawn to the advance of British troops by the Khyber pass; and had he been permitted to molest them as he might have done, they must have been seriously embarrassed upon their march, if indeed (and which is doubtful) they could have forced a passage. But just at that critical moment, Sale and his gallant band turned out in order of battle, and utterly routed the besieging army, capturing their guns, ammunition, and camp.

This was, indeed, a crowning victory. Great was the joy for this almost unhopèd-for deliverance. The British now, in their turn, became the assailants. Sale had the satisfaction of taking share in the battle of Teezeen, in which the enemy were finally defeated; and what must have been his delight to feel himself again restored to the society of his heroic wife, whose long captivity under Akbar must have cost him so many anxious thoughts, and whose noble bearing in adversity proved her a mate worthy of such a soldier.

The following we extract from the journal of her captivity. It describes her restoration to her gallant husband, after sufferings the most extreme, and a deliverance all but unhopèd for:—

"We had proceeded but a short way on our journey, when a horseman arrived with a note, informing us that Sale was close at hand with a brigade. I had fever hanging about me for some days, and being scarce able to sit on my horse, had taken my place in a *kujava*, the horrid motion of which had made me feel ten times worse than before I entered it. But the news renovated my strength. I shook off fever and all ills, and anxiously awaited his arrival, of which a cloud of dust was the forerunner." "It is impossible to express our feelings on Sale's approach. To my daughter and myself, happiness so long delayed as to be almost unexpected, was actually painful, and accompanied by a choking sensation, which could not obtain the relief of tears. When we arrived where the infantry were posted, they cheered all the captives as they passed them; and the men of the 13th pressed forward to welcome us individually. Most of the men had a little word of hearty congratulation to offer, each in his own style, on the restoration of his colonel's wife and daughter; and then my highly-wrought feelings found the desired relief, and I could scarcely speak to thank the soldiers for their sympathy, whilst the long-withheld tears now found their course. On arriving at the camp, Captain Backhouse fired a royal salute from his mountain-train guns; and not only our old friends, but all the officers in the party, came to offer congratulations, and welcome our return from captivity."

Sir Robert was now created a Knight of the Grand Cross of the Bath, and received the thanks of parliament, which never were better deserved, "for the skill, intrepidity, and perseverance, displayed in the military operations in Affghanistan."

In the month of December, 1843, although but a colonel in the service, by the Duke of Wellington's recommendation, he was honoured with the command of the 13th, or Prince Albert's Regiment of Light Infantry, he being the only officer of the same rank upon whom such a command had been conferred.

After a short visit to England, where he was received with an universal acclamation, he returned to India; and when he fell in the late action on the Sutlej, had been fifty-one years in the service of his country. We trust that country, who mourns over him as one of her most worthy sons, will perpetuate his name by some undying memorial.

STRAY LEAFLETS FROM THE OAK OF GERMAN POETRY. A FRESH GATHERING.

SECOND GARLAND.

The Dark-Veiled Maiden.

A ROMANTIC LEGEND OF THE KYNEST.

CARL THEODORE KOERNER.

[THE Burgh known by the name of the Kynest was erected by Duke Bolko, a Silesian nobleman, in the year 1592, and stood on the Hirschberg, a hill that rises north of the Giant mountains in Silesia. A frightful abyss of rocks yawned beneath it, called the Hell-gulf, and made particularly memorable by the incidents recorded in the following legend. In the seventeenth century the Bolko family transferred the proprietorship of this Burgh to Count Schaffgotsch, in whose possession it remained until its de-

struction by fire in the year 1675. Rückert's poem, "The Ride around the Parapet," is obviously founded on the same tradition with Körner's legend; but Körner has sketched the character of the heroine in a far more masterly manner than Rückert; the details of the ballad also, and above all the catastrophe, are altogether his own. Which narrative of the two is the more in accordance with fact is quite another question, and one which I do not pretend to decide.]

I.

North of the Giant Mountain's brow,
 Arose of old the dim grey Kynest;
 There the eagle did rear his high nest,
 Though not a stone of it standeth now.
 Not a stone of it standeth now,
 Where the eagle reared his high nest,
 'Twas north of the Giant Mountain's brow
 The grey old ivied Kynest.
 O, Time! a dread destroyer art thou,
 But not by sad and slow decline
 Was overthrown the Kynest—
 By a sudden, fiercer power than thine
 Fell that old ivied Kynest—
 By red Fire fell the dim grey Kynest!

II.

The meek old Graf, Adolf, was dead.
 For no Knight more meek, yet noble,
 Ever sat a land in trouble!
 Would his Dark-veiled Daughter wed?
 North of the Giant-Mountain's brow
 Arose the dim grey Kynest,
 But a mass of ruins lieth now
 Where the eagle built his high nest.
 "Never!—till—" she sternly said,—
 And the Ritters gathered round,
 Bending lowly to the ground
 For that Dark-veiled Damsel's sake,
 While that Dark-veiled Damsel spake—
 While that Mysterious Maiden spake.

III.

"Till," she said, "a bolder Knight
 And firmer than my sire be found.
 From yon broad parapeted height
 He, as ye know, through dizziness, fell!
 North of the Giant-Mountain's brow
 It rose, the dim grey Kynest,
 But a mass of ruins lieth now
 Where the eagle built his high nest. . .
 "I wed the Knight who will ride it round,
 Despite the yawning nether Hell!
 Nay, look at me not with wondering brows
 For this:—believe me, rather,
 That I but fear to mourn a Spouse
 As now I mourn a Father!"

IV.

This she said, and said no more.
 Hawkings, huntings, tourneys, dances,
 Banquets, followed: a thousand lances
 Were broken ere the Spring was o'er.
 North of the Giant-Mountain's brow
 It stood, the ivied Kynest,
 Though not a stone ariseth now
 Where the eagle built his high nest. . . .
 But the chaplet-crowns the victors wore
 Were never woven by fair Brunild.
 If princely blood was sometimes spilled
 Fair Brunild stood silently by,
 And looked on the purple stream with an eye
 Blue and calm as the calm blue sky.

V.

Till at length Count Karl of Staaveld
 Also came to tilt at the Kynest,
 So far and wide its fame had travelled,
 Though not a stone of it standeth now
 Where the eagle reared his high nest,
 A-north of the Giant-Mountain's brow,
 The grey old ivied Kynest!
 "Lady," he said, "I know thou shrinest
 No man's image in thy soul—
 Better so! for none who cherish
 Love are free from doubt and dole.
 But I reckon not, I, of this!
 I will win thy hand, or perish
 In the Hell of yon abyss!"

VI.

"Sir Knight," the Dark-veiled Maiden said,
 "Thou speakest sooth; I love thee not,
 But, if thou lovest me, oh, blot
 This ghastly purpose from thy mind!
 North of the Giant-Mountain's brow
 Arose the dim grey Kynest,
 But not a stone remaineth now
 Where the eagle reared his high nest. . .
 "I have made my choice, yet fear to find
 The man I seek! I love thee not,

And swear to thee thou dost but shed
 Thy lifeblood in a vain emprise,
 While upon *my* devoted head
 That burning blood for ever lies !”

VII.

“ Fair Fraülein !” — so the Count replied —
 “ I do not understand thee *too* well,
 But, be thy nature kind or cruel,
 The truth concerns me nothing now.
 North of the Giant-Mountain's brow
 Rose once the dim grey Kynest,
 But a shapeless ruin stretcheth now
 Where the eagle reared his high nest. . . .
 Men call thee proud : I know and care not ;
 Perchance I wish to slay thy pride —
 Perchance myself am proud as thou.*
 Enough ! My death *may* mar this trial,
 What then ? Thyself hast poured the vial
 On thine own head : retreat I dare not !”

VIII.

With tears of anger, not remorse,
 Brunild beheld the youth depart —
 Depart, and spring forthwith to horse.
 North of the Giant-Mountain's brow
 Arose the ivied Kynest,
 But there lieth a shapeless ruin now
 Where the eagle made his high nest.
 Oh, who had ever skill to pierce
 The mystery of a woman's heart
 Whose very tenderness is fierce ?
 O'er-artless was Count Karl of Staaveld
 To do so, and 'twas best he strove not —
 For, sure, the Paros never wove knot
 So complicate, so darkly ravelled !

IX.

The noontide sun was burning brightly
 Above the glittering motley crowd
 Assembled in the Kynest court,
 And on the heights that fronted its fort.
 North of the Giant-Mountain's brow
 Arose the dim grey Kynest,
 Though ruins alone be visible now
 Where the eagle built his high nest.
 Dames were there of dazzling charms,
 Ritters, Barons, and Burgraves knightly,
 With squires, and vassals, and men-at-arms,
 When the trumpets pealed aloud —
 Once — Twice — Thrice ; and, holding his breath,
 Count Karl began that Ride of Death.

* There is great moral *ethnical* grandeur in this sentiment, which if paraphrased in prose, might run thus : “ Men say that thou art proud, fair lady. I know that I am so. And it is a gratification to my pride to think that I shall humble thee to the dust by the remorse which my death must cause thee.”

X.

Around and around again he rode,
 His armour flashing in the sun,
 Around and around, till his young blood glowed,
 And sky and hill-top whirled and spun !
 North of the Giant-Mountain's brow
 Arose the dim grey Kynest ;
 Though ruins alone are traceable now
 Where the eagle built his high nest.
 Around, around, again he wheeled,
 Till a fatal shout arose aneath—
 " Enough ! Descend, thou dauntless lover !—
 Hast well won Glory's golden wreath !"—
 Reared high the steed—reared back and reeled,—
 Then fell with his gallant rider over !
 * * *

XIV.

The weary weeks, the moons of gloom,
 Have at last departed all ;
 And once again rich roses bloom
 In the pillared Kynest hall.
 North of the Giant-Mountain's brow
 Arose that dim grey Kynest,
 But not a stone is standing now
 Where the eagle fixed his high nest.
 Knights with Knights in the shock of lances
 This bright day have worthily striven,
 And now a brilliant feast is given.
 But who sits near the Dark-veiled Maiden,
 And returns her pity-laden
 Looks with strangest flashing glances ?

XV.

That is Eberard, Elstein's Markgrave.
 He voweth to win her hand and halls,
 Or share with Ritter Karl his dark grave
 Under the Kynest's ivied walls.
 North of the Giant-Mountain's brow,
 Arose the dim grey Kynest,
 Though ruins alone are met with now
 Where the eagle built his high nest.
 Doth he love her ? None can tell ;
 But, when he looketh in her eyes,
 If Love beameth from his own
 Revenge is visible there as well.
 Revenge ! For whom, or what ? She sighs
 When questioned, but no more is known !
 •

XVI.

Again the noontide burneth brightly
 Above the gorgeous motley crowd
 Assembled in the Kynest court,
 And on the heights that front its fort.
 North of the Giant-Mountain's brow
 It rose, the ivied Kynest,
 Though not a stone remaineth now,
 Where the eagle made his high nest.

Dames were there of dazzling charms,
 Barons, Ritters, Palsgraves knightly,
 Squires and vassals, and men-at-arms.
 Thrice the trumpets pealed aloud,
 And the Markgrave sprang to horse :—
 Shall they not next peal the dirge for his corse ?

XVII.

Around and around again he rode,
 His armour flashing in the sun,
 Around and around, till his young blood glowed,
 And sky and mountain danced and spun !
 North of the Giant-Mountain's brow
 Arose the dim grey Kynest,
 Though a ruin only lieth now
 Where the eagle reared his high nest.
 And round and round again he wheeled,
 Till the ominous shout arose anew—
 "Enough ! Descend, thou Bold and True !"—
 Reared back above the Hell-gulf nether
 The startled steed—reared back and reeled,
 And steed and man rolled down together !

XX.

A second time, a longer while,
 The Kynest wore a funeral air.
 Brunild was never seen to smile ;
 Her days lapsed by in blank despair.
 North of the Giant-Mountain's brow
 Arose the dim grey Kynest,
 Though a ruin only stretcheth now
 Where the eagle reared his high nest.
 When Winter's winds piped o'er the leas,
 And snowdrifts lay on the silent hills,
 She spent the chill hours on her knees,
 Praying, not for Happiness, but Rest :
 The hope a faith in God instils
 Was all but quenched within her breast !

XXI.

But Sorrow's life is not eternal.
 It slayeth itself, or must be slain.
 When the flowering Spring is born again,
 The withered heart will too grow vernal.
 North of the Giant-Mountain's brow
 Arose the ivied Kynest,
 Though not a stone remaineth now
 Where the eagle reared his high nest.
 Once more the castle-walls resounded
 With bray of arms and minstrel song.
 Day by day came some new throng
 Of Ritters thither, and, to woo his
 Bride,—was Rumour's tale well-founded—
 Came among the rest Lord Lewis.

XXII.

The Maiden saw him—and felt lost.
 "He *lives*,"—she thought,—"*I live a slave,*
 Or *dies*—and I die on his grave."
 How was her proud soul passion-tost !

North of the Giant Mountain's brow
 Arose the dim grey Kynest,
 Though ruins alone are visible now
 Where the eagle reared his high nest.
 With tears she implored him—Pride and Shame
 Were now so trodden down by Love—
 To spare himself—and her. She strove
 In vain! "Whate'er be *thy* bereavement,"
 He coldly said, "for mine own fame
 I *must* adventure this achievement!"

XXIII.

Again the noon-day sun burned brightly
 Above the glittering motley crowd
 Assembled in the Kynest-court,
 And on the heights that fronted its fort.
 North of the Giant-Mountain's brow
 It rose, the dim grey Kynest,
 But not a stone is standing now
 Where the eagle built his high nest.
 Dames were there of dazzling charms,
 Barons, and Dukes, and Markgraves knightly,
 With squires, and vassals, and men-at-arms.
 Thrice the trumpets pealed aloud,
 And the Ritter sprang to horse—
 Oh, bitter was Brunild's remorse!

XXIV.

Around and around he rode amain,
 His armour lightening in the sun,
 Around, around, again and again,
 Till sky and hill-peak whirled and spun!
 North of the Giant-Mountain's brow
 Arose the dim grey Kynest,
 But not a stone remaineth now
 Where the eagle reared his high nest.
 In breathless wonder stood and gazed
 The anxious multitude below—
 No clarion rang, no voice was raised,
 Till, reining in his fiery steed,
 He bounded off, and, with stately-slow
 Pace, led him down to the grassy mead!

XXV.

Now, first the loud glad greetings rise,
 The clarions ring, the banners wave,
 Radiates delight from a myriad eyes—
 But the Ritter himself looks pale and grave!
 North of the Giant Mountain's brow
 Arose the dim grey Kynest,
 Though not a stone is standing now
 Where the eagle reared his high nest.
 "Best welcome!" with a smile exclaimed
 Brunild, "thou daring hero, thou!
 Accept this wreath, and be thou named
 The Peerless: they who trod that track
 Ere thee were lost!" The Knight shrank back.

XXVI.

"From a hand so steeped in blood
 I accept no wreath!" he said.
 "Two there lie, of like proud mood
 As mine, now noteless with the Dead. . . .
 North of the Giant-Mountain's brow
 Arose the dim grey Kynest
 But not a stone remaineth now
 Where the eagle reared his high nest . . .
 "Murdress! need I name the twain
 Thine accurséd pride hath slain?
 No!—but hear this from *their brother*!
 She who bore and cradled us
 Died heart-broken—she—our mother!
 And I avenge her—now—and thus!"

XXVII.

He rode away! Oh, woe for her
 He left behind him in despair!
 That night her last lone cry of prayer
 Rose from the Kynest parapet!
 North of the Giant-Mountain's brow
 It stood, the dim grey Kynest,
 Though a ruin only stretcheth now
 Where the eagle built his high nest.
 When midnight's winds shook oak and fir
 An outlaw on the Dunwald peak
 Heard—so he thought—a woman's shriek.
 More of her fate few love to tell,
 And I, for one, would fain forget
 The Legend of the Kynest-Hell!

It rose on the Giant-Mountain's brow,
 Where the eagle builds his high nest,
 Though not a stone of it standeth now,
 The grey old ivied Kynest.
 A ruin only stretcheth now
 On the site of the ivied Kynest,
 That rose on the Giant-Mountain's brow,
 Where the eagle rears his high nest.
 In its youth it looked as it would survive
 The storms alike of Heaven and Time,
 But Eld o'ertook it in its prime;
 Grew old and grey the Kynest!
 And in sixteen hundred seventy-five
 It perished by fire, the Kynest!

Barbarossa.

HEINRICH HEINE.

[Most readers are acquainted with the legend to which the mysterious circumstances connected with the death of Frederick Barbarossa have given birth in Germany. That Emperor is represented as being shut up

in a palace, in the Kyffhäuser mountain, where, seated at a stone table, he awaits the hour that shall summon him forth to the deliverance of Germany. Around him lie stretched the warriors who perished along with him in his

expedition into Syria: at the end of every century they rise up and ask him, "Is it time?" to which he invariably answers, "Not yet;" and they thereupon betake themselves again to their slumbers. The following verses, founded on this legend, are extracted from Heine's poetical

"Tour through Germany," and, as will be perceived, the Teutonic Voltaire avails himself of the popular belief to write an amusing satire on both of the ultra political parties—the Republicans as well as the Absolutists—of his fatherland.]

I.

The chaise went slowly ; the roads were deep ;
Grey clouds hid the face of Phœbus ;
I had no resource but to tumble asleep,
And dream *de omnibus rebus*.

II.

And the dream I dreamed at the heel of all
Was this: that I journeyed across a
High hill, till I came to the cavern-hall
Of the long dead Barbarossa.

III.

Till then, like my nurse, I had fancied, I own,
That he sat entranced at a table
Through the which his long red beard had grown,
But I now found this to be fable.

IV.

He was walking about with a stick in his hand,
And humming, as I thought, a *slow* hymn,
But by no chalks looking so grim and grand
As it pleaseth our sculptors to show him.

V.

He eyed me, however, at first with a frown.
"Pray, who," he demanded, "may you be ?
I'll wager my—humph ! I mean a—crown,
You are some young dreaming booby !"

VI.

"If you *had* one, you might," I replied, "friend Fred. ;
But you needn't make all this clatter,
For, if *I* am dreaming, *you* are dead,
And so we are quits in the matter."

VII.

"Ha ! ha !" he laughed, "Well, I'll say no more."
He then, like a virtuoso,
Led the way to a closet, where he showed me his store
Of antiques, which I thought but so-so !

VIII.

He seized a stuffed old owl by the leg,
And therewith industriously dusted
A suit of armour that hung from a peg,
Greaves, cuisses, hauberk, and bust-head.

IX.

"This dress," he remarked, "I intend to keep
For the terrible Day of Battle,
When I, and those Knights, now fast asleep,
Shall slaughter the foe like cattle."

X.

So saying, he pointed to a green-floored hall,
Where, stretched as on some grass'd lea,
Lay a thousand warriors short and tall,
With visages vastly ghastly.

XI.

"Fine fellows!" he observed—"the flower and pink
Of chivalry—the lads to rouse and
Set free the land!—but I'll wait, I think,
Till I get an additional thousand.

XII.

"There's one thing, though, that I'm puzzled to tell,
How and where I shall find them horses,
And men can't fight on foot so well,
Especially when they are corpses."

XIII.

"Never mind," I cried, "but put on your mail;
You may pick from the various classes
Of Germany still, though your horses fail,
Any possible number of asses."

XIV.

The Emperor smiled. "A city," he said,
"Isn't built in twenty-four hours.
And a nation but slowly awakes from the Dead.
It will take some years to restore ours.

XV.

"Just wait. Fair and softly go far in the day,
Time raises the bean-stalk and hemp higher;
And, '*Chi va piano va sano*,' as they say
In the Holy Roman Empire."

XVI.

A horrible jolting, that fairly threw
Me across the carriage, here 'woke me.
But I soon was as fast as a church, anew,
And again Old Redbeard spoke me.

XVII.

He amused me much with his Kit-Cat chat,
And his eighteenth-century twaddle;
He questioned me this, he suggestioned me that,
As the crotchets entered his noddle.

XVIII.

For fourscore years he had heard no news
From the changeful globes above him,
And I couldn't but laugh at his old-world views,
And the fancies his memory wove him.

XIX.

He inquired how Moses Mendelssohn,
 Voltaire, and Kepler the starry,
 And Walpole* and Schmiel, were now getting on,
 And he talked about Madame Dubarry.

XX.

"O, Redbeard!" I cried, "your ideas indeed
 Require stirring up with a tall pole.
 They are all gone to—Hades, are Kepler, and Schmiel,
 Voltaire, and Moses, and Walpole.

XXI.

"As to Countess Dubarry, while Louis Fifteen
 Existed she lived very snugly,
 But before she was carted to the guillotine
 She had grown both old and ugly.

XXII.

King Louis Sixteen (or *Seize*) was seized,
 And led to the guillotine too,
 And so, soon after, because it pleased
 The Jacobin Clubs, was his Queen too.

XXIII.

"The heroical Queen went through the scene
 With serenely-queenly courage,
 But the Countess wept, though the guillotine
 Could rob her of little at *her* age."

XXIV.

The Redbeard stared with a mystified air ;
 He couldn't make out my meaning.
 "For the love of Heaven, if the query be fair,"
 He inquired, "what is guillotining?"†

XXV.

"Guillotining," I replied, "my grand old man,
 Is a method of putting to death, odd
 Enough, as you'll think, yet simple in plan.
 I'll treat you to a sketch of this meth-od.

XXVI.

"You are strapped flat down on a plank, betwixt
 Two posts, where you cannot move you ;
 Your neck is bare ; in grooves hangs fixed
 A triangular axe above you.

* Not Sir Robert, but Horace, who was well (perhaps *too* well) known on the Continent, and whose French correspondence with the *spirituelle* Madame du Deffand, though a sealed volume to many of his readers, forms, in my opinion, the most agreeable portion of his writings.

† I should here ask pardon of the reader: the obvious query is, "What is the guillotine?" but Heine's word throughout is "*guillotiner*," guillotined, and I unfortunately paraphrased this word. Heine does not give the noun before verse

XXVII.

"A string is pulled, a spring gives way,
Down slides the axe with a clatter,
And your head bobs into a box of clay,
To the grief and dismay of — your hatter.

XXVIII.

"Guillotin was the name of the artist who framed
This machine ; so, to please him, the donor,
They tested it first on himself, then named
It ' Guillotin ' in his honor."

XXIX.

"Have done!" cried the Emperor. "This is too gross!
I am sickened by your vile recitals;
They act on my spirits as an overdose
Of colocynth acts on the vitals!

XXX.

"A King strapped down, with his face o'er a box!
His Queen the same! How unseemly,
How ugly, a spectacle! Ugh! it shocks
One's notions of things extremely!

XXXI.

"And you, sirrah, laugh that the rabble should cut
Crowned heads off after this fashion!
What the deuce do you mean? You really put
Me into a devilish passion!

XXXII.

"No doubt"—(he didn't intend the joke)—
"All this is with you hight reason,
But with *me*"—and he clenched his fist as he spoke—
"It amounts to sky-high treason!"

XXXIII.

He then began a-stalking up and down,
Apparently in awful dudgeon,
And I couldn't help thinking, that, in spite of his crown,
He was nothing but an old curmudgeon.

XXXIV.

"Bah, Fred.!" I exclaimed, "you are laid on the shelf.
Shave off your beard and moustaches;
You are merely a hoax and a humbug yourself,
While your body's a shovelful of ashes.

XXXV.

"We'll work our country's liberty out
Without your arms or assistance;
Pretty figures our troops would cut, no doubt,
With a Ghost at their head in the distance!

XXXVI.

"You would mope to and fro like an owl in the light;
You couldn't understand our manners,

Our gas-lamps and beer-cans would dazzle your sight,
And our dark-red-golden * banners.

XXXVII.

"Your very best plan is to stay in your hall,
For—pray don't again lose temper or
Take snuff—I may whisper you once for all.
That we really want no Emperor!"

XXXVIII.

Just here the postillion blew his horn,
And the eagles fell a-screaming.
Again I awoke, feeling chill and forlorn.
It was clear I had only been dreaming!

XXXIX.

Excepting in dreams, we Germans don't
Thus bandy words with our Masters.
"Unpacking our hearts" is not our wont,
Unless with a few poetasters.

XL.

We were now in a lone wild wood:—by the way
I'm surprised that the railroad jobbers
Weren't in it before us, for people say
It would make a snug haunt for robbers!

XLI.

The sinking sun burst forth from a cloud.
Each hill-clump shone like a red rick
Of hay; and, softened, I blubbered aloud,
"Forgive me, O, venerable Fred'rick!"

XLII.

"O, arise, and let your voice be heard!
I think it, I assure you, rather strongish,
And nobody can question the length of your beard,
'Tisn't longish at all, but furlongish!"

XLIII.

"Bring back, if you will, the sword and the cord,
Restore the old hangman and headsman,
The rope for the burgher, the axe for the lord,
And for each, will he, nill he, the beadsman.

XLIV.

"Only, sometimes vary the etiquette,
For impartial justice hallows
A reign: decollate the plebeian, and let
The Herr-graf go to the gallows.

XLV.

"Let the year Twelve hundred be recommenced,
With its iron bastiles and dresses,
And the battering-ram be levelled against
The entire of the printing-presses.

* Black, scarlet and golden are the adopted national colours of the Burschen and Young Germanists.

XLVI.

"Let anything, in fine, be done for a change,
Or everything be undone,
But no more of this medley of the Vulgar and Strange,
This Babylon-Pekin-London—

XLVII.

"This couple-beggar marriage of the There and the Here,
This hotch-potch mixture betwixt your
Old Gothic story and Gallic sneer,
In which FALSEHOOD alone is a fixture!"

It was half-past nine in the evening ere
We entered Minden's sham burgh.
I'll tell you by-and-by what befel me there,
Before I set out for Hamburg.

The Derbish and the Wexter.

GOTTLIEB CONRAD PFEPPEL.

I.

That Father of Wags, or, curtlier, Wag-Dad,
Wag-Dad,—Wag-Dad,—curtlier Wag-Dad,
Father of Wags, or, curtlier, Wag-Dad,
Seedy Muhummud, lavished his rubies
And squandered his gold on idiots and boobies,
Plenty of whom he met with in Bagdad,
Bagdad,—Bagdad,—met with in Bagdad,
Streetfuls of whom you meet with in Bagdad!

II.

What reason he had for acting so drolly,
Drolly,—drolly,—acting so drolly,
What he might mean by acting so drolly
None of his twenty biographers mention.
Twelve of them place it beyond comprehension;
Eight of them swear it was wholly unholy,
Wholly,—wholly,—wholly unholy,
Swear that his conduct was wholly unholy!

III.

No matter! This waggishest Wag-Dad and Rag-Dad,
Rag-dad,—Rag-Dad,—Wag-Dad and Rag-Dad,—
Waggishest Wag-Dad, and raggishest Rag-Dad,
—Rag-Dad he too was, and therefore named Seedy,
(So strange were his *habits*!)—once called on Ma-khreedy,
Barber and Dervish, residing in Bagdad,
Bagdad,—Bagdad,—barber of Bagdad,
Known as the knowingest shaver in Bagdad!

IV.

"Ma-khreedy," he said, pulling out of his pocket,
Pocket,—pocket,—out of his pocket,
"Dervish," he said, lugging out of his pocket

Three funny articles,—“glance at these gewgaws.
 One is a watch, wrapped in silver and blue gauze,
 One a pearl snuff-box, and one a gold locket,
 Locket,—locket,—one a gold locket,
 Here be the three, watch, snuff-box, and locket.

V.

“Make search for some jackass quite out of his senses,
 Senses,—senses,—out of his senses.
 Search for some nincompoop out of his senses,
 Travel, and find him, and pray give him these then,
 Give the fool these, and come home at your ease then.
 Here’s a long purse to defray your expenses,
 Pences,—pences,—fray your expenses,
 Here’s a tall purse to defray your expenses.”

VI.

The Knowing One put the purse up in his turban,
 Turban,—turban,—up in his turban,
 Put the purse up in the folds of his turban,
 Flung o’er his kaftan a shawl of red camlet,
 Then took his way on his camel through hamlet,
 Country, and city, and outlet suburban,
 Urban,—urban,—outlet suburban,
 Highway, and by-way, and outlet suburban.

VII.

“*Inshallah!*” quoth he, “I shall soon meet my jackass,
 Jackass,—jackass,—soon meet my jackass.
 Certes,” he thought, “I shall soon catch my jackass,
 Since there are *men* wherever one journeys.
 Think of the noodles that hire our attorneys!
 Think of what dupes even one clever quack has!
 Quack has,—quack has,—one clever quack has,—
 Look at what dupes even one clever quack has!”

VIII.

And often drew forth he the trinkets, but always,
 Always,—always,—trinkets, but always,
 Often pulled out he the trinkets, but always
 Stowed them again in their casket of amber,
 Saying, “I’ve still the Fools’ Mountain to clamber.
 These, after all, are but madmen in small ways—
 Small ways,—small ways,—madmen in small ways—
 These, after all, are but ninnies in small ways!”

IX.

At last he arrived at Stambúll the notorious,
 Torious—torious—Bull the notorious,
 Came in a year to Stambúll the notorious.
 Crowds filled the gangways, hurraing. Our Dervish
 Heard them, and wondered, and felt rather nervish.
 “What,” he asked, “makes them so very uproarious?
 Roarious—roarious—very uproarious—
 What makes the mob so sublimely uproarious?”

X.

“Whence come you,” cried one, “that you never have read of,
 Read of—read of—heard of or read of—
 Where were you born, if you’ve heard nothing said of

Sundry queer freaks of our Sultan Abdallah?
 Once ev'ry month, for the fun's sake, *Mashallah!*
 He chops a Vezeer's or a Tchelebee's head off!
 Head off—head off—Tchelebee's head off—
 Bowstrings a Pasha, and then chops his head off!

XI.

"He has just done that job by poor Khodji Ibreehim,
 Breehim—breehim—Khodji Ibreehim—
 Has settled the hash of poor Khodji Ibreehim."—
 —"Indeed! And the new man?"—"The New Man is coming—
 Hark to the trumpets, the belling and drumming!
 Yonder's the cavalcade! Look—you may see him!
 See him—see him—look! you may see him!
 That's the successor of Khodji Ibreehim!"

XII.

The Dervish drew nigh, and stared with amazement.
 'Mazement—'mazement—stared with amazement—
 The Dervish drew nigh, and stared with amazement.
 Yes! 'twas his patron, old Seedy the Rag-Dad,
 Whom he had left but a year back in Bagdad!
 None of the guards could guess what his gaze meant,
 Gaze meant—gaze meant—guess what his gaze meant—
 All were perplexed to guess what his gaze meant.

XIII.

One of them, nathless, dealt him a rough box,
 Rough box—rough box—dealt him a rough box—
 One of them dealt him a regular rough box.
 This caught at once the eye of the New Man.
 "Ha!" he exclaimed. "So, Dervish, 'tis you, man!
 Well! how have you sped with the watch and the snuff-box—
 Snuff-box—snuff-box—watch and the snuff-box—
 What of the locket, the watch, and the snuff-box?"

XIV.

"I'll soon, I expect, show you that," said the Queried,
 Queried—Queried—"that," said the Queried—
 "Soon, by your leave, show you that," said the Queried.
 "Tell me, how many Vezeers were before you
 Under this reign?"—"Eh? you impudent bore, you!
 Why, forty-four, and they're all dead and buried,
 Buried—buried—all dead and buried—
 Just forty-four, and all bowstrung and buried!"

XV.

"But, as to the Fool—have you found him?"—"Ay, truly!
 Truly!—truly!—found him? Ay, truly!
 As to the Fool, have I found him? Ay, truly!
 I have," said Ma-khreedy—and then, with dry slyness,
 He reached him the casket, observing—"Your Highness
 Will treasure these tokens!" The pair parted coolly,
 Coolly—coolly—pair parted coolly—
 I'll bet you all Bagdad the pair parted coolly!

PARIS IN 1846.

PARIS as it is after fifteen years rule of the throne of the Barracades, and Paris as it was under the divine-right crown of the Restoration—Paris as it presented itself to the staring wonder of the crowd that rushed from Corn-hill to the Palais Royale as soon as the echoes of the cannon had died away on the plains of Waterloo, and as it now addresses itself to the twenty thousand strangers that swarm between the Rue de la Paix and the Arc de Triomphe, is a subject interesting to contemplate. Under the consulate and the empire, as of old under the ancien regime, the fine arts, in all their departments, engrossed the attention of the government, and captivated the public. The substantial comforts, the convenience and health of the people, were subjects of comparatively minor importance. Magnificent buildings, splendid monuments, and gorgeous palaces every where attracted the eye; and in their immediate vicinage, poverty, filth, and misery. The marble walls of temples and palaces were defiled by the river of filth and offal which flowed through the sewerless streets. The passenger who aspired not to a coach, unprovided with a footway, scrambled along the inclined pavement which sloped from either wall to the central gutter, which discharged the functions of a sewer, and was from time to time bespattered with the mud and filth flirtd around by the wheels of the carriages in which the more wealthy were transported. Lanterns suspended like a performer on the corde volante, at distant intervals, like angels' visits, few and far between, in the centre of the street, and at a height sufficient to allow carriages to pass under them, served as a sort of light-houses for the navigation of the vehicles of the rich through the streams of puddle, but by their distance, height, and position, afforded no benefit to the humble pedestrian. To say that they illuminated the streets would be an abuse of language; they just served to make darkness visible.

Fifteen years of constitutional liberty, and the substitution of a representative government—presided over by a prince

who has been schooled in misfortune, had experienced the sweet uses of adversity, and had known what it was to eat the bread of his own industry—for the throne of the restoration, vainly struggling against the spirit of the age and the popular will, have changed all this. The wand of an enchanter has been waved over the city, and a magical transformation has been effected. The ornamental has ceased to monopolise the attention of government, and the useful has claimed its due care. The frightful ravages of the cholera, in 1832, left a warning which has not been unheeded. In an incredibly short space of time, a perfect system of drainage by sewers throughout this vast city has been completed. Footways have every where been constructed. The system of carriage pavement with square blocks of granite, forming a convex road, with side drains leading to the sewers, has taken the place of the concave street with open centre gutters. The offensive effluvia which excluded the English visitor from certain quarters of Paris no longer exists, and the demon of malaria has been expelled. Gas illumination, extending now through every quarter, including the interior of buildings as well as the streets, has superseded the suspended lanterns; and it is hard to say which most attracts the admiration of foreigners, the gaiety of the streets, boulevards, and public walks by day, or their brilliancy when lighted up by night.

But the achievement which will be remembered in connexion with the reign of Louis Phillippe, with the most grateful feelings by the philanthropist, is undoubtedly the example he has afforded even to the advanced civilization of Great Britain in his efforts for the repression of gambling and prostitution. He has accomplished what the English authorities have not even thought of attempting. There are now no public gambling tables in Paris, and even private play is subject to so many restraints, that it has been stripped of half its evils. The purest female may now walk the public tho-

roughs of the city by day or by night without the risk of having her sight outraged or her ears polluted by the indecencies which are still suffered to prevail in the most frequented streets of the metropolis of Britain. The theatres and other places of public resort are equally purified. Even the Palais Royale—that temple of vice—has been thoroughly reformed; and it is due to the present king to add, that this reformation has been effected by a large sacrifice of his private revenue; a considerable portion of the rental of the Palais Royale having arisen from the extensive and long-established gambling rooms by which it was occupied, and by the employment of the loftier stories for still more impure, and not less profitable purposes.*

Among the improvements in the arts of life, imported from England, the most striking, at the present moment, is the railway system, which is progressing in France more rapidly than is imagined at our side of the channel. The manner of accomplishing these public works here is essentially different from the English system, and has certainly some advantages over the latter in a national point of view. To comprehend it, and the circumstances out of which it has arisen, it must be remembered, that the construction and maintenance of the public roads has always constituted a department of the government in France, under the title of *L'Administration des ponts et chaussées*, or the Department of Roads and Bridges. Connected with this department there is a public school of engineering, the pupils of which ultimately form a corps of engineers, in the immediate pay, and under the control of the state. By this corps, or under their superintendence, all the great public communications of the country are made and maintained. When the invention of railways, therefore, had been advanced so far in England, as to supersede, to a greater or less extent, common roads, and the improvement had forced itself upon the French public, the construction of such lines of intercourse by private companies presented a novelty in the civil adminis-

tration of the country; and after the concession of one or two of the first enterprises of this kind to joint stock companies (a large portion of the shareholders of which were English), the government reverted to the established usage, subject, however, to a slight modification. The great lines of railway are now projected, surveyed, and executed by or under the immediate superintendence of the *Administration des ponts et chaussées*, and at the cost of the state. When they are completed, or nearly so, they are offered to public competition, on a lease for a specified time, varying from forty years to a century. The company, or individual, who, under sealed proposals, sent in within a specified time, and to be opened on an appointed day, offers the terms most advantageous to the state, obtains the lease. The lessee company usually replaces the capital expended by the government in the construction of the road, and provides from its own funds all the moveable capital necessary for the operation of the line. At the termination of the lease, the property in the line reverts to the state.

This method of proceeding is attended with several obvious advantages. The general projection of the lines of communication through the country is not left to chance or to the fancy of individuals or companies, or the suggestion of local coteries, but is governed by the high and general interests of the state. By retaining a general control and surveillance, which form part of the conditions of the lease, the interests of the public are better protected, and abuses of administration are more effectually prevented than could be effected if the railways were the property of independent bodies and associations, as in England. After the expiration of the leases, these enterprises becoming national property, may either be made a direct source of revenue to the state, relieving the public in a proportionate extent from less tolerable burthens, or be worked for the public benefit at rates only sufficient to maintain them.

* It is well known that the Palais Royale is the private property of Louis Philippe.

The lines of railway now in actual operation are the following:—

	DISTANCE.	TIME
	Miles.	M. M.
Paris to Versailles (right bank)	13½	0 30
Do Do (left bank)	12½	0 30
Paris to St. Germain	12½	0 30
Paris to Rouen	86	4 0
Paris to Orleans	79	4 0
Paris to Valenciennes (and thence to Brussels)	133	—
Strasbourg to Basle	88	5 0
Metz to Thann	12½	1 0
Bordeaux to La Teste	32	—
Montpellier to Cette	17½	0 50
Lyons to St. Etienne	33½	4 0
St. Etienne to Roanne	42	4 0
Nîmes to Alais	31	2 0
Alais to Grand Combe	11	0 30
Nîmes to Beaucaire	16	1 0

Besides these, there are several important lines of railway in a forward state of construction, among which may be mentioned the continuation of the Paris and Rouen railway, by two branches to Havre and to Dieppe; a branch of the northern railway from Amiens to Boulogne and Calais; the railway from Paris to Lyons, &c. &c.

The effects which in a few years may be expected to be produced on the inter-communication of different parts of Europe, but especially between France and England, when these enterprises come into operation, must be very striking. It is presumable that between two capitals so important as Paris and London, no known practical means of expeditious communication will be neglected. At present, the express trains between London and Exeter travel (stoppages included) at fifty miles an hour. The stoppages being much less frequent, it may then be expected that express trains between Paris and Boulogne will travel at the same rate at least; in which case the trip between Paris and Boulogne will be made in less than three hours. Steamers of improved efficiency may easily make the passage between Boulogne and Folkestone in an hour and a-half, and the trip between Folkestone and London (eighty-eight miles) may be made in two hours. Thus the entire distance between Paris and London, making al-

lowance for fair stoppages, may be effected in seven hours, by express trains, and by common trains may certainly be brought within twelve hours!! On an emergency, a despatch may be sent to Paris, and an answer obtained in fifteen hours! But this emergency itself may be superseded by the electric telegraph, which will reduce the hours to minutes!!

The railway from Paris to Lyons, and thence to Marseilles, is also in rapid progress. This distance will be about five hundred miles, and at the same rate of travelling for express trains, may be completed in ten hours. Thus an express train may reach Marseilles from London in seventeen hours! The same rate on the Sardinian and Tuscan lines, when constructed, would reach the frontier of the papal states in a few additional hours; but here we must stop. The states of the Church forbid the construction of railways within their precincts, as dangerous to Christianity!* There we must surrender the locomotive, and betake ourselves to the road. The papal authorities of the nineteenth century are as hostile to the speed of the railway as those of the sixteenth were to the orbital motion of the earth, and are as strongly opposed to Stephenson as those of the latter were to Galileo.

Fashion is every thing in Paris. Its sway is omnipotent and universal. It

“ ——— rules the camp, the court, the grove,
And men below and gods above.”

Even religion here is not exempt from its sceptre, and the Church revives under its fostering influence. After the revolution of July, the few ecclesiastics who under the restored Bourbons had gained a sort of footing in society, fell into such disrepute that no one appeared for several years in the public streets in the clerical costume. The shovel and three-cornered chapeaux were laid aside, and the loose robe was abandoned for the ordinary coat and round hat of the layman. In the churches, on the Sabbath, the congregation consisted almost exclusively of

* Since the above was in type, Pope Gregory XVI. has died, and it is announced that his successor, adopting a more enlightened policy, has decided on the construction of railways.

females, with a slight sprinkling of old men, generally of the humbler classes. Within a few years, however, it has—for what reason would be hard to say—become fashionable among the Parisians to observe the external forms of religion; and when the Parisians adopt any fashion, they don't do so by halves. The streets now have become a perfect rookery. Black robes of every cut and fashion, shovel hats, three cornered hats, and every other characteristic of clerical costume, abound. The churches, on Sundays, are as overflowing as the theatres, and as brilliant in the rank and fashion of the assemblies which fill them. Go to the Madeleine, and look at the luxurious velvet-covered *prie dieux*, and you will discover the rank of the *habitués* by the names of their owners engraved on the pretty brass plates attached to them. Madame La Duchesse de M—, Madame La Vicomtesse de N—, Madame La Princesse de P—, &c. &c., attest the rank of the votaries at this fashionable temple.

Shops have been opened in the vicinities of all the principal churches, *pour la vente des objets religieux*. In the windows are displayed rosaries, of exquisitely carved beads; crucifixes in gold, silver, and ivory, beautifully sculptured; Agai Deis, Virgins and infant Saviours; *ecce homos*, missals, gorgeously bound in the richest velvet, with sculptured crucifixes on the covers; priests' robes of the richest cloth of gold; little shrines for the private closet of the faithful; and an infinitely various assortment of like objects, by which religion is rendered ornamental and externally attractive.

The children are reminded of the observances of their religion in their playthings and their sweetmeats. The toy shops exhibit in their windows baby-chapels, with baby altars, shrines, and crucifixes. The boy who used to take his pocket money to purchase little soldiers, now buys little monks, and the girl shows you her doll dressed as a sister of charity. Sugar plums are formed into the figures of the Virgin and the Saviour, and priests in their robes are eaten in sweet chocolate, as images in sugar are swallowed from the crust of a twelfth night cake.

With all this external parade of the forms of religion, there is at the same time scarcely a serious pretension to

any real or deep feeling on the subject. Even among women the matter begins and ends in ceremonials. In the actual practical conduct of life all this religion (if it can be so denominated) exercises little or no influence. Whether this arises from the fact that the national clergy do not constitute a prominent section of good society in the country, as is the case in England, we must leave others to determine.

The statistics of the population of Paris, published from year to year, disclose some curious facts which may aid in the discussion of such questions.

It appears from the statistical returns of last year that the births which took place in Paris, in the year 1844, were as follows:

Legitimate children	.	.	.	21,526
Illegitimate children	.	.	.	10,430
Total number of births				31,956

These figures lead to the astounding conclusion that *thirty-two and a-half per cent. of the children born in the metropolis of France, are illegitimate!*

It may be inquired in what condition of life this enormous extent of concubinage prevails? Some light may be thrown on this question by examining the proportion of the entire number of illegitimates which are born in the hospitals, to which here the poorer classes almost invariably resort.

It appears, then, that of the total number of illegitimates, there were—

Born in private houses,	.	.	.	5,744
Born in the hospitals,	.	.	.	4,686
				10,430

From which it follows, that above fifty-five per cent. of this large proportion of natural children belong to classes sufficiently independent to provide for their comforts in private domiciles.

From births let us turn to deaths, and we shall obtain a result scarcely less surprising. The total number of deaths which took place in Paris, in the year 1844, was as follows:—

In private houses	.	.	.	16,356
In the hospital	.	.	.	10,054
In military hospitals,	.	.	.	465
In prisons,	.	.	.	185
Brought to the Morgue,	.	.	.	298
Executed,	.	.	.	2
				27,350

Thus it seems that *of the total number of persons who die in Paris, very nearly forty per cent. die in the hospitals.*

The improvement of the general comforts of the poorer classes in France, which has taken place since the Revolution, combined with the extensive use of vaccination, is exhibited in its effects on the average duration of life. By the statistical returns it appears that for the last twenty-seven years the ratio of the whole population, to the number of births, is 38.4 to 1, which gives the mean duration of life, during that period, to be 33 years. By the tables of Duvilland, it appears that before the Revolution the average duration of life was only 27½ years, which gives an increase of 19. per cent on the length of life since the Revolution.

The proportion of the sexes among the children born, offers some curious and inexplicable circumstances. On taking the returns of births from 1817 to 1843, it is found that the total number of boys born in that interval was 13,477,489, while the number of girls was 12,680,776; so that, of the whole number there are 6½ per cent. more boys than girls.

But let us examine separately the two classes of legitimate and illegitimate children.

It is found, that among legitimate children, 106½ boys are born for every 100 girls; while among illegitimate children 104½ boys are born for 100 girls. In the latter class, therefore, there are only four per cent. more boys born than girls; while in the former there are nearly seven per cent. more of boys.

This ratio is not casual, for it has been found to obtain, not only for different periods of time and for different parts of France, but is equally found in other countries where exact statistical records are kept.

It seems, then, that a greater proportion of boys are born among legitimate than among illegitimate children. What strange inferences this incontestably established phenomenon leads to! Are we to infer that the solemnization of marriage produces a specific physiological effect, varying in a determinate manner the sex of the offspring? We must leave this curious question to the faculty to explain. Meanwhile

we must assure them that they are absolutely excluded from taking refuge in the *doubtfulness of the fact itself.* The evidence is quite incontestable.

If the intellectual condition of the population of the French metropolis can be inferred from the amount of intellectual food provided for them, and apparently enjoyed and voluntarily consumed, it must be admitted to have attained rather an high standard. The first, most obvious, and most abundant source of mental information, is the daily press. Journalism is carried to an extraordinary extent in Paris. Not only is the number of newspapers considerable, but the average circulation is much greater than that of the London journals. They are issued at a much lower price, and much more extensively read. The annual subscription to the principal daily papers is only forty francs, equal to thirty-two shillings, British. These papers are published daily, including Sundays, and consequently their price is little more than one penny. But small as this cost is, the Parisian rarely incurs so much; nor would a single journal satisfy his thirst for information. He requires to see the journals of all parties, and to hear all sides of the question. This object is attained easily, economically, and agreeably, by the *Cabinets de Lecture* or reading rooms, above three hundred of which are established in Paris. The admission to these is three halfpence. Here all the journals of Paris, great and small, all the periodicals of the day, the popular romances and pamphlets, and other works of current interest, are provided. In many of the better class of these establishments, the English and other foreign papers are found. Every Parisian above the rank of the mere working class resorts to these rooms, and makes himself *au courant* on the subjects of the day. Besides these sources of daily information, he has his *café*, to which all Frenchmen resort morning or evening, and where all the principal journals are provided.

The aim and object of a Parisian journal, are somewhat different from those of an English newspaper. It is less the vehicle of advertisements, or of mere gossip, such as accidents and offences, than the latter. It is more

discursive, and affects more the character of a review, embracing literature and the arts, as well as politics and miscellaneous intelligence. In a certain sense it may be said to have a higher intellectual tone, and, although no single French journal can be truly said to be as perfect a vehicle of general intelligence as one of the leading morning papers of London, yet this deficiency is more than compensated by the facility with which the various journals are accessible.

The *feuilleton* is a department of French journalism which has no corresponding branch in the English press. Here the writings of many of the most eminent men of letters of the day, more especially the authors of fiction, first are offered to the world. Here are also found literary and dramatic criticism, reviews of the arts, and a general record of the progress of mind.

The number of journals which thus form channels of popular information in Paris alone, is about forty; half that number being daily papers for politics and general intelligence.

The intellectual taste of the Parisians is manifested, in a striking manner, by the desire they show for attendance on public lectures in every department of literature and science. Such discourses are accessible gratuitously in various parts of Paris, and delivered by professors eminent in the various departments of knowledge. Among these ought to be especially mentioned the lectures on astronomy delivered throughout the season by Arago, at the royal observatory, and those on mechanical philosophy, given on Sundays, by the Baron Charles Dupin, at the *Conservatoire des arts et metiers*. Each of these professors is attended by audiences of six or seven hundred persons of both sexes and all ages, from the youth of sixteen upwards.

Of all the class of public professors coming under the title of *adult instructors*, Arago is, perhaps, the most remarkable, and we might even extend the comparison beyond the limits of France. The well-known felicity of Faraday gives him a high rank in this species of teaching. But he yields to Arago in the eloquence of language, and what may be called the literary qualifications of the instructor. If

Arago had not been a member of the Academy of Sciences, he might have preferred a fair claim to admission to the Academy of Letters (*L'Académie Française*).

As a member of the Chamber of Deputies, Arago has assumed his seat on the extreme left, the place of republican opinions pushed to their extreme limit. He is a violent politician, and will go every length with his party. He rarely, however, mounts the tribune; never except on questions on which his peculiar acquirements are capable of throwing light. Whenever he does, the Chamber is hushed in the most profound and respectful silence. There are no interruptions, either of approbation or dissent, such as even the most eminent parliamentary speakers are accustomed to. The members listen with inclined heads and inquiring countenances. The strangers' galleries are filled with respectful and anxious spectators and hearers. The stature of the orator is above the middle size, his hair is curled and flowing, and his fine southern bent commands the attention. His forehead and temples indicate force of will and habits of meditation. The moment he opens the subject of his speech, he becomes the centre to which every look is directed, and on which all attention is fixed. If the question is complicated, it becomes simple as he utters it. If it be technical, it is resolved into the most familiar. If it be obscure, it becomes luminous. The ignorant are astonished that what seemed unintelligible has become suddenly self-evident, and the dull are charmed with the consciousness of their awakened powers of perception. The gesture, the *pantomime* of the orator are captivating. Flashes of light seem to issue from his eyes, his mouth, and even from his fingers! He varies and relieves his discourse by the most lively digressions and well-pointed anecdotes immediately arising out of the subject, which adorn without over-charging it. When he relates facts, his language has all the grace of simplicity; but when he unfolds the mysteries of science, and develops some of the wonders of nature, his speech rises, his style becomes elevated and figurative, and his eloquence corresponds with the sublimity of his theme.

The versatility of Arago, and his vast fund of peculiar information, always ready in his memory, and available for felicitous application, remind us of the qualities of his friend Lord Brougham. Like the latter, Arago is a linguist, a politician, a man of letters. He is perpetual secretary of the Institute, in which office he has produced remarkable *eloges* of some of his most eminent contemporaries, among whom may be mentioned Volta, Fourriere and Watt.

One of the principal avowed instruments for the intellectual advancement of the people in France, is, the drama. Whether the counteracting evils which attend theatrical entertainments, preponderate over the means of mental improvement which they offer, is a question on which some difference of opinion will, no doubt, prevail. However this be decided, the state in France regards the drama as a national object, as the means of sustaining and fostering an important branch of French literature, and, in a word, as a department of *les beaux arts*, as well entitled to protection and encouragement as painting or sculpture.

There are within the barriers of Paris about twenty-four theatres, permanently open; most of them nightly, including Sunday. Several of these are directly supported by the state, receiving an annual subvention, of greater or less amount, and being consequently subject, in some degree, to government control. In defence of the moral effect of these places of public amusement, it must be said that none of them present the offensive and revolting scenes which are witnessed in the saloons and upper tiers of boxes of the English theatres. In fact, that class of persons who thus outrage decency, in the place of public amusement in England, dare not show themselves in any theatre in Paris. In that respect, at least, there is a wholesome stringency of police regulations. In the audience part of a Paris theatre there is, in fact, nothing to offend the eye or the ear of the most fastidious moralist.

The principal theatre of Paris, and that to which the state attaches most importance, is the *Académie Royale de Musique*, commonly called the grand *opéra*. It is here that the art of dancing is cultivated; in connexion, how-

ever, with the higher class of opera. Notwithstanding that the prices of admission are considerable, and the theatre accommodates two thousand persons, and is generally filled, yet such is the splendour with which musical entertainments are produced, that the entire receipts do not amount to any thing near the expenses of the establishment. The annual subscription allowed by the state to this school of music is above thirty-five thousand pounds sterling.

A second theatre, called the *Opéra Comique*, is also devoted exclusively to the advancement of music, and receives an annual grant of £10,000.

The great school of French dramatic literature is the Theatre Français, where the works of Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, Molière, and the other great dramatic writers, are kept continually before the public, supported by the best living artists, among whom Mademoiselle Rachel at present holds the first place. This theatre is supported by an annual grant of £8,000, notwithstanding which it is now tottering on the brink of dissolution, and must come to a suspension if the state do not intervene.

Exclusive of these, all the other theatres are private enterprises, conducted independently of government, and generally attended with profitable results in a financial sense. The character of the dramas represented at them is very various, and in some instances exceptionable on the score of moral tendency, not more so, however, than those of the minor theatres in London.

Among the means of intellectual advancement enjoyed by the Parisians, we ought not to omit the mention of the public libraries, of which above twenty are open to the public daily. It is impossible to refrain from contrasting these admirable institutions with similar public establishments in London, not only as to the facilities which they offer to the public, but as to the extent to which the public avail themselves of the benefits which they present. If the number of daily readers at such institutions be any indication of the intellectual advancement of the people, then assuredly our French neighbours have greatly the advantage of us. To perceive this, it is only necessary to look into the *salle de lecture*

of the Bibliothèque Royale any morning, and call to your recollection the reading-room of the library at the British Museum. Is the difference to be ascribed to the different state of mental advancement of the people, or to the restrictions imposed on the admission to the use of the latter library? If this last be to any extent the cause, the sooner these restrictions are removed the better. In Paris the public libraries are open without any restriction whatever. You have no permission to ask, no introduction or recommendation to seek, no qualification to attain—not even a name to acknowledge. Whatever be your condition, rank, country, language, or garb, you are free to enter these institutions; write on a paper which is provided for you the titles of the works you wish to consult or to study, and without further inquiry or delay they are handed to you by porters, who are in waiting for the purpose; you have convenient seats and tables in rooms well ventilated in summer and warmed in winter, with ink for extracts, and you are only required to find your own

paper. The number of readers who avail themselves of this privilege is enormous.

While means so ample are thus presented for the improvement of the understanding, opportunities for the cultivation of taste, and the refinement of the imagination, are not less profusely supplied, and still more eagerly and extensively enjoyed by all classes, including even the most humble of the operatives. To be convinced of this, we have only to make a promenade of the magnificent collection of Versailles, or of the museum of the Louvre, on any Sunday or holiday, when the working classes are free. Those who in London would be found at the gin-shop, or at the smoking bazaar, are here found familiarizing their eye with the productions of Raffaele, Titian, Paul Veronese, the Poussins, or Claude, or wandering among the antiquities of Italy, Greece, and Egypt. It is not an overcharged estimate to state, that on every festival day, with favourable weather, not less than fifty thousand of the lower orders of Paris enjoy themselves in this manner.

LINES ON ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

Where death's rent ensigns hang their dusty folds,
 And dumb-mouthed silence her dread stillness holds,
 There, mid heraldic pomp of sword and plume,
 Enshrine th' eternal memories of those
 Who, men among mankind, are idols in the tomb.
 Who would not court such halcyon repose,
 When from the pealing choir the anthem holy
 Breathes thro' the aisles a requiem melancholy?
 Nor reverence less this consecrated pile
 That dust and damp its shattered walls defile.
 Ambition, honour, glory, all but claim
 The common tribute of a sculptored name,
 Where death itself seems holy, and the air
 Is thick with thoughts divine that linger only there.

THE OLDEST OF ALL ALMANACKS.

AN old almanack is proverbially a valueless document ; and yet a person can scarcely peruse a *very* old one without finding something in it to interest, if not to instruct him. An "old almanack," however, and even a "very old almanack," may mean very different things in the mouths of different persons. Some would call a Watson's Almanack of the reign of George II. a very old one ; and there are many Irishmen who would find good amusement for an idle hour, not indeed in the calendar itself, but in its accompaniments. One of William Lilly's Ephemerises, two hundred years old, with its predictions of future events, deduced from planetary configurations and eclipses, would be interesting as an almanack ; and a still greater degree of curiosity would be excited by one of the cheap Dutch almanacks, which our ancestors used three hundred years ago ; or by one of the illuminated manuscripts, which, two hundred years before that, announced the festivals and the weather to the few who, in those days, could command such a luxury. Most persons would consider such a manuscript as this a very old almanack indeed ; and yet it is a mere thing of yesterday by the side of that of which we are now going to speak. There is in the British Museum an almanack, which wants but a little of being 3000 years old ; which, having been used as his monitor by some Egyptian of the olden time, was buried with him ; and has been dug up in this all-exploring age, unrolled, displayed to the public, copied in facsimile for the benefit of the student, and, in fine, read—to a great extent at least.

This almanack is, like other Egyptian manuscripts, written on papyrus. It is in columns ; and of these twenty-five are wholly or partially preserved. The portion of the year which these contain begins with the 19th of Thoth, the first month, and ends with the 13th of Pachon, or the 253rd day of the year. This day, however, is mentioned pretty high up in the twenty-fourth column, the remainder of it and the twenty-fifth being illegible. It is probable, then, that thirty-eight columns

or thereabouts contained the whole almanack ; unless, indeed, which is not unlikely, there was some additional matter at the beginning or end. The days are named in red ink ; and the figure, which terminates the name, is immediately followed by three characters, expressing the nature of the morning, the day itself, and the evening—as prosperous, indifferent, or adverse. The character denoting good fortune is written in black ink, the other two generally in red—a curious instance of the difference between Egyptian and European notions in many respects ; with us it would have been the reverse. Most days had the same character throughout, but there are exceptions. Thus we read—"Thoth 25 G.G.M.;" i.e., good, good, middling ; implying that the evening was rather unlucky ; and a caution is added, "do not go out of doors at the time of evening." After the day has been thus briefly characterized, observations are made, sometimes very briefly, at other times at considerable length, which may be classed under three heads. Some relate to the religious ceremonies to be performed on the day in question, or to the mystic events supposed to have happened on it. These are in many cases not easily separated ; and the latter is sometimes mentioned as a reason for the former. Other observations are in the nature of cautions against doing certain things on certain days, or of encouragements to do them ; and others, again, are predictions of the fate of children who may be born on that day.

These are not what we should now-a-days call astrological predictions. There is no allusion in the almanack to the positions of the moon or of the planets, which the Egyptians did not take into account in their calculations of lucky and unlucky days ; and in truth there could be no such allusion consistently with the nature of the almanack ; as it was not, like those to which we are accustomed, intended to last for a single year, but for a quaternion, or period of four years.

In order to explain this observation, it will be necessary to describe the

Egyptian mode of computing time. In the early period of their history, the Egyptians used a year, the commencement of which was determined by some phenomenon connected with the sun's annual course; in the first instance, probably, by the cessation of the inundation. To this year the hieroglyphical names of the months were adapted, which represent physical characters, such as would belong to the months of a year beginning about a month after the autumnal equinox; and which could not have been given at a time when the year was a wandering one, as it was in later ages. The intercalation of a three hundred and sixty-sixth day, which sometimes took place in the fourth and sometimes in the fifth year, and which, in the absence of an authoritative national calendar, would occur in different years, in different parts of Egypt, was found to be productive of so much inconvenience, that it was abolished by a law, which the kings were required to swear that they would observe; and thenceforward the commencement of the year began to wander through the different seasons; returning to its original or normal position, when the months would correspond in character to their hieroglyphic names, in about fifteen hundred years. Now, of the festivals which were observed by the Egyptians, some were connected with certain seasons of the year; and the consequence of this alteration in the calendar was that they fell on different days of the year in different years. For four years in succession one of these festivals fell on a certain day, suppose the first of Thoth; in the next four, it fell on the second; then on the third, and so on. Other festivals, on the contrary, retained their position in the month, whether that month fell in the spring or in the autumn. These fixed and moveable feasts would be continually interfering with one another, and a calendar was needed by the Egyptian to instruct him on what days each was to be celebrated, and also, according to his notions, what good or ill fortune might result from their different combinations. Such a calendar would serve for four years; and there is every reason to think, that it never served for more; but

that the Egyptian almanack-makers regularly carried forward the moveable feasts at the end of a quaternion; thus making them to go round the year in 1460 years, though the equinoxes and solstices would in reality take about 1500 years to complete this circuit.

Such being the nature of an Egyptian almanack, our readers will now be inclined to ask—for what quaternion was that now before us composed? This question may be understood in two senses; and in one of them it is easily answered. At the back of the almanack, there is a date of the 28th Pharmuthi, in the fifty-sixth year of Rameses the Great.

The almanack, therefore, was intended for use in the four years following this, commencing with the 57th of Rameses, whose sixty-second year is the date of a tablet in the British Museum. But how long before Christ was this? That, too, may be answered from the almanack; and it appears to us, on very sure grounds, though we anticipate dissent on the part of those Egyptian chronologists, who are vying with one another as to how far the reigns of the several kings may be carried back. In the quaternion which commenced in what would be, after the Julian reckoning, November, 1767, *a.c.*, the summer solstice fell, according to astronomical calculation, on the 5th of Pachon, or the 245th day of the Egyptian year. This was about the time when the months were in their normal position; and was, therefore, about the time when the wandering year originated. We take the quaternion to have commenced in this year, because the quaternions of the canicular cycle certainly commenced in 1323, *a.c.*; and there can be little or no doubt that the two sets of quaternions coincided. If, now, the day of the Egyptian year on which the summer solstice was computed to fall be noted in this almanack, we have only to count the number of days between the 5th of Pachon and it, multiply this number by four, and subtract the product from 1767; and we shall at once have the date before Christ of the first year of the quaternion. Whether the origin of the wandering year was actually in 1767, *a.c.*, or four, eight, or twelve years earlier or later, makes no difference in this calculation. In the latter case, indeed;

the solstice would have fallen at the origin, one, two, or three years later than the day named; and would, in 1767, *a.c.*, as in all preceding years, have fallen on the same nominal day of the year; but whatever number of years was taken from the epoch of the wandering year, the same would have to be taken from the subtrahend; so that the remainder, or date of the almanack before Christ, could not be affected. Now, the day of the computed summer solstice is virtually given in the almanack. It is expressly stated by Champollion, that the palaces of both the Memnonium and Medinet Hâbou contain bas-reliefs, representing the panegyry of the *summer solstice*; and that one of the principal features in these sculptures was the *coronation of Horus*. Mystical birds are despatched to the four quarters of the heaven, and are told to tell the gods of those quarters, that "Horus, the son of Isis and Osiris, has assumed the crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt; and that (his earthly type) King Rameses has assumed the crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt." In accordance with this, on the ceiling in the Memnonium, where the several months are represented with their normal characters, the coronation of the king, as Horus, is represented as falling in the month Pashon, the normal month of the summer solstice. We think, then, that no doubt ought to exist as to the connexion between the summer solstice and the mystical coronation of Horus. It is, however, noted in this almanack, under the 14th Paophi, or 44th day of the year, "G.G.G. This is the day of the assumption of the crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt by Horus."

The solstice had then advanced from the 345th day of the year to the 44th of the following year, or 164 days, from 1767 *a.c.* which gives 1111 *a.c.*, as the year when the quaternion commenced. From this it follows that the first year of Rameses the Great began in 1167 *a.c.*; and as it is expressly stated in an inscription at Sibilis that his 81st year, and of course his first year, was the year of the great festival of thirty years; which implies that the interval between the epoch of the calendar and the commencement of his reign was an exact multiple of thirty years; we have thus a new argument for the epoch of the calendar being in

1767 *a.c.*, and not in any of the neighbouring years. On this subject, we will only add, that it would not at all avail the advocates of a more extended chronology to suppose that the *actual* solstice was intended to be indicated in the calendar rather than one computed by quaternions. The actual solstice would not fall on the 14th Paophi until about twenty years after the date above mentioned.

It would be highly desirable that some other almanack, intended for a different quaternion, should be compared with this. It would then clearly appear, which of the Egyptian festivals were attached to certain days of particular months; and which, being connected with certain seasons, wandered through the different months. It is very probable that some such almanack may exist among the yet unexamined treasures of many European museums. The owner of the present almanack had, no doubt, others; and nothing is more likely than that they were buried with him along with this, and that they have found their way to some or other of the great collections of papyri.

We will now give a few specimens of the entries made in this almanack in connexion with different days. The 23rd of Thoth is marked as a fortunate day throughout; yet no incense was to be burned, and no hunting or fowling to be carried on. There were other restrictions; and it is in the end foretold that any child born that day will not live. On the following day, the child that should be born would have a prosperous life. The 25th, already noticed as prosperous in the two first portions of the day, and middling in the evening, was the day of the exode of the Lioness to the Eastern mountain. It was to be a day of eating of beef and drinking of wine; and offerings were to be made to Osiris. On this day, we suspect that in the present quaternion a collision of a fixed and a moveable feast took place. The lioness of Memphis, whose exode, that is, the carrying of her statue from the temple and back again, is mentioned as to take place on this day, was *not* the goddess of Bubastis, as all recent writers on Egyptian mythology have made her. The name of the latter was Bast, and she was cat-headed. The Pe-khe, or lioness, whose proper name

appears to have been Menhi, is clearly distinguished from her in this almanack. The word Pekhe is etymologically connected with fähe, the German name for a female wild beast; and possibly with an English word, which we should be sorry to apply to so venerable a goddess. The 26th of Thoth is bad throughout. "Do nothing at all this day. This is the day of the combat of Horus and Typhon." It is added that three days and three nights were to be passed as travellers, in commemoration of the wanderings of Isis. From this and other passages in the almanack, it is plain that the legend of Osiris, Typhon, Isis, and Horus, was received by the Egyptians in the age of the great Rameses; contrary to what some have conjectured on account of the honours paid at this time to Typhon. The honours paid to this god were probably confined to the military caste. He was the god of war, identified with the Phœnician Baal, and like him symbolized by an ass, and represented in the form, or at least with the head, of that animal. The father of Rameses the Great bore a name implying devotion to him, Setei, the attached to Set; which the priests who prepared his sepulchre changed to Osirei, the attached to Osiris. This was, no doubt, by his own desire. He was willing enough to be a votary of the beneficent god after his death; but while he lived he would be a warrior, in the service of the malevolent devil! So long as this warlike family retained the crown, the name of Set was held in honour; but after their fall, the priests shewed their aversion to it by defacing it wherever they found it, as on the Flaminian obelisk, and on the statue of Setei II. in the British museum. On the following day, persons are directed not to pursue any game, it being one of the days of Horus and Typhon; i. e. the combat between them was still going on. Offerings, it is said, should be made to their names on this day. On the 28th of Thoth a remark is made, which occurs very frequently. "If thou seest anything at all this day, it will be fortunate." The 4th of Paophi was particularly unfortunate. A journey was not ~~to be~~ ^{to be} ~~undertaken~~ ^{undertaken}; and a child that

on that very day. A person born on the 23rd Paophi would be killed by a crocodile, and on the 27th, by a serpent. One born on the 28th, would have a happy end. The 13th of Athyr was the day of the exode of Isis. A person born on the 14th would die by the sword. The 28th, a middling day throughout, was the exode of Bast; a child then born would die within the year. The 21st was throughout fortunate. It was the day of the panegyry, or festive assembly of Mu the son of Ra, i. e. Light, the son of the Sun. It was the day when Mu and Neith were together in the cabin of the barge of the sun. The second of Chœac was a fortunate day throughout. Everything would turn out well. All the gods and goddesses were rejoicing in the celestial panegyries. The 4th of Tybi was another fortunate day. A child then born would die a prince of the people. This is a proof that the Egyptians were not, as generally supposed, restricted to the rank or profession to which they were born. Occasionally, they might rise to an elevated rank. The 12th of Tybi was middling throughout. Persons were cautioned against looking at a rat on this day. On the 17th persons were not to wash themselves with water. The 20th Tybi was another exode of Bast, two months from the preceding one; and was, like it, a middling day throughout. Nothing was to be done the whole day. The 1st of Mechir was a fortunate day to its close. The gods and goddesses had a panegyry on it. The 11th was a good day throughout. It was the day of the panegyry of Neith at Sais. The 14th is marked "B.G.G." "Don't go out of doors before daylight. This is the day of looking at the crocodiles pursued by Typhon before the great boat." The 5th Phamenoth was "the day of the Exode of Neith in Sais. They see the good things of the night at the third hour." Probably, this was the feast of lamps which Herodotus mentions, ii. 62. The assembly, he says, at Sais is held by night. They suspend before their houses, in the open air, lamps filled with oil, mixed with salt, over which a wick floats and burns through the night. This, we may suppose, was lighted at the third hour. Herodotus

says, that on this night all Egypt was illuminated; as those who did not attend the feast observed this part of the ceremony at their dwellings. The 18th of this month is marked as the panegyry of Netpe, the 23rd of Horus, and the 28th of Osiris. The 5th of Pachon was that of Osiris, the Lord of Tattou.

But we must not exhaust the patience of our readers. Enough has

been said to show the nature of this almanack; and while it remains the only one of its kind no information of any value can be expected from it, beyond the fact, which we have set out with establishing, the true date of the reign of Rameses the Great. This, we think, it fixes on sure grounds; and, in that respect, but in that only, it is an important as well as a curious document.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY SARAH PARKER.

We're kneeling by thy grave, mother, the sun has left it now,
And tinges with its yellow light yon glad hill's verdant brow,
Where happy children sport and laugh, with whom we used to play,
But we may not mingle with them now, since thou wert borne away.

We're driven from our home, mother, the home we lov'd so well;
We wander, hungry, houseless oft, while strangers in it dwell,
And seek our bread from door to door, sad, comfortless, and lone;
Ah, mother, when you went away our happiness was gone.

We pass'd our cottage door, mother, for still we call it ours,
And we linger'd by the garden wall, and saw our own bright flowers,
And peep'd into the window, where the shadow of the blaze
Of hearth-light flicker'd on the wall—ah! so like other days—

And gleam'd upon a little child with sunny curling hair,
Who knelt low at her mother's knee, beside our old arm-chair;
And as we gazed on her we wept, for there at close of day
'Twas ours to kneel around thee, while our lips were taught to pray.

We thought upon that time, mother, and on thy dying bed,
When we sobbing knelt around it, ere thy stainless spirit fled,
When you told us you must part us now, for God had will'd it so,
He who can dry the orphan's tear and calm the orphan's woe.

No glad hearth have we now, mother, to kneel at eventide,
No matron's eye beams over us in tenderness and pride;
But daily at this spot we meet, our bitter tears to blend,
And pour out all the grief-fraught heart before the orphan's friend.

Oh! were we by thy side, mother, so quiet in the earth,
Reckless of blooming summer time and of the cheerful hearth;
But we shall follow after—ah, you told us we should go
And meet—oh, joy!—to part no more, nor shed one tear of woe.

We're kneeling round thy grave, mother, the sun has left it now,
It beams on happy children as they sport on yon hill's brow;
There's none to mock the tears which flow so copious from each eye,
And mingle on this lonely sod, 'neath which you silent lie.

ELECTION AND ADORATION OF THE POPE.



"MARTINVS.V.COLVMNA. PONT. MAX. EFFIGIE DEL PONTEFICE CON CAPO NUDO, E SENIALE ORNATO."

"QUEM CREANT. ADORANT; NELL' ESERGO ROMÆ 'IL NUOVO PONTEFICE SEDENTE SOTTO IL TRONO, (SUL QUALE LO SPIRITO SANTO,) E CORONATO DA DUE CARDINALI CON ALTRI ASSISTENTE, E FIGURA GEBUSIERA DI UN SOLDATO SVIZZERO AVANTI L'ALTARE.'"

THE election of another Pope has induced us to call the attention of our readers to the medal at the head of this article, and to the subject it illustrates. It is the second in the series of Roman medals referred to in a former number (June, 1842), and the second also, of Martin V., with whom that series commences, and who was elected in 1417. It was also adopted by his successors, Eugenius IV. and Adrian VI.

The reverse refers to two different ceremonies. The device represents the

coronation; and the motto ("whom they create *they adore*") alludes to the adorations of the newly-elected pontiff, of which there are several, both preceding and following his enthronement, his consecration, and his coronation. Of all these ceremonies as they are practised at present (for they have been increased in number and solemnity from time to time) official details are to be found in an "Account of the Court of Rome," printed in Rome, in 1824.† But instead of quoting these tedious regulations them-

* "Serie dei Conj. di Medaglie Pontificie, Roma, &c. 1824." For an account of this descriptive catalogue, see our number for June, 1842.

† "Relazione della Corte di Roma, &c." The prefatory notice informs us, that this account was first published by Girolamo di Lunado, at Braccianoro in 1641; reprinted in Venice in 1702, and finally corrected and reduced to its present state by Francesco Antonio Zaccaria; and published by Andrea Tosi, in Rome, in 1765, of which last, the present edition (Rome, 1824) is stated to be a faithful reprint. It has the regular "reimprimatur." Those who cannot procure this work, will find the same information in a work, entitled "Tableau de la Cour de Rome," par Le St. J. A. Prelat du Pope Innocent XI, A la Haye, 1707; or in the "Ceremonies et contumes Religieuses" of Bernard Picard (Amsterdam, 1723), who (vol. i. p. 49) quotes the "Tableau" (what edition he does not mention) as a translation from the Italian "Relazione della Corte de Roma."

An older work than any of the foregoing, and probably the foundation of them, is "Libri tres Sacrarum Ceremoniarum, sive Rituum Ecclesiasticorum Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ," printed at Venice in 1516, with the approbation of the Venetian Senate, and of Leo X., to whom also it is dedicated by the compiler, Christopher Marcellus, then Archbishop elect of Corfu, who seems (from page vii.) to have taken his details of the pope's election from an account of that of Innocent

selves, we think it will be more interesting to our readers, if we lay before them extracts from the account given by an eye-witness of their actual exhibition in the case of Innocent X.,* who was elected in September, 1644, introducing from the above authority, as we go along, any changes that have since been made, so as to give the ceremonies as they are *now* celebrated.

After having detailed the obsequies, &c. of the preceding Pope Urban VIII. the writer introduces us to the curious proceedings for shutting up the cardinals in conclave, and the various other contrivances (all prescribed by previous popes) for securing the members of this inspired assembly from external intrigues, and compelling them, as far as possible, when shut up, to an honest discharge of their duty. Of these we shall give a few samples.

“**CEREMONIES PERFORMED IN THE CONCLAVE.**”

“All those before mentioned,” (viz. : fifty-four cardinals, including “Pamphilio, a Roman,” subsequently elected pope) “being entered into the conclave, went directly into Pope Sixtus the Fourth his chappell, where the cardinal Dean made certain prayers; after which, every cardinal repaired to his own seat, and there sat him downe, where-upon every one being shut out of the chappell, and no others besides the cardinals remaining there, but Signior Gieseppe Franzanelli, secretary of the Sacred Colledge, and the five masters of the ceremonies, the bulls appertaining to the creation of the new pope were read and allowed by the said secretary, and by Domenico Belli, and Francesco Maria Fabei, two of the masters of the ceremonies; they being so read, the cardinals one after another swore the observation of them; afterwards retiring to their several cells, and having

made an end of eating, they repaired again to the said chappell, where the Prince Savelli, perpetuall marshall of the Holy Church, and door-keeper of the conclave, together with the Lord Bonvisio, clerke of the chamber, the governor of Borgo, and many other prelates, which were all deputed for the custody of the passages, took their oath before the cardinal Dean.

“That done, all the cardinals returned back to their cells to give audience to the Lords ambassadors, and the titular personages of the court, untill three hours within night, at which time, upon the ringing of a bell by one of the masters of the ceremonies, they fell to immuring and doing all that was needful for the shutting up of the conclave; which being finished, the cardinal dean and the cardinal chamberlain went over all the conclave to see that it was thoroughly walled and well closed up every where, and thereof the master of the ceremonies made a publick instrument; after that every one of the cardinals retired to his cell, none remaining within the conclave besides themselves and their copclavists (whereof each of them had no more than two, only the aged and infirm had, out of grace, three granted to them), saving the lord vestry keeper, with his adjutant; five masters of the ceremonies with their servants, the secretary, with an adjutant; Father Valentino Mangioni, a Jesuit, the confessor; two physicians; a chirurgieen; an apothecary, with two adjutants; two master workmen, the one a mason, the other a carpenter; and sixteen labourers; which were elected by secret votes inclusive in the congregations, which were held in Saint Peter’s Vestry every morning, before their entering into the conclave, after the saying of the masse of the requiem,” &c.—page 161.

“**A DESCRIPTION OF WHAT WAS WITH-
OUT THE CONCLAVE.**”

“First of all, in all the passages

VIII. (1484). In the College library, there are copies of this and of three reprints of it. Cologne, 1558, 1572, 1574.

Older again than the foregoing are the various “*Ordo Romanus*,” collected by Mabillonius in the second volume of his *Museum Italicum* (Paris, 1689). The latest of those by Peter Amelinus, seems (page 525) to have been compiled about the time of Gregory XI. (1370). See also Burder’s *Religious Ceremonies and Customs*. London, 1841.

“The Court of Rome, wherein is set forth the whole Government thereof, &c. together with the manner of the now Pope, Innocent the Tenth’s, Election, Coronation, and riding in State to take possession of the Lateranese Church, &c. translated out of Italian into English by H. C., Gent. (Henry Cogan); London, 1654.” The original seems to have been some edition of the “*Relazione*,” printed soon after the election of Innocent X., with an account annexed (evidently by an eye-witness) of the proceedings on that occasion.

there were good guards placed by the Prince Savelli, as keeper of the conclave, and perpetuall marshall of the Holy Church; which guards never stirred from thence, night nor day, untill the creation of the new high bishop. On Saint Peter's Piatza, foure courts of guard of Levaes souldiers, sett there by the Lord Don Taddeo Barberino, as generall of the Holy Church, by the appointment of the Sacred Colledge, during the vacancy of the sea.

"Upon the stairs of the Apostollicall Palace, that looks to the Piatza, the Switzers of his holinesse guard made a baricado of tables with two courts of guard; and another within the courtyard of the first gate; and on the stairs, whereby one descends into Saint Peter's, were two others likewise.

"The conclave was walled up by the masons, and all the doores, every little crany, together with the great and lesser windows of the lodgings, were close made up; leaving on the top an overturne of foure or five hands breadth, covered with linnen cloath, where of part was nailed downe, and part of it was not.

"There were on divers parts seven passages, whereby the Dyet entred, coming in this order: first of all, came two of that Cardinal's palfery men, unto whom the Dyet went, with two long purple-coloured maces of wood in their hands, having their master's arms on them; next to them went the mace bearer with a silver mace, and other gentlemen; after whom came the lesser with a napkin on his shoulder, followed by two palfery men who carried cups, goblets, and chafing dishes; two others with manchett, and two others with glasse bottles of wine and water: all which went in rank one after another, with a purple coloured mace of wood borne before them; the said deputy prelates who had the charge to see what entred into the passage, and which was changed every severall meale, assisting at every passage, and diligently searching every thing that was carried in. As soon as all the dyet was entred, an apparitor assisting for that purpose, in a purple robe, with a mace of silver, shut up the passage; whereupon the assisting prelate went to see whether the said passage was well shut, and then with a paper sealed up the lock; the like was done on the inside by the masters of the ceremonies."

" CEREMONIES PERFORMED AFTER THE SHUTTING UP OF THE CONCLAVE.

"In the morning, after the shutting up of the conclave, the deacon cardinal

celebrated the masse of the Holy Ghost, and gave the communion to all the other cardinals, making a brieffe exhortation to the whole sacred colledge, for the election of the new high bishop. In the end, after many scrutinies, for the space of thirty and seven dayes concerning divers persons, and the vacancie of the sea for a month and seventene dayes, on Thursday, the 15th of September, 1644. The most eminent Cardinal Pamphilio, having said his masse in the Paolina chappell, according as he used to do every morning, entred with the other cardinals into the chappell of Sixtus Quartus, and seating himselfe in his place, the masse, pro electione Romani Pontificis commenced, which was sung every morning by the lord vestry keeper. After which began the scrutiny for the most eminent Cardinal Pamphilio, wherein he had fiftene votes; and then in the accesse, thirty and three; the said scrutiny continuing for the space of sixe houres. Afterwards, the said chappell being opened, the lord vestry keeper with the five masters of the ceremonies, and the secretary entred into it, and burned the schedules. That done, the first Deacon Cardinal Capellini, and (in the stead of the Prince Cardinal de Medici, who was sick of the goutte) the second Deacon Cardinal Barberino, went and made humble suite unto the most eminent Cardinal Pamphilio, that he would accept of the Papacie, according to this election that was made of him by the Sacred Colledge, which he accepted of, and took unto himself the name of Innocent the Tenth. Thereupon the two deacon cardinals, Barberino and Ginetti, conducted him to the back side of the altar of the said chappell, where, with the assistance of the lord vestry keeper, and the masters of the ceremonies, he was despoiled of his cardinal's vestments, and attired in the Papale habit, and so they placed him in the pontifical seat, before the altar of the said chappell, when the cardinal deacon beginning first to do him reverence, by kneeling before him, and kissing his feet, and his right hand, his holinesse raised him up, and gave him the "*osculum pacis*," both on the one, and the other cheek; after which all the other cardinals successively did him reverence in like manner, and acknowledged him for the high bishop. Then Cardinal Barberino and Signior Domenico Belli, one of the masters of the ceremonies, took up the crosse, and while the music of the chappell sung the '*Ecce sacerdos magnus, qui in diebus suis placuit Deo, et inventus est justus*'—'Behold the great high priest who has pleased God, and is

found just"—they went, his eminence going foremost, to the lodging of the Benediction, where, having caused so so much of the window of that lodging to be broken downe as they might well passe through it with the crosse, the cardinal showed it to the people, who, with great desire, stood expecting it on the Piazza, in sign that by the grace of God there was an election made of a new Roman high bishop, and his eminence, with a loud voice, declared it to the people, with these ensuing words: 'Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum, habemus papam eminentissimum et reverendissimum Dominum Joannem Baptistam Pamphilium qui sibi nomen imposuit Innocentium decimum.'

"Hereupon all the people that stood upon St. Peter's Piazza, fell out into great acclamation of joy, and ran up and down the streets, striving a vye who should first give notice of it to their friends and kindred; so that there was nothing but shouting for joy everywhere—"long live the new high bishop, long live the house of Pamphilio;" and at the same instant was the wonted sign given to the Castle St. Angelo, which shot off all its great ordinance, for a clear demonstration to the whole city of the creation of the new Pope, upon the thundering whereof, there was not a bell in all Rome which was not rung for joy, being accompanied with the sound of drums and trumpets, and volleys of shot, as well from the foot as the horse, which stood quartered on St. Peter's Piazza, and divers other places. To conclude, such and so great was the gladnesse, as no tongue is well able to expresse it."

"CEREMONIES PERFORMED IN GOING OUT OF THE CONCLAVE.

"While his holinesse and the cardinals were making a collation, and reposing themselves, the conclave was, by a great number of masons, everywhere unwallled and unclosed; after which the cardinals, aforesaid, went againe into the said chappell to make the second adoration, and the Pope being seated upon the altar in his pontifical robes, the deacon cardinall began first, as before, to do him reverence, and then all the rest of the cardinals, one by one, did the like: that ended, the crosse and the

musick of the chappell singing divers anthems, and going before, the Pope was carried in a pontificale chair to Saint Peter's, where, being placed on THE HIGH ALTAR, he was the third time revered by all the cardinals, in the manner as aforesaid, the musick of the chappell singing in the meantime, 'TE DEUM LAUDAMUS,' &c., which once finished, together with the Cardinall's Adoration, the deacon cardinal read 'in Cornu Epistolæ,' certain verses and prayers concerning the new high bishop, who all the while sat upon the altar; from whence descending, he turned himself to the people, and gave them his benediction; and then going out of the said church, with the said cardinals, whom he saluted on every side of him as he went along, he put himself into a close pontificale chair, and so was carried to his lodgings with a great train of attendants."

Referring to the description of this extraordinary proceeding as it is at present conducted, we find it thus set forth—

"His holiness, elevated by his chair-bearers in his pontifical chair, and preceded by the cross and by the choir of the chapel, chaunting *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus, qui in diebus suis placuit Deo, et inventus est justus.* 'Behold the great high priest who has been well pleasing to God, and found just,' accompanied by the Holy College, and surrounded by the Swiss Guards, is borne into the Basilica of St. Peter. Arrived at the chapel of the Most Holy Sacrament he descends, kneels, and prays for a short time; thence he is carried to the high altar where he offers a short prayer in front of the confession of the apostles, after which he ascends the altar, and seats himself upon the middle of it. Immediately the most eminent the dean gives out, and the choir takes up, the 'Te Deum Laudamus,' while he is being a third time adored by the cardinals. This adoration being terminated, the same most eminent dean repeats the prayers and supplications for the new pontiff, who afterwards descends from the altar on its step, lays aside his mitre, and, inclining the cross, bestows on the great multitude of people there assembled, his first benediction."[†]

* The original English, in this sentence, is "before" not upon the altar. But this must be a mistake, probably of the translator; for the account published, 1516, and referred to above (note page 192), as well as all the later ones, place the pope on the altar during this adoration, as well as during that in St. Peter's.

† "Sua Santità poscia alzata in sedia gestatoria dai Parafrenieri Pontifici preceduta dalla croce, e da' musici, che cantano *ecce Sacerdos Magnus*, accom-

Let us pause for a moment to consider this strange spectacle. Is not the first suggestion of the mind, one not merely of surprise, but of incredulity? Do we not involuntarily ask ourselves; can this account be true? Is it possible that in this enlightened age such a scene is ever exhibited in any place of Christian worship? Do they, indeed, in the so-called capital of the Christian world, carry a miserable, sinful mortal in proud procession into the temple of the living God, announce his approach as the advent of that Great High Priest, who alone was found just and well pleasing in the sight of Omniscient Holiness; place him—the only one seated and covered—on the High Altar, while thousands bareheaded and prostrate offer him the homage due to the Most High, and chaunt to his honour the hymn consecrated during ages to the praise of the triune God? Yes, alas! it is but too true!—him whom they themselves have chosen, they worship; “whom they create, him

they adore”—“*Quem creant, adorant.*”

But it may be said, perhaps all this is nothing more than a temporal homage to their newly-elected sovereign, similar to that which is offered to other crowned heads? Would—we say it with the utmost sincerity—would that a dispassionate consideration of the circumstances of the case, and of their own authorized statements on this matter, could permit us to adopt such an explanation. We shall offer but a few words on each of these points.

First, that all this homage is rendered to his pontifical, and not to his royal authority is evident from the simple fact, that it is offered *before* his coronation, which seldom takes place till eight days afterwards, and which is celebrated *outside* the church. It is on this latter occasion then, if on any, that the above distinction might be applied; and it so far holds, that whereas on the High Altar he wears his mitre, the symbol of his pontificate, at his coronation he is only invested with

pagnata dal Sagro Collegio, ed attornata dalle guardie svizzere viene condotta alla Basilica di S. Pietro. Giunta alla cappella del Santissimo Sacramento scende, genuflette, ed ora per poco, indi portata all' Altar Maggiore fa breve orazione innanzi alla confessione degli apostoli, la quale terminata ascende all' altare, si pone a sedere sul mezzo del medesimo. Immediatamente dopo l'Eminentissimo decano intona il Te Deum laudamus, che li cantori di cappella proseguiscono, e viene adorata per la terza volta dai cardinali. Terminata l'adorazione, lo stesso Eminentissimo decano recita le preci, ed orazioni sopra il nuovo pontefice, il quale scende poi su la pradella dell' altare, depone la mitra, ed inchinata la croce benedice la prima volta la gran folla del popolo ivi concorso.”—*Relazione, &c.*, vol. i. pp. 114, 115.

In 1707, it is thus described—“Le Pape vient ensuite porté dans son siege Pontifical, sous un grand Dais rouge, embelli de franges d'or. Ses états le mettent sur le Grand Autel de Saint Pierre, où les cardinaux l'adorent pour la troisième fois; et apres eux les ambassadeurs des princes, en présence d'une infinité de peuple dont cette vaste Eglise est remplie jusques au bout de son portique. On chante le Te Deum Laudamus. Puis le Cardinal Doyen dit les versets et oraisons marquées le ceremonial Romain; ensuite on descende le Pape sur le Marche pié de l'Autel, un Cardinal Diacre luy ôte la mitre, et il benit solennellement le peuple, &c.”—*Tableau, &c.*, page 66. *Picard, Ceremonies Religieuses*, vol. i. pp. 49, 50.

The following describes it in 1484—“Pontifex novus præcedente cruce et cardinalibus ad ecclesiam Sancti Petri descendit, et prostratus ante altare sine mitra aliquamdiu orat, agitur gratias Deo, et beatis apostolis. Tum surgens a cardinalibus super altare ad sedendum constituitur cum mitra; et prior episcoporum genufexus incipit Te Deum Laudamus; quem hymnum cantores prosequuntur. Interim cardinales pedes electi, manus, et os deosculantur servato ordine: quod et alii, qui adsunt prælati et nobiles faciunt, &c. * * * His servatis descendit electus de altari, et versus ad populum solemniter benedicit,” &c.—*Libri tres*, p. 8.

This last account was compiled about 1484 (vide supra, note, p. 192). The “Ordo Romanus” of Peter Amelius, compiled about 1370 (vide same note) does not place the Pope on the altar. Hence, this part of the ceremony must have been introduced in the intervening period.

the Tiara, the symbol of his temporal power.*

But even on this occasion such an explanation is virtually rejected by Roman writers, and at Rome itself. They plainly tell us that *all* homage offered to the Pope is rendered to him not as the insignificant ruler of a petty principality, but in a much higher capacity. They affirm that "the adoration of the Pontiff, and the kissing of his feet, is founded on examples from the Old Testament," and likewise from others in the New, "thus of the two women" (in the Gospel) "who only regarded the Messiah as a prophet, one, nevertheless, kissed his feet, wiped them with her hair, and perfumed them; and the other touched the hem of his garment, to obtain a cure for her incurable malady. It is, therefore, much more the duty of those who have embraced Christianity, instructed by the example of these women, to kiss the feet of the Roman Pontiff as the *Vicar and Locum tenens of Jesus Christ*."†

Surely, then, such obeisance cannot be interpreted as a mere acknowledgment of his temporal sovereignty over the Papal States, but as at all times and places the recognition of his being personally invested with the authority and dignity of Christ himself. If,

then, it be possible to attach different degrees of honour on different occasions, to acts of homage similar in themselves, and offered to him in the same capacity, we must seek in the circumstances attending those occasions for the means of determining their comparative value.

At the moment of his coronation, when he assumes only his temporal tiara, he is addressed as "the Father of Kings and Princes, the Ruler of this world, and the Vicar on Earth of our Saviour Jesus Christ,"‡ and thus he is instructed that his temporal dominion extends over all terrestrial kingdoms. What meaning, then, is to be attributed to the homage rendered to him, when assuming his higher dignity and wearing his pontifical mitre, he sits covered on the high altar, beholds multitudes prostrate around him, and hears the chaunt arise, "We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord!" What else must we think of him who accepts such homage, but that he, "as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."

Nor is this assumption of authority, and this reception of homage, confined to the head of the hierarchy. By the office of the mass, it is extended to

* "E Coronato il Papa di Tiara, Triregno detta, perchè formata di tre corone ricchissime l'una imposta all'altra. Usa la mitra, in segno del Pontificato, ed il regno in segno d'impero e dominio . . . è chiamata regno, perciocchè non era allora fregiata se non di una sola corona."—*Relazione*, vol. i. p. 135, note.

Whoever wishes to see an account of the triple crown, and of the various symbolical meanings attributed to it, may consult Bonani under the Medal we are considering.

† "Giuseppe Stevano nel suo trattato 'De adoratione, et osculatione pedum S. Pontificis;' mostra essere questo rito fondato sopra gli esempj dell'antico Testamento; e che siccome di due Donne, le quale non riconoscevano il Messia, che come Profeta inviato dal Cielo per significare agli uomini la volontà del Signore, una gli baciò i piedi, glieli ascingò co' capelli, e glieli profumò; e l'altra toccò le frange, ch' erano al basso della veste di lui per ottenere guarigione da male incurabile: così è dovere di quelli, che hanno abbracciato il Cristianesimo, ammaestrati dell'esemplare di queste due femmine, di baciare il piede al Romano Pontefice, ch' è Vicario e Luogotenente di Gesù Cristo."—*Relazione*, vol. i. pp. 153-4. To the same effect the compiler of the "Tres libri," in 1484, (p. cxx):—"Romanus Pontifex nemini omnium mortalium reverentiam facit assurgendo manifeste, aut caput inclinando, seu detegendo . . . Omnes mortales, et præsertim Christi fideles, cujuscunque dignitatis et præeminentiæ, cum primum in conspectum Pontificis adveniunt, distantibus spaciis ter debent ante illum genuflectere, et in honorem salutis nostri Jesu Christi, cujus vices in terris gerit, ejus pedes osculari," &c.

‡ "Il primo Cardinale Diacono gli pone in capo il Triregno, dicendo: Accipe Tiaram tribus coronis ornatam, et scias Patrem Te esse Principum, et Regum, Rectorem orbis, in Terra Vicarium Salvatoris nostri Jesu Christi," &c.—*Ibid.* page 135.

every officiating priest, and introduced into every church throughout Roman Catholic Christendom.

But this is a subject beyond our sphere, and one therefore on which we will not enlarge farther than to show, by one extract, that we do not make assertions at random. This shall be taken from the most undoubted authority, viz., the Catechism of the Council of Trent, and from that part, which explains the sacrifice of the mass, and defines the character of the officiating priest. This is done in the following terms :—

“And there is one and the same priest, Christ the Lord; for the ministers that make this sacrifice, *undergo, not their own but the person of Christ*, when they consecrate his body and blood; as is evident from the very words of the Consecration, for the priest says not, This is Christ's body; but This is my body; that is, *bearing the person of Christ* our Lord, he changes the substance of the bread and wine into the true substance of his body and blood.”*

How deeply this doctrine is impressed on the minds of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, may be seen in the case of the learned and pious Massillon, who, in his truly spirit-stirring addresses to the clergy under his charge, frequently invokes the belief of it, as the most universal and stimulating motive to clerical zeal and devotedness. Thus he reminds them that—

“There is nothing more sublime or venerable on earth, than to exercise, in

the room of Jesus Christ, the functions of his eternal priesthood.” . . .

And again,

“We know, that in all our offices we put on, so to speak, the person of Jesus Christ; we are the mediators between God and Man; and we continue, in his place, the ministry of their reconciliation.”

And from the same doctrine, while rebuking clerical immorality, he borrows the deep colouring of the following picture, drawn, it must be admitted, with a master's hand :—

“Behold then, without exaggeration, behold the position of a bad pastor. He is by anticipation, that man of sin, of whom St. Paul speaks, seated in the temple of God, to declare war against Jesus Christ, and to snatch souls from him, even at the foot of the altars raised to sanctify them.”†

Such were Massillon's visions of priestly power; strange that while gazing on them, he should quote the apostolic prediction, and never suspect, that its fulfilment would consist, not in the abuse, but in the assumption of such powers.

But, omitting any further remarks as to doctrine or prophecy, suggested by the foregoing facts, we cannot, in justice to the best interests of society, withhold two practical observations.

What must be the result wherever an implicit belief in the preceding assumptions of priestly power prevails?

* Catechism of the Council of Trent, faithfully translated into English by permission. Dublin, 1816 (page 202).

The following is the Latin original, as taken from a copy purchased at Rome in 1842, and printed at Bassani, 1825. “Sed unus, etiam atque idem sacerdos est Christus dominus: nam ministri qui sacrificium faciunt, *non suam, sed Christi personam suscipiunt*, id quod et ipsius consecrationis verbis ostenditur: neque enim sacerdos inquit; hoc est Corpus Christi; sed, Hoc est Corpus meum: *personam videlicet, domini gerens panis et vini substantiam*, in veram ejus corporis et sanguinis substantiam convertit.”

† “Comme il n'est rien de plus grand, et de plus auguste sur la terre, que d'exercer, à la place de Jesus Christ les fonctions de son sacerdoce éternel?”

“Nous savons que dans toutes nos fonctions, nous revêtons, pour ainsi dire, la personne de Jesus Christ; nous sommes les Mediateurs entre Dieu et les hommes, et nous continuons à sa place le Ministère de leur reconciliation.”—*Massillon, Conférences et Discours Synodaux*. Paris, 1776. Tom. iii, p. 102.

“Voilà cependant, sans outrer discours, voilà l'état d'un mauvais Pasteur; il est d'avance cet homme de péché, dont parle Saint Paul, assis dans le temple de Dieu pour déclarer la guerre à Jesus Christ, et venir lui enlever les âmes jusqu'aux pieds des autels élevés pour les sanctifier.”—*Ibid.* p. 25.

What but the most servile submission of mind and body to those supposed to be invested with such authority? And when such men as Massillon—one of the sincerest members and brightest ornaments of the Roman Catholic communion—could think and argue in the above manner, what effect must the doctrine he announces produce on the ignorance and superstition that usually pervade the lower orders? How can these orders be saved from such an effect but by rescuing them from the hands of those men, whose obvious interest it is, as well as their sworn duty, to inculcate these doctrines; and by insisting that the Bible—the only safeguard against such errors—should be

a fundamental element in every system of national education?

And further, if governments will not attempt this from a regard for the welfare of their subjects, they should not forget that their own is equally involved. For nothing can be more obvious than this, that for governments to assist in *any way*—whether by ecclesiastical endowments, or scholastic institutions—in the propagation of such a creed, is, just so far and in the same proportion as it prevails, to transfer the hearts and consciences of their subjects to *other rulers*, and thus to render civil allegiance contingent on the modesty and forbearance of papal usurpation.

STANZAS.

"Our better mind
Is as a Sunday garment, then put on
When we have nought to do; but at our work
We wear a worse for thrift."

'Tis past—a burning noon of warmth and light!
The softened splendours of departing day
On the lone summit of the distant height
A moment linger in their onward way.

Haste, ere they flee—and bid the scene, the hour,
With the soft touch of harmony, restore
From the deep slumber of past years, the power
Of feeling and of song, to life once more.

Peace in the gathering shadow steals abroad.
Instinct with inspiration won from her,
The breezes travel their mysterious road,
And fluttering leaves and rippling waters stir.

The freshest odours rise from herb and flower:
The softest sunlight tinges every steep:
Joy carols wildly from each brake and bower,
And the waves murmur in their tranquil sleep.

All—all, that thrills the senses, or the mind,
Nature herself hath at this moment wove
Into one spell of harmony, to bind
The heart in chains of sympathy and love.

Nor wholly of this world those glorious beams;
Nor mortal voices only charm the ear:
From brighter skies escape some transient gleams,
Some tones of seraph minstrelsy we hear.

Oh, scene of beauty! hour of peace! not all
Of paradise, as yet from earth is driven:
Our Maker's image still survives the fall,
Still hues of evening faintly image heaven.

MR. GROTE'S HISTORY OF GREECE.*

THE two volumes of Mr. Grote's "History of Greece," now presented to the public, are scarcely more than prefatory. Their effect, it is probable, will scarcely be in proportion to their great merit, as the interest of the mythological details with which they are chiefly conversant, arises solely from the after history of the people, whose arts and whose literature have rendered the inquiry into their modes of thought of importance. The fortunes of the communities of Greece, during the four hundred and seventy-six years, which form the interval between the first Olympiad—the year 776 B. C., and the year 300 B. C., "or the close of the generation which takes its name from Alexander the Great," are the subject of Mr. Grote's work. Without a knowledge of the legendary associations which influenced the habitual conduct of the people whom he describes, the facts which are recorded of them would be always unimportant, often unintelligible. The reader, says Mr. Grote, "will not understand the frantic terror of the Athenians published during the Peloponnesian war on the occasion of the mutilation of the statues called Hermai, unless he enters into the way in which they connected their stability and security with the domiciliation of the gods in the soil."—Mr. Grote gives other examples of the same kind, and we have little doubt that parts of this work, which appear at first view to dwell at disproportionate length on legends of gods and heroes, will do much to prepare the reader for listening with sympathy to the story of the men to whom these legends were the subjects of faith. The faith of this people—nay, of every people—is a portion of their history.

Of the origin of the people themselves, or of the native country of their first gods, Mr. Grote will not inquire. He does not deny the existence of tribes that have been called Pelasgic, or designated by other names, and to

whom may be assigned an antiquity earlier than that of the Hellenes or historic Greeks, but he denies that we know anything whatever of them, and thinks that nothing has been done, worth doing, in removing the clouds of fable from earlier periods, by Müller, Thirlwall, &c. Of the gods of Greece Mr. Grote insists on the proper personality, including in the number those monstrous natures of the harpies, centaurs, gorgons, and the like. Uranos and Oneros—Heaven and Dream—are persons just as much as Zeus or Apollo. The thought of allegorizing them was of a date later than the original conception, and no allegories that have been suggested compare with the whole series of events thus sought to be explained. Allegory obviously mingles with some of the stories, and to that extent Mr. Grote does not hesitate to recognize it. Early convulsions of nature and a few physical facts are thus embodied, but they are separable from the rest. The theogony of the Greeks cannot be translated into a system of physics.

In thus taking the belief of the Greeks as we find it at the commencement of the historic period, we presume that Mr. Grote, while he declines inquiring into its original sources, will scarcely assert it to be of home growth. If he does, the evidence is altogether against his view. Herodotus tells us that the Hellenes received their gods from the Pelasgians, and the Pelasgians had them from the Egyptians; but, whencesoever derived, they became in Greece something very different from anything that had been elsewhere worshipped; and perhaps the mode least likely to lead to error on the subject, is that of Mr. Grote, who seeks to explain the existing facts as he finds them in Homer and Hesiod, without looking further. We, at all events, have now to state Mr. Grote's view: how far it is coincident with our own will appear hereafter.

* The History of Greece. By George Grote, Esq. 2 Vols. 8vo. London: John Murray. 1846.

In the order of conception, Zeus is the first and leading figure in the Greek Pantheon. No matter how long anterior in time Kronos, Uranos, and others may be represented; they are but the ornamental pedigree of Zeus, invented at a later period; and because the human type is that in correspondence with which the imagination shrouded its gods, the same vanities of princely descent are necessary for them as for man: Gods, like men, must have a past to repose on. The Olympic gods are given human attributes—they feel as men, but their acts are those of beings of vaster power. They are but a few belonging to this great system of personal agents through whom all nature was seen working by the imaginative Greek. Having laid down these propositions as the basis of his structure, Mr. Grote gives us from Hesiod the circumstances under which Zeus obtained dominion among the gods. He repeats the narratives from Hesiod rather than from Homer, as in Homer there are but occasional unconnected allusions; while the systematic treatment of the subject by Hesiod produced the effect of his work being, in heathen times, the depository of the belief of the Greeks; and when heathenism was passing away, it became the storehouse from which assailants derived their knowledge of the system which they attacked. Hesiod had, however, greatly extended the theogony of Homer, and the additions betray marks of Asiatic origin. The Orphic theogony extended that of Hesiod, and presented not only new persons, but persons of a character wholly distinct from those of the old fablers. Zagreus now, for the first time, makes his appearance, and the orgies of Dionysus are introduced—both borrowed from the worship of Thracæ. The thought of expiation and purification for homicide is introduced; and as Herodotus tells us that the ceremonies of purification were the same among the Lydians and the Greeks, Mr. Grote reasonably infers that the Greeks, of whose original customs purification formed no part, borrowed it from the Lydians. Purifications were not performed at first by the hands of a separated order of priests, but by those of a chief or king.

The notion of a special taint arising from crime, and of the sufficiency of

religious ceremonies as a means of removing it, is said by Mr. Grote to be of a date subsequent to Homer. The rites introduced for the purpose were voluntary religious manifestations, distinct from public sacrifices, and often offered to a god foreign from those of the country. Such act seems to have partaken more of the character of a magic ceremony than of anything felt as religion by those of unburthened conscience. As the exact performance of an unknown ceremony was the condition on which the god, whose favour was implored, was supposed to be appeased, the priest, who alone was imagined to know the precise details of the ritual observances necessary, became an important personage. In the desire of appeasing hostile gods, arose the mysteries of Eleusis and Samothracæ. That these mysteries were originally one, seems proved from their resemblance. They ran into each other so confusedly, that the most diligent inquirers have been at all times unable to distinguish them. Mr. Grote does not think that in the Mysteries any recondite doctrine, either religious or philosophical, was taught.

In regarding the religion of the Greeks as underived from that of any other people, Mr. Grote has used such language as to make it seem probable that he regards it as the proper growth of the country itself. This is in no sense true. It is opposed not alone to all probability but to all history. The account which Herodotus received from the priests of Dodona seems the true one—that the names of almost all the gods were originally derived from Egypt—"That they are of barbarian origin," he adds, "I am convinced by my different researches." It appears undeniable that in the eastern mythologies, all their divinities were symbols of some natural object, or some power of nature. The god, whatever name might be given him, was but a symbol; and the narratives in which the adventures of the gods are told, were not capricious plays of fancy, but had reference to the symbolical character of the persons introduced. The story which Herodotus tells of Heracles seeing the face of Ammon, while he concealed the rest of his person with the skin of a ram, is quoted by Herrmann in illustration of

this view of the subject. The narrative suggests nothing to a person ignorant of the facts that the ram is the Egyptian type of spring, and that Heracles is the sun. The story is told by Herodotus in connexion with a festival held at the opening of spring; and that the commencement of the season is intended to be described by the legend, admits of no reasonable doubt. In those Asiatic mythologies there was an avoidance of fixed personation; and hence the god, who but assumed shape of any kind to make himself seen, passed into any that gave most prominence to the thought intended to be symbolically presented. Hence, the Egyptian heads of beasts and birds attached to the human or other figures—the Hindoos' gods with unnumbered hands—or the Diana of the Phrygians with her twenty breasts. With the Greeks themselves the symbol, which originated the god, was not at once or altogether lost. In the very first book of the Iliad, Apollo inflicting plague, is plainly identified with the sun. Though the human figure is throughout pictured in this magnificent passage, yet it seems impossible not to feel with Eustathius, that, in the words "*ὁ δὲ ἥλιος ἑωρτάς*," the state of the atmosphere previous to pestilence is indicated, and that in the whole description, the thought of the sun, of which Apollo was, in the older theogonies, the symbolical representation, was in Homer's mind. Zeus and Hera are, in another passage, the pure ether and the atmosphere of earth, but, with the Greeks, the symbol is never prominent, and is for the most part altogether lost sight of. A human character is given to the gods with the human shape which the imagination of the Greeks invested them with;—and it is almost true, that the Greek poets may be said to have created them—is certainly true, to the extent that it became as impossible to deviate from the distinct pictures which Homer gave of his gods, as that of his mortal heroes, which limited and defined the representations of all after poets.

"Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura tæquet sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
Sic Medea ferox invictaque, debilis Ixo,
Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes."

In this sense we must understand Herodotus (for in this way only can we render consistent what he says), when he states that "the invention of the Grecian theogony, the names, the honours, the forms, and the functions of the deities, may, with propriety, be ascribed to Hesiod and Homer."*

We think that Mr. Grote is in error in ascribing too small effect to the Mysteries. The entire evidence on the subject seems to us to prove, that whatever their relation to the popular religion may have been, an attempt was made in them to satisfy that inward feeling of religion, which man cannot exist without at times being conscious of, and which the fables of the poets, with respect to their Olympic gods, did not even in the slightest degree touch. Their Olympus itself was a dwelling-place on earth, whose gods—even seeking to resolve the question on the evidence which Homer gives—were far from filling the whole circle of duties which their position, if they are to be regarded as rulers over men, demanded. Among them we seldom see Demeter—and Dionysus never; though both are mentioned by Homer, and though both, certainly (if we think of their symbolic meaning, as the givers of corn and wine), were of such moment to man, that it is impossible their gifts should be forgotten in any serious recognition of man's debts to the bounty of heaven. The cabinet council at Olympus seem occupied with wars and intrigues of love and politics; and to say the truth, men's life, would, in all probability, be much happier if left to conduct their own affairs without their interference. In the Mysteries and the Oracles, traces of a deeper religion appear than in the purely social circle of Homer's gods; and this, we think, is not felt by Mr. Grote. The perpetual changes in the stories told by the poets of the gods, and their occasionally denying the credibility of some of the legends, as inconsistent with true notions of the divine nature, are to our mind demonstrative proofs, that in everything respecting them, the play of fancy was freely permitted. The remarkable passage of Pindar in the first Olympic Ode, in which he expresses his disbelief of the

* Beloe's Herodotus, vol. i. page 280.

story of Tantalus, as unworthy of the gods,* and proceeds to give another colour to the legend, would be enough to show the very slight hold the details of those stories had on the minds of the people. Could they be regarded as expressive of any thing resembling religious belief, no poet could thus deal with them. If the legends themselves were then of this shifting character, can there be any object in detailing, at such prodigious length, (for they occupy almost a volume of Mr. Grote's work), the stories in Hesiod? The narratives differ irreconcilably from those in Homer, and still more from those in the later poets; and the statement of the fact of this difference, does more to illustrate the subject, than the transcript of any particular form of the legends.†

A more successful portion of Mr. Grote's book than his tales of the actual dwellers of Olympus, is that part in which he describes the connexion between the various tribes or families of Greece in relation to its theogony. The links of connexion between the different tribes, and the feeling of nationality, depended on the belief of a common ancestry, which rested to a great extent on the presumed descent of all from the gods: genealogies were not, as among modern nations, valuable from the number of mortal progenitors, but from the nearness of descent from the divine parent. The fewer the human links between them and the gods, the more illustrious was the family. The relation to the god or hero was that which arose from direct filiation. Ina-

chus is the son of Oceanus and Tethys. River Nymphs, the daughters of Zeus, become enamoured of men, and give birth to a mortal race, having a right to claim descent from Zeus. Poseidon is the father of a thousand sons. It is astonishing to what a late period this belief (if it can be called belief, when the imagination was so much at work, that truth and falsehood were undistinguished, and served but as its fluent materials), lingered in Greece. Plato, for instance, was regarded by many of his admirers as the son of Apollo.

"In the retrospective faith of a Greek, the ideas of worship and ancestry coalesced: every association of men, large or small, in whom there existed a feeling of present union, traced back that union to some common initial progenitor, and that progenitor, again, was either the common god whom they worshipped, or some semi-divine being closely allied to him. What the feelings of the community require is, a continuous pedigree to connect them with this respected source of existence, beyond which they do not think of looking back. A series of names, placed in filiation or fraternity, together with a certain number of family or personal adventures ascribed to some of the individuals among them, constitute the ante-historical past through which the Greek looks back to his gods. The names of this genealogy are, to a great degree, gentile or local names familiar to the people,—rivers, mountains, springs, lakes, villages, demes, &c.,—embodied as persons, and introduced as acting or suffering: they are moreover called kings or chiefs, but the existence of a body of subjects surrounding them is tacitly

* Ἐστὶ δ' ἀνδρὶ φάμεν
 Ἐοικος ἀμφὶ δαίμονων πα—
 λᾷ, μῖνον γὰρ αἰνία.
 Τῷ Τανταλῷ σὶ δ', αἰνία
 Πρῶτ' ἔστιν φθελχόμεαι.

Olymp. i.

This passage is, we find, referred to by Mr. Grote, and referred to the unbelief of a later age. This does not satisfy us; and, at all events, such considerations supply no answer to the discrepancies we allude to between Homer and Hesiod.

† Mr. Grote cites a passage from Ampère ("Histoire Littéraire de la France"), in which he describes the northern *sagas*, which are almost identical in character with the Greek mythol:—"La *saga* a son existence propre comme la poésie, comme l'histoire, comme le roman. Elle n'invente pas, mais répète: elle peut se tromper, mais elle ne ment jamais. Ce récit souvent merveilleux, que personne ne fabrique sciemment, et que tout le monde altère and falsifie sans le vouloir, qui se perpétue a la manière des chants primitifs, et populaires—ce récit, quand il se rapporte non à un héros mais un saint s'appelle une légende."

implied rather than distinctly set forth; for their own personal exploits or family proceedings constitute for the most part the whole matter of narrative. And thus the genealogy was made to satisfy at once the appetite of the Greeks for romantic adventure, and their demand for an unbroken line of filiation between themselves and the gods. The eponymous personage, from whom the community derive their name, is sometimes the begotten son of the local god, sometimes an autochthonous man sprung from the earth, which is indeed itself divinized."

"Grecian antiquity cannot be at all understood except in connexion with Grecian religion. It begins with gods and it ends with historical men, the former being recognized not simply as gods, but as primitive ancestors, and connected with the latter by a long mythical genealogy, partly heroic and partly human. Now the whole value of such genealogies arises from their being taken entire: the god or hero at the top is, in point of fact, the most important member of the whole; for the length and continuity of the series arises from anxiety on the part of historical men to join themselves by a thread of descent with the being whom they worshipped in their gentile sacrifices. Without the ancestral god, the whole pedigree would have become not only acephalous, but also worthless and uninteresting."

The great merit of Mr. Grote, in his account of the mythology of the Greeks, is, that he does not seek to reconcile the narratives with credibility. He tells them as he finds them; there they are—the belief of Greece; to be looked at like the trees—like the flowers—like the men—like the mountains and streams of the land. Interpret them, with one class of inquirers, into history, magnified by the fancy of poets, and seek to reduce them to the measure of what we now may regard as credible, and what have you? A deceptive narrative—plausible, unimaginative, unauthenticated, commonplace, worthless. With another class, resolve it into moral allegories, and what have you? The capricious speculations of a later age—utterly dead—all, that was poetry, disenchanted, and reduced to dust. Still worse do you fare if you seek to read a system of physics; or, like Bacon, of political philosophy. Grote tells fables as fables—tells them as Arnold and as Livy (for it is a mistake of Arnold's

to think there is any difference of principle between him and Livy in this respect) told the old stories of Rome—those glorious old stories which have given us Macaulay's great poems.

The effort to distinguish what is true from what is false, in the old legends of Greece, on the presumption that the fiction had a basis of truth on which it rested, is well described by Mr. Grote as altogether fruitless. Indeed he denies that even any basis of truth (meaning by the word, fact) in most cases exists:—

"The general disposition to adopt the semi-historical theory as to the genesis of Grecian myths, arises in part from reluctance in critics to impute to the mythopœic ages extreme credulity or fraud, and from the usual presumption, that where much is believed some portion of it must be true. There would be some weight in these grounds of reasoning, if the ages under discussion had been supplied with records and accustomed to critical inquiry. But amongst a people unprovided with the former, and strangers to the latter, credulity is necessarily at its maximum, as well in the narrator himself as in his hearers: the idea of deliberate fraud is moreover inapplicable, for if the hearers are disposed to accept what is related to them as a revelation from the Muse, the *œstrus* of composition is quite sufficient to impart a similar persuasion to the poet whose mind is penetrated with it. The belief of that day can hardly be said to stand apart by itself as an act of reason: it becomes confounded with vivacious imagination and earnest emotion; and in every case where these mental excitabilities are powerfully acted upon, faith ensues unconsciously and as a matter of course. How active and prominent such tendencies were among the early Greeks, the extraordinary beauty and originality of their epic poetry may teach us.

"It is, besides, a presumption far too largely and indiscriminately applied, even in our own advanced age, that where much is believed, something must necessarily be true—that accredited fiction is always traceable to some basis of historical truth. The influence of imagination and feeling is not confined simply to the process of retouching, transforming, or magnifying narratives originally founded on fact; it will often create new narratives of its own, without any such pretensions. Where there is any general body of sen-

timent pervading men living in society, whether it be religious or political—love, admiration, or antipathy—all incidents tending to illustrate that sentiment are eagerly welcomed, rapidly circulated and (as a general rule) easily accredited. If real incidents are not at hand, impressive fictions will be provided, to satisfy the demand: the perfect harmony of such fictions with the prevalent feeling stands in the place of certifying testimony, and causes men to hear them not merely with credence, but even with delight: to call them in question and require proof, is a task which cannot be undertaken without incurring obloquy. Of such tendencies in the human mind, abundant evidence is furnished by the innumerable religious legends which have acquired currency in various parts of the world, and of which no country was more fertile than Greece—legends which derived their origin, not from special facts misrepresented and exaggerated, but from pious feelings pervading the society, and translated into narrative by forward and imaginative minds—legends, in which not merely the incidents, but often even the personages are unreal, yet in which the generating sentiment is conspicuously discernible, providing its own matter as well as its own form. Other sentiments also, as well as the religious, provided they be fervent and widely diffused, will find expression in current narrative, and become portions of the general public belief—every celebrated and notorious character is the source of a thousand fictions exemplifying his peculiarities. And if it be true, as I think present observation may show us, that such creative agencies are even now visible and effective, when the materials of genuine history are copious and critically studied—much more are we warranted in concluding that in ages destitute of records, strangers to historical testimony, and full of belief in divine inspiration both as to the future and as to the past, narratives partly fictitious will acquire ready and uninquiring credence, provided only they be plausible and in harmony with the preconceptions of the auditors."

There can, we think, be little doubt that Mr. Grote is right in refusing to follow Creuzer and Herrmann, in their efforts to construct a narrative of the

steps by which Greece originally became possessed of its mythology, when there is little more to rely on than the uncertain vestiges of etymology. A time may come—nay, is, we think, approaching—when something may come of these investigations. Hitherto absolutely nothing has been done; and the effort to deduce history from the traces of languages, the relations of which to each other are so imperfectly known as never to afford any sure footing, is, to say the least, premature. We cannot, however, agree with our author in thinking that the Mysteries in their origin were without an esoteric meaning, or were merely foreign ceremonials, introduced into Greece at a period after the Homeric times, and to which their peculiar significance was given by later interpreters, who sought to create a philosophical religion distinct from the popular. We disregard wholly the allegories of the later Platonists; but we think that there can be no doubt that all among the Greeks which could be properly called religion, was connected with the Mysteries. Indeed we think that Varro's distinction of theology into three departments—the mythical, the civil, and the physical—with his explanations of the classification, admit this. The first he regarded as belonging to the poets; the second, to the state; the third, to philosophers. The first and third—the poetical and philosophic—stood then in the relation of text and comment; the second, including public worship and religious rites, alone approaches the notion of what may, of course in a very imperfect sense of the word, be called religion. Belief, in any proper sense of the word, in the "fabulous Gods," did not exist. The effort to translate the old poetic stories into distinct allegories or into history, is well exposed by Plato. Socrates (in the *Phædrus*) is asked whether he believes the legend of Oreithyia, daughter of Erechtheus, being carried off by Boreas. His reply is, that he adopts the current version of the story, and treats as unbelief the sort of interpretations, which we are now told was the real meaning

"Disis fabulosos Deos accommodatos esse ad theatram, naturales ad Mundum civilem et urbem."—Varro, in *Augustin's Civitas Dei*, quoted for a different purpose, by Mr. Grote.

of such stories. "It would not be strange," he says, "if I disbelieved it as the clever men do; I might then shew my cleverness by saying that a gust of Boreas threw her down from the rocks while she was at play; and that having been killed in this manner, she was reported to have been carried off by Boreas. Such speculations are amusing enough, but they belong to men ingenious and busy-minded overmuch, and not greatly to be envied, if it be only for this reason, that after having set right one fable, they are under the necessity of applying the same process to a host of others—Hippocentaurs, Chimeras, Gorgons, Pegasus, and numberless other monsters and incredibilities. A man who, disbelieving these stories, should try to find a probable basis for each of them, will display an ill-placed acuteness, and take upon himself an endless burthen for which at least I have no leisure: accordingly, I forego such researches, and believe in the current version of the stories."* It is not easy to use language that will not mislead; for Plato describes himself as a believer in such of the popular legends as he thinks worthy of gods and heroes—he disbelieves the enormities told of them, "If the poets," says he, "are permitted to imitate such legends, we must compel them to deny that the perpetrators were gods, or the sons of gods." The test, then, in Plato's mind of the credibility of the legend is its adequately representing some moral truth. This, perhaps was refining in as great a degree as any other class of interpreters.

Mr. Grote disregards all chronological speculations connected with Greece anterior to the period of the first Olympiad. On no supposition can they be defended. The pedigree of the Spartan kings, for instance, is taken as the basis from which time is to be estimated; and thirty years being regarded as the equivalent of a generation, computations are formed on this supposition. This is altogether illusory, as the genealogies are those of superhuman persons, and conditions derived from history have no bearing on the case. But this is too favourable a view of the matter, as it

assumes that the mythical persons were men or gods, or something of the kind. Listen, however, to Ottfried Müller speaking on the subject:—

"The mythical genealogies of Argos competed with those of Sicyon, and both these cities, by a long train of patriarchal princes (most of whom are merely personifications of the country, its mountains and rivers), were able to place their origin at a period of the greatest antiquity."†

The pedigrees, then, out of which wise men have been making history, were, for anything we know to the contrary, maps of the country.

The pedigree of the Spartan kings, which furnished the basis of the calculations which Mr. Grote examines, had no more pretensions to credibility than any other of the thousands with which Greece abounded. There was no kingdom—no city—no family without its pedigree—and in all were superhuman beings introduced—indeed were the single object of what was almost an admitted political fiction to express or to create a link of connexion between the different communities of which Greece was composed. Fable has its own truth and its own laws. It "delightedly believes Divinities being itself divine." It is a dull thing to attempt to reduce it to sober history.

"When Hecataeus visited Thêbes in Egypt, he mentioned to the Egyptian priests, doubtless with a feeling of satisfaction and pride, the imposing pedigree of the gens to which he belonged,—with fifteen ancestors in ascending line, and a god as the initial progenitor. But he found himself immeasurably overdone by the priests 'who genealogised against him.' They showed to him three hundred and forty-one wooden colossal statues, representing the succession of chief priests in the temple in uninterrupted series from father to son, through a space of 11,300 years. Prior to the commencement of this long period (they said), the gods, dwelling along with men, had exercised sway in Egypt; but they repudiated altogether the idea of men begotten by gods or of heroes."

In all these genealogies, a few, proba-

* We adopt Mr. Grote's translation of the passage *Grote's Greece*, vol. i. 536.

† Müller's "History of the Literature of Greece," page 8.

bly very few, of the lower members of the series are real—the upper are fabulous—and we have no test whatever to apply to such seeming truth as may remain when what is plainly fiction is removed. No choice remains then, but to disregard the whole. We must remember that the Greeks had their own doubts and disputes whether some of the persons in those legends were men or gods; and the modern inquirer has not better data to go on than they had in any question that assumes the character of critical investigation.

Fable, then, being to be regarded as fable, Mr. Grote's account of the Grecian mythes in thus summed up by himself:—

"1. They are a special product of the imagination and feelings, radically distinct both from history and philosophy: they cannot be broken down and decomposed into the one nor allegorised into the other. There are indeed some particular and even assignable mythes, which raise intrinsic presumption of an allegorising tendency; and there are doubtless some others, though not specially assignable, which contain portions of matter of fact embodied in them; but such matter of fact cannot be verified by any intrinsic mark, nor are we entitled to presume its existence in any given case unless some collateral evidence can be produced.

"2. We are not warranted in applying to the mythical world the rules either of historical credibility or chronological sequence. Its personages are gods, heroes, and men, in constant juxtaposition and reciprocal sympathy; men too, of whom we know a large proportion to be fictitious, and of whom we can never ascertain how many may have been real. No series of such personages can serve as materials for chronological calculation.

"3. The mythes were originally produced in an age which had no records, no philosophy, no criticism, no canon of belief, and scarcely any tincture either of astronomy or geography, but which, on the other hand, was full of religious faith, distinguished for quick and susceptible imagination, seeing personal agents where we look only for objects and connecting laws;—an age moreover eager for new narrative, accepting with the unconscious impressibility of children (the question of truth or falsehood being never formally raised) all which ran in harmony with its pre-existing feeling, and penetrated by inspired prophets and poets in the same proportion that it was indifferent to positive evi-

dence. To such hearers did the primitive poet or story-teller address himself: it was the glory of his productive genius to provide suitable narrative expression for the faith and emotions which he shared in common with them, and the rich stock of Grecian mythes attests how admirably he performed his task. As the gods and the heroes formed the conspicuous object of national reverence, so the mythes were partly divine, partly heroic, partly both in one: the adventures of Achilles, Helen, and Diomédès, Œdipus and Adrastus, Meleager and Althæa, of Jason and the Argô, were recounted by the same tongues, and accepted with the same unsuspecting confidence as those of Apollo and Artemis, of Arés and Aphrodité, of Poseidôn and Héraklès.

"4. The time however came, when this plausibility ceased to be complete. The Grecian mind made an important advance, socially, ethically, and intellectually. Philosophy and history were constituted, prose writing and chronological records became familiar; a canon of belief more or less critical came to be tacitly recognised. Moreover, superior men profited more largely by the stimulus, and contracted habits of judging different from the vulgar: the god Elenchus (to use a personification of Menander), the giver and prover of truth, descended into their minds. Into the new intellectual medium, thus altered in its elements, and no longer uniform in its quality, the mythes descended by inheritance; but they were found, to a certain extent, out of harmony even with the feelings of the people, and altogether dissonant with those of instructed men. But the most superior Greek was still a Greek, and cherished the common reverential sentiment towards the foretime of his country. Though he could neither believe nor respect the mythes as they stood, he was 'under an imperious mental necessity to transform them into a state worthy of his belief and respect. Whilst the literal mythes still continued to float among the poets and the people, critical men interpreted, altered, decomposed, and added, until they found something which satisfied their minds as a supposed real basis. They manufactured some dogmas of supposed original philosophy, and a long series of fancied history and chronology, retaining the mythical names and generations even when they were obliged to discard or recast the mythical events. The interpreted mythes was thus promoted into a reality, while the literal mythes was degraded into a fiction."

There is, in connexion with this subject, a dissertation by Mr. Grote, on the Homeric poems, of considerable interest. It is not surprising that between the earliest and the latest period assigned for the existence of the poet, there should be an interval of almost four hundred years—particularly when we consider how loosely all poems in his metre and on heroic subjects have been called by his name. In Chios there was a fraternity existing to the historic times, who claimed a descent from Homer—who worshipped him as a God with sacrifice—who cultivated poetry as an art—and whose account of the works called by the name of their ancestor was, that the compositions of the whole tribe—extending for many ages—were called by the one common name. They practised the art of Homer; and their works were, without any thought of deception, called by the name of the clan. The process of imagination necessary for this identification was not unfamiliar to the Greeks. It is, indeed, familiar in every language. When the "poetry of Homer" was mentioned, the words were uttered in much the same sense as when we say "the religion of Mahomet." This would account for some of the language of an early period, and show how naturally a false interpretation might grow on words originally having a different meaning from that in which they were afterwards used. The question of the authorship of the great poems of the Iliad and the Odyssey—all in truth that we now mean by Homer—

is substantially a different one. Were both those poems by the same author? Is each or either of these poems a work having no original unity of design, but a collection made in after times of ballads written at different periods, by different authors, and dove-tailed together with more or less skill? These questions, each of which branches into several topics of inquiry, are examined by Mr. Grote. He determines both poems to be of the same age, and the time of their production to have been between 850 B. C. and 776 B. C. The preservation of poems of such length as the Iliad by oral tradition, which was one of the reasons for believing them to have consisted originally of detached ballads, can only appear surprising to those who judge of the powers of memory by what it ordinarily is seen to accomplish in our own times. The rhapsodes were a class educated and trained to the recitation. We ourselves think we have met persons who could repeat the whole of Scott's poetry.† Mr. Grote quotes from one of the publications of the Oriental Translation Society instances of the same kind of memory as that required by the rhapsodists:—

"The Kurroglan rhapsodes are called Kurroglou-Khans, from *kurun*, to sing. Their duty is to know by heart all the meetings of Kurroglou, narrate them, or sing them, with this accompaniment of the favourite instrument of Kurroglou, the *chungur*, or *sitar*, a three-stringed guitar. Ferdansi has also his *Shah-nama-khans*, and the Pro-

* We transcribe Wolf's note, in which he brings together all he can find in the writings of the ancients to favour his theory of Pisistratus having invented the argument in the Iliad. No one of them comes up to his point. It is plain that all they import is, that he arranged the separate rhapsodies according to the original design of the author.

"Nunc vero nihil opus est conjecturas capere: *Historia loquitur*. Nam vox totius antiquitatis, et, si summam spectes, consentiens fama testatur, Pisistratum carmina Homeri primum consignasse litteris, et, in eum ordinem redeiisse quo nunc leguntur.—(Not.) Cic. de Orat. iii. 34. *Quis doctior tisdem illis temporibus, aut cujus eloquentia litteris instructior fuisse traditur, quam Pisistrati?* quod primum Homeri libros, confusos antea, sic disposuisse dicitur, ut nunc habemus. Pausan. vii. 26. p. 594. Πισιστρατης ιση τα Όμηρου διατάξαμεν τε και αλλαχου μεταρρίψαμεν ημεν ηρώεστε. Joseph. c. Apion. i. 2. *Φασιν ουτε Όμηρος εν γράμμασι την αυτην αφήνεν καταλίσσειν, αλλα διαμενηματισμενιν εν τωι ασματων δακτυλοι συντάττειν, videlicet a Πισιστρατο.* Aelian. V. Hist. xiii. 14. *Τοτιον Πισιστρατος συνταξαμεν, απηφισεν την Ιλιαδα και την Οδυσσειαν.* Liban. Panegy. in Julian. T. i. p. 170. Reisk. Πισιστρατον επαινομεν οτιω της των Όμηρου ποιημενων συλλογης. Suidas, v. Όμηρος; *Τοτιον οτιωτις η και συνταξα ην δυο φιλων, και μαλιστα οτε Πισιστρατου, του των Αθηναίων τυρανου.* Eustath. p. 5. *Οτι εν μιν τι σωμα συνεχεις διδου και ενωμεστον η της Ιλιαδος ποιησις η δι ενδεκαμυρια ποτην, κατ' εισαγγελην, ος φασι, Πισιστρατου.*

† Mr. Grote (quoting Xenophon) says, "there were 'gentlemen' in Athens could repeat both Iliad and Odyssey by heart."

phet Mohammed his *Koran-khans*. The memory of these singers is truly astonishing. At every request, they recite in one breath for some hours, without stammering, beginning the tale at the passage or verse pointed out by the hearers. One of the songs of the Calmuck national bards lasts a whole day.*

In Herodotus' account of the priests of Egypt, and Cæsar's of the Druids of Gaul, their prodigious memory is dwelt on. We transcribe, in a note, the passage from Cæsar.† The accurate transmission, under these circumstances, would be less likely than the substantial preservation. To the question, have they been accurately transmitted? Mr. Grote's answer would be, that we have reason to know they have not. Passages are cited in ancient authors from these poems which do not now exist. Our solution of this latter fact would be somewhat different from Mr. Grote's. The ancient authors who cite them blundered, or perhaps used the name of Homer in the loose way in which Mr. Grote tells us it was employed by the Homeridæ of Chios. It is suggested by Mr. Grote, as indeed it was by Müller and others, that the whole *Iliad* or *Odyssey* was not unlikely to have been recited, on successive days, at some of the Greek festivals. This is said in reply to the question, what could be the object of one great poem, at a time when there were no readers, and when it is assumed, therefore, it could not be judged of as a whole? The answer is not an unfair one, even without any evidence of the fact, to the kind of criticism to which it is in-

tended as a reply. However, if rhapsodes, or companies of rhapsodes, were in the habit of so reciting the poems, it is strange that of such a fact before the time of Solon there should be no remaining evidence. The utility of any great work arises, however, not from external conditions of the demands of the audience to whom it is addressed, but in obedience to the satisfying sense of completeness in the author's own mind. It is easy enough to imagine how the *Iliad* should have been broken down into fragmentary ballads. We cannot see any antecedent probability of a number of ballads being put together so as to form an *Iliad*. If the question be a choice of difficulties, we are for the one Homer, as the less difficult supposition. The world has at no time been so fertile of great poets as to make us think it a less wonderful thing to suppose the existence of more than one author for either of these great works. Think of lessening the miracle by imagining twelve Homers rather than one. Is not this to increase the difficulty beyond all measure—shall we say even of possibility—when we remember that in the ages that have since passed, no such poet has appeared?‡

Mr. Grote examines both poems. Of the unity of the *Odyssey* he is satisfied. It cannot have been formed of pre-existing ballads. Its purpose is one—is everywhere apparent. Inaccuracies exist, or seem to exist; and it is impossible, we believe, quite to harmonize the time which the journeyings of Odysseus and Telemachus must have occupied, when we would explain how they

* Specimens of the Popular Poetry of Persia. London: 1842. Introduction, p. 13, and also p. 372.

† "Magnum ibi numerum versuum ediscere dicuntur: itaque annos nonnulli vice-nos in disciplina permanent. Neque fas esse existimant ea literis mandare cum in reliquis fere rebus publicis privatisque rationibus Græcis utantur literis. Id mihi duobus de causis instituisse videntur; quod neque in vulgum disciplinam efferré velint neque eos qui discant literis confisos minus memoriæ studere: quod fere plerisque accidit ut præsidio literarum diligentiam in perdiscendo ac memoriâ remittant."—*De bello Gallico*, Lib. 6.

‡ We transcribe from the last number of the "Quarterly Review," in confirmation of our view, the following passage. "Nor is it an argument without great force that never in the history of man were two such poets, if not absolutely, yet nearly contemporaneous. One Homer is marvel enough; it seems beyond possibility to multiply him even into two."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxviii. page 138. The resemblance, even in the form of expression, between this and what we have written above is very remarkable. It is, however, accidental. This article was sent to the printer's before the publication of the Review.

first came to meet in the tent of Eumæus. On ground such as this— which Mr. Grote properly refuses to build upon—one set of critics tell us that the poem was not originally one, and straightway begin to break it up into ballads, with many a hole in them; another set say, "oh, this was part of another epic, of which Telemachus was the hero—very probably by the same poet"—"certainly not by the same poet," says another; "the style is altogether different;" and in pretty much the same fashion as Schlegel satisfied himself that Shakspeare wrote the "Widow of Watling-street," and that he not only wrote the "Yorkshire Tragedy," but that it ought to be classed among his best and maturest works,* poor Homer is made answerable for all the cyclic nonsense, of which fragments any where appear, and every part of what articulately-speaking men, for the last two thousand years, have ascribed to him, is hacked and hewed to pieces.

"At carminum primi auditores non adeo curiosi erant ut ejusmodi rerum rationes aut exquirerent aut expendere: neque eorum fides e subtilioribus congruentiis omnino pendebat. Monendis enim sunt etiam atque etiam Homericorum studiosi, veteres illos *αἰετὸν* non lingua professoriâ inter viros criticos et grammaticos aut alios quosunque argumentum captatores carmina cantitasse sed inter eos qui sensibus animorum libere, incaute, et effuse indulgebant."†

The really curious thing is, that considering the spirit in which the poem has been examined, so little inconsistency has been detected in the plot.

Mr. Grote having satisfied himself of the unity of the *Odyssey*, by the unequivocal adaptation of its parts to each other, and the impossibility of breaking it into short stories, and also having convinced himself that it is of the same age as the *Iliad*, applies the principles at which he has arrived to the *Iliad*. Continuous epics are not in-

consistent with the character of the age in which one such as the *Odyssey* has been produced. There is, therefore, no antecedent probability against the unity of the *Iliad*.

"That the *Iliad* is not so essentially one piece as the *Odyssey* every man agrees," is the proposition with which Mr. Grote opens his discussion of the question of the *Iliad*. There was, however, one man who knew both poems well, and who did not agree in this proposition. The same *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were before him as before us, and he expressly describes the fable of the *Odyssey* as "involved" when compared with that of the *Iliad*, and less satisfying the idea of perfect art. "Of Homer's poems," says Aristotle, "the *Iliad* is simple and impassioned—the *Odyssey* is involved."‡ The interweaving the fatal event to the suitors, with the prosperous issue to Odysseus, was a close of the poem which seemed too epigrammatic to Aristotle's severe taste. It arose from the desire of giving a false perception of pleasure to an audience,§ founded rather on their expectations of what ought to be, had they the adjustment of the moral world, than on the high requirements of art. The song is too much of a sermon. While this is, no doubt, evidence of the unity of the poem in the sense, in which Mr. Grote contends for it, it disturbs the unity of impression. How different is the solemn and serene close of the *Iliad*,

("Ὡς δὲ ἄν' ἀμφίπτοι τὰφῃ Ἑκτορος ἱστανέμευ.")

shewing the funeral rites of Hector, whose death old predictions, believed both by Greeks and Trojans, dwelt on by himself and Achilles, and the determination of Zeus communicated to Hera in the earlier parts of the poem, had inseparably connected with the fate of Troy in the divine plan. To us the peaceful close of the *Iliad* is beyond expression the most beautiful thing we know in human

*Schlegel's Dramatic Literature, Lecture 12.

† Payne Knight's "Prolegomena," chap. 23.

‡ "Ἡ μὲν Ἰλιάς ἀπλοὺν καὶ καθαρίων ἢ δὲ Ὀδυσσεύς περιλεγμένην."—Περὶ Παιδείας.

§ "Διούτις δὲ, ἡ πρώτη λεγόμενη ὅσοι τινα ἐστὶν ἐνστάσις, ἡ δὲ ἄλλη τὴν ἐνστάσιν ἐχούσα, καλίστη ἡ Ὀδυσσεύς καὶ τελευτῶσα ἐξ ἐναντίας τοῖς ἑλλησίνεσι καὶ χερσὶν. Δοκίμῃ δὲ μὴν πρῶτον διατηρῶν διακρίσιν ἀδύνατον. Ἀπολλέουσι γὰρ οἱ πόλεμοι καὶ ἐσχάτην πικρὰν τοῖς διακρίσιν. Ἔστι δὲ ἐσχάτη ἀπὸ τραγῳδίας ἢ ποίησιν ἀλλὰ μάλιστ' ἐκ τραγῳδίας οἰκίας.—Ibid. Chap. 14.

poetry—the anger of Achilles at an end—and the sublime and tranquillizing thought of man's proudest purposes overruled—at all times and in all things overruled or overcome—

(“*Διὸς δ' ἐπὶ λαοῖσιν ἐσθλὴν*,”)

the feeling with which the Iliad opens, left lingering on the mind, harmonizing the whole scene of tumult.

Aristotle speaks of Homer having in both poems attained that unity of subject, which consists not alone in every part of the work being subordinated to a common purpose, but in the fact that no one part can be removed from its place or separated from the rest. A passage thus separable he does not regard as in any proper sense belonging to the work at all. The adventures of Theseus and Hercules, he says, were told in metrical narratives, which he will not allow to possess the unity which a poem requires, as the incidents might, without injury to the plan, be varied, or displaced, or omitted.

Mr. Grote says that particular passages are more easily separated from the context of the Iliad than of the Odyssey. There can be no doubt that particular passages may be thus removed, and that so removed they stand out in more prominence than any thing that could be selected from the Odyssey. This could not but be, considering the general plan of both poems, the absence and inaction of Achilles being the condition, on which, according to the poet's conception of his superiority to the Greek chieftains, the opportunity of distinction was given to the others. The question, then, is not of the brilliancy of the passages so supposed to be removed, and their appearing to be perfect in themselves; but of the effect on the remaining part of the poem of removing these passages. Our own examination of the poems has satisfied us that, in this respect, the Iliad would suffer more as a whole by the separation of any passages whatever, however such passages may seem to possess an independent vitality, than the Odyssey. Mr. Grote thinks he sees in the Iliad evidence that it consisted originally of a shorter poem, confined more properly to Achilles—that an Achilleid, as he would call this smaller poem, composed by one poet, was afterwards enlarged

by other poets of the same age into an Iliad. Of this, we own, that we cannot see the possibility. The Achilleid would, according to Mr. Grote's view, consist of the first book of what now constitutes the Iliad, the eighth, the eleventh, and following books, to the twenty-second. The parts supposed to be no part of the original design are (together with one or two rejected as interpolations, and not belonging either to Iliad or Achilleis) chiefly those which describe the battles during the absence of Achilles, after his quarrel with Agamemnon. We own that the inaction of Achilles seeming to us a part of the plan as much as his acts, we cannot think that there is any probability in the existence of a poem omitting this inaction, and, if this be so, to fill up the intervals of his absence with the unavailing exertions of others, seems almost forced on the poet. Indeed, if we had to choose among improbabilities, we think Lachman's division of the poem into some sixteen unconnected ballads, is attended with less difficulty than Mr. Grote's Iliad grafted on an Achilleis. The separate adventures of Diomedes, Menelaus, Odysseus, and the others, in the earlier books of the Iliad, are all imperfect without Achilles. They lead to no result, and the reader is made remember at all times that they can lead to none. An Achilleid, without the addition to the glory of Achilles thus given him, would leave him scarcely the superior of any of King Agamemnon's heroes. The thought, in Homer, of enhancing the glory of Achilles by displaying the prowess of the other chieftains, is not unlike that of Spenser, who, in each of the books of his magnificent romance, would seem to task the powers of his imagination in the description of a hero, surpassingly great, but whose greatness being exhibited in some single attribute, serves but to suggest an inadequate measure of the virtues of the Prince Arthur of his story, who armed by Merlin and inspired by Gloriana, unites and embodies in himself the virtues of all.

The ninth book of the Iliad is one with which Mr. Grote especially quarrels. It not only does not form a part of the original Achilleis, but, if we understand Mr. Grote rightly, he would degrade it from the Iliad. His

words are these:—"The tenth book is a portion of the *Iliad*, but not of the *Achilleis*; while the ninth book appears to me an addition (I venture to say an unworthy addition) nowise harmonizing with that main stream of the *Achilleis*, which flows from the eleventh book to the twenty-second." The book gives an account of an embassy from Agamemnon to Achilles, conducted by Odysseus. Some of its apparent or real inconsistencies with other parts of the narrative, may arise from inadvertence on the part of Homer or his readers:

"It is not Homer nods, but we that sleep!"

or perhaps some of the difficulty may arise from our assuming as fact all that Odysseus is made to say, forgetting his character;* but the loss of the book would be a serious one, even though it cannot be made a part of the phantom *Achilleis*. We will not now discuss its connexion with the other parts of poems; but surely a book that contains the passage of Achilles singing to the harp the deeds of heroes—a passage which, perhaps, more than any other has been dwelt on by those who would form to themselves any distinct picture of those old heroic times, cannot be regarded as so utterly unworthy as Mr. Grote would persuade himself. The same book contains that strange allegory of Prayers, the daughter of Zeus, following the steps of Ate to undo the evils that Violence inflicts; an allegory that goes far to satisfy us that Homer's Olympic gods exhibited but a small part of the religion of the poet, or of that of the

heroic times. The book, it would seem, has been admired by the poets, for Ovid† has closely translated from it, and it has been imitated by Virgil.‡ The orators, and the teachers of oratory, did not hesitate to quote it as authority on questions of their art, for in this way we find it alluded to by Cicero and by Quintilian. The moralists and mannerists were at it too; for we find our old friend Alexander Pope quoting Plutarch,§ who admires Nestor's decorum in discussing the fitness of appeasing Achilles, not in public, but in a private council of the chiefs; and there is another old gentleman, with one of those long names only to be uttered on holidays,|| who thinks well of Nestor's discretion in advising Agamemnon for this purpose to ask his friends to supper, where they may talk over the thing. The critics of the days of old were at it, and Aristarchus¶ cut out four lines, thus admitting the genuineness of the rest. The four lines thus removed have been luckily preserved by Plutarch, and modern editors have restored them. The philosophers have been reading this book; nay, it seems to have had in it something of the character of prophecy or divination, for a beautiful female appeared to Socrates in a dream, and addressing him by his name, repeated to him the Homeric line, in which Achilles speaks of arriving at Phthia within three days, from which Socrates inferred that he was to die on the third day from the communication.** There is no doubt that the ninth book may

* Εἰ ταῦταί τε καὶ οἱ ἄλλοι τοὶ ἄνθρωποι ἀπαρτίζονται τοῦ κακοῦ, ὥς ὁ μὲν Ἀχιλλεύς ἐκ ἀλόχης τε καὶ ἀπλῆς ἔστι Ὀδυσσεύς, πάλιν ὁμοῦ τε καὶ ψυχῆς.

† Compare verse 122, &c., with Ovid's *Epistolæ Heroidum*—Briseis to Achilles, verse 30, &c.

‡ Compare verse 340 with Virgil, *Æn.* ix. 136.

§ See a passage of Plutarch on Music, quoted by Pope—Wakefield's *Pope's Iliad*, vol. iii.

|| Dionysius Halicarnassus.

¶ Lucian is an authority for our view against Aristarchus, at least. In his *True History*, he meets Homer in the *Fortunate Islands*—"Quant aux vers que nous disons n'être pas de luy (we quote from an old French translation, not having the original near us) je luy demanday s'il les avoit écrits, et il me dit qu'ils étoient tous siens, se moquant d'Aristarque et de Zenodote Grammairiens qui faisoient mestier de gausser."

** Ηματί κε τριτάτω φθιν ἐφ' ἑωλόν ἵκωμαι.

See Cicero de *Divinatione*, who relates the story from Plato. He translates this line from Homer—"Tertia te Phthiæ tempestas læta locabit."

"SOCRATES—Has the vessel returned from Delos, upon whose arrival I must die?"

"CRITO—It has not yet returned; but I think it will arrive to-day, according

be more easily separated from the poem, leaving a less visible rent in the texture than most other passages, but that something would be lost in the omission, in the opinion of the ancients at least, we think we have established; and it so happens that this passage, by whomever or whenever written, must have been composed with reference to the position it occupies, for it seems impossible to read it as an unconnected ballad, so many are its allusions to the former parts of the poem.

Mr. Grote regards the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* as works belonging to the same age, but the production of different authors. The old theory is, we think, the true one, which made them the work of one author but of a different age. We hesitate to admit the reasoning on which different authors are assigned to these poems. The inconsistencies in the mythology of the poems, furnish the most plausible argument for the diversity of authorship; but the different train of thought in which the feelings of the poet must necessarily run, in subjects so diverse in kind, would account for much of this;—much, too, would be accounted for by the increased age of the poet, for we think Longinus renders it more than probable that the *Odyssey* was the work of Homer's old age. On no class of subjects is there more probability of important varia-

tions of opinion in youth and age, than on those of morals; and this would, in a Grecian poet of any period, be likely to express itself in his mythological pictures. We ourselves, apart altogether from the evidence of the poems, which yet, we think, irresistibly points to one author of both poems, think the almost uniform language of the great critics of antiquity, cannot, on such a question, be set aside. Even in the few passages which we have, without any reference to this argument, cited, we find Aristotle and Longinus comparing the poems, under circumstances that deprives what they say of all meaning, unless we suppose they deliberately regarded both poems as the work of one author. But we have already exceeded our limits.

To Mr. Grote we feel greatly indebted. Nothing can be better than his description of that state of mind which perhaps exists in the infancy of all nations, and to which there is something analogous in the infancy of the individual, in which everything that presents itself to the senses or to the mind, is but the material out of which it moulds capricious creations of its own. Of legendary Greece nothing can be more striking than his account. We look with impatience for his future volumes. The gods of Greece—the creation of her poets—are valuable chiefly as they enable us to understand her men. A.

to the report of some travellers from Sunium, who left it behind them there. It appears, from what they say, that it shall arrive this day, and to-morrow, Socrates, it is ordained that you shall die."

"SOCRATES—In a good hour, then, Crito; so let it be, if it so please the gods. But I do not think it will arrive to-day."

"CRITO—Whence do you conjecture this?"

"SOCRATES—I shall tell you; I must die the day subsequent to that on which the vessel arrives."

"CRITO—So they say who regulate such matters."

"SOCRATES—I do not think, then, that it will arrive this coming day, but to-morrow; and I conjecture this from a dream I had this very night, a little before you arrived; wherefore you seem to have wisely avoided waking me."

"CRITO—Of what nature was the dream?"

"SOCRATES—A woman, beautiful and graceful, clad in a radiantly white robe, seemed to approach me, to call me by name, and say, 'Socrates, in three days hence you shall arrive at fertile Phthia.'"

"CRITO—How strange a vision, Socrates!"

"SOCRATES—So clear, too, Crito, as I think."

Crito—Stanford's Translation, p. 55.

THE BLACK PROPHET.—A TALE OF IRISH FAMINE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER XIII.—SARAH'S DEFENCE OF A MURDERER.

OUR readers are not, perhaps, in general aware that a most iniquitous usage prevailed among Middlemen Landlords, whenever the leases under which their property was held were near being expired. Indeed, as a landed proprietor, the middleman's position differed most essentially from that of the man who held his estate in fee. The interest of the latter is one that extends beyond himself and his wants, and is consequently transmitted to his children, and more remote descendants; and on this account he is, or ought to be, bound by ties of a different and higher character, to see that it shall not pass down to them in an impoverished or mutilated condition. The middleman, on the contrary, feels little or none of this, and very naturally endeavours to sweep from off the property he holds, whilst he holds it, by every means possible, as much as it can yield, knowing that his tenure of it is but temporary and precarious. For this reason, then, it too frequently happened that on finding his tenants' leases near expiring, he resorted to the most unscrupulous and oppressive means to remove from his land those who may have made improvements upon it, in order to let it to other claimants at a rent high in proportion to these very improvements.

Our readers know that this is not an extreme case, but a plain, indisputable fact, which has, unfortunately, been one of the standing grievances of our unhappy country, and one of the great curses attending the vicious and unsettled state of property in Ireland.

Dick-o'-the-Grange's ejectment of Condry Dalton and his family, therefore, had, in the eyes of many of the people, nothing in it so startlingly oppressive as might be supposed. On the contrary, the act was looked upon as much in the character of a matter of right on his part, as one of oppression to them. Long usage had reconciled the peasantry to it, and up to

the period of our tale, there had been no one to awaken and direct public feeling against it.

A fortnight had now elapsed since the scene in which young Dalton had poured out his despair and misery over the dead body of Peggy Murtagh, and during that period an incident occurred, which, although by no means akin to the romantic, had produced, nevertheless, a change in the position of Dick-o'-the-Grange himself, without effecting any either in his designs or inclinations. His own Leases had expired, so that, in one sense, he stood exactly in the same relation to the Head Landlord, in which his own tenants did to him. Their leases had dropped about a twelvemonth or more before his, and he now waited until he should take out new ones himself, previous to his proceeding any further in the disposition and re-adjustment of his property.

Such was his position and theirs, with reference to each other, when one morning, about a fortnight or better subsequent to his last appearance, young Dick, accompanied by the Black Prophet, was seen to proceed towards the garden—both in close conversation. The Prophet's face was now free from the consequences of young Dalton's violence, but it had actually gained in malignity more than it had lost by the discoloration and disfigurement resulting from the blow. There was a calm, dark grin visible when he smiled, that argued a black and satanic disposition; and whenever the lips of his hard, contracted, and unfeeling mouth expanded by his devilish sneer, a portion of one of his vile side fangs became visible, which gave to his features a most hateful and viper-like aspect. It was the cold, sneering, cowardly face of a man who took delight in evil for its own sake, and who could neither feel happiness himself, nor suffer others to enjoy it.

As they were about to enter the garden, Donnel Dhu saw approaching

him at a rapid and energetic pace, his daughter Sarah, whose face, now lit up by exercise, as well as by the earnest expression of deep interest which might be read in it, never before appeared so strikingly animated and beautiful.

"Who is this lovely girl approaching us?" asked the young man, whose eyes at once kindled with surprise and admiration.

"That is my daughter," replied Donnel, coldly;—"what can she want with me now, and what brought her here?"

"Upon my honour, Donnel, that girl surpasses anything I have seen yet. Why she's perfection—her figure is—is—I haven't words for it—and her face—good heavens! what brilliancy and animation!"

The Prophet's brow darkened at his daughter's unseasonable appearance in the presence of a handsome young fellow of property, whose character for gallantry was proverbial in the country.

"Sarah, my good girl," said he, whilst his voice, which at once became low and significant, quivered with suppressed rage—"what brought you here, I ax? Did any one send for you? or is there a matter of life and death on hands that you tramp after me in this manner—eh?"

"It may be life an' death for anything I know to the contrary," she replied; "you are angry at something, I see," she proceeded,—"but to save time, I want to spake to you."

"You must wait till I go home, then, for I neither can nor will spake to you now."

"Father, you will—you must," she replied—"and in some private place too. I won't detain you long, for I haven't much to say, and if I don't say it now, it may be too late."

"What the deuce, McGowan!" said Dick, "speak to the young woman—you don't know but she may have something of importance to say to you."

She glanced at the speaker, but with a face of such indifference, as if she had scarcely taken cognizance of him beyond the fact, that she found some young man there in conversation with her father.

Donnell, rather to take her from under the libertine gaze of his young

friend, walked a couple of hundred yards to the right of the garden, where, under the shadow of some trees that overhung a neglected fish-pond, she opened the purport of her journey after him to the Grange.

"Now, in the devil's name," he asked, "what brought you here?"

"Father," she replied, "hear me, and do *not* be angry, for I know—at laste I think—that what I'm goin' to say to you is right."

"Well, madam, let us hear what you have to say."

"I will—an I must spake plain, too. You know me;—that I cannot think one thing and say another."

"Yes, I know you very well—go on—say, and so does your unfortunate stepmother."

"Oh—well!" she replied—"yes, I suppose so—ha! ha!" In a moment however, her face became softened with deep feeling;—"Oh, father," she proceeded, "maybe *you don't* know me, nor *she* either; it's only now I'm beginnin' to know myself. But listen—I have often observed your countenance, father—I have often marked it well. I can see by you when you are pleased or angry—but that's aisy; I can tell, too, when the bad spirit is up in you by the pale face but black look that scarcely any one could mistake. I have seen every thing bad, father, in your face—bad temper, hatred, revenge—an' but seldom any thing good. Father, I'm your daughter, and don't be angry!"

"What, in the devil's name, are you drivin' at, you brazen jade?"

"Father, you said this mornin', before you came out, that you felt your conscience troublin' you for not discoverin' the murder of Sullivan; that you felt sorry for keepin' it to yourself so long—sorry!—you said you were sorry, father!"

"I did, and I was."

"Father, I have been thinkin' of that since; no, father—your words were false; there was *no* sorrow in your face, nor in your eye—no, father, nor in your heart. I know that—I feel it. Father, don't look so; *you* may bate me, but I'm not afraid."

"Go home out o' of this," he replied—"be off, and carry your cursed madness and nonsense somewhere else."

"Father, here I stand—your own child—your only daughter; look me

in the face—let your eye look into mine, if you can. I challenge you to it! Now, mark my words—you are goin' to swear a murder against the head of a poor and a distressed family—to swear it—and, father, you know he never murdered Sullivan!"

The Prophet started and became pale, but he did not accept the challenge.

He looked at her, however, after a struggle to recover his composure, and there she stood firm, erect; her beautiful face animated with earnestness, her eyes glowing with singular lustre, yet set, and sparkling in the increasing moisture which a word or thought would turn into tears.

"What do you mane, Sarah," said he, affecting coolness—"what do you mane? I know! Explain yourself."

"Father, I will. There was a bad spirit in your face and in your heart when you said you were sorry—that you repented for consalin' the murder so long; there was, father; a bad spirit in your heart, but no repentance there?"

"An' did you come all the way from home to tell me this?"

"No, father, not to tell you what I have said—but, father dear, what I am goin' to say; only first answer me. If he did murder Sullivan, was it in his own defence?—was it a cool murder?—a cowardly murder?—because if it was, Condy Dalton is a bad man. But still listen: it's now near two an' twenty years since the deed was done. I know little about religion, father—you know that—but still I have heard that God is willin' to forgive all men their sins if they repent of them—if they're sorry for them. Now, father, it's well known that for many a long year Condy Dalton has been in great sorrow of heart for something or other; can man do more?"

"Go home out o' this, I say—take yourself away."

"Oh, who can tell, father, the inward agony and bitter repentance that that sorrowful man's heart, maybe, has suffered. Who can tell the tears he shed, the groans he groaned, the prayers for mercy he said, maybe, an' the worlds he would give to have that man that he killed—only by a hasty blow, maybe—again alive and well! Father don't prosecute him—save the poor heart-broken ould man to

God! Don't you see that God has already taken him an' his into his hands—hasn't he punished them a hundred ways for years? Haven't they been brought down, step by step, from wealth an' respectability, till they're now, like poor beggars, in the very dust? Oh, think, father—dear father—think of his white hairs—think of his pious wife that every one respects—think of his good-hearted, kind daughters—think of their poverty, and of all they have suffered so long—an' above all, oh, think, father dear, of what they will suffer if you are the manes of takin' that sorrowful white-haired ould man out from the midst of his poor, but lovin' and decent an' respected family, and hangin' him for an act that he has repented for, maybe, and that we ought to hope the Almighty himself has forgiven him for. Father, I go on my knees to you to beg that you won't prosecute this ould man—but lave him to God!"

As she uttered the few last sentences, the tears fell in torrents from her cheeks; but when she knelt—which she did—her tears ceased to flow, and she looked up into her father's face with eyes kindled into an intense expression, and her hands clasped as if her own life and everlasting salvation depended upon his reply.

"Go home, I desire you," he replied, with a cold sneer—for he had now collected himself, and fell back into his habitual snarl—"Go home, I desire you, or may be you'd wish to throw yourself in the way of that young prodigate that I was spakin' to when you came up. Who knows, after all, but that's your real design, and neither pity nor compassion for ould Dalton."

"Am I his daughter?" she replied, whilst she startled to her feet, and her dark eyes flashed with indignation—"Can I be his daughter?"

"I hope you don't mean to cast a slur upon your ——" He paused at that moment, and started as if a serpent had bitten him; but left the word "mother" unuttered.

Again she softened, and her eyes filled with tears—"Father, I never had a mother!" she said.

"No," he replied; "or if you had, her name will never come through my lips."

She looked at him with wonder for a few moments, after which she turned, and with a face of melancholy and sorrow, proceeded with slow and meditating steps in the direction of their humble cabin.

Her father, who felt considerably startled by some portions of her appeal, though by no means softened, again directed his steps towards the garden gate, where he had left young Dick standing. Here he found this worthy young gentleman awaiting his return, and evidently amazed at the interview between him and his daughter; for although he had been at too great a distance to hear their conversation, he could, and did see, by the daughter's attitudes, that the subject of their conversation was extraordinary, and consequently important.

On approaching him, the Prophet now, with his usual coolness, pulled out the tress which he had, in some manner, got from Gra Gal Sullivan, and holding it for a time, placed it in Dick's hands.

"There's one proof," said he, alluding to a previous part of their conversation, "that I wasn't unsuccessful, and, indeed, I seldom am, when I set about a thing in earnest."

"But is it possible," asked the other, "that she actually gave this lovely tress willingly—you swear that?"

"As heaven's above me," replied the Prophet, "there never was a ringlet sent by woman to man with more love than she sent that. Why, the pretty creature actually shed tears, and begged of me to lose no time in givin' it. You have it now, at all events—an' only for young Dalton's outrage, you'd have had it before now."

"Then there's no truth in the report that she's fond of him."

"Why—abem—n—no—oh no—not ~~more~~—fond of him she was, no doubt; an' you know it's never hard to light a half-burned turf—or a candle that was lit before. If they could be got out of the country, at all events—these Daltons—it would be so much out of your way, for between you an' me, I can tell you that your life won't be safe when he comes to know that you have put his nose out of joint with the *Gra Gal*."

"If a strange, however, that she should change so soon!"

"Ah, Maather Richard! how little you know of woman, when you say so. They're a vain, uncertain, selfish crew—women are—there's no honesty in them, nor I don't think there's a woman alive that could be trusted, if you only give her temptation and opportunity—none of them will stand that."

"But how do you account for the change in her case, I ask?"

"I'll tell you that. First an' foremost you're handsome—remarkably handsome."

"Come, come, no nonsense, Donnel—get along, will you, ha! ha! ha!—handsome indeed!—never you mind what the world says—well!"

"Why," replied the other, gravely, "there's no use in denyin' it, you know; it's a matter that tells for itself, an' that a poor girl with eyes in her head can judge of as well as a rich one—at any rate, if you're not handsome, you're greatly belied; an' every one knows that there's never smoke without fire."

"Well, confound you!—since they'll have it so, I suppose I may as well admit it—I believe I am a handsome dog, and I have reason to know that—that—" here he shook his head and winked knowingly;—"oh, come Donnel, my boy, I can go no further on *that* subject—ha! ha! ha!"

"There is no dispute about it," continued Donnel, gravely; "but still I think, that if it was not for the mention I made of the dress, an' grandeur, an' state that she was to come to, she'd hardly turn round as she did. Dalton, you know, is the handsomest young fellow, barring yourself, in the parish; an' troth, on your account an' her's, I wish he was out of it. He'll be crossin' you—you may take my word for it—an' a dangerous enemy he'll prove—that I know."

"Why?—what do you mean?"

Here the Prophet, who was artfully endeavouring to fill the heart of his companion with a spirit of jealousy against Dalton, paused for about a minute, as if in deep reflection, after which he sighed heavily.

"Manel!" he at length replied—

"I'm unhappy in my mind, an' I know I ought to do it—an' yet I'm loth now after such a length of time. Mane, did you say, Maather Richard?"

"Yes, I said so, and I say so—

what do you mean by telling me that young Dalton will be a dangerous enemy to me?"

"An' so he will—an' so he would to any one that he or his bore ill-will against. You know there's blood upon their hands."

"No, I don't know any such thing; I believe he was charged with the murder of Mave Sullivan's uncle, but as the body could not be found, there were no grounds for a prosecution. I don't, therefore, know that there's blood upon his hand."

"Well, then, if you don't—may God direct me!" he added, "an' guide me to the best—if you don't, Masther Richard—heaven direct me agin!—will I say it?—could you get that family quietly out of the counthry, Masther Richard? Because if you could, it would be better, maybe, for all parties."

"You seem to know something about these Daltons, M'Gowan?" asked Dick, "and to speak mysteriously of them?"

"Well, then, I do," he replied; "but what I have to say, I ought to say to your father, who is a magistrate."

The other stared at him with surprise, but said nothing for a minute or two.

"What is this mystery," he added at length—"I cannot understand you; but it is clear that you mean something extraordinary."

"God pardon me, Masther Richard, but you are right enough. No—I can't keep it any longer. Listen to me, sir, for I am goin' to make a strange and a fearful discovery—I know who it was that murdred Sullivan—I'm in possession of it for near the last two-and-twenty years—I have travelled every where—gone to England, to Wales, Scotland, an' America, but it was all of no use, the knowledge of the murder and of the murderer was here," he laid his hand upon his heart as he spoke—"an' durin' all that time I had peace neither by night nor by day."

His companion turned towards him with amazement, and truly his appearance was startling, if not frightful; he looked as it were into vacancy—his eyes had become hollow and full of terror—his complexion assumed the hue of ashes—his voice got weak and unsteady, and his limbs trembled ex-

sively, whilst from every pore the perspiration came out, and ran down his ghastly visage in large drops.

"M'Gowan," said his companion, "this is a dreadful business. As yet you have said nothing, and from what I see, I advise you to reflect before you proceed further in it—I think I can guess the nature of your secret; but even if you went to my father, he would tell you, that you are not bound to say any thing to criminate yourself."

The Prophet, in the mean time, had made an effort to recover himself, which, after a little time, was successful.

"I believe you think," he added, with a gloomy and a bitter smile, "that it was I who committed the murder—oh, no! if it was, I wouldn't be apt to hang myself, I think. No!—but I must see your father, as a magistrate; an' I must make the disclosure to him. The man that *did* murder Sullivan is livin' and that man is Condry Dalton. I knew of this, an' for two-an'-twenty years let that murderer escape; an' that is what made me so miserable an' unhappy. I can prove what I say; an' I know the very spot where he buried Sullivan's body, an' where its lyin' to this very day."

"In that case, then," replied the other, "you have only one course to pursue, and that is, to bring Dalton to justice."

"I know it," returned the Prophet; "but still I feel that it's a hard case to be the means of hangin' a fellow-creature; but of the two choices, rather than bear any longer what I have suffered, an' am still sufferin', I think it better to prosecute him."

"Then go in and see my father at once about it, and a devilish difficult card you'll have to play with him—for my part, I think he is mad ever since Jemmy Branigan left him. In fact, he knows neither what he is saying or doing without him, especially in some matters; for to tell you the truth," he added, laughing, "Jemmy, who was so well acquainted with the country and every one in it, took much more of the magistrate on him than ever my father did; and now the old fellow, when left to himself, is nearly helpless in every sense. He knows he has not Jemmy, and he can bear nobody else near him or about him."

"I will see him, then, before I lave the place; an' now, Masther Richard, you know what steps you ought to take with regard to *Gra Gal* Sullivan. As she is willin' herself, of coorse there is but one way of it."

"Of coorse I am aware of that," said Dick; "but still I feel that it's devilish queer she should change so soon from Dalton to me."

"That's because you know nothing about woman," replied the Prophet. "Why, Master Richard, I tell you that a weathercock is constancy itself compared to them. The notion of you an' your wealth, an' grandeur, an' the great state you're to keep her in—all turned her brain; an' as a proof of it, there, you have a lock of her beautiful hair that she gave me with her own hands. If that won't satisfy you it's hard to say what can; but indeed I think you ought to know by this time o' day how far a handsome face goes with them. Give the divil himself but *that*, and they'll take his horns,

hooves, and tail into the bargain—ay, will they."

This observation was accompanied by a grin so sneering and bitter, that his companion, on looking at him, knew not how to account for it, unless by supposing that he must, during the course of his life have sustained some serious or irreparable injury at their hands.

"You appear not to like the women, Donnel; how is that?"

"Like them!" he replied, and as he spoke, his face, which had been, a little before, ghastly with horror, now became black and venomous—"ha! ha! how is that, you say?—oh, no matter now—they're angels—angels of perdition; their truth is trachery, an' their—but no matter. I'll now go in an' spake to your father on this business; but I forgot to say that I must see *Gra Gal* soon, to let her know our plans; so do you make your mind aisy, and lave the management of the whole thing in my hands."

CHAPTER XIV.—A MIDDLEMAN MAGISTRATE OF THE OLD SCHOOL, AND HIS CLERK.

DICK-o'-the-Grange—whose name was Henderson—at least such is the name we choose to give him—held his office, as many Irish magistrates have done before him, in his own parlour; that is to say, he sat in an arm chair at one of the windows, which was thrown open for him, whilst those who came to seek justice, or, as they termed it, law, at his hands, were compelled to stand uncovered on the outside, no matter whether the weather was stormy or otherwise. We are not now about to pronounce any opinion upon the constitutional spirit of Dick's decisions, inasmuch as nineteen out of every twenty of them were come to by the only "Magistrates' Guide" he ever was acquainted with—to wit, the redoubtable Jemmy Branigan. Jemmy was his clerk, and although he could neither read nor write, yet in cases where his judgments did not give satisfaction, he was both able and willing to *set his mark* upon the discontented parties, in a fashion that did not allow his blessed signature to be easily forgotten. Jemmy, however, as the reader knows, was absent on the morning we are writing about, having

actually fulfilled his threat of leaving his master's service—a threat, by the way, which was held out and acted upon at least once every year since he and the magistrate had stood to each other in the capacity of master and servant. Not that we are precisely correct in the statement we have made on this matter, for sometimes his removal was the result of dismissal on the part of his master, and sometimes the following up of the notice which he himself had given him to leave his service. Be this as it may, his temporary absences always involved a trial of strength between the parties, as to which of them should hold out, and put a constraint upon his inclinations the longest; for since the truth must be told of Jemmy, we are bound to say that he could as badly bear to live removed from the society of his master, as the latter could live without him. For many years of his life he had been threatening to go to America, or to live with a brother that he had in the Isle of *White*, as he called it, and on several occasions he had taken formal leave of the whole family (always in the presence of his master, how-

ever,) on his departure for either the one place or the other, whilst his real abode was a snug old garret; where he was attended and kept in food by the family and his fellow-servants, who were highly amused at the outrageous distress of his master, occasioned sometimes by Jemmy's obstinate determination to travel, and sometimes by his extreme brotherly affection.

Donnel, having left the son cracking a long whip which he held in his hand, and looking occasionally at the tress of Mave Sullivan's beautiful hair, approached the hall-door, at which he knocked, and on the appearance of a servant, requested to see Mr. Henderson. The man waived his hand towards the space under the window, meaning that he should take his stand there, and added—

"If it's law you want, I'm afraid you'll get more abuse than justice from him now, since Jemmy's gone."

The knowing grin, and the expression of comic sorrow which accompanied the last words, were not lost upon the prophet, who, in common with every one in the neighbourhood for a circumference of many miles, was perfectly well aware of the life which master and man both led.

"Is that it?" said the prophet; "however, it can't be helped. Clerk, or no clerk, I want to see him on serious business, tell him; but I'll wait, of coorse, till he's at leisure."

"Tom," said Henderson from within, "who's there?—is that him? If it is, tell him, confound him! to come in, an' I'll forgive him. If he'll promise to keep a civil tongue in his head, I'll forget all, say. Come in, you old scoundrel, I'm not angry with you; I want to speak to you, at all events."

"It's not him, sir; it's only Donnel McGowan, the Black Prophet, that wants some law business."

"Send him to the devil for law business. What brings him here now? Tell him he shall have neither law nor justice from me. Did you send to his brother-in-law? Maybe he's there?"

"We did, sir. Sorra one of his seed, breed, or generation but we sent to. However, it's no use—off to Amerika he's gone, or to the Isle o' White, at any rate."

"What the devil sink America and the

Isle of White both in the ocean, and you, too, you scoundrel, and all of you! Only for the cursed crew that's about me, I'd have him here still—and he the only man that understood my wants and my wishes, and that could keep me comfortable and easy."

"Troth, then, he hadn't an overly civil tongue in his head, sir," replied the man; "for, when you and he, your honour, were together, there was little harmony to spare between you."

"That was my own fault, you cur. No servant but himself would have had a day's patience with me. He never abused me but when I deserved it—did he?"

"No, your honour; I know he didn't, in troth."

"You lie, you villain, you know no such thing. Here am I with my sore leg, and no one to dress it for me. Who's to help me up stairs or down stairs?—who's to be about me?—or who cares for me, now that he's gone? Nobody—not a soul."

"Doesn't Master Richard, sir?"

"No, sir; Master Richard gives himself little trouble about me. He has other plots and plans on his hands—other fish to fry—other irons in the fire. Master Richard, sirra, doesn't care a curse if I was under the sod to-morrow, but would be glad of it; neither does any one about me—but he did; and you infernal crew, you have driven him away from me."

"We, your honour?"

"Yes, all of you; you put me first out of temper by your neglect and your extravagance; then I vented it on him, because he was the only one among you I took any pleasure in abus—in speaking to. However, my mind's made up—I'll call an auction—sell every thing—and live in Dublin as well as I can. What does that black hound want?"

"Some law business, sir; but I dunna what it is."

"Is the scoundrel honest, or a rogue?"

"Troth it's more than I'm able to tell your honour, sir. I don't know much about him. Some spakes well, and some spakes ill of him,—jist like his neighbours—ahem!"

"Ay, an' that's all you can say of him? but if he was here, I could soon ascertain what stuff he's made of, and what kind of a hearing he ought to

get. However, it doesn't matter now—I'll auction every thing—in this Grange I won't live; and to be sure, but I was a precious old scoundrel to quarrel with the best servant a man ever had."

Just at this moment, who should come round from a back passage, carrying a small bundle in his hand, but the object of all his solicitude. He approached quietly upon tiptoe, with a look in which might be read a most startling and ludicrous expression of anxiety and repentance.

"How is he?" said he—"how is his poor leg? Oh, thin, blessed saints, but I was the double-distilled villain of the air to lave him as I did to the crew that was about him! The best master that ever an ould vagabond like me was ongrateful to! How is he, Tom?"

"Why," replied the other, "if you take my advice, you'll keep from him at all events. He's cursin' an' abusin' you ever since you went, and won't allow one of us even to name you."

"Troth an' it only shows his sense; for I deserved nothing else at his hands. However, if what you say is thrue, I'm afeard he's not long for this world, and that his talkin' sense at last is only the lightenin' before death, poor gentleman! I can stay no longer from him, any how, let him be as he may; an' God pardon me for my ongratitude in desertin' him like a villain as I did."

He then walked into the parlour; and as the prophet was beckoned as far as the hall, he had an opportunity of witnessing the interview which took place between this extraordinary pair. Jemmy, before entering, threw aside his bundle and his hat, stripped off his coat, and in a moment presented himself in the usual striped cotton jacket, with sleeves, which he always wore. Old Dick was in the act of letting fly an oath at something, when Jemmy, walking in, just as if nothing had happened, exclaimed—

"Why thin, Mother o' Moses, is it at the ould work I find you? Troth its past counsel, past grace wid you—I'm afraid you're too ould to mend. In the mane time, don't stare as if you seen a ghost—only tell us how is that unfortunate lag of yours?"

"Why—eh?—ay,—oh, ay,—you're back, are you?—an' what the devil brought you here again?—eh?"

"Come now, keep yourself quiet, you onpenitent ould sinner, or it'll be worse for you. How is your leg?"

"Ah, you proyokin' old rascal—eh?—so you are back?"

"Don't you see I am—who would stick to you like myself, afther all? Troth I missed your dirty tongue, bad as it is—divil a thing but rank peace and quietness I was in ever since I seen you last."

"And devil a scoundrel has had the honesty to give me a single word of abuse to my face since you left me."

"And how often did I tell you that you couldn't depend upon the crew that's about you—the truth's not in them—an' that you ought to know. However, so far as I am consarned, don't fret—God knows I forgive you all your folly and *feasthalagh*," in hopes always that you'll mend your life in many respects. You had myself before you as an example, though I say it, that oughtn't to say it; but you know you didn't take pattrn by me as you ought."

"Shake hands, Jemmy—I'm glad to see you again—you were put to expense since you went."

"No, none—no, I tell you."

"But I say you were."

"There keep yourself quiet now—no I wasn't—an' if I was, too, what is it to you?"

"Here, put that note in your pocket."

"Sorra bit, now," replied Jemmy, "to please you"—gripping it tightly at the same time as he spoke—"do you want to vex me agin?"

"Put it in your pocket, sirra, unless you wish me to break your head."

"Oh, he would," said Jemmy, looking, with a knowing face of terror, towards Tom Booth and the Prophet—"it's the weight of his cane I'd get, sure enough—but it's an ould sayin' an' a true one, that where the generosity's in, it must come out. There now, I've put it in my pocket for you—an' I hope you're satisfied. Divil a sich a tyrant in Europe," said he, loudly, "when he wishes—an' yet, afther all," he added,

in a low, confidential voice, just loud enough for his master to hear—"where 'ud one get the like of him? Tom Booth, desire them to fetch warrin wather to the study, till I dress his poor leg, and make him fit for business."

"Here is Donnel Dhu," replied Booth, "waitin' for law business."

"Go to the windy, Donnel," said Jemmy, with an authoritative air—"go to your ground; but, before you do—let me know what you want."

"I'll do no such thing," replied the Prophet—"unless to say, that it's a matter of life an' death."

"Go out," repeated Jemmy, with brief and determined authority, "an' wait till its his honour's convanience—his full convanience—to see you. As dark a rogue, sir,"—he continued, having shoved the Prophet outside, and slapped the door in his face—"and as great a schammer as ever put a coat on his back. He's as big a liar, too, when he likes, as ever broke bread; but there's far more danger in him when he tells truth, for then you may be sure that he has some devil's design in view."

Dick-o'-the-Grange, though vulgar and eccentric, was by no means deficient in shrewdness and common sense; neither was he, deliberately, an unjust man; but, like too many in the world, he generally suffered his prejudices and his interests to take the same side. Having had his leg dressed, and been prepared by Jemmy for the business of the day, he took his place as usual in the chair of justice, had the window thrown open, and desired the Prophet to state the nature of his business.

The latter told him that the communication must be a private one, as it involved a matter of deep importance, being no less than an affair of life and death.

This startled the magistrate, who, with a kind of awkward embarrassment, ordered, or rather requested Jemmy to withdraw, intimating that he would be sent for, if his advice or opinion should be deemed necessary.

"No matter," replied Jemmy, "the loss will be your own; for sure I know the nice hand you make of law, when you're left to yourself. Only before I go, mark my words;—there you stand, Donnel Dhu, an' I'm tellin' him to be on his guard against you—don't put trust, please your honour, in either his word or his oath—an' if he's bringin'

a charge against any one, give it in favour of his enemy, whoever he is. I hard that he was wanst tried for robbery, an' I only wonder it wasn't for murder, too; for, in troth and sowl, if ever a man has both one and the other in his face, he has. It's known to me that he's seen now an' then colloquin an' skulkin' behind the hedges, about dusk, wid red Rody Duncan, that was in twist for robbery. Troth it's birds of a feather wid them—an' I wouldn't be surprised if we were to see them both swing from the same rope yet. So there's my correcter of you, you villain," he added, addressing M'Gowan, at whom he felt deeply indignant, in consequence of his not admitting him to the secret of the communication he was about to make.

Henderson, when left alone with the Prophet, heard the disclosures which the latter made to him, with less surprise than interest. He himself remembered the circumstances perfectly well, and knew that on the occasion of Condry Dalton's former arrest, appearances had been very strongly against him. It was then expected that he would have disclosed the particular spot in which the body had been concealed, but as he strenuously persisted in denying any knowledge of it, and as the body consequently could not be produced, they were obliged, of necessity, to discharge him, but still under strong suspicions of his guilt.

The interview between Henderson and M'Gowan was a long one; and the disclosures made were considered of too much importance for the former to act without the co-operation and assistance of another magistrate. He accordingly desired the Prophet to come to him on the following day but one, when he said he would secure the presence of a Major Johnston, who was also in the commission, and by whose warrant old Condry Dalton had been originally arrested on suspicion of the murder. It was recommended that everything that had transpired between them should be kept strictly secret, lest the murderer, if made acquainted with the charge which was about to be brought home to him, should succeed in escaping from justice. Young Dick, who had been sent for by his father, recommended this, and on those terms they separated.

CHAPTER XV.—A PLOT AND A PROPHECY.

Our readers cannot forget a short dialogue which took place between Charley Hanlon and the strange female, who has already borne some part in the incidents of our story. It occurred on the morning she had been sent to convey the handkerchief which Hanlon had promised to Sarah McGowan, in lieu of the Tobacco-box of which we have so frequently made mention, and which, on that occasion, she expected to have received from Sarah. After having inquired from Hanlon why Donnel Dhu was called the Black Prophet, she asked—

"But could *he* have anything to do with the murder?"

To which Hanlon replied that—"he had been thinkin' about that, an' had some talk, this mornin', with a man that's livin' a long time—indeed, that was born—a little above the place, an' he says that the Black Prophet, or McGowan, did not come to the neighbourhood till *after* the murder."

Now this person was no other than Red Roddy Duncan, to whom our friend Jemmy Branigan, made such opprobrious allusion in the character he gave of the Black Prophet to Dick-o'-the-Grange. This man, who was generally known by the *soubriquet* of Red Roddy, had been for some time looking after the situation of bailiff or driver to Dick-o'-the-Grange; and as Hanlon was supposed to possess a good deal of influence with young Dick, Duncan very properly thought he could not do better than cultivate his acquaintance. This was the circumstance which brought them together at first, and it was something of a dry, mysterious manner which Hanlon observed in this fellow, when talking about the Prophet and his daughter, that caused him to keep up the intimacy between them.

When Donnel Dhu had closed his lengthened conference with Henderson, he turned his steps homewards, and had got half-way through the lawn, when he was met by Red Roddy. He had, only a minute or two before left young Dick, with whom he held another short conversation; and as he met Roddy, Dick was still standing within about a hundred yards of them, or rather lounging about, ~~travelling~~ his whip

with that easy indolence and utter disregard of everything but his pleasures which chiefly constituted his character.

"Don't stand to speak to me here," said the Prophet; "that young scoundrel will see us. Have you tried Hanlon yet, and will he do?—yes or no?"

"I haven't tried him, but I'm now on my way to do so."

"Caution!"

"Certainly—I'm no fool, I think. If we can secure him, the business may be managed easily; that is, provided the two affairs can come off on the same night."

"Caution, I say again."

"Certainly; I'm no fool, I hope. Pass on."

The Prophet and he passed each other very slowly during this brief dialogue; the former, when it was finished, pointing naturally towards the Grange or young Dick, as if he had been merely answering a few questions respecting some person about the place that the other was going to see. Having passed the prophet, he turned to the left, by a back path that led to the garden, where, in fact, Hanlon was generally to be found, and where, upon this occasion, he found him. After a good deal of desultory chat, Roddy at last inquired if Hanlon thought there existed any chance of his procuring the post of bailiff.

"I don't think there is, then, to tell you the truth," replied Hanlon; "old Jemmy is against you bitterly, an' Master Richard's interest in this business isn't as strong as his."

"The blackguard ould villain!" exclaimed Roddy; "it would be a good job to give him a dog's knock some night or other."

"I don't see that either," replied Hanlon; "ould Jemmy does a power of good in his way; and, indeed, many an act of kindness the master himself gets credit for that ought to go to Jemmy's account."

"But *you* can give me a lift in the drivership, Charley, if you like."

"I'm afraid not, so long as Jemmy's against you."

"Ay, but couldn't you thry and twist that ould scoundrel himself in my favour?"

"Well," replied the other, "there is something in *that*, and whatever I can do with him I will, if you'll thray an' do me a favour."

"Me!—name it, man—name it, and it's done, if it was only to rob the Grange. Ha! ha! ha! An', by the way, I dunna what puts robbin' the same Grange into my head!"

And as he spoke, his eye was bent with an expression of peculiar significance on Hanlon.

"No," replied Hanlon, with indifference, "it is 'not to rob the Grange. I b'lieve you know something about the man they call the Black Prophet?"

"Donnel Dhu? Why—ahem—a little—not much; nobody, indeed, knows or cares much about him. However, like most people he has his friends and his enemies."

"Don't you remember a murder that was committed here about two-and-twenty years ago?"

"I do."

"Was that before or afther the Black Prophet came to live in this country?"

"Afther it—afther it.—No, no," he replied, correcting himself; "I am wrong; it was before he came here."

"Then he could have no hand in it?"

"Him! is it him! Why what puts sich a thing as that into your head?"

"Faith, to tell you the thruth, Rody, his daughter Sarah an' myself is beginnin' to look at one another; an' to tell you the thruth again, I'd wish to know more about the same Prophet before I become his son-in-law, as I have some notion of doin'."

"I hard, indeed, that you wor pul-lin' a string wid her, an' now that I think of it, if you give me a lift with ould Jemmy, I'll give you one there. The bailiff's birth is jist the thing for me; not havin' any family of my own, you see I could have no objection to live in the Grange, as their bailiff always did; but aren't you afeard to tackle yourself to that devil's clip, Sarah?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the other; "I grant it's a hazard, by all accounts."

"An' yet," continued Rody, "she's a favourite with every one; an' indeed there's not a more generous or kinder-hearted creature alive this day than she is. I advise you, however, not to let her into your saicrets, for if it was the knockin' of a man on the head,

and that she knew it, and was asked about it, out it would go, rather than she'd tell a lie."

"They say she's handsomer than *Gra Gal Sullivan*," said Hanlon; "an' I think myself she is."

"I don't know—it's a dead tie between them; however, I can give you a lift with her father, but not with herself, for somehow she doesn't like a bone in my skin."

"She and I made a swop," proceeded Hanlon, "some time ago, that 'ud take a laugh out o' you: I gave her a pocket handkerchy, and she was to give me an ould Tobacco-box; but she says she can't find it, although I have sent for it, an' axed it myself several times. She thinks the step-mother has thrown it away or hid it somewhere."

Rody looked at him inquiringly: "A Tobacco-box," he exclaimed;—"would you like to get it?"

"Why," replied Hanlon, "the poor girl has nothing else to give, an' I'd like to have something from her, even if a ring was never to go on us, merely as a keepsake."

"Well, then," replied Duncan, with something approaching to solemnity in his voice, "mark my words:—you promise to give me a lift for the drivership with old Jemmy and the two Dicks?"

"I do."

"Well, then, listen: if you will be at the Grey Stone to-morrow night at twelve o'clock—midnight—I'll engage that Sarah will give you the box *there*."

"Why, in troth, Rody, to tell you the thruth, if she could give it to me at any other time an' place, I'd prefer it. That Grey Stone is a wild place to be in at midnight."

"It is a wild place; still it's there, an' nowhere else that you must get the box. And now that that bargain's made, do you think it's thrue that this ould Hentherson—here he looked very cautiously about him—"has as much money as they say he has?"

"I b'lieve he's very rich."

"Is it thrue that he airs the bank notes in the garden here, and turns the guineas in the sun, for fraid—for fraid—they'd get blue mowided—is it?"

"It may, for all I know; but it's more than I've seen yet."

"An' now, between you an' me, Charley—whisper—I say, isn't it a thousand pities—nobody could hear us, surely?"

"Nonsense—who could hear us?"

"Well, isn't it a thousand pities, Charley, *avic*, that dacent fellows, like you an' me, should be as we are, an' that mad ould villain havin' his house full o' money?—eh, now?"

"It's a hard case," replied Hanlon, "but still we must put up wid our lot. His father, I'm tould, was as poor in the beginnin' as either of us."

"Ay, but it's the son we're spakin' about—the ould tyrannical villain that dhrives an' harries the poor! He has loads of money in the house, they say—eh?"

"Divil a know myself knows, Roddy; nor—not makin' you an' ill answer—divil a hair myself cares, Roddy. Let him have much, or let him have little, that's your share an' mine of it."

"Charley, they say America's a fine place; talkin' about money—wid a little money there, they say a man could do wondhers."

"Who says that?"

"Why, Donnel Dhu, for one; an' he knows, for he was there."

"I b'lieve that Donnel was many a place;—over half the world, if all's thrue."

"Augh! the same Donnel's a quare fellow—a deep chap—a cute fellow; hut! I know more about him than you think—ay, do I."

"Why, what do you know?"

"No matter—a thing or two about the same Donnel; an' by the same token, a better fellow never lived—an' whisper—you're a strong favourite wid him, that I know, for we wor talkin' about you. In the meantime I wish to goodness we had a good scud o' cash among us, an' we safe an' snug in America! Now, shake hands an' good bye—an' mark me—if you dhrame of America an' a long purse any o' these nights, come to me an' I'll riddle your dhrame for you."

He then looked Hanlon significantly in the face, wrung his hand, and left him to meditate on the purport of their conversation.

The latter, as he went out, gazed at him with a good deal of surprise.

"So," thought he, "you were feelin'

my pulse, were you? I don't think it's hard to guess whereabouts you are; however, I'll think of your advice at any rate, an' see what good may be in it. But, in the name of all that's wondherful, how does it come to pass that that red ruffian has sich authority over Sarah M'Gowan as to make her fetch me the very thing I want?—that Tobacco-box—an' at sich a place, too, an' sich an hour! An' yet he says she doesn't like a bone in his skin, which I b'lieve! I'm fairly in the dark here; however, time will make it all clear, I hope; an' for that we must wait."

He then resumed his employment.

Donnel Dhu, who was a man of much energy and activity whenever his purposes required it, instead of turning his steps homewards, directed them to the house of our kind friend Jerry Sullivan, with whose daughter, the innocent and unsuspecting Mave, it was his intention to have another private interview. During the interval that had elapsed since his last journey to the house of this virtuous and hospitable family, the gloom that darkened the face of the country had become awful, and such as wofully bore out to the letter the melancholy truth of his own predictions. Typhus fever had now set in, and was filling the land with fearful and unexampled desolation. Famine, in all cases the source and origin of contagion, had done, and was still doing, its work. The early potato-crop, for so far as it had come in, was a pitiable failure—the quantity being small, and the quality watery and bad. The oats, too, and all early grain of that season's growth, was still more deleterious as food, for it had all fermented and become sour, so that the use of it, and of the bad potatoes, too, was the most certain means of propagating the pestilence which was sweeping away the people in such multitudes. Scarcely anything presented itself to him as he went along that had not some melancholy association with death or its emblems. To all this, however, he paid little or no attention. When a funeral met him, he merely turned back three steps in the direction it went, as was usual; but unless he happened to know the family from which death had selected its victim, he never even took the trouble of inquiring who it was they bore to the grave—a circumstance which strongly proved the utter and

heartless selfishness of the man's nature. On arriving at Sullivan's, however, he could not help feeling startled, hard and without sympathy as was his heart, at the wild and emaciated evidences of misery and want which a couple of weeks' severe suffering had impressed upon them. The gentle Mave herself, patient and uncomplaining as she was, had become thin and cheerless; yet of such a character was the sadness which rested on her, that it only added a mournful and melancholy charm to her beauty—a charm that touched the heart of the beholder at once with love and compassion. As yet there had been no sickness among them; but who could say to-day that he or she might not be stricken down at once before to-morrow.

"Donnel," said Sullivan, after he had taken a seat, "how you came to prophesy what would happen, an' what has happened, is to me a wondher; but sure enough, *farer gair*,* it has all come to pass!"

"I can't tell myself," replied the other, "how I do it; all I know is, that the words come into my mouth, an' I can't help spakin' them. At any rate, that's not surprizin'. I'm the seventh son of the seventh son, afther seven generations; that is, I'm the seventh seventh son that was in our family; an' you must know that the knowledge increases as they go on. Every seventh son knows more than thim that wint before him till it comes to the last, an' he knows more than thim all. There were six seventh sons before me, so that I'm the last; for it was never known since the world began that ever more than seven afther one another had the gift of prophecy in the same family. That's the raison, you see, that I have no sons—the knowledge ends wid me."

"It's very strange," replied Sullivan, "an' not to be accounted for by any one but God—glory be to his name!"

"It is strange—an' when I find that I'm goin' to foretel any thing that's bad or unlucky, I feel great pain an' unaisiness in my mind—but on the other hand, when I am to prophesy what's good, I get quite light-hearted and aisy—I'm all happiness. An' that's

the way I feel now, an' has felt for the last day or two.

"I wish to God, Donnel," said Mrs. Sullivan, "that you could prophesize something good for us."

"Or," continued her charitable and benevolent husband, "for the thousands of poor cratures that wants it more still than we do—sure its thankful to the Almighty we ought to be—an' is, I hope—that this woeiful sickness hasn't come upon us yet. Even Cendy Dalton an' his family—aye, God be praised for givin' me the heart to do it—I can forgive *him* and *them*."

"Don't say them, Jerry abagar," observed his wife, "we never had any bad feelin' against *them*."

"Well, well," continued the husband, "I can forgive him an' all o' them now—for, God help them, they're in a state of the most heartbreakin' distitution, livin' only upon the bits that the poor starvin' neighbours is able to crib from their own hungry mouths for them!" And here the tears—the tears that did honour not only to him, but to human nature and his country—rolled slowly down his emaciated cheeks, for the deep distress to which the man that he believed to be the murderer of his brother had been brought.

"Indeed, Donnel," said Mrs. Sullivan, "it would be a hard an' uncharitable heart that wouldn't relent if it knew what they're sufferin'. Young Con is jist risin' out of the faver that was in the family, and it would wring your —"

A glance at Mave occasioned her to pause. The gentle girl, upon whom the Prophet had kept his eye during the whole conversation, had been reflecting, in her wasted but beautiful features, both the delicacy and depth of the sympathy that had been expressed for the unhappy Daltons. Sometimes she became pale as ashes, and again her complexion assumed the subdued hue of the wild rose; for—alas that we must say it—sorrow and suffering—in other words want, in its almost severest form, had thrown its melancholy hue over the richness of her blush—which, on this occasion, borrowed a delicate grace from distress itself. Such indeed, was her beauty, and so gently and so

* Bitter misfortune.

renewly did her virtues shine through it, that it mattered not to what condition of calamity they were subjected; in every situation they seemed to shed some new and unexpected charm upon the eyes of those who looked upon her. The mother, we said, on glancing at her, paused—but the chord of love and sorrow had been touched, and poor Mave, unable any longer to restrain her feelings, burst out into tears, and wept aloud on hearing the name and sufferings of her lover. Her father looked at her, and his brow got sad; but there was no longer the darkness of resentment or indignation there; so true is it that suffering chastens the heart into its noblest affections, and purges it of the gloomier and grosser passions.

"Poor Mave," he exclaimed, "when I let the tears down for the man that has my brother's blood on his hands, it's no wonder that you should cry for him you love so well."

"Oh, dear father," she exclaimed, throwing herself into his arms, and embracing him tenderly, "I feel no misery nor sorrow now—the words you have spoke has made me happy. All these sufferings will pass away; for it cannot be but God will, sooner or later, reward your piety and goodness. Oh, if I could do anything for—for—for any one," and she blushed as she spoke; "but I cannot. There is nothing here that I can do at home; but if I could go out an' work by the day, I'd do it an' be happy, in ordher to help the—that—family that's now brought so low, and that's so much to be pitied!"

We have already said that the Prophet's eye had been bent upon her ever since he came into the house, but it was with an expression of benignity and affection which, notwithstanding the gloomy character of his countenance, no one could more plausibly or winningly assume.

Mave, in the mean-time, could scarcely bear to look upon him; and it was quite clear from her manner that she had, since their last mysterious interview, once more fallen back into those feelings of strong aversion with which she had regarded him at first. McGowan saw this, and without much difficulty guessed at the individual who had been instrumental in producing the change.

"God pardon an' forgive me," he exclaimed, as if giving unconscious utterance to his own reflections—"for what I had thoughts of about that darlin' an' lovely girl; but sure I'll make it up to her; an', indeed, I feel the words of the goodness that's to befall her breakin' out o' my lips. A colleen dhas, I had some private discourse wid you when I was here last, an' will you let me spake a few words to you by ourselves agin."

"No," she replied, "I'll hear nothing from you—I don't like you—I can't like you, an' I'll hold no private discourse with you."

"Oh, thin, but that voice is music itself, an' you are, by all accounts, the best of girls; but sure we have all turned over a new leaf—poor child. I discovered how I was taken in an' desaved; but sure I can't ait you—an' a sweet morsel you'd be, a lanna dhas—nor I can't run away wid you—an' I seen the day that it's not my heart would hindher me to do that same. Oh, my goodness, what a head o' hair!—an' talkin' about that—you undherstand—I'd like to have a word or two wid yourself."

"Say whatever you have to say before my father and mother, then," she replied; "I have no—" she paused a moment, and seemed embarrassed. The Prophet, who skilfully threw in the allusion to her hair, guessed the words she was on the point of uttering, and availing himself of her difficulty, seemed to act as if she had completed what she was about to say.

"I know, dear," he added, "you have no saicrets from them—I'm glad to hear it, an' for that reason I'm willin' to say what I had to say in their presence—so far as I'm concerned, it makes no difference."

The allusion to her hair, added to his last observations, reminded her that it might be possible he had some message from her lover, and she consequently seemed to waver a little, as if struggling against her strong instinctive abhorrence of him.

"Don't be afeard, Mave dear," said her mother, "sure poor, honest Donnel wishes you well, an' won't prophecize any harm to you. Go with him."

"Do, achora," added the father; "Donnel can have nothing to say to you that can have any harm in it—go

for a minute or two, since he wishes to see you."

Reluctantly, and with an indomitable feeling against the man, she went out, and both stood under the shelter of a little elder hedge that adjoined the house.

"Now, tell me," she asked, quickly, "what is it you have to say to me?"

"I gave young Condry Dalton the party ringlet of hair you sent him."

"What did he say?" she inquired.

"Not much," he replied, "till I told him it was the last token that ever you could send him after what your father said to you."

"Well?"

"Why, he cursed your father, an' said he deserved to get his neck broke."

"I don't believe that," she replied; "I know he never said them words, or anything like them. Don't mislead me, but tell me what he *did* say."

"Ah! poor Mave," he replied, "you little know what hot blood runs in the Daltons' veins.—He said very little that was creditable to himself.—an' indeed I won't repate it—but it was enough to make any girl of spirit have done wid him."

"An' don't you know," she replied, mournfully, "that I *have* done with him.—an' that there never can be anything but sorrow and good will between us? Wasn't that my message to him by yourself?"

"It was, dear, an' I hope you're still of the same mind."

"I am," she said; "but you are not tellin' me the truth about him. He never spoke disrespectfully of my father or me."

"No, indeed, asthore, he did not then.—oh, the sorra syllable.—oh no; if I said so, don't believe me." And yet the very words he uttered in consequence of the meaning which they received from his manner, made an impression directly the reverse of their natural import.

"Well then," she said, "that's all you have to say to me?"

"No," he replied, "it is not; I want to know from you when you'll be goin' to your uncle's, at Mullaghmore."

"To-morrow," replied the artless and unsuspecting girl, without a moment's hesitation.

"Well, then," said he, "you pass the Grey Stone, at the foot of Mallybennagh—of course, I know you must.—

Now, my dear Mave, I want to show you that I have some insight into futurity. What hour will you pass it at?"

"About three o'clock, as near as I think.—It may be a little more or a little less."

"Very well, aoushla; when you pass the Grey Stone, about a few hundred yards on the right hand side, the first person you meet will be a young man, well made and very handsome. That young man will be the person, whoever he is.—an' I don't know myself—that will bring you love, and wealth, and happiness, an' all that a woman can wish to have with a man. Now, dear, if this doesn't happen, never b'lieve anything I say again; but, if this *does* happen, I hope you'll have good sense, aoushla mairhee, to be guided by one that's your true friend.—an' that's myself. The first person you meet, after passin' the Grey Stone—on your right hand side: remember the words. I know there's great luck an' high fortune before you; for, indeed, your beauty an' goodness well deserves it, an' they'll get both."

They then returned into the house; Mave somewhat surprised, but no way relieved, whilst the Prophet seemed rather in better spirits by the interview.

"Now, Jerry Sullivan," said he, "an' you, Bridget his wife, lend your ears an' listen. The heart of the Prophet is full of good to you and yours, and the good must come to his lips, and flow from them when it comes.—There are three books known to the wise, the Book of Marriage, the Book of Death, and the Book of Judgment. Open a leaf, says the Angel of Marriage—the Garden Angel of Jericho—where he brings all love, happiness, and peace to;—open a leaf, says the Angel of Marriage,—him that has one head and ten horns—and read us a page of futurity from the prophecy of St. Nabbyhodanazor, the divine.—The child is a faymale child, says the angel with one head and ten horns—by name Mabel Sullivan, daughter to honest Jerry Sullivan an' his daicent wife Bridget—of Aughnammurrian.—Amin, says the Prophet.—Time is not tide, nor is tide time.—an' neither will wait for man. Three things will happen.—A girl, young and handsome, will walk forth

upon the high way—and there she will meet a man, young an' handsome, who will rise her to wealth, happiness, and grandeur. So be it, says the Book of Marriage, an' Amen, agin, says the Prophet. Open a new leaf, says Nebbychodanazor the divine—a new leaf in the Book of Judgment, and another in the Book of Death. A man was killed, an' his body hid, an' a man lived with his blood upon him. Fate is fate, an' Justice is near. For years he will keep the murderer to himself, till a man's to come that will bring him to judgment. Then will judgment be passed, and the Book of Death will be opened. Read, says the Prophet—it is done at last—Judgment is passed, and Death follows—the innocent is set free, and the murderer that concealed the mur-

derer so long swings at last; and all these things is to be found by the Wise in the Books of Marriage, Death, and Judgment!" he then added, as he had done at the conclusion of his former prophecy:—

"Be kind and indulgent to your daughter, for she'll soon make all your fortunes; an' take care of her and yourselves till I see yez again."

As before, he gave them no further opportunity of asking for explanations, but immediately departed; and as if he had been moved by some new impulse or after-thought, he directed his steps once more to the Grange, where he saw young Henderson, with whom he had another private interview, of the purport of which our readers may probably form a tolerably accurate conjecture.

CHAPTER XVI.—MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF THE TOBACCO-BOX.

McGowan's mind, at this period of our narrative, was busily engaged in arranging his plans—for we need scarcely add here, that, whether founded in justice or not, he had more than one ripening. Still there preyed upon him a certain secret anxiety, from which, by no effort, could he succeed in ridding himself. The disappearance of the Tobacco-box kept him so ill at ease and unhappy, that he resolved, on his way home, to make a last effort at finding it out, if it could be done; and many a time did he heartily curse his own stupidity for ever having suffered it to remain in his house or about it, especially when it was so easy to destroy it. His suspicions respecting it most certainly rested upon Nelly, whom he now began to regard with a feeling of both hatred and alarm. Sarah, he knew, had little sympathy with him; but then he also knew that there existed less in common between her and Nelly. He thought, therefore, that his wisest plan would be to widen the breach of ill-feeling between them more and more, and thus to secure himself, if possible, of Sarah's co-operation and confidence, if not from affection or good feeling towards himself, at least from ill will towards her stepmother. For this reason, therefore, as well as for others of equal, if not of more importance, he came to

the determination of taking, to a certain extent, Sarah into his confidence, and thus making not only her quickness and activity, but her impetuosity and resentments, useful to his designs. It was pretty late that night when he reached home; and as he had devoted the only portion of time that remained between his arrival and bed-time to a description of the unsettled state of the country, occasioned by what were properly called the Famine Outrages, that were then beginning to take place, he made no allusion to any thing connected with his projects, to either Nelly or his daughter, the latter of whom, by the way, had been out during the greater part of the evening. The next morning, however, he asked her to take a short stroll with him along the river, which she did; and both returned after having had, at least, an hour's conversation,—Sarah, with a flushed cheek and indignant eye, and her father, with his brow darkened, and his voice quivering from suppressed resentment; so that, so far as observation went, their interview and communication had not been very agreeable on either side. After breakfast, Sarah put on her cloak and bonnet, and was about to go out, when her father said—

"Pray, ma'am, where are you going now?"

"It doesn't signify," she replied;

"but at all evints you needn't ax me, for I won't tell you."

"What kind of an answer is that to give me? Do you forget that I am your father?"

"I wish I could; for indeed I am sorry you are."

"Oh, you know," observed Nelly, "she was always a dutiful girl—always a quiet good crathur. Why, you onbiddable sthrap, what kind of an answer is that to give to your father?"

Ever since their stroll that morning, Sarah's eyes had been turned from time to time upon her step-mother with flash after flash of burning indignation, and now that she addressed her, she said—

"Woman, you don't know how I scorn you! Oh, you mane an' wicked wretch, had you no pride durin' all your life! It's but a short time you an' I will be undher the same roof together—an' so far as I am concerned, I'll not stoop ever to bandy abuse or ill tongue with you again. I know only one other person that is worse an' meaner still than you are—an' there, I am sorry to say, he stands in the shape of my father."

She walked out of the cabin with a flushed cheek, and a step that was full of disdain and a kind of natural pride that might almost be termed dignity. Both felt rebuked; and Nelly, whose face got blanched and pale at Sarah's words, now turned upon the Prophet with a scowl.

"Would it be possible," said she, "that you'd dare to let out anything to that madcap?"

"Now," said he, "that the coast is clear, I desire you to answer me a question that I'll put to you—an' mark my words—by all that's above us, an' undher us, an' about us, if you don't spake thruth, I'll be apt to make short work of it."

"What is it?" she inquired, looking at him with cool and collected resentment, and an eye that was perfectly fearless.

"There was a Tobaccy-box about this house, or in this house; do you know anything about it?"

"A tobaccy-box—is it?"

"Ay, a tobaccy-box."

"Well, an' what about it? What do you want wid it? An ould rusty Tobaccy-box; musha, is that what's throublin' you this mornin'?"

"Come," said he, darkening, "I'll have no humbuggin'—answer me at wast. Do you know anything about it?"

"Is it about your ould rusty Tobaccy-box? Arrah what 'ud I know about it? What the sorra would a man like you do wid a Tobaccy-box that doesn't ever smoke? Is it mad or ravin' you are? Somehow I think the stroll you had wid that vagabond gipsy of a daughter of yours hasn't put you into the best of temper, nor her either. I hope you didn't aot the villain on me; for she looks at me, as if she could att me widout salt. But, indeed, she's takin' on her own hand finely of late; she's gettin' too proud to answer me now when I ax her a question."

"Well, why don't you ax her as you ought?"

"She was out all yestherday evenin', and when I said, 'You idle sthrap, where wer you?' she wouldn't even think it worth her while to give me an answer, the vagabone."

"Do you give me one in the mane-time. What about the box I wast? Spake thruth, if you regard your health."

"I know nothing about your box, an' I wish I could say as much of yourself. However, I won't long trouble you, that I can tell you—ay, an' her too. She needn't fear that I'll be long undher the same roof wid her. I know, any way I wouldn't be safe; she'd only stick me in one of her fits, now that she's able to fight me."

"Now, Nelly," said the Prophet, deliberately shutting the door, "I know you to be a hardened woman, that has little fear in your heart. I think you know me, too, to be a hardened and a determined man. There, now, I have shut an' boulted the door, an' by Him that made me, you'll never lave this house, nor go out of that deor a livin' woman, unless you tell me all you know about that Tobaccy-box. Now, you know my mind an' my coorse—act as you like now."

"Ha, ha, ha! Do you think to frighten me?" she asked, laughing derisively. "Me!—oh, how much you're mistaken, if you think so! Not that I don't b'lieve you to be dangerous, an' a man that one ought to fear; but I have no fear of you."

"Answer me quickly," he replied—and as he spoke, he seized the very

same knife from which she had so narrowly escaped in her conflict with Sarah—"answer me, I say; an' mark, I have no raison to wish you alive."

And as he spoke, the glare in his eyes flashed and became fearful.

"Ay," said she, "there's your daughter's look, an' the same knife, too, that was near doin' for me wanst. Well, don't think that it's fear makes me say what I'm goin' to say; but that's the same knife; an' besides I dhramed last night that I was dressed in a black cloak—an' a black cloak, they say, is death! Ay, death!—an' I know *I'm not fit to die*, or to meet judgment, an' you know that, too. Now, then, tell me what it is you want wid that Box?"

"No," he replied, sternly and imperatively, "I'll tell you nothing about it; but get it at wanst, before my passion rises higher an' deadlier."

"Well, then, mark me, I'm not afeard of you—but I have the box."

"An' how did you come by it?" he asked.

"Sarah was lookin' for a cobweb to step the blood where she cut me in our

fight the other day, an' it came tumblin' out of a cranny in the wall."

"An' where is it now?"

"I'll get it for you," she replied; "but you must let me out first."

"Why so?"

"Because it's not in the house."

"An' where is it? Don't think you'll escape me."

"It's in the thatch of the roof."

The Prophet deliberately opened the door, and catching her by the shoulder, held her a prisoner, as it were, until she should make her words good. The roof was but low, and she knew the spot too well to make any mistake about it.

"Here," said she, "is the cross I scraped on the stone undher the place."

She put up her hand as she spoke, and searched the spot—but in vain. There certainly was the cross as she had marked it, and there was the slight excavation under the thatch where it had been; but as for the box itself, all search for it was fruitless—it had disappeared.

TO THE NIGHT.

The smile of the glorious summer day
Hath much of pride;
Nature is decked in a rich array,
And like a bride
She goeth rejoicing on her way
By her consort's side.

But when the sun sets she darkly mourns
Till the empress night
Comes forth in her robe of purple deep
In queenly might,
O'er the sleeping world a watch to keep,
With her gentle light.

Oh fairer art thou than the garish day,
Thy placid mien
Accords with the holy thoughts that stray
Through the heart unseen;
Worthy art thou of the poet's lay,
Oh star-crown'd Queen!

E. J. G. D.

A MIRACLE OF THE VIRGIN.

A FRIEND having kindly favoured us with proof sheets of an extremely interesting work which is about to appear in a month or two, we are enabled to lay before our readers a curious extract from it. It is entitled "*Milagros de Maestro Nicolo El Sabio Obispo de Metipotamo, dedicados a Maestro Nuevohombre el Simphon, y por le traducidos.*" Madrid. 1846. The following is the Sixth Miracle, translated by the same with a spirit worthy of our distinguished friend and ally, Brallaghan himself.

Milagro Sexto.

I.

*Era un Ladron malo que mas queria furtar,
Que ir a la iglesia ni a puentes alzar,
Sabia de mal porcalzo su casa gobernar
Un malo que priso no le podia dejar.*

II.

*Si hacia otros males, esta no lo leemos
Seria mal condenarlo por lo que non sabemos,
Mas abondenos eso que dicho vos avemos
Si al fizo, perdonels Xps en qui creemos.*

III.

*Entre las otras malos avia una bondad,
Que li valio en cabo e dioli salvedad
Credia en la gloriosa de toda voluntad,
Saludabala siempre con la su magistat.*

IV.

*Dicia Ave Maria e mas de escriptura
Siempre se inclinaba contra la su figura,
Dicia Ave maria e mas de escriptura
Tenia su voluntad con esto mas segura.*

V.

*Como qui en mal andu e mal a caer,
Ovieronlo con furto este ladron a prender
Non ovo nul conselo con que se defender
Yudgaron que le fuessen en la forza poner.*

VI.

*Levolo la justicia pora la crucejada
Do estaba la forza por conselo alzada,
Priaronle los oios con toca bien atada,
Alzaronlo de tierra con sogá bien tirada.*

VII.

*Alzaronle de tierra quanto alzar quibieron
Quantos cerca estaban por muerto lo tuvieron,
Si ante lo sopiesen lo que despues sopieron,
No li boieran fecho esse que li hicieron.*

FROM THE SPANISH. BY SEÑOR NEWMAN.

I.

II.

III.

IV.

Y.

VI.

VII.

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VIII.

*La madre gloriosa decha de acorver,
Que sule a sus siervos lennas cuilas valer,
A esti condemnado quisoli protezer
Membrolí el servicio que li solie fer.*

IX.

*Metíoli so los pies do estaba colgado
Las sus manos preciosas; tosole alleviado
Non se sintió de cosa ninguna embargado,
Non sovo plus vicioso nunca ni mas pagado.*

X.

*Ende al día tercero viniéron los parientes
Viniéron los amigos e los sus conoçientes,
Vinen por descolgallo rascados e dolientes,
Bedie meier la cosa que metíon ellos mientes.*

XI.

*Trobaronli con alma alegre e sin danno,
Non serie tan vietoso si segoresse en vanto,
Díche que so los pies do tenía un tal escanto,
Non stútie mal ninguno si colgáse en dano.*

XII.

*Quando lo entendieron los que lo enforcaron
Tuvieron que el lazo falso gelo diáron,
Fueron mil rependidos que non lo degollaron,
Tanto gozarien desso quanto depues gozaren.*

XIII.

*Fueron en un acuerdo toda esa mesnada.
Que fueron engañados luna mala lazada,
Mas que lo degollassen con foz o con espada
Por un ladrón no fuere tal villa afentada.*

XIV.

*Fueron por degollarlo los mancebos mas livianos
Con buenos seraniles grandas e adianes,
Metto Sancta Maria entre metto las manos,
Fincaron los gorgueros de la golliella sanos.*

XV.

*Quando esto verdieron que nol podien nocir
Que la Madre gloriosa lo quiere encobrir,
Ovieronse contanto del pleito a partir
Hasta que Dios quisiere dexarenlo vivir.*

XVI.

*Dexaronlo en paz, que se fuesse su via
Ca ellos non querien ir contra Sancta Maria,
Meiorò en su vida partiose de fellia
Quando cumpria su curso muriese de su dia.*

VIII.

The glorious Mother—she who watches o'er us night and day,
And from her chosen servants never turns her eyes away,
Who guards them with unerring love, offend her as they may—
Resolv'd this thief should ne'er become Old Nicholas's prey.

IX.

She gratefully remember'd all the worship he had paid,
And all the genuflections in the mud that he had made;
Her blessed hands beneath his feet she carefully convey'd;
The thief swung on, but felt no pain, and sung out, "Who's afraid?"

X.

At the end of the third day, unto the gloomy gibbet came
His friends and relatives in tears, a-bawling out his name;
They thought him dead, and doubtless, too, the hangman thought the same,
But their conclusions, it would seem, were wonderfully lame.

XI.

They found him gay and merry, although hanging by a chain;
He said and swore he had not felt a single moment's pain;
The Virgin's hands did all this time the rasoul's feet sustain,
He laugh'd and sneer'd, "Is this the way," says he, "they hang in Spain?"

XII.

"I'll hang here for a twelvemonth, friends and gentlemen," says he,
"And feel no pain or bother from the rope, as you shall see."
When they heard this, they swore the hangman should not get his fee;
"He did not tie the rope," said they; "beheaded you shall be."

XIII.

The mob at once determin'd that our thief should lose his head:
"Bring up the sharpest axe," bawl'd one—another quickly said,
"No—not an axe! by this alone are noblemen struck dead;
They'll feel affronted; better get a good stout scythe instead."

XIV.

So all these youths resolv'd to do his business with a scythe,
But Holy Mary was as firm (as priests to get their tithe)
That underneath its biting edge the thief should never writhe;
Between his neck and it she plac'd her fingers long and lithe.

XV.

But when these wicked youths found out they could not hurt the thief,
And that the glorious Virgin was his guardian angel chief,
They changed their minds, and let him live to turn a newer leaf,
And try and make his peace with God, and for his crimes feel grief.

XVI.

They left him there in peace, to go where'er his fancy pleas'd,
And night and day, from that time out, he so the Virgin teas'd
With pray'rs and sighs and crawl-thumping, at length she got appeas'd,
And when this young man died at last—she felt extremely eas'd.

THREE SONNETS.

BY EDWARD KENNEALY, LL.B.

I.

SIR R. BULWER LYTTON.

Like the young Moon, when down from heaven she came,
 To court the slumbering Shepherd, as he lay
 Nooked in a dell amid the Latmian hills,
 Filling the spot with an ambrosial flame
 Of light ethereal from her silver ray—
 So to thy soul comes Genius from the skies,
 And such immortal splendours there instils
 As charm the young, and glad the old and wise.
 O Venus-soul'd—Historian—Minstrel—Sage—
 Weaver of dreams of light from olden lore—
 How shall I thank thee for the enchanted hours
 Passed with thy spirit o'er thy golden page?
 So Plato mus'd—so Shakspeare wrote of yore—
 So dreamed of love, Rousseau, 'mid Clarens' lakes and bow'rs.

II.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

A mystic Dreamer, blinded by the light
 That flashed around from his own wondrous soul,
 Like a seeled dove, his great thoughts bent their flight
 To heavenly spheres—on, on from pole to pole,
 Until he fell exhausted—faint—confused,
 By the deep schemes whereon his Spirit mused.
 Or like some ancient mariner alone,
 Sailing at night o'er Ocean wilds unknown,
 His eyes fixed full on heaven and its bright stars,
 As if he longed to peer through those thick bars
 Of clouds that hide God's glories from our eyes,
 Careless to what dark gulf his galley flies;
 Dazzled by fiery splendours, heavenly gleams,
 He sails, and sinks—nor yet wakes from Olympian dreams.

III.

DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

Heir to the glories of the glorious past:
 Raphaël, Guido, Titian, live and shine,
 Methinks, once more on earth—the starry brine
 In whose bright moulds thy poet-soul was cast.
 See fire-eyed Fancy guide thy glowing hand,
 And Beauty soften, and young Grace refine,
 While near thee, Truth and Skill and Genius stand.
 Bright be thy path, MACLISE, to rank and fame,
 Bright be the garlands that shall wreath thy name.
 And, oh! be thine, in breathing hues to tell
 The scenes our mighty Shakspeare drew so well.
 Hamlet—Macbeth—in magic lines portrayed,
 Make us but long for more—Oh! why delayed
 Hath been the spirit of love—Verona's gentle maid?

POLITICAL PROSPECTS—THE LATE AND PRESENT ADMINISTRATIONS.

"WHERE are we?" "What are we?" Such were the natural exclamations of the broken and routed Conservative party,—"scattered and peeled," sold by their leaders into the hands of their enemies—at the break up of the late administration. "Who is to lead us?" "What is to be our rallying point?" These were the questions which were asked—by some with accents of despondency; by others with the recklessness of despair. Doubtless, the occasion was one which might well test the firmness of the staunchest champions of social order. The guide proved a traitor. The man entrusted with power for the purpose of accomplishing the objects of a great party, used it for diametrically opposite objects. The faction over which they had enabled him to triumph, and which were before him as dead men, are again resuscitated into life. A fiercer energy possesses the assailants of the institutions which give its distinctive character to the British monarchy, and a glow of triumph animates their hearts as they contemplate their weakened defences, and the slackened vigour and the divided counsels of those by whom they are maintained. A revolution ministry is again in power. The crown, the church, the hereditary peerage are again at the mercy of men whose necessities, if not their will, must compel them to look more to the faction by whom they are sustained, than to the interests which they are bound to uphold; and who cannot subsist a moment longer than they continue to be blind leaders of the blind, and conduct the onward movement to which they are indebted for existence. Is it any wonder that such a state of things should strike the stoutest heart with dismay; and that the Conservative party, lately so triumphant, but now broken and dispirited, should, in their exasperation at treachery, their confusion in defeat, and their indignant astonishment at the total abandonment of principle on the part of those whom they most trusted, feel distrustful of their position, and even doubtful of their identity.

Let us calmly review the leading
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circumstances by which this strange reversal has been brought about, of an order of things which promised to secure us against the further inroads of revolution. In 1841, upon a dissolution of parliament by the Whigs, and against all the government influence, the Conservative party became ascendant, and could count upon a clear majority of more than ninety members. The deplorable financial policy of the outgoing ministers had embarrassed trade, and given a check to public confidence; and their successors, who found an exhausted exchequer and an increasing debt, entered upon the toils of office with every hope of being sustained by public opinion, if only they boldly grappled with the difficulties by which they were confronted, and made an honest effort for the salvation of the empire.

It is to be observed, that the discredit into which the Whigs had fallen, arose not merely from their financial blunders, but from the minatory aspect which they assumed towards the institutions of the country. By their reckless educational projects, the moral feelings and the religious convictions of vast numbers were revolted. By their alliance with O'Connell, and their dependence upon his faction for support, deep suspicions were entertained, that they were either bent upon, or would be compelled to, the abandonment of the Protestant Church in Ireland. No confidence was placed in them for any principled attachment to the Establishment in either country. Their leanings were towards every variety of dissent, rather than that settled form of sound words which constitutes our reasonable service; and their patronage and their influence was directed with a view to the multiplication of their political partizans, rather than the maintenance of the faith as it is set forth in the Articles and the Liturgy of the Church of England. Hence, the deep distrust with which they were regarded by the sober-minded and the well-informed members of our Establishment; and, we may add, the aversion of many honest

Dissenters from that Establishment, who felt satisfied with the perfect toleration which was secured to them, and desired not to see it overthrown.

If religious men were offended, and the commercial classes alarmed, the great agricultural body was not without its fears, that by the abandonment of a protective policy, their prosperity would be endangered. It was, therefore, by a combination of all these threatened interests that the O'Connell-Melbourne ministry was overthrown, and Sir Robert Peel elevated to the premiership of England. The feelings and principles which led to his exaltation, indicate the policy which he was expected to pursue. The finances were to be retrieved—relief was to be afforded to the commercial and the working classes—and something was to be done which would stay the progress of infidelity and latitudinarianism, and guarantee the stability of the moral and religious institutions.

As a finance minister, Sir Robert fulfilled the public expectations. The confidence reposed in him enabled him to impose an income tax upon the country, which has sufficed amply for the retrieval of the public credit; while such reductions have been made in many articles of extensive consumption as bring them within the reach of the humbler classes, whose comforts are thus multiplied, and whose condition is improved. All that is very well. But how stands the case as to the other two great interests? Let the Charitable Bequests' bill, the Maynooth bill, and the National Education system—by all of which Protestantism has been discouraged, and Popery aggrandized in Ireland—answer the question with respect to the one; and with respect to the other, we have only to point to the sweeping abolition of the corn laws, by which our protective policy has been abandoned.

Thus, we have financial dexterity, the only set-off against a course of policy which threatens more violent changes in our moral and social condition than ever were contemplated by the Whigs, when, for a bare suspicion of such designs, they were driven from power by the almost universal feeling of an indignant empire.

Sir Robert, therefore, has failed in satisfying the reasonable desires of the

powerful party by whom he was placed in office, upon two most important subjects, respecting which they felt an intense solicitude—the protection of the agricultural interest, and the maintenance of those Protestant principles which would be our best guarantee against Romish encroachment.

He began by his pro-Popery measures. Romanism in Ireland was to be taken under the protection of the state. The Maynooth grant, which, even in its original shape, was viewed with grave disapprobation by a large and an increasing number of men, was greatly enlarged. The dignities of the Romish hierarchy were recognized; and it was manifest to all men that provision was rapidly being made for the permanent and legislative establishment of Popery in Ireland.

The shock which was thus given to Protestant feeling and principle, caused the first split in the Conservative party. Ireland thus became, indeed, a difficulty, but a difficulty of the late premier's own making. He thus alienated many of his most influential supporters; and while England, from one end to the other, was aroused into an indignant reprehension of measures which were a great boon to seditious agitation, while they fostered superstition, such a secession took place from the party of the minister, as must leave him, on critical occasions, dependent upon political opponents for support, and liable, at any moment, to be driven from office by a combination which could not be resisted.

Such was the condition to which he reduced himself by his new mode of dealing with the difficulties of Ireland. His party in parliament rent in twain; and out of parliament, almost all parties, forgetting their differences for the purpose of giving expression to the deep feelings of horror, astonishment, and scorn, with which they regarded this audacious attempt to resuscitate Popery, and to raise it to the rank of one of the great governing powers of the empire! Let only the measures be completed, which must have been contemplated by Sir Robert Peel, and of which the Maynooth bill and the Charitable Bequests bill were the initiative, and Ireland would thenceforth be handed over to a fac-

tion, which would never rest until a legislative separation from Great Britain was accomplished, which must end in the dismemberment of the empire.

From that moment Sir Robert felt that his tenure of office was precarious, and that his ministry must speedily come to an end. We do not allude to this subject now for any other purpose than that of showing the probable causes which led to the sudden and sweeping adoption of the free trade policy, to which he is thought to have sacrificed his political existence. In our judgment, he did no such thing. We do not say that if he had had a prospect of a long continuance in office, he would not have ultimately, though gradually, developed those views to which he would appear to have been so suddenly converted. That would be but following out the principles to which he had already given in his adhesion; and we have no doubt that, not rashness and precipitancy, but a most guarded caution, would have marked their development as they were suffered to appear; so that they would seem like growths, rather than creations; and surprise less by their magnitude, than gratify by the favourable results which might be confidently anticipated from their adoption.

Such, we have no doubt, was the course upon which he had resolved, and which, had he felt confident of a secure possession of power, he would have pursued. But the crisis was precipitated by his Maynooth measures, which he felt must prove the death of his administration. Any diversion was desirable which would turn the public eye from that plague spot in his government; and it would not be the less acceptable, because it would visit his contumacious partizans with the punishment which their refractory opposition to him deserved. Hence, Sir Robert Peel's wholesale and sudden adoption of the entire of Mr. Cobden's policy respecting the importation of foreign corn. Of that, we have his own words that he foresaw the inevitable result, as far as he was himself concerned. He entered upon his new measures like a doomed man. He knew that the Conservative party must be broken up by them, and that his fall, as a minister, could

not be distant. But he knew also that, in any event, it was near at hand; and his sacrifice of power, of which there has been so much vaunting, and which has been so repeatedly referred to as a proof of his sublime regard for principle, amounted to nothing more than this, that he preferred going out as the destroyer than as the destroyed; that he preferred going out upon the ruin of the great party by whom he had been elevated to power, than as the rejected of that party by whom his panacea for the wants and woes of Ireland had been, as he deemed, so intemperately resented. That was the choice. He had no other. He must either be content to perish piecemeal upon the Maynooth rock, upon which his vessel had struck, or get up such a storm as might agitate the ocean so as to lift it, but only to be swallowed by the yawning abyss which lay beyond. So that whatever, for good or for evil, the new measures of commercial policy may, in the long run, produce, the country will owe to the desperate effort of the right honourable baronet to escape from one difficulty by plunging into another; choosing rather to perish at once with the eclat of commercial liberality, than to expire gradually, of sheer inanition, from the desertion of his natural supporters.

Such, in our humble judgment, is the best explanation which can be given of Sir Robert Peel's sudden conversion to the free trade doctrines of Messrs. Cobden and Co. The reader will observe that the phenomenon to be accounted for, is not that the balance of the right honourable baronet's judgment should have inclined towards the theories of commercial freedom; but that he should have all at once regarded them as not only indisputably true in the abstract, but that their practical adoption was so pressingly important, as to require that they should be immediately recognized by law, although the entire destruction of the great Conservative party, which it had cost ten years to reconstruct, must be the immediate consequence. The potato panic in Ireland! Does any man believe that he was moved by a consideration such as that to make a sweeping and radical change in the whole commercial policy of the empire, and *that* at the

expense of breaking down the barrier which every enlightened and right-minded politician in Europe regarded as the only protection against the inroads of revolution? Is not Sir Robert Peel the very man who would denounce the folly and the wickedness of such a proceeding, if by any reckless or charlatan minister, he being in opposition, it was proposed? No, no. It is not by such a pretext (which, however, it might serve as a topic of agitation, had no sufficient foundation in fact), he can disguise the settled purpose of inflicting a heavy blow upon the party by whom he had been thwarted in his favourite measures for governing Ireland through the influence of the Romish priests, and the withdrawal of whose confidence he felt as a premonitory symptom that his power as a minister was near its end. We are not surprised that he should have been angered by their opposition; nor, when the country spoke out so plainly, that he should have been alarmed by it, and felt that his tenure of office was insecure. But that he should have carried his resentment to such an extent, as to be willing to work ruin to the cause which he was raised up to uphold; and casting all the ties of party, and all respect for professions or principle, to the winds, unite with his political enemies to break down, or overbear, his political friends, until, through their disunited ranks, the faction again made its way to power, the signal overthrow of which, in 1841, had, after ten years' arduous conflict, been accomplished by so much toil and labour, we were not prepared to believe; nor could we be induced to give expression to any such conviction, but from the utter impossibility of accounting for the late premier's conduct upon any other rational hypothesis whatsoever.

Granted, that, in the abstract, the principles of the free traders are founded upon political wisdom; and that nation may advantageously deal with nation, as the individuals of any particular country deal with each other, buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest markets; are we to be told that, when great interests have grown up, under the shelter of an opposite principle, and when the whole structure of society has been fashioned

by protective laws, guaranteeing particular branches of industry against the inconveniences of foreign competition; it is political wisdom, suddenly, and all at once, to abandon that protective policy, and to deprive our agriculturists and manufacturers of the only security they possess against being undersold by their more favourably circumstanced neighbours? Would not wisdom rather require a cautious application of such principles; and a somewhat longer trial than they could have had during the short period of their partial operation, upon which the inductional argument in their favour was founded? We think that he need not be stigmatized as an over-cautious statesman, who having all his life, up to the year 1845, maintained the necessity of protective laws, and having consented to be returned, and placed at the head of a Protectionist majority, in 1841, upon strictly protection principles, should pause, at least until 1847, when a new parliament must assemble, before he gave practical operation to the new views to which he had been so suddenly converted. Nor is Sir Robert Peel, whose character is pre-eminently marked by caution and prudence, the minister from whom another and an opposite course might be expected. He would, we should have thought, consider that there was something due to public faith, something to public decency, something even to the honest prejudices of the constituencies who would feel themselves betrayed or deluded, which should prevent him from giving in his adhesion to the Anti-Corn-Law League, and using the advantages of the position in which he was placed by protectionists, for the purpose of giving a signal triumph to the adversaries of protection.

We cannot believe, "*sensus morisque repugnant*," that the mere abstract persuasion, which he may have been induced by the success of his financial measures, as far as they may at present be said to have succeeded, to entertain, could have been his influencing motive in precipitating himself upon a course of policy, by which he must give so great a shock to public confidence, the advantages of which were, at best, prospective and speculative, and the only certain, immediate result of which must be, loss of office, and the destruction of the party by

whom he had been raised to power. He tells us that he foresaw this result; but that such was his sublime devotion to the new views and principles to which he had become so suddenly converted, he felt it his bounden duty to sacrifice to them all personal and all party objects. We do not give him credit for such a height of virtue. We see a much more natural solution of the portentous phenomenon in his determination to take signal vengeance upon the factious adherents by whom he was so inconveniently traversed in his favourite policy, of making Popery the established religion of Ireland, and governing this country by means of priests; whose defection must, sooner or later, determine his career as a minister; and whose influence, if not prevented by some strong counter-current, which might give a different direction to the public mind, might be seriously embarrassing at the next elections.

We repeat, therefore, our opinion that had it not been for the alarm and the dissatisfaction caused by Sir Robert Peel's Maynooth measures, his bill for a free trade in corn would not have been heard of. Just as the reform bill was caused "by the back water of Emancipation," so the new measure which denudes the agricultural interest of their best protection, derives its being from the desperation caused by the manner in which the Protestant community received the new attempts to give the Romish religion an ascendancy in Ireland. And it but adds another to the many instances already upon record, that every stage of every attempt to give to Popery an ascendancy over that pure and primitive worship which is carried out in the doctrine and discipline of the Established Church, has been attended by signal calamity to the empire.

What is the fact? The Romish system, as a religious institute, is rapidly losing its hold on the minds of the people. This appears in a hundred unmistakeable instances. The better and purer faith—the faith more in accordance with scriptural truth—is daily evidencing its power to engage the minds and win the hearts of those who are led to distinguish between its rituals and a reasonable service. Such is the in-

difference with which the more wealth of the Roman Catholic community regard their Church, that they have never yet been led so far to tax themselves as to make a suitable provision for the maintenance and the education of their clergy. Left to itself, the system must fall to the ground, from sheer indifference on the part of its nominal supporters; who would very soon console themselves for its loss, by commingling with the Protestant community in any of the various denominations under which it exists, or becoming incorporated with the Established Church.

But if almost defunct as a religion, what is it as a political system? Is it not the great bond of union by which the masses are held together, and animated by the spirit and directed according to the purposes of those whose end and aim is a repeal of the legislative union? The coming of Christ was never regarded by the Jews in our Lord's time with more joy as the advent of their deliverance from the Romans, than the enlargement of the borders of the Romish Church in Ireland, by the more ardent repealers, as the instrument which is best capable of working the deliverance of their country from the tyranny of the Saxon rule. And what has been Sir Robert Peel's policy,—his favourite nostrum for the tranquillization of Ireland? To augment this power, in the hope of changing its nature, and taking it into an alliance with the British government, by which it might be rendered, not a stimulus to, but a curb upon, the rebellious tendencies of the people. We believe a more unfounded expectation never was entertained. We believe that every addition made to this power (more especially when it proceeds from concession to violence), will but increase the turbulence which it was intended to allay, and augment our dangers. We believe that the Romish priesthood are irrevocably pledged to courses from which, by the miserable truckling policy which would play their interests, personal or professional, against their passions and their principles, they never can be diverted. Talk of the endowment of Maynooth! The bait is carefully nibbled off, but the hook is rejected. They will take good care

that "the boy" shall be "father of the man;" and whatever that institute was, in spirit and in principle, in the days of its poverty, such and no other it will continue when increased wealth enables it to enlarge its numbers, and when the luxury and affluence of its professors offer stronger inducements to the aspiring sons of our peasant population to be admitted within its walls. No one is absurd enough to suppose, that a different class of individuals will become candidates for the office of Romish priests, because of the higher standard of living to which that body, in their educational progress, may now become accustomed.

Were that the case, the endowment might be dispensed with; and the Romish Church would be supplied with clergy as the Established Church is supplied, by individuals educated at their own expense, and for whose preparation for holy orders a large outlay is made, either by themselves or their parents.

It remains, therefore, that no policy of our rulers can exercise any beneficial influence upon the character and the spirit of the Church of Rome in Ireland. Upon that character and spirit we have freely offered our opinion; but we must add, that we think it positively respectable in comparison with the despicable and unprincipled course of policy which was adopted towards it by our late rulers; a policy, which those whom it was intended to cajole or conciliate, estimated at its real value; and which, so far from silencing the clamours it was expected to allay, if it only be consistently carried out, must lead to the separation of Great Britain and Ireland.

And here let it be distinctly understood, and put on record, that to this policy the great bulk of the Roman Catholic community, we mean the more educated and respectable portion of that body, are no parties. They are not the endowers of Maynooth. A small portion of the sums subscribed for purposes of agitation, or foreign ecclesiastical objects, would have sufficed for putting upon a respectable footing, the college for the education of their priests. But that small portion would not, or could not be spared. Falstaff's account with his landlady, in which there appeared an item of sixteen shillings for sack, while that for

bread amounted only to three halfpence, is not an inapt similitude of the manner in which the funds, raised by the spontaneous liberality of the Irish Romanists have been apportioned; the whole bulk being allocated to political, and but a miserable remnant reserved for religious or ecclesiastical objects. While they were intent upon the agitating processes by which the empire was to be convulsed, they wisely left it to a Protestant government to make that provision for the training and maintenance of the youths intended to be their future clergy, which they were unwilling to supply; and that, without being permitted in the slightest degree to interfere, for the better regulation of the system, the burden of which they have so gratuitously taken exclusively upon themselves.

Compare the indifference of the Romish laity in Ireland to purely ecclesiastical objects as connected with the sustentation of their Church, with the zeal and the liberality of the members of what is called the Free Church in Scotland, and it will be seen at once who are, and who are not, in earnest, in their professions of attachment to their respective systems. In the one country, and amongst a few hundred thousand individuals, we believe we are considerably within bounds, when we say, that more than a million sterling has been raised within a very few years, to meet the great exigency occasioned by separation from the establishment, by suitable endowments for the maintenance of the seceding ministers; and a provision for the public worship of God, rendered necessary by what they believed to be a misappropriation of the parochial churches. In this great work men of all complexions of politics were to be found assisting; and it was perfectly evident to every competent observer, who had an opportunity of witnessing the workings of the new enthusiasm which it occasioned, that the religious was not only the predominating influence, but that to which all others became subservient. If the clergy proved their devotedness to the principle of "non-intrusion," by relinquishing their manse and forfeiting their claim to the tithes which belonged to them as ministers of the Established Church, the laity no less nobly and munificently evinced that

they were not one whit behind them in the zeal with which they resolved to carry out their favourite hypothesis of a Christian Church in connexion with the state, exempt from all injurious interference, and deriving all needful protection. If the good could not be had without the evil, better, in their judgment, to cast off all dependence upon the government, and exercise, in their own affairs, an unfettered independence. We thus express ourselves, merely presenting the case as it is stated by the Free Church advocates, and not pronouncing any judgment upon it. Our object is simply to contrast earnestness with indifference; devotion to a cause, whether good or bad, which maintains it by many sacrifices, with such a degree of unconcern, as clearly proves that no sacrifice whatever will be voluntarily made; and that, however the Romish gentry in Ireland may be convinced of the abstract truth of their religion, the very last thing which they would think of doing would be putting their hands deeply into their pockets for the purpose of maintaining, clothing, and educating vast numbers who are unable to procure such advantages for themselves;—except, perhaps, designating their own children to that office, which, in the present state of things in this country, would never be thought of. It would be to see his son in an office in which the son of his ploughman might be his coadjutor, or, perhaps, his parish priest; and if he only became a better adept in the Maynooth-O'Connell-politico-theology, could exercise an imperious rule over him, by which all his gentleness and moderation would be trampled in the dust, and treated with a scornful derision, as a base betrayal of the cause to which, more than to that of life, he should be devoted.

Such is the state of things, when the government come forward, and say, we will compel this Protestant empire to do that for the maintenance of Popery in Ireland, which the wealthy of its own community either decline to do, or refuse to do. It is in a beggarly state—we must make it respectable. It is in a tottering state—we must take care that it does not fall. Such is, literally, the true state of the case. And as Sir Robert Peel remained in office, that, by the aid of Whigs and Radicals, he might carry the repeal of the corn

laws, so he has gone out of office, that they, by his aid, may bring to an unhappy consummation, the measures for the exaltation of Popery, which he has already initiated, and which he is prepared still further to extend, until the Romish Church has become predominant in Ireland! We ask, will the people of England, to whose arbitrement this question must shortly be submitted, justify this course of policy at the next election?

The question is not, we repeat it again and again, are the people of Ireland to be indulged in the profession of a creed to which, erroneous though it be, they give a conscientious preference? But are they to be encouraged in the profession of an unscriptural creed, to the merits of which, in its purely religious aspect, they exhibit a complete indifference, and their regard for which is only shewn by the value they set upon it as an instrument of political agitation? To the former there can be no objection. Let toleration, in the most extensive sense of the word, be freely given to all who worship God according to their consciences. But we ask the religious and reflecting people of England and Scotland, are they prepared to affirm the latter, and to insist, that, no matter what the progress of light and knowledge may be in this country, no matter what the efforts may be, or what the success, of the Protestant missionaries in the cause of evangelical religion, Popery, entire Popery, and nothing but Popery must continue to prevail, and be maintained, per force, by state endowments, amongst a people ripening rapidly to a knowledge of the truth, and, in many instances—let Achill and Dingle serve as examples,—thirsting for the blessings of the Reformation?

What would be thought in Scotland if the Free Church party refused to contribute to the maintenance of their Church, or to supply funds for the education of their clergy, and pleaded their own indifference in the matter as a ground that parliament should interfere, and furnish them with an endowment? Would they not make themselves objects of scorn and mockery to the whole empire? And yet, in what consists the difference? Are not their conscientious scruples to be respected as much as those of Irish

Romanists? And is it because their zeal and their sincerity are more manifest that they are less entitled to legislative consideration?

We are sickened at the manner in which knaves and drivellers continue to ring the changes upon that argument of Sir Robert Peel, in which, with a specious but delusive plausibility, he endeavoured to convince the country that his Maynooth measures were necessary for the peace of Ireland, and the well-being of the empire. Three courses, he said, presented themselves, viz.—to abolish the grant; to leave it as it was; or greatly to enlarge it. The first, he supposed, no one would recommend; the second, seeing how the system worked, no honest or intelligent man, he might well assert, could approve of; and it remained, therefore, that the third alternative should be adopted, and that the grant should be greatly enlarged. Such are the sort of statements, and such is the kind of reasoning, by which the minds at present governing this great nation have been influenced in giving their approbation to a system of policy which perils the safety of the empire!

The only one of the three averments above specified, to which the slightest attention should be given, is the second—namely, that Maynooth, as then constituted, was working ill. Of that there could be no doubt. It was working to the entire satisfaction of those who desire the downfall of England. But that it might not be abolished without danger, or that it could be augmented with safety, or any rational hope that in its working it would be improved, so that a conservative rather than a destructive character should henceforth belong to it, and it should become as remarkable for diffusing, throughout the country, peace and good will to all men, as it has hitherto been as a seminary of agitation and discord, and a hot-bed of sedition;—these were propositions which the right honourable baronet very quietly took for granted; as, undoubtedly, he did not burden himself with the labour of any proof by which they could be rendered even plausible to intelligent observers.

In the first place he overrates the difficulty of abolishing that institution. The grant might have been withdrawn

from it, upon the ground that it had utterly failed in accomplishing the objects of its founders, without any perceptible increase of Irish agitation. There would, at first, be some "sound and fury," but those who know the country best, well know it would "signify nothing." The monstrous absurdity of maintaining a legal, and, at the same time, giving encouragement to an opposition establishment, is too glaring not to be seen and felt by all men of ordinary intelligence and candour. To the maintenance of one system of religious truth the state is pledged. Its claims are coeval with those of the monarchy. Touch its foundations and all other property, and every other institute, becomes insecure. But to uphold and aggrandize another and a rival establishment, for which its people have not sufficient regard to furnish the funds for its maintenance themselves, which is declining in influence in proportion as they become spiritually enlightened, and only maintains its ground by an alliance with the worst spirit of political agitation; this would seem so unreasonable and preposterous, that we know not where its counterpart could be furnished in the annals of public folly or infatuation.

In the next place, Sir Robert has never attempted to show, that by increasing the grant to Maynooth, a remedy will be found for the evils which he freely acknowledges have resulted from the system as it had been worked, up to the period of the late enlargement of that endowment. These evils, he would fain have us believe, have proceeded from the beggarly condition of that establishment. He is wrong. They proceeded from the teaching of the professors; the doctrines they are appointed to inculcate being those of high ultra Romanism; and the character and condition of the youth who are there congregated for instruction. That teaching may not be meddled with, and that character and condition will not be altered. The same doctrines will still be taught, the same discipline still enforced, and the same views still inculcated; while the youth who throng the walls, and crowd around the professors' chairs, will continue to be of the same description as those who furnish the present agitating priesthood in Ireland.

All their sympathies will be in favour of the system by which Ireland is again to become a nation; all their antipathies will be against British rule; and their ministerial offices will chiefly consist in keeping alive the national discontent, and instructing the people to be contented with nothing short of a Repeal of the Legislative Union.

We, therefore, maintain, that by augmenting the grant, the late prime minister has only increased the evil. His has been an anti-homœopathic system of legislative quackery. The homœopathist gives the patient a small disease to cure a great one of the same kind; *he* would give the great disease in the hope of thereby curing the small one. The result may be that the mistake of a minister may lead to the convulsion of an empire.

We have dwelt upon this subject because it is, we repeat, our fixed persuasion, that the indignant feelings exhibited throughout England and Scotland at the introduction of the Maynooth measures, and the great schism which took place, in consequence of them, in the Conservative party, and which thenceforth rendered his tenure of office precarious, it was, which prompted Sir Robert Peel to become, all at once, a sweeping and unqualified advocate for the repeal of the Corn Laws. He saw that his pro-Popery policy would not bear inquiry; and that something must be done, and that speedily, to divert public attention from the plague-spot, of his own creating, in Ireland, and he therefore menaces his refractory vassals with a blow by which they might well be confounded; and throws the country into inextricable confusion, destroying the party he was appointed to lead, causing a distrust of all public principle, and re-admitting to power, by this second great apostasy from the protection party, the defeated faction, over whom he had so signally triumphed in 1841, and whose first accession to office was through the opening made in the Conservative ranks by his first great apostasy upon the question of emancipation.

It was not until the National Club was formed in London, and until it assumed such a shape as may be said to give a permanent and substantial existence to the Protestant constitu-

tional feeling, which was revolted by the Maynooth measure, that the late Premier took refuge in corn law agitation from the storm that was gathering against him, and preferred going out of office with the eclat of a measure which was hailed with a tumult of popular clamour, to expiring as a minister of sheer inanition from the desertion of his natural supporters.

Well, the new ministry have been installed. We have Lord J. Russell and the Whigs, supported by O'Connell and the radical and Romish factions, again occupying the chief places in administration; while the materials of an effective opposition have, as yet, to be gathered together, and no man knows in whom to put trust or confidence for the maintenance of the views and principles according to which the country might be wisely governed, and we might be saved from the further inroads of revolution.

Many fondly entertain the hope, that Lord John, as he is an older, so he is a wiser and a better man than he was when he was last compelled to relinquish power. He bears amongst his friends the character of a man of generosity and honour; and, contrasted with the unprincipled minister whom he succeeds rather than supplants, there is an air of respectability, and even of chivalry about him, which raises him far above the unbearable and un-English baseness of deserting his colours and betraying his friends. Lord John may seek to moderate the more fiery and violent of his own partizans; or, should the current prove too strong for him, he may relinquish the helm to other hands; but to the principles to which he has pledged himself he will never prove false; and his party may confidently rely upon him for frankly and boldly carrying out their views, or promptly and honestly surrendering his trust, should his supporters press him beyond what he judges to be the limits of a sound discretion. We cannot but express our decided conviction, that all the settled institutions of the country are far safer in his hands, than they were in those of Sir Robert Peel. The constitutional party are now fairly warned of their danger. They know what they may hope, and what they may fear. Not so when the late ministry were in power, under whose *pro-*

tection our most valuable establishments were perishing piecemeal; by whose culpable forbearance a spirit of assassination has been nurtured in Ireland, until it has attained its present enormous magnitude, when it defies the ordinary powers of the law; and by whose direct and ostentatious patronage and encouragement Romanism has grown and flourished, until it has arrived, to all human seeming, within a short stage of the ascendancy at which it aims. When this shall have been attained, then, indeed, we say to the Protestant communities of all denominations, "Let them which be in Judea flee unto the mountains." But we trust that a rally may yet be made, by which a calamity so signal, and a curse so withering, may be averted.

In leaving office Sir Robert bequeathed to his successors the completion of his Irish policy; and the outline of that policy which he sketched, left scarcely any thing to be desired by Mr. O'Connell and the Popish and radical party. Possibly he only desired to place Lord John in a difficulty, by this premature disclosure of views which the new minister might find himself hard set to realize. He knew that his Irish measures, both in act and in prospect, constituted the rock upon which he himself had founded; and he kindly and considerately directed his successor upon it, proffering the aid of his experience and ability to enable him to ride over it with safety. We know not whether the new premier will read the passage—"fas est et ab hoste doceri," as signifying, the advice which your enemy gives you, do not take; or whether he may or may not think it wiser to be directed by his counsel, than warned by his counsel. But this we know, that we prefer fighting the battle for our Protestant institutions *against* Lord John, rather than *with* Sir Robert Peel; we apprehend less from the hostility of the one, against which we are on our guard, than from the friendship of the other, by which a false security might be produced: and if we are only true to ourselves, and take every fitting means to inform our countrymen of the perils which beset our most valuable establishments and our most glorious privileges, we may yet find a happy deliverance from open enemies, as well as from hollow friends.

And truly the country does require to be informed of the aggressive and insidious character of Popery, not only in Ireland and England, but throughout the whole civilized world. In adopting the views of the anti-corn law league, Sir Robert well knew that he was brandishing the material against the moral and spiritual interests of the people. He knew that what was tangible, and, in the vulgar sense of the word, real, must be seen, heard, felt, and understood, by multitudes, to whom religious truths could never be brought home, in any substantive shape, so as to be a determining motive in their actions. We knew that there were vast masses to whom "the Church in danger," "Popery becoming ascendant," were idle words; but over whom the cry of "cheap bread" possessed a magical power, by which they might be moved to almost any enterprise to which they should be directed by sagacious leaders. He has for the time, at least, succeeded. The turmoil, excitement, and consternation produced by the repeal of the corn laws, has operated as a diversion from topics of more speculative interest, and which can only be valued according to their true importance by religious and reflecting minds. All that is *Esau* in the character of the British people he has pitted against all that is *Jacob*. And if he has rightly estimated them, and the passions and appetites of the one prevail over the religious fidelity of the other, he may well entertain the belief that they will sell their birth-right for a mess of pottage.

But we do not so estimate them; and we hope soon to see in active operation some organized system for giving expression to the national sentiment.

We have before us a report of the speeches delivered at a meeting of the members and friends of "The National Club," which was held at Willis's rooms, in London, on the 2nd of May, of this present year, and we can only lament that our space does not permit us to present even a brief abstract of the proceedings to our readers. Hitherto much of what was valuable has been rendered of none effect, by the intemperance and extravagance with which it was connected. Here all was as calm and as sober-minded as it was interesting and important. Google

There was one speech delivered on that occasion, the speech of Dr. Biber, which we would suggest to the club to publish as a separate tract, and to send into extensive circulation. It is a speech so full of information of the most important kind, and so characterized by moderation and candour, that it is quite impossible it can be read without making a strong impression upon every honest mind. He clearly shows the aggressive and encroaching spirit of Popery every where, throughout the whole civilized world, and that England is the object against which its chief attacks are directed. While we are endowing seminaries for her priests, she is undermining our influence, and introducing confusion and disorder into every portion of our empire, in the confident expectation that our troubles and embarrassments may be turned to her advantage. And in thus selecting England as the special object of her hostility, she only displays her serpent wisdom. Dr. Biber observes, that

"Of all the different Protestant bodies, there is none but our Church, and the Churches in communion with her, that can make a permanent and powerful resistance against Popery, because she alone, with her sister Churches, takes her stand upon the original constitution and the ancient faith of the Church Catholic; she alone opposes to the corruptions and usurpations of Popery, a complete system of pure, primitive, apostolic Christianity. This the Romish Church knows right well; and, therefore, it is, that she concentrates her efforts more and more upon this favourite object of her ambitious hopes—the overthrow of the Church, and the subjugation of the State of England. The Protestant communions of the continent give her little uneasiness, they are so divided among themselves; and each one within itself so void of fixed principles, of either doctrine or discipline, that they can never present any compact front of opposition to the aggressions of the Papacy. They would fall an easy prey to the machinations of the Church of Rome, if once that Church could succeed in sweeping away from the face of Christendom our Church, whose very existence, founded as it is on the primitive and apostolic constitution of the Church of Christ, is a standing testimony against the Papal usurpation; even as her learning, her pure worship, and her orthodox faith,

is a standing witness against the ignorance, the abominable superstitions, and soul-destroying errors of the Church of Rome."

The head quarters of the Romish propaganda are at Lyons. From an account of their operations, it appears "that the sum total of their expenditure was, in the year 1823, no more than £916; in the year 1835, it amounted to £21,663; and in the year 1844, to £149,756. That is to say, during the last nine years, the operations of the Propaganda have been increased sevenfold; and during the last twenty-one years, MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FOLD!"

So much for the increased activity of the Propaganda. Let us now follow Dr. Biber in looking at its direction.

"In connexion with the proceedings of the Romanists in our colonies, I must once more revert to the accounts of the Propaganda at Lyons, which afford an infallible criterion of the direction in which the forces of Popery are employed. From these accounts it appears, that in the year 1823 no part of the funds of the Propaganda was spent upon the colonies of the British empire; in 1825, when its operations in this direction commenced, the outlay amounted to no more than £60; after this it increased gradually but slowly till the year 1835, when it amounted to £980; but from that fatal period, when fresh encouragement and a new impulse was given to the propagation of Popery in our colonies by the government at home, the annual expenditure of the Propaganda for this object increased at a rapid rate; so much so, that in the year 1844 it amounted to no less than £40,865; that is to say, within ten years the efforts of Popery to undermine the English Church, and along with it the British rule in the colonies, have been multiplied more than forty-fold. This increase of activity will appear yet more striking on comparison with the outlay of the Lyons Propaganda upon the legitimate field of its operations. To adduce but one instance, the Propaganda spent upon their own colony of Algeria in the year 1844 no more than £2,360; while upon our colony of New Zealand they spent, in the very same year, the sum of £5,618, more than double, and in the preceding year, 1843, the sum of £7,280, more than treble the amount of their outlay in Algeria. And what is the effect which has been produced upon the colony which the Propaganda thus singled out

as the object of its liberality? We all know what deplorable disturbances and scenes of bloodshed have lately taken place in New Zealand. And who was it that stood forth upon that occasion as the friend and counsellor of the native chief Heki? Why no other than the Popish bishop, sent thither by the Roman See, with the aid and support of the naval power of France, for the purpose of making mischief, and under the hypocritical mask of Catholic sympathy and universal good-will between man and man, stirring up strife and disaffection against the English Church and the British crown."

Such is the aspect of Popery, as regards this empire! Such are the machinations by which our power and greatness as a nation are to be overthrown! We cannot but say that he must be a rash man by whom they can be lightly regarded? There is one passage in this remarkable speech which we cannot refrain from extracting, although it does not bear directly on our own affairs. But it is surely pregnant with instruction. It is as follows:—

"I will not detain the meeting with an account of the machinations of Popery in other and smaller states of Europe; but there is one story which, with your lordship's permission, I should like to tell; it is not a long, but it is a very instructive one; the story of the treatment which that stronghold of continental Protestantism, the city of Geneva, has experienced at the hands of Rome. Those who know me will not suspect me of any very great sympathy with Geneva; but little as I may be disposed to sympathize with them, I cannot but think that the Genevese have been hardly dealt by; and I think, moreover, that the triumph which Rome has achieved over Geneva, and the manner in which it has been achieved, may serve as a useful warning to our Church and State, at a moment when we are called upon to throw down the few remaining barriers against the importation of Romish corruptions, and the intrusion of Romish ascendancy into our land. The story is this:—At the time of the Reformation, the Romish Church was altogether banished from Geneva, as it was from this country, by severe legal enactments; these remained in force until the incorporation of the Genevese republic with the French empire. It was then that the Roman Catholic Church was, for the first time, re-admitted within the gates of Geneva; one of the city churches—curiously enough, the Church of St.

Germain, in which the Reformation began—was appropriated for its worship; and, by degrees, a Roman Catholic population collected, which, in the year 1814, amounted to 2,000. By the treaty of Vienna, which restored to Geneva its independent sovereignty, the territory of the republic was increased by the addition of twenty-one parishes, two of them towns, and the rest country parishes, which had formerly belonged partly to Piedmont, and partly to France. The population of these new districts was Roman Catholic, and, by the way of conciliating their new fellow-citizens, the Genevese not only granted free toleration and equality of civil rights to the Roman Catholics, but they built nine new churches and a number of schools for them, and made provision for the payment of the Romish clergy and schoolmasters out of the public funds. So much for the liberality of the Protestant government of Geneva; now for the return which it met with at the hands of the Romish party. The principal priest (*Archipetre*) of the Roman Catholic Church at Geneva, was a man named Vuarin, a man of great ability, energy, and perseverance. He undertook to catholicise the city of Calvin; and he did it in this way. Whatever shops or other business premises in the town fell vacant, he contrived to secure, and put into them Roman Catholics from the country parishes, who were allowed to occupy them rent free for a year or two, on condition that, when they were properly established in their business, they should either remove to some other part of the town, or pay rent, so as to enable him to take other places for new comers. At the same time he required of all these settlers, that they should employ no other than Roman Catholic servants, and give their custom exclusively to Roman Catholic dealers. By these means, and having large sums of money placed at his disposal, for the purpose of carrying on his operations, Vuarin succeeded in raising the Roman Catholic population of Geneva, from 2,000, which was the number in 1814, to 8,000, which it was in 1844. The numerical strength of the Roman Catholics being thus brought within 2,000 of the numerical strength of the Protestants, Vuarin thought himself strong enough to commence a system of open aggression; further rights and privileges were demanded, and various grievances got up. One of the latter was, that the Protestant clergy refused to take off their hats, when meeting the host carried in procession. The education question furnished another topic of complaint; and, by an alliance with the radicals, an extension of the right of voting was ob-

tained, which increased the political power of the Romanists. Meanwhile Vuarin died in 1844, and the appointment of his successor became the occasion of an open conflict between the Romish hierarchy and the government of Geneva. The latter had, by this time, become fully alive to the dangerous character of the machinations which had been so successfully carried on; and when the Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva nominated Marilley, Vuarin's curate, and his coadjutor in all his proceedings, as his successor, the government exercised the right of putting their *veto* upon the nomination, which was originally secured to the civil power by the Concordat concluded between Napoleon and the Pope, in 1801, and confirmed both by the Treaty of Vienna, in 1814, and again by a special convention entered into in 1820, on the transfer of the Roman Catholics of Geneva from the diocese of Chambéry to that of Lausanne and Geneva. Ostensibly the government rested their objection to the appointment of Marilley, on the fact of his not being a citizen of Geneva, but a native of Freiburg; and they offered to confirm the nomination of any of the Genevese Roman Catholic clergy whom the bishop might select. The bishop, however, denied the right of the government to interfere with his nomination, and persisted in forcing his nominee, Marilley, upon the republic. The government, on the other hand, determined to maintain their right, and intimated to Marilley that, if he attempted to assume the government of the Roman Catholic Church at Geneva, they would cause him to be transported beyond the frontiers of the republic. Marilley, acting under the order of the bishop, set the government at defiance, and drove them to the extreme measure of having him removed from their territory, in the custody of two gendarmes. This was precisely what the Romish party desired; the cry of persecution was raised; the bishop caused a protest against the proceedings of the government to be publicly read in the Roman Catholic church at Geneva, he confirmed Marilley in his office, appointed a *locum tenens* for the performance of his sacerdotal functions *pendente lite*, and, to crown the whole, carried the cause by appeal to Rome. Thus was Geneva, that chief city of continental Protestantism, after the lapse of three hundred years, again placed in the position of appearing as a suitor at the court of the Roman Pontiff. And how did Rome deal with the case? Before the cause was ripe for decision, it so happened that the See of Lausanne and Geneva became vacant, by the death of the bishop; whereupon

the Pope appointed Marilley as his successor, thus inflicting upon the government of Geneva, in the character of bishop, the very man whom they refused to receive as priest!"

But in the eyes of liberals, as they are called, all censure of proceedings like this is bigotry; all affectation of a zeal for Protestantism, cant; all apprehensions of the gigantic strides of Popery to power and ascendancy, a chimera. We write not for, we reason not with, such as these. We rejoice to know that although active and daring enough to be formidable, they are a small minority amongst the nation at large; and that if we can only succeed in presenting just views of the true state of the case to those who really value the reformed doctrines as they are propounded in our articles, and embodied in our liturgy, and who would not have the darkness of Papal superstition again overspread the land, we shall feel that we have done all that we have the power to do in averting the greatest calamity that could befall us as a nation.

It is our deliberate opinion, that whatever of danger Russia threatens to the liberties of Europe, Rome threatens to the religious freedom of all who have revolted from her communion, and whom she would fain see subject to her again. The one is not more characterized by a passion for territorial aggrandizement than the other by a desire of spiritual domination. We think the apprehension entertained of the grasping ambition of the autocrat, although not without some foundation, often exaggerated. But we are very sure that no sufficient apprehension is yet practically felt of the other more unseen, more subtle, and more formidable danger. We hear of Russian spies, a sort of invisible police, who are said to find their way every where, doing the work for which they are paid with a marvellous exactness and efficiency. But we take no notice of the staff of Popery, which is established, ostentatiously, in every country under the sun, animated by one purpose, directed by one mind, avowing a paramount allegiance to the see of Rome, and ready, at a moment's notice, to undertake any enterprise by which the designs, concocted in the Vatican, may be accomplished; these designs em-

bracing and contemplating the re-subjugation of Christendom to the see of Rome. We would earnestly advise all concerned carefully to consider the machinery at present at work for that object, before they pronounce it one of those idle fancies which could only be entertained by hypochondriacal alarmists.

During the pro-Popery stage of Sir Robert's policy, while the Maynooth measures were pending, it was lamentable to perceive how little resistance, or rather how much encouragement, he received from a large section of the Conservatives, who were angry enough when he proposed a repeal of the corn laws. They took patiently the endowment of heresy and the exaltation of superstition; but when their interests were touched by the anti-protection policy, they were all alive to the national dangers. Now with such, we honestly confess, we have no sympathy. They seem to us more solicitous for the meat than the life; and would be willing "*propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*" We tell them, frankly, that if the sacred institutions of the country are to be betrayed, and the public funds employed for the purposes of pampering a seditious priesthood, it is not for the aggrandizement of jockey lords, or squirens, that we will contend for the principle of protection.

If every thing valuable is to perish, let them perish also. If the wheat is to be destroyed, let the chaff be destroyed with it. If all that gives worth and dignity to society be, at one fell swoop, swept away, it is some consolation to think that the canker and the palmer worm are swept away likewise. No. We boldly tell Lord George Bentinck and the godless Conservatives, of whom he may be said to be the representative, that in contending for protection to domestic industry, while, by the open encouragement they afford to Popery, they would prostrate the national religion, they are contending for a body without a soul; and that in foregoing the opportunity which presented itself for making an effectual resistance to the increase of the Maynooth endowment, they lost the only vantage-ground upon which they could securely stand, in doing battle for those material interests in which they were so much more personally concerned, and which they were soon made to feel were in such imminent danger.

They have reminded us of a story which we somewhere heard of a lady who was attacked by a robber. He first committed an outrage upon her person, to which, in her alarm, she submitted with wonderful forbearance, thinking, no doubt, that the worst was over. But when he proceeded to take her purse, she called out "*murder,*" "*robbery,*" and used her nails and teeth with such effect as made it no easy matter to the desperado to accomplish his object. And some one, who had quietly observed the whole transaction, was heard to say, in reply to her earnest solicitations for aid, "*Madam, if you defended your virtue with but half the zeal that you defended your purse, both would now be safe; but even as you did not much concern yourself about the one, so neither will I concern myself about the other.*"

So say we to the protectionists of the mere material interests of the country, who care not by what bounties foreign doctrines are encouraged, provided they can keep out foreign corn. We tell them the moral and reflecting portion of the people of England will not take part with them in such a contest. We tell them they forfeit their claims to the respect of the good and wise, by their readiness to fall in with views by which worth and wisdom must be sacrificed; and that very few, indeed, beside themselves, will have any reason to regret any reduction of their incomes, by a transfer of their wealth to other men, when they can contemplate, with a quiet complacency, the establishment of Popery in Ireland.

And now, before we have done, a word or two to the Irish landlords. They have been exposed to much obloquy; but we tell them frankly, that for the misrepresentations by which they have suffered, they have chiefly to blame themselves.

No one denies the state of insecurity in which life and property exist in this country; nor the readiness of the peasantry, in the south and west, to imbrue their hands in blood. No one denies that there is no such thing to be expected as an effective vindication of justice, or that perjury, to any extent, will be committed, to screen a culprit, when intimidation fails to deter the prosecutors from bringing him under the animadversion of the law. And for this frightful state of things, the Irish landlords are held answerable; inasmuch as, by their alleged

oppressions, they have outraged every humane feeling, and driven the people to despair.

We believe that a charge more utterly unfounded never was preferred. But, in the first place, what did it become the Irish landlords to do? They should have come forward, and demanded a searching inquiry. We do not deny that instances would appear in which oppression had been practised. We believe that these instances would be chiefly found amongst the class who are denominated liberal "par excellence." But we boldly aver, that the great bulk of the Irish proprietary would be found to be as humane and as moderate as any proprietary in the empire. No such inquiry was demanded. Instead of courting, they seemed to shrink from it. And the consequence has been, that they were considered to have suffered judgment by default, and held answerable for misdeeds which had no foundation but in the foul imaginations of their interested and malevolent accusers.

What, in the next place, should they have done? They were accused of being the authors of the murders by which the country has been disgraced, as, by their oppression, occasioning, if not justifying, "the wild justice of revenge." They should have constituted a league for the purpose of investigating the probable causes which led to every particular murder which occurred; and they would thus have had an opportunity of showing, that no landlord oppression was the cause why human life was taken away. Take, for instance, the case of the murderers of the late Mr. Patrick Clarke. Of what oppression could they complain? What cruelty, or what injustice was practised upon them? None whatever. No defence was attempted, which could mitigate the atrocity of this most wanton and barbarous murder. And so it would appear in almost every other case; indeed we know of no exception; that not landlordism, but a brutal depravity, arising from the absence of all proper religious culture, has been the cause of those frightful atrocities which mark, as with the brand of Cain, so many of the peasantry of Ireland. But the Irish proprietors have neglected this obvious mode of self-defence, and they are suffering accordingly.

Take that portion of the country which is most stained with blood-guiltiness, the county of Tipperary, and where are better landlords to be found? Can any one allege an act of oppression against the Earl of Donoughmore, Lord Clonmel, Lord Glengal, Mr. Palliser, Colonel Purfoy, Lord Bloomfield, or any other of the extensive and titled proprietary, who possess the fee-simple of the land? We defy any one to do so. Let one single case be produced, of an improving tenant, who, upon the expiration of his lease, was deprived of his interest in his own improvements, and we admit that such a case is a crying evil, and a serious impeachment of the justice of any one by whom it has been practised. But we know of no such case; and our belief is that very few such are to be found. Where they can be truly alleged, let the guilty suffer for their misdeeds. We have never had any sympathy for those who grind the faces of the poor. But to impute such wholesale oppression to a class of noblemen and gentlemen, many of whom are personally known to us, and with whose transactions with their tenantry we are well acquainted, is a calumny as gross, as the apathy or indifference is culpable, which renders them practically indifferent so such charges, instead of indignantly hurling them back upon their accusers.

Many have been surprised with what indifference the announcement of Lord Lincoln's bill was received, by which he proposed to give the tenantry a security that they should be indemnified for their improvements. It was an ignorant surprise; as it is well known in this country, that the bill would effect nothing more for the benefit of the tenant than in ninety-nine cases in a hundred was already secured to him by the consideration of his landlord. It would merely give a legal form to an arrangement which was already in practical operation; and it was therefore regarded by the agitators with a surly displeasure for taking away the shadow of a grievance, instead of being hailed with satisfaction for removing the substance of a wrong. This, surely, should open the eyes of all who are not wilfully blind to the system of delusion which has been practised, and by which so many

right-minded men have been misled as to the real source of the evils of Ireland.

And now, one word to Young Ireland, who are, we perceive, smarting under the castigation of the agitator, whom they would fain anticipate and supplant, in his measures for the Repeal of the Union. Truly, the young gentlemen are in a piteous case. They were encouraged to act the sublime in patriotism to the top of their bent; but all their enthusiasm has been put to flight by the sardonic "pshaw" of the Liberator, who has again taken a mighty fancy to making a cat's paw of the Whigs, for the better accomplishment of his favourite object. And the old man, who has not as yet lost his grinders, is more right in the course which he is resolved to pursue, than the impatient young gentlemen, who are only now cutting their wise teeth. Let him only get from the Whigs, as much as Sir Robert Peel, in his retiring speech, encouraged him to ask for, with every hope of success, and his triumph will soon be completed. We shall soon see, whether for good or for evil, an Irish Parliament assembled in College-green. Give him such an increase in the elective franchise, as must swamp the conservative constituency; and an addition to the representation of fifty members, the lowest amount by which, according to his calculation, it would be equalized with that of England and Scotland; give him, moreover, the Church of Rome as the recognized religious establishment, according to law; and he may well laugh to scorn all attempts to withhold from him a repeal of the legislative Union. Are not these some crumbs of comfort for the young patriots, who have been so contemptuously cast aside, to facilitate the election of Mr. Shiel for Dungarvan? We advise them, for they really have interested us by their sincerity, to take patiently the rebuke they have received; and if there are any sugar plumbs going, by which sulking children may be won into good humour, as they value their reputation for common sense, not to refuse them.

But for us, what is the prospect? It is, undoubtedly, sufficiently dark and troubled at the present; but it is better than it was when we were under the conduct of leaders whom no promises could bind, by whom no

pledges were deemed sacred, and who were only waiting for the opportunity of abandoning, one by one, every interest which we would consider worth preserving. We now know with whom we have to deal. The battle is to be fought "in aperto Marte." Lord John is a bold man; but experience has not been lost upon him. We do not expect that he will retrace his steps, or back out of any of the views or principles to which he stands pledged. But he may see the wisdom of a more prudential, and even conservative, course of action than characterized his former administration. This, however, we scarcely expect to see very vividly exemplified, hampered as he must be by the nature of the support upon which he is dependent. And every effort should be made to ensure such aid to good principles, as may render it no easy matter to enforce the application of bad ones.

The clamour out of doors is now a recognized element of the constitution. It is, as it were, the water that turns the mill. The Anti-corn Law League became weighty, not by their reasonings, but by their organization, and by their purse. And if any effective stand is to be made in favour of the monarchical institutions which still remain unscathed, it must be by efforts similar to those which have been felt so powerful in the work of destruction.

Again, we repeat, let the National Club be supported. Let the objects which it proposes to itself be carried out. Let the constituencies be properly instructed and organized. Let there be no concealment of the dangers which threaten the institutions which all trueborn Englishmen hold most dear. Let representatives be chosen whose character may be a pledge that they will not desert the principles they were elected to uphold; and dark and troubled as is the present hour, and perplexed and gloomy as is the prospect that lies before us, we confidently predict that brighter days are not far distant, when we may, upon good grounds, congratulate ourselves that our perils have been escaped, and unite in a celebration of the triumph of the only principles which can secure peace and contentment to the cottage, and guarantee the stability of the throne and the altar.

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M. ARAGO.

OF all scientific men now living, there is none whose fame is so universally diffused, and whose authority is so often invoked as M. Arago. The squatter on the banks of the Mississippi is as familiar with his name as the dweller of the Quai Voltaire. His dicta are as often quoted in the Delta of the Ganges, as in the city washed by the Thames; and this reputation is not among the followers of science, or even its would-be votaries. It is strictly popular. All who look forward to a coming eclipse, or an approaching comet—all who endeavour to prognosticate the vicissitudes of weather, and look for the lunar phases—all who are exposed to the visitations of the hurricane, or endeavour to avert the falling thunderbolt—all appeal to the name of Arago; rightly or wrongly, they quote his supposed or imputed predictions, and profess to pin their faith on his oracular voice. In short, there is no savant living whose name is at once so universally known, and whose authority is so universally popular as M. Arago.

But what says the august scientific conclave itself to this? What is the verdict of academies, and institutes, and learned societies where the equals of M. Arago sit in judgment? How does their estimate of the perpetual secretary of the Institute accord with this popular exaltation? In general, the great public, little capable of gauging the merits or measuring the authority of philosophers, takes its cue from the community of science itself, and the reputation

of savans issues, ready formed, from the halls of those societies, whose members alone can be considered competent to form a correct judgment of their high merits and attainments. But the present case is a singular exception. Here the public has decided for itself, and not only passed an independent sentence, but one which is by no means in accordance with the opinions of the sages of the College Mazarin or Somerset House.* The popular supremacy of the director of the *Observatoire* is not confirmed by the voice of his colleagues. The incense offered at the shrine of the genius of Arago by the profane crowd of the uninitiated has had the effect of all praise which is immeasurably in excess; it has provoked opposition and reaction. The attempt to assign to M. Arago a niche in the temple beside the high notabilities, and to place him in juxtaposition with the Newtons, the Laplaces, the Lavoisiers, and the Davys, is treated with contemptuous ridicule; and among the inferior crowd of the professors, the terms "charlatan" and "humbug" are not unfrequently heard in association with the name of this popular scientific idol.

The cause of this singular discordance of judgment will be found in a due examination of the things which M. Arago has said, the things which he has done, and the things which he has written; for, unlike most savants, M. Arago has not been merely a man of the closet—he has been emi-

* The College Mazarin, on the Quai Conti, was granted to the Institute in 1806; the apartments of the Royal Society are in the front of Somerset House, facing the Strand.

nently a man of action. In the political changes which have agitated his country, he has taken a prominent part, and the philosopher has often been forgotten in the politician, the legislator, and even the citizen-soldier. If we would, then, form a just estimate of the character of this distinguished man, free alike from the depreciating spirit of some of his rivals, and the preposterously exaggerated eulogy of some of his crowd of partizans, we must take a glance at the circumstances of his life.

M. Arago is now in his sixtieth year, having been born in 1786. His native place, Perpignan, on the confines of Spain, and the shores of the Mediterranean, raises the expectation of that ardour of character and force of will which have been so strikingly manifested in the career of this remarkable person. It has been said that his boyhood offered a curious contrast with his subsequent distinction, inasmuch as he showed singular sluggishness in his intellectual progress, having attained the age of fourteen before he could read. This tale is, however, destitute of truth. The father of M. Arago held a situation under government, at Perpignan, and devoted more than usual care to his advancement, he being the eldest of the family, and the person on whom must devolve many cares and responsibilities. He made the usual progress, during his boyhood, at the College of Perpignan, from which, at a very early age, he was transferred to Montpellier, to prosecute those higher studies necessary to qualify him for admission into the Polytechnic School, an institution which had its origin in the confusion of the Revolution, and has since become so justly celebrated. He was admitted, in 1804, into that establishment, where he passed two years, during which he became one of its most distinguished students. His surviving contemporaries remember how well and how often, during his pupillage, he fulfilled the duties of *repetiteur*,* in such a manner as to make them forget for the moment that their teacher was their competitor.

Some time after completing his course of studies at this institution, he was appointed by Napoleon (then emperor) to the office of secretary to the Board of Longitude. But about this time, the grand operations which had been for some time previously in progress for measuring the arc of the meridian between Dunkirk and Barcelona, required that the course of observations should be carried across the Pyrenees, and conducted through Spain. Arago was selected as the assistant of Biot, to prosecute this investigation, which, independently of its importance as a question of physical science, was regarded with much interest, as affording the basis of the decimal system of weights and measures, which was about to be adopted, and which has since been actually adopted, and is now in general use in France. As this appointment led to adventures, in which the personal character of the philosopher was developed, we shall offer no apology for narrating them with some detail.

MM. Delambre and Mechain, profiting by the admirable means of observation afforded by the repeating circle of Borda, had already carried the chain of triangles from Dunkirk, through France, to the Spanish frontiers. Although the original design contemplated their termination at Barcelona, on the shores of the Mediterranean, it was now decided to continue them over that sea as far as the Balearic Isles, and it was more especially for this object that the commission of MM. Biot and Arago, was issued. The Spanish government nominated two commissioners, MM. Chaix and Rodriguez, to co-operate with the two French savans. A Spanish vessel of war was placed at the disposition of the commission, to which, as science knows no enemy, Britain granted a safe conduct.

The first proceeding was to connect the coast of Spain with the island of Yvice, the nearest of the group, by an extensive triangle, one of the sides of which measured an hundred and twenty miles, and the base

* In French colleges and schools, the lectures delivered each day by the professors or chief teachers, are repeated, accompanied with developments, examples, and details, by inferior teachers, called *repetiteurs*, who are often selected from the most advanced and distinguished students.

about an hundred miles. To render observations possible at such distances, stations of considerable elevation were necessary. The French commissioners selected for this purpose the summit of one of the highest mountains near the coast of Catalonia, while M. Rodriguez, the Spanish observer, placed his station on the summit of Mount Campney on the Island of Yvice. In those mountainous and wild solitudes, MM. Biot and Arago passed several months, pursuing their laborious researches with that ardour which has so strongly characterised the whole career of the latter. M. Biot has not failed, in his report of these operations, to do justice to his distinguished friend and colleague.

"Often," says he, "when the furious storms of these tempestuous regions have swept away our tents, and overthrown our instruments, has M. Arago with indefatigable constancy and patience, laboured to collect and replace them, and never allowed himself to rest night or day until his task was completed."

In April, 1807, the principal observations having been made, M. Biot departed for Paris, to make those calculations upon the data thus obtained, which were necessary to attain the final result, viz., the length of the meridional arc. Arago remained for the purpose of prosecuting the observations necessary to continue the chain of triangles to Majorca. For this purpose, he sailed in company with M. Rodriguez to that island, where they fixed their station on Mount Galatz, from which they were enabled to observe the signals on Mount Campney in Yvice, and thus to obtain means of measuring the meridional arc between these two stations. While these proceedings were in progress, war broke out unexpectedly between France and Spain, and while the French savant was pursuing his peaceful labours in the mountainous wilds of the island, reports were spread among the rural population, that the signal fires which were exhibited nightly at the station on Mount Galatz, for the purposes of the scientific observations, were in fact shown as signals to the French to invade the island. The incensed peasantry flew to arms, and rushed

up the mountain, crying "death to the foreigner." M. Arago had only time to disguise himself in the garb of a peasant, supplied to him by one of his assistants, and collect the papers which contained the precious notes of his observations. Thus disguised, and happily fluent in the Spanish *patois* of Catalonia, he mingled fearlessly with the crowd who were in pursuit of him, and escaped to Palma, the port of the island, where the vessel was moored, in which he had arrived. More solicitous for the preservation of the instruments which had been left at the observatory on the mountain, than for his own personal safety, he induced the commander of the vessel to despatch a boat for them, by which they were obtained and brought in safety to the vessel. The Majorcan peasants who had been engaged in his service, had become attached to him, and, remaining faithful, preserved religiously what they knew their master had so highly prized.

Meanwhile the exasperated mob having discovered that the object of their pursuit had taken refuge on board the vessel, the captain did not dare to defend him, and determined on shutting him up in the Fort of Belver, where, during a confinement of several months, he occupied himself in the calculations consequent on the observations made at Galatz. During this time the monks of a neighbouring convent, who entertained a feeling of rancorous hostility against the French, omitted no effort to corrupt the soldiers, and induce them to surrender their prisoner to the fury of the populace. To the credit of the garrison of the little fort, these attempts were without effect; and at length, by the persevering solicitations of M. Rodriguez with the governing Junta, Arago obtained his liberty, and was permitted to depart in a fishing smack manned by a single seaman. In this he crossed to the African coast, and landed with his baggage and astronomical instruments at Algiers.

Here the philosopher was cordially received by the French consul, who immediately procured for him a passage on board an Algerine frigate, bound for Marseilles. The vessel had already neared the French coast, and was in sight of the heights at Mar-

seilles, when she encountered a Spanish corsair, then cruising in these seas, by which she was captured. Once more a prisoner, Arago was now conducted to Fort Rosas, where he was subjected to the harshest treatment, and given up to all the wretchedness of the rudest captivity. The Dey of Algiers, however, was no sooner informed of the insult offered to his flag, than he made the most energetic remonstrances to the Spanish Junta, and finally succeeded in obtaining the release of the captive crew, and with them M. Arago. Once more at sea, the frigate resumed her course to Marseilles, but the misfortunes of the *savant* were not destined so soon to terminate. A frightful tempest occurred off the coast of Sardinia, with which state the Algerines were then at war. To run ashore in this extremity would have been once more to rush into captivity. Meanwhile a new misfortune came: a leak was declared, and the vessel was fast gaining water. In this emergency it was decided to run her again on the African coast, and, in a sinking state, she succeeded in reaching Bougie, three days' journey from Algiers.

On coming ashore, Arago had the mortification to learn that, in the interim, the dey, who had given him so kind a reception, had been assassinated in an *emeute*, and was replaced by another. His cases of instruments were seized by the Algerine authorities at Bougie, under the persuasion that they contained gold. After many fruitless remonstrances, Arago was driven to the decision to undertake the journey to Algiers, to invoke the aid and interference of the new dey. Disguising himself as a Bedouin, he accordingly set out on foot, with a Marabout guide, and, crossing Mount Atlas, reached Algiers. Here further misfortunes awaited him. In answer to his supplications the dey ordered his name to be registered among the slaves, and placed him in the situation of interpreter in the Algerine navy.

After a time, however, by the intercession and remonstrance of the French consul, Arago once more recovered his liberty, and his instruments were restored to him uninjured. He now embarked for the third time for his native shores, on board a vessel of war. On arriving off Marseilles, fate again

seemed adverse: an English frigate blockaded the harbour, and summoning the vessel bearing our astronomer, ordered it to sail for Minorca. Arago having little relish, as may be well imagined, for a fourth captivity, persuaded the captain to make a feint of obeying the injunctions of the British commander, but profiting by a sudden and favourable turn of the wind, to run, at all hazards, for the harbour of Marseilles, where fortunately they arrived without further mishap or molestation.

It may be easily imagined that on arriving at Paris, M. Arago met with a cordial reception from his scientific colleagues. As a recompense for the long sufferings and intrepid conduct of the young *savant*, the rules of the Academy of Sciences were relaxed, and at twenty-three he was received into the bosom of the Institute, and was at the same time appointed by the emperor Professor in the Polytechnic School, where he continued his courses on analysis and geodesy until 1831. At the moment of the election of Arago, the Institute was in the meridian of its splendour. There sat the great luminaries of the severe sciences; the illustrious author of the "*Mecanique Celeste*" and the not less eminent writer of the "*Mecanique Analytique*." There also sat the Monges and the Berthollets, the Biots, and the other eminent veterans of science; and around them pressed names whose lustre was then but in the dawn of its future splendour; the Cuviers, the Poissons, the Ampères, and a crowd of others. Among these, the enterprising youth of Arago assumed its place full of hope and buoyant with aspirations of a future not unworthy of the glorious fraternity with which he became associated.

It is said that Napoleon esteemed and loved Arago, a sentiment which was not extinguished or abated by the southern bluntness and republican frankness of manner which no imperial splendour or court ceremony could repress. When the emperor, after his fall at Waterloo, designed a retirement to the United States, intending to devote his leisure to the cultivation of physical science, to which from his boyhood he had been attached, he proposed to invite Arago to accompany him.

From an early period of life, Arago

was an ardent politician, and after the fall of Napoleon, never disguised his republican principles. Under the restoration, however, he took no active part in the political arena, although he omitted no opportunity of making his opinions known when their promulgation might have advanced the cause of constitutional liberty. Publicly, however, he was only known as a savant and an active and distinguished member of the Institute, until the Revolution of 1830 called him forth in another and very different character.

On the 26th of July, 1830, a meeting of the Institute was appointed, at which M. Arago was expected to read his *Eloge* of Fresnel. He had then acquired much of that popularity by his enviable faculty of rendering science familiar and accessible to those who had not become profoundly versed in its technicalities, which now constitutes the most striking feature of his genius. A large assemblage of all classes of well-informed and enlightened persons were therefore collected to hear the popular eulogist. On that afternoon, the ordonnances which destroyed the liberty of the press, annihilated the electoral rights, and annulled the charter granted by Louis XVIII. at the restoration, were published in the *Moniteur*. Arago was standing in the ante-room, conversing with Cuvier, who was then perpetual secretary, when the Duke of Ragusa (Marshal Marmont) entered with the *Moniteur* in his hand, and in a state of great excitement, with fire in his eye and confusion in his looks. "'Tis well," exclaimed Marmont, addressing Arago, "these infernal ordonnances have appeared at last. I expected as much. The wretches! to place me in this horrible position! No doubt, I shall now be commanded to draw the sword to sustain measures which in my heart I detest."

The *Moniteur* was handed round, and the announcement it contained had such an overwhelming effect on the assembly, that Arago declared he would postpone the delivery of his *éloge*, assigning as his reason the grave condition of the country. M. Cuvier, however, who partook of little of the ardour of Arago's temperament, remonstrated against any derangement of the business of the Academy, observing that the majesty of science

should not be compromised in what he called the struggles of party, and that Arago owed it equally to the illustrious body of which he was a member, and to himself, not to give grounds for charging its meetings with the manifestation of any factious political spirit. Upon this M. Villemain intervened, and some warm altercation took place between him and Cuvier. Ultimately, however, Arago decided on proceeding with the *éloge*, with which, however, he intermingled some burning allusions to the events of the moment and the government, which drew from the assembly unequivocal marks of sympathy. This was the first outbreak of public feeling produced by the ordonnances.

While the words of Arago elicited applause at the Institute the funds declined at the Bourse. Science and finance—the noblest and the vilest of the instruments of human power, pronounced against the falling dynasty.

During the next day, the public mind in Paris was in a ferment. The tricolor flag was unfurled. The revolution declared itself; and on the succeeding day (the 28th), Marmont, as he anticipated, was appointed military dictator by Charles X., and ordered to quell the *émeutes*. During the day, the conflict between the troops and the people continued; Marmont directing the movement of the troops from the head quarters in the Place Vendôme. Madame de Boignes, knowing the influence which Arago had over the mind of Marmont, sent a note to the former, in the course of the morning, entreating him to repair to the marshal, and persuade him to suspend the slaughter of the people, and so save Paris from the terrible disaster which threatened it. Arago hesitated at first, fearing the misconception which might be put upon such a step, taken by one whose republican spirit was so well known. He determined, however, to comply with the suggestion thus urged upon him in the interests of humanity, and that no sinister imputation should rest upon him, he called his eldest son to accompany him, and be a witness of what should pass. They proceeded accordingly, and passing through a shower of balls, arrived at the head quarters. There a strange scene was

presented to them. On passing through the billiard room, M. Laurentie was leaning on the table, writing an article for the *Quotidienne*, one of the Carlist journals. Confusion reigned through the building. Aides-de-camp passed and re-passed, pale, disordered, and covered with sweat and dust. From the room of the marshal despatches issued from minute to minute. A thousand rumours were brought from the streets, and the increasing reports of fire arms were heard. The superior officers standing in the embrasures of the windows, witnessed the turns of the day with attentive ear and changing features.

When M. Arago entered, presenting his well-known colossal figure, his commanding bust, and ardent look, there was a movement of agitation among the royalist officers. He was surrounded and addressed with expressions of fear by some, of menace by others. A Polish officer in the French service, M. Komierowski, placed himself at his side, and declared that if a hand were raised against him, he would plunge his sabre in the bosom of him who should attempt such a violation of a person so sacred! Conducted to the presence of Marmont, the marshal on seeing him, started on his feet, extending his arm to forbid his approach. "Make no overtures to me," he exclaimed, "which can tend to my dishonour as a soldier."

"What I come to propose to you," replied Arago, "will, on the contrary, redound to your honour. I do not ask you to turn your sword against Charles X., but I tell you to decline this odious command, and leave instantly for St. Cloud, to surrender your commission."

"How!" returned Marmont, "shall I abandon the command which the king has entrusted to me? Shall I, a soldier, yield to a band of insurgents? What will Europe say to see our brave soldiers retreat before a mob armed only with sticks and stones? Impossible!—impossible! It cannot be. You know my opinions well. You know whether these cursed ordonnances had my approval. No, my friend, a horrible fatality weighs upon me. My destiny must be accomplished."

"You may successfully combat this fatality," replied Arago, "means are

offered to you to efface from the memory of your countrymen the recollection of the invasion of 1814. Depart—depart, without delay, for St. Cloud."

Arago referred to the long and bitterly-remembered conduct of Marmont, in being the means of surrendering Paris to the enemy, on the first invasion by the allies.

At this moment their conference was interrupted by an officer, who rushed in with disordered looks, stripped of his coat, and wearing the common round hat of a civilian. The attendants alarmed, were about to seize him, when he exclaimed, throwing off the hat, "You do not recognize me, then? Behold the aid-de-camp of General Quinsonnas." He had cut off his moustachios, thrown off his coat, and changed his hat, to enable him to make his way in safety through the excited populace to the head quarters. He came to announce that the troops posted in the Market of Innocents had already suffered much, and that a reinforcement was necessary.

"But have they not cannon?" thundered the astonished marshal.

"Cannon!" returned the aid-de-camp, "but how, Monsieur le Duc, can they point cannon *in the air*? What can cannon do against a torrent of paving stones and household furniture which are poured down on the heads of the soldiers from the windows and roofs?"

Scarcely had he uttered this, when a lancer entered, who had been unhorsed in the Rue St. Honoré. This wretched soldier had his uniform torn and covered with blood. His open jacket showed his naked breast, in which a handful of printers' types was buried—the loading of a gun which had been fired upon him! By a singular retribution, the implements, the proper use of which had been destroyed by the ordonnances, were thus converted into offensive engines directed against the agents employed to enforce these ordonnances.

The marshal paced the room with hasty and agitated steps, his internal struggles being manifest in his visage. "Reinforcements!" said he, with impatience, to the aid-de-camp—"I have no reinforcements to send them. They must get out of the scrape as best they can."

The officer departed with despair in his looks. Arago resumed his persuasions.

"Well, well," said Marmont, "we shall see—perhaps in the evening"—

"In the evening!" rejoined Arago. "In the evening it will be too late. Think how many mothers will be left childless, how many wives, widows—how many thousand families will be plunged in mourning before evening! This evening, depend on it, all will be over, and whatever be the issue of the struggle, ruin, certain, inevitable ruin awaits you. Vanquished, your destruction is sure. A conqueror, who will pardon you for the blood of your fellow-citizens which will have been shed!"

Marmont was moved, and seemed to yield.

"Must I say more," continued Arago—"must I tell you all. As I passed through the streets, I heard among the people your name repeated with terrible references to past events—'so they fire on the people,' they cried—it is Marmont who is paying his debts."

Arago's efforts were fruitless.

Not long after the revolution, science lost in Cuvier one of its brightest ornaments. The chair of perpetual secretary to the Institute was thus vacated in 1832, and the choice of a successor to the illustrious naturalist fell upon Arago.

We have hinted that the place which Arago holds in the estimation of men of science is not so elevated as that to which the popular voice has raised him. It may perhaps, therefore, be asked, how so high a situation, depending solely on the votes of members of the Institute, should have been conferred upon him.

The office of perpetual secretary demands peculiar qualifications. It is one for which a Laplace or a Lagrange would have been ill suited, eminent as these savans were. The perpetual secretary, the organ of the Academy of Sciences, has daily duties to discharge which demand great versatility, a ready fluency of speech, a familiarity with languages ancient and modern—

in a word, a certain amount of literary acquirement, in addition to an almost universal familiarity with the sciences.

Arago has been called the "most lettered of savans." If he had not assumed a place in the *Academie des Sciences*, he would have held a distinguished one in the *Academie Française*.* His style of writing and speaking is remarkable for its simplicity and clearness, as well as for great force of language, great felicity of illustration, and a most enviable power of rendering abstruse reasonings familiar to minds which are not versed in the sciences. The promptitude and fluency of his extemporaneous addresses is also a quality to which he is indebted for much of his popularity. He unites to the accomplishments of a classical scholar, an intimate familiarity with modern literature, and especially those of France and England.

It may well be imagined that such a combination of qualifications rendered him eminently fitted to discharge the duties of perpetual secretary to the Institute. In seniority, and in the depth of his physical knowledge, and the extent of his original researches, Biot had higher claims; but in other respects his qualifications did not bear comparison with those of M. Arago.

The reputation of scientific men, so far as it rests upon the estimation of their colleagues, is determined almost exclusively by their original researches. The discovery of new laws or unobserved phenomena of nature, is admitted as giving them a claim to the highest grade in the corps of science. Had Newton only discovered the law of gravitation, he would have left to posterity an imperishable name. The discovery of electro-magnetism placed Oersted in the highest rank. The demonstration that the earths and alkalis are compounds, having metallic bases, registered the name of Davy in the category of those to whom mankind is most deeply indebted for the knowledge of nature.

Secondary to discovery, but still affording a high claim to distinction, is the production of systematic works, in which the body of natural laws and

* The Institute consists of several academies, the first of which is called the *Academie Française*, which is charged with the preservation of the French language in its purity, and is that to which men of literature are more specially attached.

phenomena, resulting from the original researches of discoverers, are arranged, expounded, developed, and pursued through their more immediate consequences.

It is uncertain whether Euclid ever discovered a geometrical truth. It is certain that the chief part of the propositions which composed his "Elements" were known to his immediate predecessors, and that some of them were ancient, having been brought from Egypt and the East, by Pythagoras and others. No one, however, can deny the genuineness of the fame which has surrounded the name of the immortal author of the celebrated "Elements."

Had Laplace never brought to light any of the great general laws of physics, which enter into the composition of the "*Mecanique Celeste*," yet that work itself would have been a bequest to succeeding generations, which would have registered the name of its author in a high rank of philosophers.

As the printing-press and the steam-engine have, by their combined power, tended to elevate the less informed classes of every civilized people, by multiplying the means for the diffusion of knowledge, and by giving immensely increased facility, cheapness, and expedition to the interfusion of all classes, thus imparting, by mere social contact, the elevation of the more enlightened to the less informed, and without lowering the former, raising the latter, new intellectual exigencies have arisen; Philosophers have more varied calls on them. Their fellow-men ask them for the blessings of instruction in such form and measure as the duty of their avocations allow them to receive it. They knock at the gates of the temple of science, and supplicate that they may be thrown open to the world, and that all be admitted to worship and fall down in the "intima penetralia."

In a word, the public within the last half century, have called aloud for a system of adult instruction, more especially directed to the development of the laws and phenomena of nature, and to their most prominent applications to the uses of life.

But adult learners, engaged in the active business of life, and often occupied in daily toil cannot sit down to familiarize their minds with the technicalities of science; nor can they ap-

proach its truths by the severe paths marked out for the rigorously disciplined students of academies and universities. A new style of instruction, written as well as oral, by printed books as well as by spoken lectures, was, therefore, called into existence. Mechanics' institutions took the lead in this intellectual revolution. At first those who lent themselves to the innovation were regarded with a sinister look by their learned colleagues. The great leaders of the scientific corps stood aloof. The intrinsic utility of the thing, and the irresistible character of the public demand for it in every country holding any degree of advancement, forced forward the improvement; and at length some of the most eminent names were found amongst the labourers in this new field of scientific distinction.

First and most honoured stands the name of Henry Brougham. In establishing the "Library of Useful Knowledge," and affording an example and a pattern at once for the works which were to compose it, in his beautiful "Discourse upon the Objects and Pleasures of Science" he gave the first great impulse to the movement. This was soon followed by the publication of Dr. "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia," the scientific section of which was designed on a similar plan, but with somewhat an higher aim. Among the volumes that were produced in this miscellany, the work of Sir John Herschell, entitled "A Preliminary Discourse on Natural Philosophy," formed an era in this kind of composition, and an event in the progress of scientific literature, which can never be forgotten; this work, which the venerated Mackintosh pronounced the most remarkable philosophical treatise which had appeared since the death of Bacon.

In examining the pretensions of M. Arago, and arriving at a just decision on the question raised between those whose idol he is, on the one hand, and those who would reduce him to the lowest rank in the community of science, on the other, it is necessary to keep in view these distinctions.

In original research, in observation and experiment, that highest field of scientific labour, M. Arago, say his detractors, "has done nothing." This statement is easily confuted. We have

already related his early labours on the measurement of the meridional arc in conjunction with M. Biot. It may be admitted that in this there was nothing more than a fair promise in a young *savant*, which was appropriately and sufficiently rewarded by the distinction immediately conferred upon him.

In the year 1829, however, the Royal Society of London conferred upon him the Copley medal, an annual mark of honour, which is granted by that society to persons who by their original researches promote the advancement of physical science. It was conferred on M. Arago for his discoveries connected with the development of magnetism by rotation; an inquiry in which he was immediately followed by the labours of Babbage and Herschell. His countrymen esteem this mark of distinction to have brought with it more than usual honour, from the consideration that M. Arago had frequently rendered himself conspicuous by his efforts to wrest from British *savans* the merit claimed for them as inventors and discoverers, an example of which is adduced in his researches into the early history of the steam-engine, in which he is regarded in France as having proved that that machine is of French invention. Those, however, who better know the feelings which animate the council of the Royal Society in the distribution of scientific honours, are aware how utterly groundless such ideas are.

M. Arago was associated with Gay Lussac in conducting the series of experiments by which the table exhibiting the relation between the pressure and temperature of steam was extended to the highest practicable degrees of tension.

Besides those we have just mentioned, may be found a few other instances of original research scattered through the proceedings of the Institute, and scientific periodicals.

Admitting to these all the credit that can be fairly claimed for them, when it is considered that forty years have now elapsed since the labours of this *savant* commenced; that he is a member of the Institute of thirty-seven years' standing; that at the head of the Observatory, and in the laboratory and cabinets of the Polytechnic School, he had means of experimental inquiry

and observation on an unusually large and liberal scale at his absolute command, it cannot be maintained that there is anything in these labours and researches to form the foundation for the widely-extended reputation which he enjoys.

M. Arago is not the author of any systematic work in any branch of science.

In the two departments of scientific labour which are considered as giving a title to the highest reputation, M. Arago has therefore done nothing in any degree proportionate to the fame and popularity which surround his name.

In those labours which are directed to popularize and diffuse science—to bring it to the doors of the man of the world—to adorn it with the graces of eloquence, Arago stands forward pre-eminent. This is the source of his popularity, and the foundation of his fame.

It has been the laudable practice of the Institute to commemorate each of its most distinguished members, after their decease, by a public eulogy or "eloge," which is read at one of its meetings, and published in its transactions. These eulogies are biographical sketches, in which the things which have been done or written for the advancement of science by the departed member, are explained and narrated with that encomium which such an occasion requires.

In the composition of those eulogies, Arago has obtained a great celebrity. No one living, perhaps, combines so many eminent qualifications for such a task, and accordingly these essays have been heard and read with the greatest manifestations of enthusiasm, and have received marks of unqualified admiration. It is usual to adapt such essays not to scientific men only, but to the world in general. It is, therefore, necessary, in explaining the works from which the deceased member has derived distinction, to divest the exposition of the technical language and symbols of science, to exhibit them with simplicity and clearness, and to clothe them in the language of eloquence and poetry. Conscious of his power, Arago eagerly seizes this opportunity of displaying it, and executes his task *con amore*. Like the chisel of the sculptor, amorous of the forms of beauty

and grace which are developed under its edge, the pen of Arago dwells with undissembled delight on the sentences of those charming compositions. All who are interested in the literature of science, will recall the pleasure produced by the perusal of the *eloges* of Volta, Fresnel, Ampere, and Watt.

In didactic eloquence, M. Arago has had few equals—no superior. In the scientific essays of Lord Brougham there are many qualities unfolded which exhibit the same character of genius. Indeed, between these two illustrious men there are many analogies sufficiently striking. Both are gifted with the same fluency, ease, simplicity, and clearness. Both have the rare facility of rendering simple that which is complicated; of shedding the light of their mind on that which is obscure; of clearing to the uninitiated the thorny paths that lead to the temple of science. Both have been the ardent apostles of the diffusion of knowledge, and have stimulated others in the prosecution of that holy labour, by precept and example. Both have combined the character apparently incompatible, of the politician who rushes into the conflict of the chambers and mounts the rostrum of the popular assembly, with that of the grave instructor, who unfolds the laws of the physical universe, reads to his astonished auditors what has been going on in the heavens for countless ages gone by, and foretells what will happen there for countless ages to come.

As a savant, we find many points of resemblance between Arago and Sir John Herschel. The celebrated discourse on Natural Philosophy exhibits, in the felicity of its style of exposition and illustration, those endowments which have contributed to raise Arago to so high a pitch of popularity.

As an oral teacher, Faraday exhibits, though in an inferior degree, the qualities which annually attract such crowds to the astronomical lectures delivered at the *observatoire*.

Though not deficient in some familiarity with the pure mathematics, M. Arago has not acquired that profound knowledge of them which his scientific position is considered to demand. That he is not ignorant, as some of his detractors have said, of this branch of science is proved by the chair he filled for so many years in

the Polytechnic School. But that he has not, on the other hand, prosecuted these studies so as to avail himself of them to any considerable extent, is equally certain.

It has been objected, that nothing contributing materially to the advancement of practical astronomy has issued from the observatory under his directorship; that he is neither an observer himself, nor has he the power of turning the observations of his assistants to profitable account.

Notwithstanding that it cannot be denied, that such animadversions may be to some extent justified, the friends of M. Arago reply, that no savant ever displayed more activity and untiring industry. "Ask," say they, "his assistants and colleagues in the observatory respecting his course of life. They will relate to you, with unaffected astonishment, the incredible amount of mental labour which he undergoes; that he esteems that man idle who toils less than fourteen hours a day; that with himself, days of this kind are days of comparative rest; they will tell you of the pile of correspondence, memorials, and petitions which daily load his table, relating to politics, physics, chemistry, mechanics, astronomy, natural history, and even philosophy and literature! They will tell you of his correspondence with every part of Europe; with Asia, with America, north and south; they will tell you of the uncounted committees on politics, science, and the arts, of which he is an active member; they will tell you of the plans which he has daily to examine and report upon, of the memoirs he has to analyze, and of his weekly work, as perpetual secretary and man of all work of the Institute, and they will then ask you, is not that enough to earn his reputation?"

With all these calls on his attention, no one is more accessible than M. Arago. The government, the municipality, public and private establishments connected with industry and the useful arts, find in him an adviser always ready and disinterested. Yet in the midst of duties so absorbing, and calls so various, there is no one seen in the salons of Paris who shares more freely, and enjoys more intensely the pleasures of society.

Arago is ambitious. He shares, in a large measure, that love of glory

which is the peculiar attribute of his countrymen. This passion fills his soul. Had he been a soldier, he would have been a marshal of France, the victor of an hundred fights. He seeks fame, but is not satisfied with that remote fame which comes when the bones of its owner crumble in the dust. He loves immediate honour, and thirsts for popularity. This he courts in science, in letters, in politics ;—in the observatory, in his closet, in the senate, and at the hustings.

Arago is of an impetuous temper. A violent political partizan, he carries into science and letters the spirit which animates him in the tribune, and allows his estimates of the merits and claims of his contemporaries to be biased by the hostilities or the partialities produced by their respective political opinions. Filled with the aspiring ambition so peculiar to his country, he claims for it the first and highest place in every thing which can elevate its fame. There is no invention in art, or discovery in science, which he will not strain every sinew of his mind to claim for France. If he notices the steam-engine, he is sure to prove that admirable machine to be of French origin ; according to him, the Philadelphia experiment of drawing lightning from the clouds, which all the world believes to be due to Franklin, is in reality due to a Frenchman.

If it could be assumed that France might have existed before paradise, M. Arago would demonstrate, beyond the possibility of dispute, that Adam and Eve were made, not as is commonly believed, by God, but by a Frenchman.

In his capacity of astronomer royal, M. Arago delivers each season, at the observatory, a course of lectures on astronomy. These are exquisite models of popular didactic eloquence. Notwithstanding the inconvenient locality of the observatory, and the inconvenient hours at which they are given, the theatre is filled with an audience of seven or eight hundred persons of both sexes, and of every class, who hang on the lips of the lecturer with mute and unrelaxing attention, the most grateful homage to his genius.

As a member of the Board of Longitude, M. Arago directs the publication of the "*Annuaire*," an almanack is-

sued at a low price for general use by the French government. As an appendix to this work, *notices* on scientific subjects, written in a popular style, have for many years appeared. The notices of "*The Steam-Engine*," "*Comets*," "*Artesian Wells*," "*Thunder and Lightning*," "*Eclipses*," will be fresh in the memory of all readers. The form of its publication, the utility of its contents and tables, and its extreme cheapness (it is sold in France at one franc, equal to tenpence), have combined to give it an enormous circulation throughout every part of the world. Nothing has so largely contributed to the universal diffusion of M. Arago's name as this little annual volume. The tact shewn in the selection of the topics for the "*notices*" is not less striking than the felicity of the style in which they are composed. That a reputation has resulted from them, considering its extent and universality, altogether disproportionate to their claims as scientific compositions, is undeniable ; and that the reaction produced thus, among the scientific community, should give rise to hostile strictures and depreciating animadversions on the author is natural. The "*notices*" will nevertheless be read, and the name of the writer echoed in places where these strictures shall never be heard, and at times when they shall be forgotten.

The convulsions which attended the Revolution of July did not suddenly terminate. They were followed from time to time by popular outbreaks in Paris, in which the civil force and the militia of the National Guard were called upon to act. The government itself was unsettled, and the counselors of the crown, with new functions and uncertain responsibilities, were distracted and divided—the more so, because, although the principle of the royal irresponsibility was adopted in the constitution, the personal character of Louis Philippe, not less than the exigencies and well-being of the state, did not permit that monarch to assume the position of the *Lay Figure*, to which the sovereign is reduced in England. In these *emeutes*, M. Arago was often called to appear either casually, or by his office as a deputy, or as an officer of the National Guard.

In the events which resulted in the pillage and destruction of the archbishop's palace in February, 1831, and

which menaced the metropolitan church of Notre Dame, he appeared as colonel of the twelfth legion of the National Guard. During the night of the 14th, the populace in several quarters had committed violence, which presaged the proceedings of the morning. At the break of day, groups had assembled in the streets around the Palais Royale. These avenues, however, were efficiently guarded, and mysterious leaders appeared among the people, who artfully directed their course towards the Pont Neuf, and thence to the precincts of Notre Dame. On the alarm being given, the drums beat to arms, and the National Guards of the twelfth legion assembled, under the command of M. Arago, in the quarter of the Pantheon, whence they marched to the river, and crossed by the bridge near the cathedral. The adjutant of the battalion, the Comte de Clonard, in passing the crowd, unintentionally struck, and mortally wounded, one of the people. The bleeding man was carried on the shoulders of the mob to the precincts of the church, amid shouts of vengeance. Meanwhile the Comte escaped. M. Arago, following the sufferer, had him brought to the hospital (Hotel Dieu), near the bridge, and left him in proper medical care. He had scarcely, however, reappeared at the gate of the hospital when he was surrounded by the populace who, accusing him of the murder, dragged him to the quay-wall, from which they were about to fling him into the Seine. To his courage and presence of mind, and perhaps also to his general popularity, he was indebted for his safety.

M. Arago, returning to the head of his troop, led them round the cathedral to the archbishop's palace adjacent to it. Here a scene presented itself which baffles description. The iron balustrades around the palace had been torn down, and bent like wax under human force. The rich apartments were filled with the populace. Every window was thrown open, and the demon of destruction raged within. Rich candelabras, paintings, costly marbles, ornamental tables and chairs, carved wainscoting, splendid mirrors, rare books, priceless manuscripts, rich crucifixes, pontifical robes of cloth of gold, missals, were showered from every window into the surrounding court and streets, amidst a storm of bravos, shouts of laughter, and cries

of fury. The destroying angel seemed to fly through the building.

The ninth legion of the Guard had arrived before Arago, and had entered both the palace and the church. They were paralysed by what they beheld, and wandered through the rooms passive spectators of the scene, without order or discipline.

With a force inadequate to quell the emeute, M. Arago was compelled to look on and behold losses irreparable to art and science, inflicted by a blind and infuriate mob. He despatched one of his subalterns (a brother of M. Montalivet) to represent at head quarters what was going on, and to demand a reinforcement. No reinforcement came, and Arago became assured of what he had previously suspected, that the emeute was connived at by the government for sinister purposes. He was still more confirmed in this impression when he was told that distinguished persons were seen in the neighbourhood discouraging the National Guards from interfering with the people. He was assured in particular that M. Thiers, then one of the under secretaries of state, was seen walking round the ruins with a gratified look, and a smile on his lips.

The cathedral itself was now menaced. Some persons had got upon the roof, apparently with the intention of knocking down the stone cross with which it was surmounted. Meanwhile a part of the mob had come round to the front gate, which they were in the act of forcing, with the view of destroying the contents of the church, and attacking a party of the ninth legion which occupied it, under M. de Schonen. M. Arago, seeing the impending ruin, and trembling for the precious objects of art and relics of antiquity within, left his troop, which was stationed in an adjacent street, and traversing the crowd, whom his tall form overtopped by the head, rushed amongst the foremost and, pointing at the cross, exclaimed:—"Behold that cross which shakes under the blows of the destroyers! Its height alone makes it seem small. It is in reality an enormous mass of stone. Would you await its fall in the midst of you, bringing with it, as it will, the stone balustrade below it? Away, away, or I swear to you that to-night your children and your wives

will have to weep your loss!" Saying this, he himself suddenly retreated, putting an appearance of fright in his looks.

The crowd, infected with the fear they saw manifested by one whose courage they did not doubt, and whose knowledge they respected, precipitately fled in every direction. In a moment Arago led his troop into the place they deserted, and occupied every approach to the church.

On the occasion of the disturbances which took place in Paris on the 5th and 6th June, 1832, a meeting of the members of the opposition was held at the residence of Lafitte, at which it was resolved to send a deputation to the king at the Tuilleries, charged with representing to him that the existing disorders, and the blood of the people, which then flowed in the streets of the capital, were the miserable consequences of the policy adopted by the government ever since the revolution of 1830, and to supplicate him to change his counsels. This deputation consisted of Arago, O'Dillon Barrot, and Lafitte. Before their arrival at the palace, the revolt was in a great degree quelled. Admitted to the cabinet of Louis Philippe he received them with his usual frankness and cordiality. They represented that now that the victory was gained, the time for the exercise of clemency approached; that the occasion was favourable for the correction of past errors; that the moment at which the law triumphed over disorder was a fitting one for a change of system, the necessity of which was generally admitted; that the popularity of the crown had been compromised, party hatreds excited, civil discord awakened, all which were consequences of the system of vindictive rigour which had been pursued.

The answer of the king vindicated the policy of his advisers, and threw on the factious, and on the opposition themselves, the blame of the evils which ensued. Arago replied in language not to be mistaken, that his resolution was taken not to accept any office under such a government. O'Dillon Barrot was uttering a like declaration when the king, interrupting him, and striking him, with a friendly gesture, on the knee, said, "M. Barrot, I do not accept your renunciation of office."

On the departure of the deputation the king observed to one of his intimate friends, who waited in an adjoining room—"M. Barrot was sententious and gentle; M. Lafitte, solemn; and M. Arago, *extremely petulant*."

M. Arago was elected for the first time to the Chamber of Deputies, in 1831, by the electoral college of his native place, Perpignan. He immediately took his place among the party of the extreme left, which represented opinions as republican as was compatible with a seat in the Chamber. When this party, before the following general election, issued the manifesto to the electors, since known by the name of the "*comte-rendue*," which was followed by the dissolution of the party, Arago, who had signed that document, ranked himself with his friends, Dupont de l'Eure and Lafitte, in irreconcilable enmity with the government, to which he has ever since offered the most persevering and untiring opposition. Among his parliamentary speeches, one of the most remarkable and successful was that directed against the fortifications of Paris, and more especially against those detached forts which have been erected outside the fortifications, in such positions as to command every egress from the city.

In 1837, when a coalition was attempted between different sections of the opposition in the Chamber of Deputies, and an effort was prepared to resist the corrupt influences of government at the elections, Arago was, by common consent, associated with Lafitte and Dupont de l'Eure to represent the democratic party. The combined weight of these three names was relied on as a tower of strength. The dynastic opposition was to be invited to a coalition. If it should accede, a party would be formed against which no ministry could stand. If not, no opposition could prevail which should be deprived of these names. A committee was ultimately formed to act upon the elections through the press, of which Arago was a leading member; and although the fusion of the two sections of the opposition was found impracticable, much was done to augment the Liberal party. Arago obtained a double return, being elected by two separate colleges.

The ultra-Radical part which Arago

has played in the Chamber, and the unrelaxing and virulent spirit of his opposition to government have, in some measure, impaired the benefits which the nation and the government might have derived from eminent talents. His speech on the establishment of railways in France, and that against the undue weight given to classical studies in the system of public instruction were each marked with a certain irritating spirit, dogmatic, and offensively aggressive, which, setting at defiance a large section of the Chamber, obstructed the influence of the lucid and practical views which he advanced, and which, if presented in a different spirit, could not have failed to produce a profound impression.

Arago derives much power in the senate by his renown as a savant. A certain prestige attaches to his presence, which, when he rises to speak, represses every murmur. No noisy marks, whether of assent or dissent, are heard. A respectful silence is observed equally by friend and foe. Every countenance, leaning forward, is marked with an unequivocal expression of attentive curiosity. Every ear inclines, greedy for his words. His lofty stature, his hair curled and flowing, his fine southern head, command the audience. In the muscular play of his noble front, in which the wrinkles appear and disappear like the ripple on the ocean, there are indications of habits of meditation and power of will.

A mind so organized could not have resigned itself, in the actual condition of society in France, to the tranquil labours of the observatory or the study. Versatile in its endowments, it would yearn for action after the quietude of study. The agitation of human affairs would be sought after, as a contrast to the solemnity and repose presented by the rolling orbs of the firmament. The tempest of the forum would be welcomed after the silent grandeur of nature.

Although he derives as much of his power from the intensity of passion as from the prestige of his science, he cannot confront an adverse assembly with that towering superiority which marks the great orator. He cannot behold the tempestuous movements of the assembled people, and the outbursts of opposition, with the scornful indifference of Mirabeau. An unfavourable reception would chill the fervour of

his inspiration, and relax the vigour of his soul. Happily, he is not exposed to such trials. He is listened to, generally, by those who love to hear and comprehend him.

It is related by one who knows him, that one fine evening in spring, walking with his family in the garden of the observatory, he alluded to the subject on which he intended to speak the next day in the chamber, and mentioned the observations he intended to make. He rehearsed, in a manner, his intended speech.

"The question to be discussed," says a friend, who was present on the occasion, "was the vindication of the people from the contempt manifested towards them by the aristocracy, by showing the extent to which the people have been the means of advancing the sciences, enumerating the great men who have arisen among them. Carried away by the enthusiasm with which the subject filled him, Arago rose gradually from the familiar tone in which he had begun, and became more and more animated and sublime. I fancy still, when I behold the elevated terrace of the garden which overlooks Paris, that I see his tall figure, like an Arab chief, with head uncovered and arm extended, his eye full of fire, his hair agitated by the wind, his fine forehead lit by the red rays of the setting sun. No; never was aspect more majestic—never did man clothe his thoughts in terms more noble and more solemn. Yet, the next day I went to hear him in the Chamber deliver the intended speech, and could scarcely recognize the individual of the preceding evening, so sensible did he appear to the murmurs with which his allusions to the people were received by the sprinkling of aristocrats in the Chamber."

It may be asked why, if Arago be a republican in spirit, he should submit to the conditions which a seat in the Chamber under the monarchy of July requires?

To say that Arago is a republican is not strictly true. Like his late friend, Lafitte, and like Dupont de l'Eucre, and others of the same section of the Chamber, it is not that he believes at this moment possible a great European republican state, but he thinks that republicanism is the centre, towards which European states are gravitating, and into which, in the fulness of time, they will successively fall, and that France will be the first. He regards

republicanism as the most exalted form of the most advanced civilization.

When we consider how prone men of science and letters are, when they arrive at political station and influence, to prostrate themselves at the steps of thrones, and exhibit subserviency to ministerial power, and what complaisant apologists despotism everywhere finds in them, we cannot too much admire the spirit of independence with which Arago has rendered himself an exception to this formula, so derogatory to the dignity of mind. And in his case the temptation was even greater than it is wont to be, for his voice was all-powerful at a time when the sovereign, recently seated on his new and unsteady throne, without the support of an aristocracy of wealth or rank, stood in need of the countenance of the aristocracy of intellect. Arago, if compliant, might have obtained from the royalty of the barricades every-

thing which could gratify his ambition. He accepted nothing, but preserved his dignity and independence.

Arago fills a considerable number of public functions, most of which are elective, and some unsalaried. He is Director of the Observatory, a Member of the Board of Longitude, perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, Member of the Superior Council of the Polytechnic School, Member of the Council-General of the Seine, of the Committee of Public Health, Colonel in the National Guard, Member of the Chamber of Deputies, and Commander in the Legion of Honour. He has been elected also a corresponding member of most of the principal learned societies of Europe, and on the occasion of his visit to England, had the civic honours conferred upon him by the corporations of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

FLOWERS.

Ye are the Scriptures of the Earth,
Sweet flowers, fair and frail;
A sermon speaks in every bud
That woos the summer gale.

Ye lift your heads at early morn,
To greet the sunny ray,
And cast your fragrance forth to praise
The Lord of night and day.

Sown in the damp and cheerless earth,
Ye slumber for a while,
Then waken unto glorious life,
And bid creation smile.

Thus when within the darksome tomb
Our mortal frame shall lie,
The soul, freed from the bonds of sin,
Shall join the choir on high.

E. J. G. D.

STRAUSS' *LEBEN JESU*.*

THOUGH well aware that the British periodical press has hitherto preserved, almost without exception, a marked silence upon the subject of this notorious work, we ourselves feel no hesitation in breaking through the general reserve. That cautious policy which seeks to prevent disagreeable controversies, by neglecting the strokes which were meant to provoke them, commends itself neither to our feelings nor to our judgments; and seems as inconsistent with the dictates of prudence as it is repugnant to the instinct of courage. We can well understand how an anxious fear of giving greater publicity to dangerous objections by unnecessary replies, and a hope that the flame of infidelity, if it meet with no external vent, will soon be smothered in its own smoke and ashes, have combined, in this as in some other cases, to check the movements of the friends of Christianity. But we suspect that some mixtures of cowardice and sloth assist in giving more than due weight to the influence of these honourable motives; and we are convinced that whatever principles have led to this over-cautious course of conduct, those principles are fundamentally erroneous, and that conduct unbecoming and impolitic. We consult ill for ourselves and others, when we prefer the stagnation of indolent acquiescence to the salutary agitation of dispute. "These waters must be troubled before they can exert their virtues." In this mixed and disordered state of things, it is the wise arrangement of Providence that human imperfections shall compensate and counterbalance one another. The captious questionings of a petulant scepticism are needful to stimulate us to the prosecution of remote and difficult inquiries, where the mere generous love of knowledge would hardly suffice to rouse our curiosity, or overcome our indolence. Nor can any one who looks back upon the literature of the last two centuries, fail to perceive what rich accessions to

religious science are the trophies of that conflict of free opinion, in which the battle of Christianity was then fought and won. It were vain to suppose that anything truly valuable can be reached by any other path than that of toil and hazard. The intellectual soil resembles the material, and the curse which is upon both may be turned in the same way into a blessing—

"Pater ipse colendi
 Haud facilem esse viam voluit, primusque per artem
 Movit agros, curis acuens mortalia corda,
 Nec torpere gravi passus sua regna veterno."

In truth it is most likely that, by this course of timid reserve, we shall only forego the advantages, and escape none of the considerable dangers of a free discussion. Those who have zeal and curiosity enough for the vigorous prosecution of such studies can readily supply themselves from the infidel German literature, either in the original, which is daily becoming more and more accessible to the educated class in England, or in the more convenient form of French translations and *refaccimentos*. We believe that Continental scepticism is in this way making large though silent progress in many minds which ought to be the guides of others. We have the evidence of Mr. Ward, an unimpeachable witness, for the extensive demand which prevails in London for the *Leben Jesu*; and one can hardly shut their eyes to the fact that the ill-starred movement which has carried him, and so many of his friends, into Popery, has been the result of a strong revulsion from an infidelity which they saw spreading all around them, without any rational check provided, and under which they felt their own convictions insensibly beginning to be submerged. Nor are the educated the only class in danger. Those who have neither will nor means to understand the arguments and criticism of the learned apostles of Pantheism, can yet understand that arguments and criticism

* *Das Leben Jesu*, Kritisch bearbeitet von Dr. David F. Strauss. 2 vols. 8vo. Tübingen: 1840.

there are employed by men of names strong enough to conjure with, in support of conclusions which they would gladly believe true—arguments and criticism which they easily surmise to be unanswerable, and which they know that their clergy have not answered; nay, as far, at least, as Strauss is concerned, even the mere English reader has been charitably furnished with some means of appreciating the nature of his reasonings, and the boldness of his conclusions; one who has some claims to the characters of both a scholar and a gentleman, has thrown the substance of the *Leben Jesu* into the form of a popular set of lectures,* far more intelligible than, if not quite as profound as, the original. And another,† who has but slender claims to either character, has published, in a cheap people's edition, a miserable attempt at a translation of it, not much less unintelligible than the original, to the workmen of Birmingham, for whom it seems piously designed. Nor has this been sufficient to satisfy the demands of the public, which are now pressing enough to induce a respectable Unitarian publisher to supply them with a better and more complete translation of a book, which engages to lay Jesus once more in his sepulchre, and wedge a ponderous stone of German dulness in the mouth. All, then, must allow that the time for silence, if ever there were such a time, has now passed; and we feel ourselves justified on entering, without further excuse, upon our proposed review, from which, we trust, that it will appear that this formidable spectre of Mythicism owes, like other bugbears, more than half its terrors to the darkness, and resolves itself, upon a close inspection, into a few worn-out rags of scepticism with which we have been long familiar.

The work of Strauss, at its first appearance, produced a great sensation throughout Europe, and friends and

foes seemed almost equally dazzled by the originality and erudition of the author. After some time, however, as men's eyes grew more accustomed to the new luminary, it began to be perceived that the originality of his conceptions, and the profundity of his learning, had both been considerably exaggerated. His learning appears little more than what an extensive acquaintance with modern commentaries is abundantly sufficient to supply; and his originality (if originality it can be called) consists principally in the plainness with which he has enunciated what others had long been conveying under cover of a metaphysic jargon, and in the phlegmatic patience with which he has pursued the application of his system into all the minuteness of detail. For the plainness with which he has spoken out, and the courage with which he has grappled with the phenomena in detail, he deserves respect and gratitude. It was useful that the true results of that work of havoc, which had been going on for more than half a century, should be drawn together, and exhibited in one view. "He lifted," says Quinet, "like Antony, the robe of Cæsar; and every one could recognize in this great body the blows which he had given in secret." Let us see, then, how Strauss' theory follows easily from the premises of his predecessors.

"A JOVE PRINCIPIUM." The source of all is Pantheism—the identification of the deity with the universe; whether that universe be contracted with Fichte into an *Ego*, or expanded with Schelling into a *Non-Ego*, or poised with Hégel upon the balance between the two. From this, which, in plain spoken English, would be called Atheism (for it certainly is the denial of all that honest men were hitherto understood to mean by the term God), results an absolute necessity for expunging from all authentic records of history the traces of miracle or revelation. They are indissolubly connected with the

* German Antisupernaturalism, Six Lectures on Strauss' Life of Jesus, by Philip Harwood.

† The Life of Jesus, by Dr. David F. Strauss, translated from the German. 4 vols. Hetherington: 1842. The statement on the title page, that the translation is made from the German, is a lie, for such works generally have the family signature of their great ancestor. It was made, most probably, from the French, by some one ignorant alike of the language and of the subject.

ideas of a real God and a real Providence: nor could the human mind repose in calm consciousness of its own self-sufficiency till these bold intruders had been expelled. It was evident, therefore, to all philosophers, that the difficulties presented by the Jewish and Christian Scriptures must, in some way or other, be surmounted. Now here the old coarse way of the English and French infidels, who accounted for every thing in religion by fraud, forgery, and falsification, though vigorously attempted in the *Wolfenbuttel Fragments*,* was soon found badly calculated for the German meridian. It was vulgar and clumsy, and worn already too threadbare to stand long amongst a learned and inquisitive people. Besides, the despotic policy of the German states made it needful to preserve some decent shew of external respect for Revelation; and the Deists and Pantheists could not afford to forego their hopes of lucrative employment in the Christian Church. They struck, therefore, into another path, not absolutely indeed new itself (for what is new under the sun?) but still not quite worn out, and in every way preferable to the former. This was the method of the *Naturalists*. The genuineness of the Scriptures was not questioned; still less, the honesty of the authors. But the miraculous character of the facts related was wholly denied. The narrators, it was said, related the facts as they really appeared to them; but then they appeared to them far other than they really were. Here it was needful to invoke, at every turn, the wild genius of Oriental poetry, and the imaginative spirit of the Oriental character; yet it was not doubted that, with such potent helps, the whole bright mass of scriptural miracles might soon be reduced to the dark and heavy *calx* of strange but natural occurrences. The promised discovery was hopeful, and the learned world of Germany soon rushed into the pursuit with all their strong-scented and long-winded keenness. It was not enough to deal with generals. Such men as Semler, Paulus, Gabler let us know

that they "could certainly divine;" and detect, in every seeming particular miracle, the precise natural phenomenon which had worn to the excited fancies of the spectators or historians the semblance of a supernatural interposition. The press soon groaned beneath the weighty results of their inquiries; but the public, first startled, and then amused, began soon, as the discoveries turned into a joke and the joke grew stale by repetition, to feel itself sick of their lucubrations. The Bible had been stretched upon the rack, and all the forces of critical torture employed to make it deny the Faith; yet, after all, its tormentors had been baffled, and, what was worse, baffled miserably and ridiculously. "All that was narrow," says Quinet, "in this system speedily became ridiculous in its application, for it is easier to deny the gospel, than to reduce it to the standard of a manual of practical philosophy. The pen which wrote the '*Provinciales*,' would be necessary to lay bare the strange consequences of this theology. According to its conclusions, the Tree of good and of evil is nothing but a venomous plant, probably a Manchineel tree, under which our first parents fell asleep. The shining face of Moses on the heights of Sinai, was the natural result of electricity. The vision of Zachariah was effected by the smoke of the chandeliers in the Temple; the Magian kings, with their offerings of myrrh, of gold, and of incense, three wandering merchants who brought some glittering tinsel to the child of Bethlehem; the star which went before them, a servant bearing a flambeau; the angels in the scene of the temptation, a caravan traversing the desert laden with provisions; the two angels in the tomb, clothed in white linen, an illusion caused by a linen garment; the Transfiguration, a storm." The cold dull fictions, thus substituted for the Bible narratives, were, indeed, too monstrous to be believed, too clumsy to be admired, and almost too beggarly to be laughed at; and no one could help feeling that, by a certain sinister

* They were "*Fragments*," published by Lessing, said to have been found in the library at Wolfenbuttel, and attributed to a Dr. Reimarus. The author pursued a plan which had been chalked out by Morgan, in England, and resolved revealed religion into a system of deliberate imposture.

dexterity, the Rationalists had everywhere succeeded in retaining, and even augmenting, whatever was improbable in the physical coherency of the events on the one side, and getting rid of the compensating probability of a moral fitness upon the other. Supernatural miracles are improbable, but credible; natural miracles are a mere absurdity. They substituted for a history of miracles a wild romance, in which all the forces supposed are indeed natural, but yet the strangest and most singular combinations of those forces form the tenor of every-day occurrence.

This method was, therefore, insensibly abandoned. Inexorable philosophy next demanded the sacrifice of the genuineness and authenticity of the books of Scripture. The germ of fact was found sterile; it was hoped that a germ of ideas would prove more productive. But ideas cannot grow all at once into a history; and to allow the requisite time for such a development, the Bible narratives must be removed to a considerable distance from the periods of which they treat. The new method was called the *System of the Mythic Theory*; and it was suggested by the eminent success with which that theory had been applied by Ottfried Müller to the Fables of the Greek Mythology. A myth is a religious idea, embodied so spontaneously in a miraculous legend, that the very inventors believe it true at the moment that they are framing it. This is a process so remote from the trains of thought which prevail where manners are civilized and religion is rational, that one feels some difficulty in conceiving it. Undoubtedly, however, the thing is possible; but only possible under certain peculiar conditions. Where the reason is so little disciplined, as in children and half-savages, as hardly to distinguish between mere guess and inference, the passions strong and strongly excited, the fancy ardent and unrestrained, and the conceptions of Divine agents mean and base enough for the mind to make itself familiar with their motives, and imagine their probable conduct as freely as its own—under such conditions it is, doubtless, possible that genuine myths may be rapidly developed. But all these conditions must concur. The reason-powers must be wholly undisciplined, the passions excited with an ear-

nest longing for the truth of some such thing as the legend supplies, the fancy wildly predominant, and the sense of disproportion between God and man almost wholly lost. Even then the myth will only be received by others in proportion as it expresses their own tastes and feelings, suited to them by arbitrary modifications, or else unhesitatingly rejected; while neither believers nor unbelievers will ever dream of making its reception or rejection a question of external evidence. To suppose a question of evidence raised, is to suppose reason called in; and that were to strangle the mythic feeling at its birth. A pretty illustration, which Strauss has borrowed from Müller, will place the idea of a myth in a clearer light than could be shed upon it by any abstract definition:—

“In the Festivals of Apollo men played ordinarily upon the lyre, and the piety of the faithful was desirous of seeing in the god the author and inventor of the harmony. In Phrygia, on the contrary, the music of the flute was national, and attributed in the same manner to the native genius, Marsyas. The ancient Greeks felt that one of these kinds of music was essentially opposed to the other. Apollo would detest the flat, whistling sound of the flute, and consequently hate Marsyas. That was not enough: it was necessary he should triumph over Marsyas, in order that the Greeks, who played on the lyre, might consider their god's instrument the best. But why should the unfortunate Phrygian be flayed? Here we see the origin of the myth. Near the Castle of Cœlœnæ, in Phrygia, in a cavern from whence rushes a river or torrent called Marsyas, was suspended a leathern bottle, which the Phrygians called the bottle of Marsyas; for Marsyas, like the Silenus of the Greeks, was a demi-god, personifying the exuberance of the juices of nature. When, therefore, a Greek or a Phrygian, instructed in the Grecian schools, perceived the bottle, he saw clearly how Marsyas had died, for there his skin, in the form of a leathern bottle, was still suspended from the cavern. Apollo had flayed him.”

Such myths commonly take the form of wild hypotheses, invented, like the romances of imaginative children, to harmonize or account for facts, or supposed facts.

Furnished, then, by previous la-

bourers with the Mythic Theory, and with everything necessary for its complete application to the gospels (for others had applied it previously to the Old Testament), Dr. Strauss undertakes to carry it, like a torch, through the temple of Christianity, and show us, by its broad and steady light, in the inmost sanctuary of that temple, the mouldering remains of Him whom we fondly believed to have triumphed over death and corruption.

The skeleton of fact which Strauss is content to recognize as true in the Gospel history is simply this—that Jesus was a great moral teacher, baptized by John, persecuted by the Pharisees, and at last put to death. The rest of the narrative is pure imagination; and the source of its details is to be looked for, not in facts mistaken or misinterpreted, but in the popular ideas of the Jews concerning the promised Messiah, accommodated to Jesus by the ardent faith of his followers, upon the supposition of his having been the Messiah. In a word, his theory is this:—Tradition, prophecy, and a thousand nameless causes (into which he thinks it needless, and would probably find it inconvenient, to inquire too minutely) had furnished the Hebrews with a set of imaginative pictures of a great personage—the Messiah—who was to be all, and more than all, to Israel, that their greatest heroes and princes had been in the days of old. To these pictures every element of Jewish thought had contributed its various hues and colours—patriotism and religion, the mysticism of the east, and, in some degree, the philosophy of the west, but especially the wild images of their native bards, and the legends of their native story; and all together contributed to paint this gay vision of future glories, which hovered in the fancy of a people impatient to believe it realized. At the time of Jesus' appearance, this impatience had risen to its height. The popular hope could wait no longer. The awful character of the great teacher produced a strong impression upon his contemporaries; and these two causes combining, and insensibly modifying one another, produced, at

some later period (it cannot be exactly determined when, but certainly not till the true history of his life had been forgotten), that rich cycle of mythic legends, which have invested the Rabbi of Nazareth with the character and attributes of the promised Redeemer of Israel, and out of which our present gospels have been composed.

We could not propose to ourselves, in such an essay as this, to give the reader any thing like a just idea of all that has been said, or may be said, in refutation of this absurd and monstrous theory. There is a very useful book, called "*Voices of the Church*," published by Dr. Beard, of Manchester, which every one who reads Strauss, should read also. There are also some valuable remarks in the first volume of "*Milman's History of Christianity*;" and a particular argument has been pressed with great ingenuity and spirit by Dr. Dobbin, in his "*Tentamen Anti-Straussianum*." As to German replies, they are, of course, innumerable; but the student will probably content himself with Tholuck* and Neander,† though the substance of the former seems principally drawn from Lardner and our English apologists, and the latter is a guide not always safely trusted.

But, though the necessary limits of this article forbid any lengthened disquisition, we shall have room enough to indicate some striking objections to the whole theory in general, and to give an instance or two of the futility of its application in detail.

Set aside, then, for a moment, the direct evidence for the genuineness and authenticity of the gospels, and assuredly it is not out of deference to the weak and transparent sophistry of such a faint attack as Strauss has made upon them in s. xiii. of his Introduction, that we consent for a moment to such a course. Make the date of the gospels as low as the most credulous incredulity can suppose it, still glaring difficulties remain, sufficient (one would think) to startle even prejudice itself.

A myth creates no ideas, it only embodies them. And this theory,

* Glaubwürdigkeit der Evangelischen Geschichte. 2 auflage. Hamburg: 1838.

† Leben Jesu. Hamburg: 1839. Third edition.

which seeks for the ideas of the Christian myths in the popular legends and creed of the Jews, where can it find in the real, or even the surmised, depths of that prolific receptacle, the notion of a crucified Messiah and a spiritual kingdom? These are creations of Christianity, not only underrived from popular Judaism, but absolutely opposed to it. If Jesus was believed at first to be the Messiah, it must have been either upon rational evidence forcing conviction, or upon the persuasion that he had fulfilled and would fulfil the popular ideas of the Messiah. If upon the latter, how came the belief to remain even after he had failed to fulfil them; and to remain so strongly, as to set aside the very foundation upon which it had been built—to change the very ideas from which it had sprung—and to create for itself a new foundation of ideas totally different, yet so deeply rooted and so quickened with a living faith, as to blossom in a few years into a mythology more rich, more noble and more lasting than the world had ever seen before? Strauss has but one reply, and that is a poor one. The strong impression produced by the awful character of Jesus upon the minds of his followers, is the grain of mustard seed from which this mighty tree shot up and covered the world with its branches! The awful character of an humble teacher, followed by a few poor peasants, addressing his calm lessons of moral wisdom to a people swallowed up in factious strife and ceremonial superstition, divided between the hot bigotry of the Pharisees and the cold incredulity of their rivals, but worldly and selfish to the heart's core in both extremes, and agitated by that most absorbing of all excitements, a fierce political agitation! Take away the miraculous from the life of Jesus, and you leave no ground for the myth of resurrection. Suppose his resurrection a myth, and the miracles of his life are purposeless. The faith of Christians, in its integrity, is the one adequate solution of the known phenomena of Christianity.

Again, there is plainly here, at least, one myth which is presupposed in all the others, and which must have been produced when the true history of Jesus was fresh in the recollection of all, and produced in the minds of

those who had been his eye-witnesses and companions. This is THE RESURRECTION. It is, indeed, pitiable to see the distress of Strauss in dealing with this alarming subject. In the amazement of his perplexity he is even forced (who would suppose it?) to help out his mythic theory with that natural solution of the rationalists, which he elsewhere tramples upon with such contemptuous derision. He gropes for some natural fact, but he is in the land of shadows, the twilight of "smooth dreams." "It is surely credible," says he, "that in the case of individuals, and particularly women, these feelings (that Christ *must* have risen) should rise to a true sight of Christ, only interior and subjective; while, in the case of others, and even entire assemblies, *an external object—SOMETHING sensible to the ear or eye, sometimes, perhaps, the aspect of SOME UNKNOWN PERSON—*gave them impressions of a manifestation or appearance of Jesus." The infidel creed, it seems, has its mysteries as well as the Christian faith. This SOMETHING has done good service in its day, in behalf of orthodox absurdity; but if we were in the ranks of Dr. Strauss, we should be ashamed to march through Coventry with such a ragamuffin in our train.

But still the myth was generated first; it was, at least, in embryo, before this mysterious SOMETHING came to play the midwife at its birth. We look for its origin, and we fear the obscure parentage must be fixed on Strauss himself. What generated the myth? Strauss answers, blushing, but boldly, the very necessity of the case. The necessity of the case, for Strauss's theory, is obvious, but any other necessity it is not so easy to perceive. The apostles were not philosophers, prepared to sacrifice everything to a theory. Their hopes had been confessedly disappointed; their faith had failed. Hope, faith, and courage had been buried in their master's tomb. They might rise again with him, but they could not raise him, unless first themselves revived. What occurred to revive them? An altered view of the prophecies of the Old Testament? But these prophecies, upon Strauss's doctrine, can only be interpreted to speak of a suffering Messiah, by men who already believe in one. If they really predict his suf-

ferings, our cause is already gained, and the *Leben Jesu* is waste paper, If they do not, the question still recurs—what produced that strong persuasion which enabled the disciples to fancy a meaning so remote from the notions of their age and the natural purport of the oracles? The choice is, indeed, a hard one; but philosophy, when driven to the last, will courageously prefer an absurdity to a miracle. The myth arose of itself, by a kind of equivocal generation, or perhaps it was produced by SOMETHING.

But this is not all. Let the cause be what it will, or let myths be mushrooms, that spring naturally from some soils without any cause at all, still we deny that, under the conditions of the case, a myth could possibly have arisen, or, if it arose, could have been propagated. If the idea of an actual resurrection occurred to the disciples at all, it must have occurred to them as a thing to be *proved*. SOMETHING may have rendered it congenial to their own minds, but nothing could have bewitched them into the persuasion that it would be congenial to the priests and people reeking with the blood of a murdered Messiah. They must have foreseen their personal safety would be compromised. Was a myth ever generated under such circumstances as these? The genuine myth not only seems self-evident to the Creator, but is supposed by him self-evident to every one. Question it at its rise, or suppose it questioned, and you put an end to it at once. If the mind be once arrested between the premises and the conclusion, the fanciful spell which binds them together is broken, and it becomes as impossible to combine them again in the same way, as it is to dream when we are awake. Whatever is framed under such conditions may be a conjecture, a theory, or an invention, but it cannot be a myth. Still less is it possible that a myth should have been propagated under the circumstances supposed. The character of Jesus may have produced as strong an impression as you please upon his immediate followers, but to talk of an impression made upon a vast multitude who never could have known Him familiarly, by a private man, who never performed any dazzling exploit, who was crucified, dead and buried, and

whose body lay still in the tomb—an impression so strong as to alter all their strongest national prejudices, revolutionize the faith of their childhood, and make them ready to believe, upon no evidence at all, that he must have risen from the grave, this is to talk such nonsense as infidelity alone can venture upon talking, when engaged in the desperate employment of evading the evidence of a miracle. In the most mythic age that ever was such a thing would be impossible. Myths have been founded upon many a religion, but no religion yet has been founded upon a myth. It is in the soil of minds unshaken in their belief, and warmed by the sympathetic credulity of those around them, that such plants as these can spring and flourish. But the age of which we speak was not mythical. Who could apply such a designation to the reign of Tiberius? The first Christians were no mere enthusiasts, nor the men with whom they had to deal, such as could be won with mere enthusiasm. If we will but let the Christians speak for themselves, we shall find that they had very sound notions of the sort of proof which can establish facts, and of the necessity of such proof. Twelve men were the prime witnesses of the Resurrection, and their qualifications were, that they had known Jesus during his whole life, and had eaten and drunk, had seen and conversed with Him for forty days after his resurrection. Christianity, from the very first, at least, pretended and believed itself to stand upon the ground of testimony. With these pretensions it arose in an enlightened and a sceptical age, amongst a despised and narrow-minded people, earning hatred and persecution at home by its liberal genius and opposition to the national spirit, and contempt at abroad, by its connexion with the country where it was born, but which sought to strangle it in its birth. Emerging from Judea, and making its way outward through the most polished regions of the globe—Asia Minor, Egypt, Greece, Rome—it attracted notice but to provoke hostility. Successive massacres and attempts at extermination, prosecuted for ages together by the whole power of the Roman Empire, it bore without resistance, and drew fresh strength and vi-

gour from the axe ; but assaults in the way of argument from whatever quarter, it was never either ashamed or unable to repel ; and, when not attacked, was resolutely aggressive. In four centuries it had pervaded the civilized world, and made extensive inroads upon barbarity. It had gathered all genius and all learning into it, and made the literature of the world its own. It survived the inundation of the barbarous tribes, and conquered the world once more by converting its conquerors to the faith. It survived the one sanctuary of knowledge, an age of barbarism. It survived the restoration of letters. It survived an age of free inquiry, and has long stood its ground in the field of argument, and commanded the intelligent assent of the greatest minds that ever were. It has been the parent of civilization, and the nurse of learning ; and if light, and humanity, and freedom, are the special boast of modern Europe, it is to Christianity that she owes them. Exhibiting, in the life of Jesus, a picture varied and minute of the perfect human united to the divine, in which, from that day to this, the mind of man has not been able to find a deficiency, or detect a blemish—a picture copied from no model, and rivalled by no copy ; it has satisfied the wants of universal man, and accommodated itself to every period and every clime, and retained, through every change, that salient spring of life, which enables it to throw off corruption, repair decay, and renew its youth, amidst outward hostility and internal division. Yet this religion and all its moral miracles—this mighty impulse which no time or space can check or spend—proceeds, if we believe the rational account of Strauss, from a myth casually produced in the fancies of some Galilean peasants. The moral world of modern civilization has sprung from the fortuitous concurrence of some atoms of mythology in the brains of unknown **SOMEODIES**.

We cannot dwell longer upon this hypothesis. The more one thinks of it, the more monstrous does it seem, and it would take more space than we can give to enumerate one half of its absurdities. We must turn our attention, for awhile, to the particular application of the Mythic Theory to the details of some of the Gospel narra-

tives. Here we are willing to give Strauss every possible advantage. We shall not select an instance from those passages, where one sees in a glance beforehand at the quiet, circumstantial, graphic narrative that such an application must be impossible, and where, in fact, the myths supposed are so elaborate, far-fetched, complicated, and clumsy, that he who can believe them to be myths has little right to sneer at the credulity of Christians. Nor shall we wound our own and the reader's feelings by taking such a narrative as that of the Passion, strikingly as it evinces the impotent obstinacy with which Strauss prosecutes his hopeless attempt ; where the mangling execution of the heartless work is as brutal as the conception itself is atrocious, and one seems to hear, in the close of each heavy sentence, the dull mallet of his criticism falling lumpishly upon the cross of Jesus. We shall take the opening scenes of St. Luke's Gospel, where, if at all, it might seem, at first, that a mythic origin might with some sort of colour be pretended. Let us see, then, in this case if the narrative, upon a close inspection, can reasonably be supposed to have sprung from mere imagination.

The prophetic canon of the Old Testament closed with the promise that Elijah should be sent to prepare the theocracy for the great revolution which awaited it. The canon of the New opens appropriately with an account of its fulfilment. To argue that the prophecy fulfilled itself by creating anticipations which, in their turn, created the mythic character with which John the Baptist is invested in the gospels, is, in fact, to assume that there cannot possibly be a prophecy really fulfilled. For if there were, the very nature of the case requires that there should be an agreement between the prediction and the event. But the pretence is in this case specially unreasonable. For we know that the anticipations to which the prophecy gave rise in this case, were not such as were fitted to create in the form of a myth, such a narrative as this gospel narrative of John the Baptist. The anticipations produced were those of the return of the real personal Elijah. These existed, we know, strongly in the very time of the apostles, and took such firm hold of the minds of

men, that they subsist still among the Jews—nay, have been transferred in a manner modified, to suit the circumstances, from the synagogue to the church. How comes it, then, that Luke's myth of the Baptist's birth takes a shape contradictory of all these anticipations. In the other gospels there is nothing of his birth. He appears suddenly in the wilderness, as Elijah might, if just dropped from the clouds. Here there was nothing to check, but every thing to encourage a mythical fancy to go on, and turn the natural conjecture into a fact. But this is not what Luke does. He makes him another person, the descendant of other parents; a prophet, indeed, that came in the spirit and power of Elijah, but not Elijah himself. This is not the natural progress of a myth; it is, on the face of the narrative, one striking token of its fidelity. Let us look now at the features which are supposed to prove it mythic.

In the first place, "it is miraculous." Be it so. But then let us consider that, according to the gospels, the Baptist was himself to work no miracles. Yet some divine attestation of his mission he must needs have. Consequently it was proper that miracles should precede, since they did not accompany his ministry. If a divine mission be possible at all, then miracles, which are the only means by which it can be attested, must be allowed to be possible also; and the objection comes to this, that the story must be mythic, because it relates just what must have happened, if the circumstances which it supposes really existed. In a word, the argument assumes that the mission of a prophet is impossible.

But if the miracles of this narrative be, indeed, the fruits of a mythic imagination, why did it stop here? Why were none ascribed to this wonderful man himself? He was destined, we see, "to go before Messiah in the spirit and power of Elijah." With such a leading preparation it was impossible for a truly mythic fancy to stop short, or fail to invest him with a power of controlling the course of nature. In all the Jewish history no one, except Moses, stands forth so decidedly marked out for a worker of miracles as Elijah. The mythic fancy is, of it-

self, prone to multiply marvels; it seeks only an occasion—nay, it will make one if it do not find it. The mere circumstance of John's being a prophet was enough, and more than enough. That he was a second Elijah would have been irresistible. Yet here, according to Strauss, the whole store of ancient legend is ransacked to supply miraculous circumstances for John's honour. The story of Abraham, of Samson, of Samuel, nay, of Ishmael (from whom a Jew would as soon have borrowed honours for a prophet, as a Christian seek topics to panegyrize a saint in the story of Judas Iscariot)—all ransacked for some paltry circumstance not worth the search; and the most obvious of all—the notorious and recognized type of his character and functions—passed over in utter neglect. What was it here that checked the myth in so unnatural a manner? Not the fear of eclipsing the fame of Jesus; for this would have equally checked it in the formation of the very narrative which we are considering; and besides is inconceivable. For the more plainly John was portrayed as Elijah, the more distinctly was he delineated in the character of the *Forerunner of the Messiah*. No glory, therefore, which resulted to him in this character could possibly impair the honour of that person, in the announcing of whose coming the idea of his ministry consisted. John's miracles could no more detract from the honour of Jesus, than could those of Peter or Paul.

The first mark of a mythical origin turns out unfortunately for the hypothesis. Let us go on to the next. The story, it is said, is not only miraculous, but the miracles are of such a kind as must be legendary. "Here are angels appearing; and, what is worse, angels with Hebrew names. But, in the first place, there are no such things as angels; and, in the next, if there were, they could not require names." It is, indeed, easy for those who would shut themselves up in a pleasant, but narrow, paradise of self-sufficiency, to stigmatize the whole doctrine of the ministry of angels, as the rude superstition of an uncultivated period; but it is not so easy for them to justify their scornful treatment of it to men who are not to be frightened by a supercilious sneer, unless they can show

that it is necessarily connected with the ignorance and grossness of an imperfect state of society. [On the contrary, if it should appear that civilization has its prejudices as well as barbarity—prejudices more shameful in proportion as they are less excusable; and that an obstinate denial of the agency of intermediate spirits, in the conduct of the universe, has no better foundation than such prejudices, men of sense will be apt to think that there is something at least as puerile in modern incredulity as in ancient faith.]

The primitive men, who (though deficient in the logic of induction) were not so dim-sighted as we make them, in the views they took of those phenomena which were brought without effort under their cognizance—the primitive men found within themselves a living principle endowed with thought and will, which could originate motion in the bodily organs, and direct that motion by the counsel of the reason, and an exertion of that voluntary energy which we call *POWER*. In a word, each man found himself a presiding spirit, put in charge of a little material world, and furnished by the relations in which he stood to it and the beings round him, with a *LAW* for the administration of his government, in which his moral sense recognized the voice of a superior intelligence to whom his fealty was due. Henceforth, whenever he traced the marks of *POWER* wielding the inert masses of matter, and moulding them into a symmetry which could only be designed by thought, he acknowledged the presence of will and reason; and, taught by the first easy lessons which showed him minds like his own, directing worlds almost the same as his own, he extended the analogy to spheres of matter more and more remote, and to presiding intelligences of larger Reasons and more potent Wills. The idea of Power gathered from Will—the repugnance of that idea to all we know of matter—the consciousness of such power being entrusted to an order of finite spirits—these were the foundations of the universal primitive belief in angelic agency.

Is there anything absurd or greatly unreasonable in such a belief as this? We readily allow that Imagination (as she usually does) soon parted company with Reason, who loves to tread slowly

in the track of Experience, and, running wild in the fairy land of Conjecture, gathered many a quaint vision of the adventures and characters of our unseen companions, which she brought home again as realities, to adorn the edifice of popular faith. We can calmly look on, and see this gay frost-work melt away to nothing, beneath the sober rays of modern science, without trembling for the foundation upon which it stood. In reality, modern science has done nothing to shake that foundation. She has taught us much of the laws, according to which the various sequences of phenomena take place. This is the proper province within which she has all already made, and may yet make, vast discoveries unknown to antiquity. But let her not suppose that, in doing this, she is answering the question that Antiquity proposed and answered—from what powers the forces proceed by which these sequences are effected? By inference from the regularity of the laws which she has developed, and the immensity of the universe which she has opened to our view, she has refuted those poetic fables which an ardent faith had linked to the natural solution of the problem. We yield to her, as lawful spoils, the golden car of Apollo, and the saffron couch of Tithonus. But they are cowards in the cause of truth, who, through fear of ridicule, refuse to own her in the grotesque robes of fiction. The regularity of the sequences of material phenomena, proves only that the minds by whose agency they are effected, are minds that in the Scripture language, "stand in the presence of God," minds that see in the great plan of the universe, as portrayed in the Divine reason, the law of their working, and guide themselves unswervingly by that law. Is not law the fundamental idea of regularity? and can law, in the proper sense, have reference to anything but mind? In proportion as we ourselves clearly discern and faithfully execute the great eternal law of natural rectitude, impressed upon creation by its First Architect, our actions are such as others can calculate upon with certainty and advantage; because they are squared to that common measure of reason and morality, which all may know and which secures the benefit of all. How then can it be concluded

from the regular sequence of the phenomena of nature, that the immediate agents from which they proceed are not perfect spirits who govern themselves by a perfect law? "It cannot," says Schleiermacher, very honestly; but nevertheless, it is impossible that such a conception should arise in our time. For modern science has dried up the sources of such conceptions. It has satisfied our natural desire to suppose in the world more of spiritual essences than we commonly behold incorporated with humanity, by showing us other celestial globes peopled like this which we inhabit. In reality, is not this a pleasant style of reasoning?—to argue that angels do not now exist, because we do not want them to give nobility to our sentiments in the nineteenth century. If one ventured on such logic at all, would it not be more reasonable to say that angels did exist, because men did want them some centuries ago? Nay, for aught we know, our newly-discovered brethren in the other planets may even now want them still. Or who can say but that as science advances—for modern science is somewhat destructive in its march—it may strip the planetary worlds of their inhabitants; and then, by Schleiermacher's confession, we too should want the angels again. Would it not be better to keep them in reserve meanwhile, in provision against such an accident?

Seriously, the angels exist whether we will or not. The proper evidence of their existence is Revelation. That it was surmised upon vague conjecture, and that fancy made for itself strange fables of their orders, functions, and adventures, is no more a reason for disbelieving what Revelation tells us of their existence and ministry, than the vague surmises of the ancients concerning a new world hidden in the Western Ocean, and their fantastic legends of its soil and inhabitants are a reason for doubting that there is really such a continent as America.

But then, "an angel with a Hebrew name!" Angels, indeed, it is most likely, need no names of distinction amongst themselves; nor, if they did, would be apt to take Hebrew ones for that purpose. But, since the Almighty himself assumes names in his dealings with man, there seems to be no

reason in the world why different angels should not, for human convenience, be distinguished by different names. And, since the convenience of men is the object of that distinction, the names assumed or received will naturally be in the language of the men concerned—that is, in the case of Hebrews, they will be Hebrew. But, "this naming of angels originated in Chaldean superstition; and, for an angel really to assume the name of Gabriel, would be to sanction a puerile and even profane mythology." This is said, but not proved. The state of the case is this. Doubtless, in the older Jewish Scriptures, the angels have no names of distinction assigned to them. Not because the notion of such a thing was then wholly foreign from men's minds. Quite the reverse. In two cases, two very ancient cases, we find the names of angels anxiously sought. But in both these cases they are as sternly refused as they are importunately demanded. In this state of the economy the legate is merged in his principal. Nothing is allowed which could fix the mind upon the nuncio considered apart from him who speaks by him. The reason is plain. The rude and ill-instructed people were so prone to polytheism that nothing was to be permitted which could lend any countenance to so capital an error. It was not that the people knew nothing of angels; the whole history is full of their appearances. It was not that they were strangers to the religion of names; the instances alluded to, and many others, prove the reverse. No; both these elements of an angelical mythology existed before the captivity as strongly as they did after it. Here, then, again we ask what checked the growth of the myth during this long and eventful period? The answer is one, and can be but one. The early books of the Hebrew Scriptures are not the mythical creations of human fancy. But now, what are we to say of Daniel and Luke? What more obvious to be said than this?—that, in their times, the reasons for this jealous refusal of names to angels no longer existed, and therefore a mode of distinction, natural and convenient in itself, was no longer denied to the Jewish people. In this we frame no gratuitous hypothesis—we assume no facts imagined at will. The disuse of

the names of angels before the captivity—the use of them after it—these are the phenomena. The tendency of the Jews to idolatry in the former period, and their freedom from it in the latter—these are the facts by which we explain the phenomena, and these are facts which our opponents confess as readily as we. We go upon the principle that God, in dealing with his creatures, condescends to their innocent imperfections, and does not thwart their natural desires and instinctive cravings, except where it would be hurtful to indulge them. If the want of names for angels became stronger from the relations in which the Jews stood to the Chaldeans and their angelology during the captivity, and if at the same time it became proportionably safe to supply that want, this seems to prove the reasonableness of a divine condescension to that want. Here again the objection turns out to be something very like a confirmation.

“But it is not only the name of the angel, but his supposed discourses and conduct, that shock our reason. It was intolerably harsh to punish Zacharias with dumbness for expressing a doubt, when Abraham, who expressed a similar doubt, was never punished for it at all.”

Well, Abraham deserved punishment, or he did not. If he did, and yet was mercifully spared, must every other offender be spared also? But though he did not, yet this will not prove Zacharias's innocence. Indeed, on the mythical scheme, this circumstance is a real difficulty. Upon that scheme, what is there to suggest such an arbitrary deviation from the type? Abraham's doubt creates, we are told, the idea of Zacharias's doubt. Then why is not Zacharias treated in the same way as Abraham? This is a question obvious to be asked, but, if the truth must be told, not obvious to be answered. All that Strauss has to say is, that loss of sense, of sight, or speech, is a common feature in the legends of angelic appearances. True; but has not Strauss himself lost his sight in the presence of this angel, when he brings such a blind excuse? The loss of speech in this case is not, like Daniel's, the effect of the angelic vision. Zacharias had already seen the angel, and spoken to him. It is not anything which mythology had made a

natural symptom, as it were, of the presence of a supernatural agent. It is, and Strauss' own objection supposes it, a special penal infliction for a special offence. This is not the form which the myth would naturally have taken. Again, we ask, what checked it?

We have no space or leisure to prosecute this detailed examination farther. But we trust that we have already said enough to show that the danger of Strauss' books lies not in the intrinsic probability of the whole theory, nor in the felicity of its application. Where, then, does it lie? It lies in the present temper of the European mind, which gives a false semblance of strength to the argument by making the conclusion infinitely desirable. Strauss, in his introduction, has very artfully exhibited a picture of the way in which, at all periods of progress in knowledge, religions connected with documentary rules, originating in less enlightened periods, have been felt to be repugnant to the spirit of the times; and has successfully traced to this source the Jewish and Christian allegorical exegesis, as well as the natural explanations of the rationalists, and the moral interpretation of Kant. He draws a parallel, dexterously enough, between the course thus run by Christianity and that of Paganism, which, in the same way, had its allegorists and its rationalists; and, as usual, while dealing only with one side of the phenomena, succeeds in producing a popular representation of what he would have us believe to be the necessary fate of all religions. But the verisimilitude of the representation vanishes as soon as we take in all the phenomena.

It is to be admitted, indeed, that the allegorical exegesis in the synagogue and the church, as well as in the schools of paganism, was the result of a felt incongruity between the received religious documents in each case, and the mental cultivation of the times. But then, it must be remembered that philosophy and civilization have their own peculiar prejudices as well as ignorance and barbarism; and a true revelation will always, at some point or other, exhibit a disproportion between itself and the false prejudices of every age and state of culture. Thus the pure theology and ethics of the Mosaic

religion were felt to be an incongruity by the narrow intellect and sensual temper of the early Jews, while the absence of metaphysical refinement and extravagance was a source of difficulties to the Alexandrians. The appearance, therefore, of such incongruities, even when they arise from increased knowledge and cultivation, is no proof, and is hardly a presumption in itself, of the falsehood of any particular religious system; and in the case of a true religious system such incongruities may be expected to appear from the very first, and to continue as long as the system itself continues so far incorrupt, as to retain any considerably prominent points of truth opposed to the prejudices and false principles or practices of the successive generations through the course of which it maintains itself.

The early appearance, too, of the allegorical exegesis in the Church, testifying on the one hand to the existence of a felt disparity between the Christian Revelation and the intellect of the times, and, on the other hand, to the intellect's feeling itself at the same time coerced to recognize the truth of that revelation, is in itself a presumption in favour of the evidence upon which that revelation was offered to the world; because there was then no long prescription or ancestral authority, or national pride, or civil sanction, or anything except conviction to prevent this intellectual reluctance from shaking off the Christian system altogether. Nor, if by Christianity be meant the doctrines taught in the writings of the New Testament, can it be at all said with truth that all sense of disparity between it and the human intellect, ceased during the period which elapsed between the fall of the Roman empire and the reformation of the sixteenth century. For, on the contrary, it is most manifest that the corruptions of Christianity which prevailed in those ages, were the result of a sense of the incongruity of the religion delivered in the New Testament with the temper and genius of those generations. So that, although the disparity between Christianity and the prejudices of

men shifted round, as it were, to other points than those the prominence of which was felt in the earlier and more enlightened times, yet nevertheless that disparity never ceased to be felt, or to manifest its being felt in the modifications of the Christian doctrine which the human intellect constructed for itself.

It was natural, therefore, that the same progress of mental culture which brought the human mind into harmony with those parts of the Christian system which had been disfigured by the corruptions of the middle ages, should, at the same time, create a sense of disparity between it and those corruptions, as it did in the shock of the Reformation. Nor is it surprising, but very natural also, that this same progress of mental culture should have brought back with it some of the prejudices of earlier civilization now retrieved, as well as some other prejudices peculiar to itself; and that from these prejudices should result a new reluctance against many parts of Christian doctrine, which had been quietly assented to in the interval of darkness. For instance, as experience of the many tricks and impostures of the Pagan priests, had infused a general prejudice against all supernatural claims into the Greek and Roman philosophers in the first century, so it was not surprising that a discovery of the many similar tricks and impostures of the Christian priesthood, should have infused a similar prejudice into the minds of men in the sixteenth; nor that the detection of numerous and gross literary forgeries, which followed upon the restoration of criticism, should have generated an unreasonable distrust of even the incorrupt monuments of ancient history; and so, in many other cases.

In general, since from the strange blending of good and evil in the constitution of things in this world, it seems morally impossible that men should be in any one thing either wholly good or wholly bad, it follows that every true system will insensibly receive an intermixture of error and corruption, and every false system will be obliged to maintain itself by some imitation of, or analogy to truth;* so that truth will always appear to have upon

* Παντὶ λόγῳ καὶ λόγῳ τῶν ἐν τοῖς αἰσθητοῖς ἀληθείας ἱσχυρὴν παραμένει τὴ ψευδὴς.—*Athenag. de Mort. Resur.*, § 1.

everywhere many points of contact with error, and be continually liable to be confounded with it. Thus every fresh accession of knowledge, disclosing to us some error which we did not recognize before, or throwing light upon some analogies between false and true systems of religion or philosophy, will be apt to bring along with it some prejudice against the substantial truth, which has been blended into a system with the newly discovered errors, or forms a feature of resemblance in the newly developed analogies.

But it may be proper to consider somewhat more particularly the special causes which influence the modern peculiar modifications of unbelief.

Over and above the continually operating causes, which we must allow for at all times, and which are more or less directly resolvable into immoral habits or dispositions, we may distinctly trace the working of certain prejudices resulting from the present state of philosophy, and the present state of criticism.

It cannot be reasonably doubted, that in former times, the ready faith, with which accounts of miracles were often received, was partly owing to a prejudice arising out of the state of ignorance in which men commonly were with respect to the true sequences of physical causes and effects. Their observation was not sufficiently extended, or minute, to trace, in many cases, the invariable natural antecedents of many sensible phenomena, which, therefore, they were accustomed to refer, immediately, to the known, ultimate, universal antecedent or cause,—the will of God. Hence, the notion of the immediate interposition of the Deity, or of the operation of His will upon the sensible phenomena, in a manner not reducible to the ordinary laws of succession, became familiar to men's minds, and their habitual conviction of the permanence and universality of those laws, proportionably flexible. This disposition to recur immediately to the ultimate cause, had mischievous effects both upon religion and philosophy, inclining men to a blind credulity in the one, and a fanciful indolence in the other: so that the first reformers of natural science (who had the good of both equally at heart) set their faces strenuously against it, and at last succeeded in infusing a spirit of

experiment and induction. Accordingly, as modern observation became more exact and extensive, the relation of anomalies to general and consistent rules, became gradually every day more perfect; and thus, miracles not only lost the prejudice in their favour, which they derived from their belonging, specifically, to a class of facts, the idea of which was familiar to the imagination; but they incurred a new prejudice against them, in being confounded with that *residuum* of physical irregularities, which it is the business of scientific observation and theory to eliminate altogether, and which men of science are generally too impatiently eager to eliminate by imperfect experiments and rash hypotheses. Farther still, as formerly the number of anomalous appearances in the course of things, making recurrence to a supernatural cause continually necessary in physics, had kept physical investigators constantly in mind of the ultimate supernatural antecedent of all phenomena; so, on the contrary, the habit of searching only for second causes had an accidental tendency to dispose them towards disregarding that ultimate cause altogether, as superfluous for any purpose. In the same way, in the progress of mental philosophy, not only has the cause of religion in general, and of Christianity in particular, been undeservedly injured by the discovery, or supposed discovery, of the falsehood or insufficiency of such proofs of them as either in their form or substance appeared to involve some exploded error of former metaphysics; but new metaphysical theories, constructed in the same impatient eagerness to cover all the phenomena, and expunge everything from the circle of knowledge, which cannot be expressed (as it were) in the terms of some known formula, have been adopted, which, sometimes directly, and sometimes in their consequences, have really or apparently come into conflict with revelation. Thus, sometimes the anomalies of Will and the irregular phenomena of Evil, have been reduced under a law of absolute necessity. Sometimes the reality of all objective knowledge has been expunged, and religion resolved into the mere dictates of the moral sense. Sometimes the moral sense itself has been brought by a subtle analysis to the primitive elements of the corporeal appetites. And

re conflicts of revelation with a thousand discordant theories, as much opposed to each other as they are to it, the scribed always as the conflict of revealed religion with the advance of human knowledge.

The progress of universal literature also, in the increased study of criticism, languages, and history, bringing men intimately acquainted with many false systems of religion, and thereby presenting to their minds many parallels to features in the Christian and Mosaic systems which had not been previously observed. The investigation, in some instances, the discovery of the general laws which regulate the developments of religion as a piece of natural history, and the tendency, in this case also, to stretch the same laws over the one remaining excepted case, these causes have produced a prejudice, in the present state of human culture, unfavourable to the claims of Revelation. It is not surprising, too, that the amount of knowledge, when newly acquired, should be over-estimated, or that, when over-estimated, it should be rashly—not to say absurdly—employed; as there can be little doubt that the modern art of criticism, and especially what is called “the higher criticism,” has been employed in discrediting the authenticity and genuineness of various undoubted monuments of antiquity.

In almost all cases alike, the apparent antagonism between revelation and science has resulted from haste to gratify that natural instinct (which is in some sense the spur to all scientific inquiry), whereby we are prompted ever to reduce the unknown to the terms of the known, and to bring all the materials of our knowledge into the harmony of an adjusted system perfectly penetrated and mastered by the mind itself in all its parts. This instinct is, indeed, a sort of natural vaticination, by which we foresee that all phenomena must have in them the law of unity, even before we have discovered it. It is true; because we are the offspring of God, and our minds are made in His likeness, and continually tending towards the perfection of that likeness, and therefore towards the form of comprehension under which His mind comprehends all things in complete unity; and experience perpetually fulfils this vaticination, because phenomena, as

emanating from the divine mind, really have this law of harmony in them, and our powers of discovering it are perpetually increasing with exercise. But overhaste to gratify this instinct defeats its own purpose; nor can it ever be wholly gratified but by man's ceasing to be finite; and to suppose a finite being actually to reach absolute infinity in the way of progression, is manifestly the wildest of absurdities.

The tendencies here spoken of began to exhibit themselves very early in modern philosophy and criticism; and, in fact, little more has been done in the last two centuries than develop, apply, and illustrate the principles propounded in the preceding. The most important part of modern infidelity seems to derive itself through Spinoza from Hobbes, in whom the dogmatical systematising spirit is most remarkably manifested, and whose attempt to reduce the whole mass of phenomena, physical, moral, and intellectual, to one or two simple laws, is one of the boldest efforts at anticipating the perfection of human science upon record. But in this attempt he found himself crossed and confronted upon all sides by the authority of the Christian system. In politics, he found it asserting the superiority of the laws of Jesus Christ to all earthly dominion, and thus presenting an obstinate resistance to that universal despotism of the magistrate which he sought to introduce: in physics, the doctrine of spirits and of miracles; in metaphysics, the freedom of the will and the supremacy of conscience; in morals, the whole band of Christian virtues and the motives by which they are supported, stood ranged in opposition to his theories. Neither his own principles nor the temper of the times allowed him openly to bid defiance to the authority of revelation; and, with a boldness characteristic of his daring spirit, he set the precedent (hitherto unexampled in the Church) of forcing it into accordance with irreligious principles. There is a strong resemblance, in many respects, between the systems of Hobbes and Spinoza; and it is difficult not to perceive, that the latter was, to a great extent, indebted to the former. But Spinoza mingled with his system, principles borrowed, on one side, from Descartes, and on the other, from his Jewish learning; and thus gave it a more profound and myste-

rious air of grandeur, than the plainer and more plebeian system of the common-sense Englishman could ever be made to wear. From Spinoza, as the common ancestor, we may trace the greatest part of the modern infidel family in Germany. In his Pantheism, we see the principle of their metaphysics. In his *Tractatus Historico-Theologicus*, we have a large application of that method of Euhemerus, which was expanded offensively in the Wolfenbüttel Fragments, and apologetically by the Rationalists; while it is less seldom observed, that the moral interpretation of Kant is anticipated in his *Philosophia Scripturæ Interpres*. Toland followed as he could (for, in truth, he was but a superficial pretender) in the steps of Spinoza, and did something more than his master in applying the method of Euhemerus to the New as well as to the Old Testament. In his time, a great number of infidels (or Free-thinkers, as they called themselves), encouraged by the tolerance which prevailed after the Revolution, had begun to assail revelation from various points of attack, and upon different principles; but their influence was, ultimately, much more permanently and strongly felt upon the Continent of Europe than at home.* For, civil and religious freedom, while it causes or allows a continual struggle between the tendencies to tyranny and licentiousness, is a security against either acquiring sufficient body and force to overturn the balance of rational liberty. In England, every objection which infidels were inclined to make, was made at once openly, and at once openly answered. Elsewhere, such objections were secretly disseminated, under cover of an outward respect for the religion of the country; and no hostility appearing upon the surface, for a long time no imminent danger was generally apprehended, and therefore, little done to check it, until the tumult of the French Revolution disclosed its real magnitude, at which crisis, the efforts of the defenders of revelation were unfortunately, for the time, too late.

But, all through, it must be remem-

bered that theological was w along with philosophic prej Thus, the zeal of the Roman to deprive the Protestants of their rule of faith gave occasion to many deliberate attacks by Roman controversialists upon the evidence for the authenticity and genuineness of the original documents of Scripture, as well as upon the certainty of the established canons of scriptural interpretation. While the jealousy of the Protestants to accumulate securities for this palladium of the Reformation induced them to consecrate along with it a number of superfluous and superstitious notions, which they enforced upon the members of their communion, under the most solemn ecclesiastical sanctions, whereby they not only embarrassed the defence of what was really essential to their cause, but rendered the revulsion the more violent when the impatience of intellectual control, inherent in the genius of Protestantism, at length succeeded in throwing off these alien obligations. Such a revulsion appeared early in the Grotian and Socinian exegesis, applied at first chiefly, if not wholly, to texts which relate to doctrine, but which, by familiarising men's minds with false principles of criticism, or misapplications of the true, made a provision for transferring both, upon occasion, to texts which contained a narrative of facts. The zeal of Protestants, on the other hand, to depreciate tradition, which was always the grand plea of their opponents, gave occasion to an historical scepticism upon their part with respect to ancient ecclesiastical writings, and the testimonies which those writings contained, highly prejudicial, in the event, to their own cause, so far as it was the common cause of truth, and led them sometimes to substitute the internal for the external evidences of revelation, in a way that laid their systems peculiarly open to the abuses of fanaticism upon the one side, and infidelity upon the other. As philosophy too, and theology have in reality much common matter, and are often supposed to have more than properly belongs to them both, or, in-

* It is remarkable that with the exception of Middleton (*Letter to Waterland and Posthumous Tracts*), and, perhaps, a few of the dissenters, none of the English clergy shewed any open disposition to make use of the method of Euhemerus apologetically.

re-
grate either of them, it was natural
sens philosophical conclusions should
be drawn into theology, and theolog-
ical conclusions into philosophy; and
when the principles of a false philo-
sophy have in either way (i. e. whether
the false philosophy has generated
the wrong religious belief, or the false
theology has generated or borrowed
aid from the erroneous human science)
made a lodgment (as it were) for
themselves in some article of a re-
ceived system of religion, they will
tend towards developing their logical
consequences in relation to every other
article of that system, and even, besides
their strict logical consequences, may
be expected, from the inherent weak-
ness of human nature, to draw after
them other false principles connected
with them by mere affinities in relation
to taste, or the accidental combination
of being held by the same schools of
science. Thus it may be, that some
points of scholastic divinity (and of
the earlier theology upon which the
scholastic is built), have served to
harbour realism with its pantheistic
tendencies in the Christian system;
and the Calvinistic doctrines respect-
ing the divine decrees, and the neces-
sary determination of the human will,
have, at least, been an occasion for
introducing into the reformed churches
speculations subversive of the very
foundations of all religion.

True religion and true philosophy
(considered objectively) must always,
so far as they have common matter,
coincide in their conclusions; but
human systems in both will often

vary between themselves, and in either
will often contradict the truth in the
other. In this latter case, as soon as
a perceptible variance arises between
true religion and systematic philo-
sophy, or systematic religion and true
philosophy, we should re-examine our
systems to the bottom, in order to
find out where the wrong premise was
let in which produced an error in the
result; and this, in fact, frequently
lies concealed in some obscure and
little-suspected corner of the system.
So that, in these cases, complicated
mistakes are likely to be made. Some-
times an attempt at rectification is
made on the wrong side, and truth
disfigured to bring it into accordance
with system; sometimes, even when
the attempt is made on the right side,
it is yet made at the wrong point, the
perceptible variance being corrected
only by an arbitrary change where it
manifests itself openly in the conclu-
sion, and not where it lies hidden in
the premises.

Here, then, we take leave of Strauss
for the present. We have no great
fears of the results of his book in this
country. On the contrary, we con-
sider his polemic against the Ration-
alists even valuable; and, for his own
theory, we feel, with Julius Müller,
that, "the fact, that a boundless
scepticism in the criticism of the gos-
pel narratives has here reached a cer-
tain conclusion, and reached its de-
structive consequences, contains a pro-
phesy, that the time for its overthrow
is at hand."

ALGERIA AND TUNIS IN 1845.*

THERE are few things, in the diversified department of our libraries, that passes under the title of "light reading," better than just such a brace of volumes as these; lively, intelligent, and picturesque; delightfully devoid of the thousandfold affectations of the professional travel-writer; putting the reader at once on a level with the author; inlaid with few fossils of geology, bristling with no economical statistics, subservient to no pre-determined theory, leaving even maps and plans to the imagination, conveying useful information in the agreeable way it was acquired—by the active personal observations of an acute and vigilant mind. And as Captain Kennedy—though sufficiently scientific when occasion calls—is content without aspiring absolutely to play the Humboldt or the Murchison, so he has happily escaped the opposite extreme of the ultra-imaginative tribe, who people road-side inns with the creations of a mind too mighty for this common world, value their lives at a pin's fee, rejoice in the prospect of being probably murdered, so it be but by thieves of Araby, and are unable to sit their camel except in ecstasies of horror and of joy. Captain Kennedy has not gone abroad vowing and swearing that he will be original at whatever risk; with the resolve, deliberate and prepenze, that he will see every thing in an aspect such as no previous traveller has ever caught and realized; he has not written an "Eothen," for (we are bound to say) he does not appear to discover the slightest merit in attempting to sneer away the holiest associations of mankind; just because from their very force and appropriateness they are so universally felt and acknowledged, as not to suit the object of a describer who is determined to be startling and unprecedented, whatever it may cost. We do not find many traces of Mr. Kinglake's peculiar brilliancies in Captain Kennedy's soberer sketches; but we do not miss them;—for, we honestly confess,

we deem such beauties (singular and exquisite as no doubt they frequently are) but dearly purchased, if we are to receive with them a revival of that *blasé* scepticism of the Byron school, which we thought and hoped had years ago yawned away its heartless and epicurean existence out of our literature.

The region over which Captain Kennedy and Lord Feilding travelled, has, nevertheless, its own associations of antique interest; neither is our author at all destitute of the faculty to evoke them at the fitting season. A wild and stern history is that of Algiers! The Roman (Cæsar himself has left his impress and name on Mauritania); the Vandal; the Saracen; the proud Almoravide; the fanatic children of Mohamedin, the Marabout; the shereefs of Hascen, and their fierce and sanguinary tetrarchy; the Spanish rule (they were the palmy days of the Peninsula's naval glory—the days of Gama, and Cabral, and Magellan, and Columbus himself); the terrible sway that followed it, of merciless Horuc Barbarossa, "the chosen of God;" the yet more savage tyranny of his brother tiger, Hayraddin, with his mighty Mole built in the blood and sweat of thirty thousand Christian slaves; and then the Armada—better meant, yet not better fated, than its successor on our own coasts some seven and forty years after—of the great Catholic Emperor,—armed with papal bulls, and graced with lovely ladies, and pennoned with the emblazoned cross, that was to charm down the crescent of the Infidel; the storm and earthquake (it was even so a prophetic voice had predicted but a few days before, in the divan of Algiers) that covered the bay with the wrecks and the carcasses of Christian seamen and Christian knights; the wild enterprise, under Charles's successor, of Juan Gascon, left to bleach in the winds upon his iron hook; the total independence at last (early in the seventeenth century) of Algiers, thenceforth the avowed

* Algeria and Tunis in 1845. By Captain J. Clarke Kennedy; 18th (Royal Irish) Regiment. 2 vols. small 8vo. London: Henry Colburn. 1846.

metropolis of piracy, with its ruthless corsairs on either side of Spain—from Malaga to Santa Maria—whose galleys and brigantines were the terror of every port in the Mediterranean, and startled even Venice in her Adriatic cove. And then we have France, for the first time signally on the scene, when her Du Quesne, the Frenchman's Nelson, taking vengeance on the public enemy of mankind, shadowed forth, as a Frenchman might, the doings of our own Exmouth. "Fired at the sound," we coolly jump some hundred and thirty or forty years of small history, and come with a bound upon that mighty day, when his magnificent Queen Charlotte took her ground within fifty yards of the Mole of Algiers, and the whole tremendous steep, sweating fire from every iron pore, vomited cannon balls for seven hours upon the undaunted Englishman and his crews, till (it's "a way we have" in our navy) one by one the batteries were sullenly silent, the exhausted volcano fell back within its blackened crater, and the smoke, that vaulted that gory bay with a darkness that might be felt, clearing slowly off, revealed the beaten Moor's destroyed fleet—frigate, and corvette, and gunboat, scattered and burned—and the haughty unbeliever's drooping flag humbled before the Mistress of the Seas. Nor yet is all over. France is once more upon the scene, more permanently if not more gallantly than before; Bourmont and Duperre are in Sidi Ferruj; that same July had more "glorious days" than three; for after a sparkling campaign from the coast inward, the commander receives (with the hand that has dashed aside the father's tears for a gallant son slain, some days before, in the mellay), the Algerine flag of truce, among the ruins of the exploded "fort of the Emperor." Since then, who knows not of their courage and their difficulties, their valour and their vexations; the satisfactory working of that perpetual Al-

gerine safety-valve for high-pressure democracy at home; their marshals, their *razzias*, their smoked Arabs, and their Abd-el-Kader?

We have been historical enough in all conscience; and yet, we might shoot farther down the "dark postern of time long elapsed." To those who love to dwell for awhile among the visions of old mythological romance, to breathe the fresh morning air of the world's history,—thoughts that date long before any of these periods arise in connexion with this ancient land. The northern regions of Africa have been, in every age, the special home of the marvellous. Atlas itself—the streams and valleys of Atlas—among which our tourist wandered,—with what "glamour and gramarye" are they associated! The churlish Titan himself, and his seven daughters (now shining on us among the stars), and his Hesperian gardens far away in Fez, and his transmutation,—when the stern eye of Medusa petrified the hardened old sinner into those hills of some ten or twelve thousand feet high, that belt Morocco, and stretch a younger progeny into Algier; and his thenceforth office to pillar the eternal heavens:—"The Atlantes—wheresoever those miseries dwelt—who went to solemnly curse (so attests Herodotus) the blessed sun himself, for scorching them amid their withered fields; the vanished Island somewhere on those visionary coasts, that Plato spake of, and all the world has dreamed about ever since; the mystic Valley of Atlas, which though it open upon the sea, ocean dares not to enter, awed by the sacred presence that haunts the place, but rises in a crystal wall at the mouth of the gorge, an everlasting barricade of water† (invisible, no doubt, to the dull eyes of modern unbelief); and so on, through a succession of magic and marvel, necromancing and sorcery, of all time—from those dwarfish enchanters of the Libyan deserts, whom dear Herodotus describes (ii. 32), to the more modern

* Ideler, however, maintains, and plausibly enough, that the "old original" Atlas, whose foundations are deep in ocean, and whose pillars reach to heaven (Odys. i. 52), was no other than the Peak of Teneriffe, seen as it rises direct from the surface of the sea, by the early Phœnician navigators; but that the Greeks and Romans afterwards, not reaching the Canaries, and looking out for some great western mountain to answer the description, gave the title to the Mauritanian chain.

† Maximus Tyrius, Diss. 38.

maugrabies of Eastern story, or to that fair Witch of Atlas, whom Percy Shelley saw in his dreams :—

"A lovely lady garmented in light
From her own beauty ; deep her eyes, as are
Two openings of unfathomable night
Seen through a tempest's cloven roof ;"—

And no wonder, for

"Her mother was one of the Atlantides ;
The all-beholding sun had ne'er beholden
In his wide voyage o'er continents and seas,
So fair a creature, as she lay enfolden
In the warm shadow of her loveliness ;—
He kissed her with his beams, and made all golden
The chamber of grey rock in which she lay ;
She in that dream of joy dissolved away.

"'Tis said she was first changed into a vapour,
And then into a cloud, such clouds as flit,
Like splendour-winged moths about a taper,
Round the red west when the sun dies in it ;
And then into a meteor, such as caper
On hill-tops when the moon is in a fit ;
Then into one of those mysterious stars
Which hide themselves between the Earth and Mars.

"Ten times the mother of the Months had bent
Her bow beside the folding star, and bidden
With that bright step the billows to indent
The sea-deserted sand : like children chidden
At her command they ever came and went :—
Since in that cave a dewy splendour hidden
Took shape and motion : with the living form
Of this embodied power the cave grew warm."

And so the "lovely Lady" came to light ; who forthwith proceeded to spread joy over the face of earth, to reconcile foes, make lovers happy, (after the least ceremonious fashion), extirpate priests and religions, and proclaim the universal regeneration of society. Such are the French-Revolution-doctrines, that, it appears, are popular among the most fashionable neoromantic circles of Mauritania. But whatever become of this philosophic graft, the stock itself—the lovely demon lady—was appropriately enough placed among those enchanted wilds, where the imagination of all ages has fixed the head-quarters of the supernatural. The mysterious boundary of uninhabitable desert, in which all that the ancients knew of Africa was gradually lost, left room for every gloomy caprice of fancy ; each sunny land from Egypt to the Atlantic, disappeared southward, in one huge, unknown, impenetrable wilderness, within, and beyond which, what wonders might not be conceived to lie ! A land unpeopled of man seemed the proper haunt of demon and monster ; and the savage and venomous animals that issued in countless multitudes from the bosom of the *leonum arida nutrix*—the sole visible representatives of the vast un-

known barrenness—deepened and confirmed the impression of terror.

All that lay beyond that broad belt of sand was a mystery in those days. Yet we to whom, with all our advantages, so immense a portion of Africa still remains utterly unknown, have not much right to speak with superciliousness of the conjectures of the old geographers about it. We have, indeed, circled the whole vast sea-board of Africa—we have cut into the rich and juicy rind a little way all round ; but even here, are we quite certain that we moderns have been the first to do so ? There is hardly any more interesting question than this in all the controversies of classical criticism. It would certainly seem that the ancients never generally approached any correct idea of the vast extent to which Africa reaches towards the south. Homer's Oceanic River encircling the whole earth, was specially regarded as the further limit of *Ethiopia*. Yet what a glimpse is that which the old chronicler of Caria gives us, when he relates (Herod. iv. 42) that "Necho, King of Egypt, sent certain Phœnicians in ships, with orders to pass by the Columns of Hercules, into the sea which lies to the north of Africa, and then to return to Egypt. These Phœnicians thereupon set sail from the Red Sea, and entered into the Southern Ocean. On the approach of autumn they landed in Africa, and planted some grain in the quarter to which they had come ; when this was ripe, and they had cut it down, they put to sea again. Having spent two years in this way, they in the third passed the Columns of Hercules, and returned to Egypt. Their relation may obtain credit from others, but to me it seems incredible ; for they affirmed that as they sailed around the coast of Africa, they had the sun on their right hand." It is to Herodotus's constant and invaluable accuracy, as a witness of what he *heard* (however to himself dubious or incredible), that we owe the irresistible confirmation which the last clause contains of the fact, that these navigators must have passed the line. Herodotus himself (not to speak of his perfect honesty) could never have invented a notion utterly foreign to all his own conceptions of the figure of the earth ; nor is there any reason to suppose the idea to

have originated in any theories hazarded on the subject by any school of astronomers at that early date. Long after, in Strabo, we have the very interesting, but unfortunately incomplete account of the enterprises of Eudoxus, to circumnavigate Africa, whose *success* Mela records, but overloads the narrative with a pile of fabulous wonders that sadly sinks its credit. Rennell thinks that *Hanno's* celebrated Periplus extended as far as Sierra Leone.* But the interior was still a mystery unrevealed. There are those who maintain that the waters of the Joliba, and the palaces of Timbuctoo itself, were reached centuries before our era (see Larcher on the singular story in Herodotus, ii. 32); but whatever may have been the nature or the success of individual enterprises, it is certain no impression was made upon the current and popular belief, which bounding Africa by the ocean, or uniting it with India ("Garamantes et Indos"), in either case cut it short, and confined it to the northern tropic. And so central Africa remained shrouded in its desert mystery, as it still remains, amid all the light that has illumined its maritime geography, and though indefatigable Britain has contrived to plant permanently her people and her government beyond its Hottentots and Bechuanas.

But it is the destiny of civilization to *advance*; it is essentially progressive—essentially aggressive; and this, too, in a perpetually accelerated ratio. Civilization not only grows in the surface it covers, but it grows in the intensity of its restless impatience to cover more. It tends to multiply population, and it tends to multiply human desires (in the constant discovery of new and varied objects for them); and both are tendencies that demand *room*; that involve—the one, the need of colonization—the other, the spread of commerce; and that, in the superior mental energy they evoke and exercise, tend to absorb and annihilate all the inferior growths of the human species, all such races and governments as are unable to keep pace with them. We see it continually. The primitive races melt away, like the retreating

snow of early spring, before the intellect and activity of the civilized European. Intellect preys on matter, and assimilates or destroys it. Great local suffering must attend such a process; but it is through such "suffering" humanity is "made perfect," and attains its destiny. These painful transformations are the conditions of its progress; the partial billows are crushed or beaten back, but the great *tide-wave* advances.

And so—as one instance among many—we cannot but agree perfectly with our candid and unprejudiced author (i. 18) that whatever may be thought of the details of French occupancy in Algeria, the establishment of a Christian and civilized power in North Africa is the germ of a great general blessing. It is strange enough to reflect on the totally different lot that has befallen the opposite sides of the Mediterranean, through almost the entire period of modern history; partly, indeed, from natural causes, but principally, of course, through the ruinous influence of the Turkish, and the other antecedent Mahometan despotisms. For after all, almost the whole southern side is a land of magnificent capabilities. "In all probability," wrote J. Baptiste Say, at a period when he could not have anticipated the African enterprises of his countrymen, "the time is not very distant when the European states, awake at length to their real interests, will renounce the costly right of colonial dominion, and aim at the independent colonization of those tropical regions nearest to Europe, or of some parts of Africa. The vast cultivation of what are called colonial products that would ensue, could not fail to supply Europe in the greatest abundance, and probably at most moderate prices." And he adds, in a note—"The vast means at the disposal of Napoleon might have been successfully directed to this grand object, and then he would have left the reputation of having contributed to civilize, enrich, and people the world, and not of having been its scourge and destroyer. *When the Barbary shore shall be lined with peaceful, industrious, and polished inhabitants*, the Mediterranean will be an immense lake fur-

* Geography of Herodotus, &c. p. 719. But the controversy on Hanno is endless.

rowed by the commerce of the wealthy nations peopling its shores on every side."* These, indeed,

"are imperial arts and worthy kings."

Such enterprizes are accessions of power to nations, indeed; but through nations they are accessions to the aggregate happiness of mankind. Nor can any one contemplate the remarkable growth of just views of the principles of social philosophy within the last fifty years—especially through that great modern creation, the science of Political Economy—in spite of the crowning curse of war, and the obstinate resistance still maintained by evil

custom, without a strong hope that nations and their governors are gradually but really coming to comprehend the *true* objects of a noble ambition—the true constituents of imperishable glory; that they are at last beginning to feel, that to the rulers of a people quite as much as to individual benefactors, applies the *dictum* which contrasts with all the solemn futilities of profitless fame, the homely but genuine glory of "having made two blades of corn grow where one grew before."

In this point of view, one rejoices to read such reports as the following, of the prospects of agricultural labour in the country near Algiers:†—

* Compare also Talleyrand's celebrated memorial to Bonaparte, in 1801; drawn up, indeed, in selfish hostility to England, but yet containing many truths on the real mode of aggrandizing national power. "France," says the subtle diplomatist, "may add Italy and Germany to her dominions with less detriment to Great Britain than will follow the acquisition of a navy, and the extension of her trade. *Whatever gives colonies to France* supplies her with ships, sailors, manufactures, and husbandmen. Victories by land can only give her mutinous subjects, who, instead of augmenting the national force by their riches or numbers, contribute only to disperse and enfeeble that force; but the growth of colonies supplies her with zealous citizens; and the increase of real wealth, and increase of effective numbers is the certain consequence." France is, indeed, not idle at present on any available point of the African coast. "She is already securely placed," says Mr. Macqueen, writing in May, 1844, "at the mouth of the Senegal, and at Goree, extending her influence eastward and north-eastward from both places. She has a settlement at Albreda, on the Gambia, a short distance above St. Mary's, and which commands that river. She has just founded a settlement close by Cape Palmas and another at the mouth of the Gaboon, and a third by this time near the chief mouth of the Niger, in the Bight of Benin. She has fixed herself at Massuah and Bure, on the west shore of the Red Sea, commanding the inlets into Abyssinia. She is endeavouring to fix her flag at Brava and the mouth of the Jub, and she has just taken permanent possession of the important island of Johanna, situated in the centre of the northern outlet of the Mozambique channel, by which she acquires the command of that important channel. Her active agents are placed in Southern Abyssinia, and are traversing the borders of the great Bahr-el-abiad, while the northern shores of Africa will speedily be her own." And he earnestly directs the attention of British statesmen to the duty of securing African influence, by a judicious system of free colonization, and by the encouragement of free African labour, before it be too late, and every valuable point of the African tropical shores pre-occupied.

† There is also an interesting account of the experimental gardens established by the French government, p. 33; especially of the cultivation of the cactus and its cochineal insect, which is found to succeed perfectly. On the other hand, it must be confessed, that there can hardly be a more disheartening report on the subject of Algerian agriculture than that presented to the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, by Professor Blanqui, in the summer of 1839. This gentleman, a shrewd and intelligent observer, was sent out by the Academy in the spring of 1839, to examine and report on the state of the colony, and the causes of its slow growth and unproductive (indeed, enormously expensive) management. [The annual budget for Algerian outlay is some sixteen or seventeen millions of francs!] He was not very long at Algiers and Constantine; but, it seems, quite long enough to fill five able papers with very depressing accounts of the state of affairs, as regarded the whole *civil* polity of Algeria. They may be found in the *Moniteur*, 1839. He reports that the Meteedjah itself, for lack of draining, was almost totally unfitted for profitable agriculture; that the crops were ill selected; and the plans of improvement disastrous failures. A good deal of this, however, was due to the incursions of the Arabs; and since the pacification of this great Plain, there has,

"The soil in the neighbourhood is excellent, producing the grain, fruits, and vegetables of Europe, of a quality equal, and often superior. The extent of land at present under tillage is not great, owing partly to the scarcity of labour, and partly to the unsettled state of the country until within the last two or three years, during which period the agricultural colonists have made more progress than in the preceding ten. Comfortable farm-houses, with stables and offices, have been erected, gardens and fields enclosed, and roads made, connecting the farms with the highway; European ploughs and implements are seen in the fields, with carts and wagons, made after the national pattern of the French, German, or Spanish proprietor. Herds of cattle, and numerous flocks of sheep grazing on the hill-sides, are pleasing evidences of present prosperity."

He adds,

"Were it not for an occasional party of Arabs going to market with the country produce, or returning from the city, it would be difficult to imagine, from the surrounding scene, that you are travelling in another quarter of the globe; the languages of Europe are heard on every side, at each turn familiar faces meet the eye, the peasant of the Midi, the discharged soldier, the clumsy Alsatian, and the unmistakable air of the Parisian *badaud*, the Spaniard, at home so idle and lazy, here an industrious colonist, who, in leaving his native land, has seemingly shaken off the hereditary cloth which forms so prominent a feature in the Spanish character, the Maltese travelling from village to village, with his little stock of merchandise, the Pole, and the Italian, are each known at once; and who is there that would not recognize at a glance the group at the door of yonder farm? the mother, stout, homely, and neatly dressed, knitting in the doorway, every now and then restoring order with a sharp word, accompanied by a smile, that almost cancels it, among a happy noisy crowd of little

ones, whose flaxen hair, light blue eyes, and round fair cheeks, so delicately white, would teach you to despise the power of an African sun, were it not for a second look at the bronzed features of the mother, across whose brow a narrow stripe, generally covered by her cap, nearly as white as that of the infants at her feet, shows what she was, now is, and they will be; the well-kept garden, the neat enclosures, all stamp them as of a kindred nation to our own, and the sturdy figure ploughing in the adjoining field, with the curling smoke from his beloved pipe issuing from his mouth, in puffs as regular as if he were labouring on the banks of his own Rhine, prove that the German, where'er he be, forgets neither the habits nor the industry of his early home."

This variety of population is still more striking in the city itself:—

"The evening was fine, although cold, and after dinner we joined the crowd of idlers in the 'Place du Gouvernement,' an open space in the centre of the city, planted with orange trees, the formation of which was one of the first works undertaken by the French after the occupation. Three sides are nearly enclosed with handsome well-built houses in the French style, and the fourth facing the sea, juts out in an obtuse angle, of which a portion of the northern face is occupied by a mosque of no architectural beauty, and the other, overlooking a battery of heavy guns, affords a splendid view of the port, the shipping, and the Bay of Algiers. In the Place are the principal hotels, the fashionable cafés, and the best shops. As the night closed in, the cafés blazed with light, and the square was thronged with officers, soldiers, sailors, Jews, Moors, Arabs, the wealthy merchant, and the poor colonist, the freed negro, the awkward conscript of the last 'tirage,' and the handsome dragoon in the soldierlike uniform of the 'Chasseurs d'Afrique,' mingled together in a scene of picturesque confusion, each following his own method,

doubtless, been more opportunity of improvement. The Sahel (immediately around the city itself) was always well cultivated and productive. The moral condition of Algiers he describes as infamous beyond description; among other aids and appliances for this result is the increased consumption of French wines; the population, since 1833, has doubled, and the consumption of wine *quintupled*. The local trade has, of course, immensely increased; and the rents of houses are enormously high,—£100 a-year for a low tobacco-shop, £360 for a restaurant's first-floor. The province of Constantine is better administered, as well as more fertile, than Algiers; the Oran district the most productive of the three; but as yet the least completely amenable to the authority of the invaders. Captain Kennedy gives a pleasing account of the confidence in the French government at Constantine; vol. ii. p. 244.

in search of pleasure after the toils of the past day."

With all this it is not difficult to conceive how thoroughly irritating to the habits and prejudices of the Moor and Arab must be this Parisianizing of their old capital; how *specially* offensive must be to the grave and decorous Mussulman the peculiar conceit and flippancy of the Frenchman; and what a salient fountain of bitterness must still exist among the mass of the unconquered population. It is a touching answer which Captain Kennedy records, as spoken by an old Arab chief of the Righa tribe, whose hospitality the party enjoyed on the borders of the Lesser Desert:—

"Commenting upon Bel Arbi's patriarchal appearance, he was asked his age. Looking sorrowfully down, he paused for an instant, and answered, quietly passing his hand down his white and flowing beard, 'I am not so very old; a few years ago I was strong and healthy, but then you came, the troubles of my country commenced, and I am become what you now see me.'"

It is much to be feared that the French do not practically understand that great and blessed art of conciliation which alone can make their occupancy of Algeria either pleasant or profitable. They appear (so far as we have been able to learn) to neglect almost altogether the duty and policy of governing the Arab by Arab rules and motives; they treat him on a system which must be to *him* despotic and unreasonable; forcing upon the wild children of the Desert their *code Napoleon*, and the rest of their minute and complicated European legislation; and barbarously trying these poor people by French martial law for actions they cannot even understand to be offences at all. What can be more ruthless and cruel than their treatment of Ben Aïssa? This man defended Constantina gallantly against Marshal Valée, and afterwards had to submit reluctantly to the French. According to his former fashion when a ruler, he subsequently issued among some Kabyle tribes, coin which was under weight; the authorities tried him by French law, and condemned the old chief as a common coiner to the pillory and the hulks for life, the latter of which dis-

graceful punishments has been suspended only by a special act of the home government. This sort of equal justice may, no doubt, be deemed necessary; it may be thought a stroke of needful policy to terrify the native rulers by these degrading severities; there *are* nations, however, that can manage to carry their point without such measures; it is not thus that the British have consolidated their power in India.

Christianity, as usual, effects, in its own quiet way, more than all these brutalities can achieve. A Bishop of Algiers (England is *at last* slowly awaking to the duty of leaving no colony without one) and his clergy, are much respected by the natives; and exercise, it is said, the sort of personal influence among the Arabs that our own Bishop Selwyn has so beautifully exemplified among the hostile tribes in New Zealand. It was the bishop who chiefly organized the regular interchange of prisoners which has so largely alleviated the horrors of the atrocious war of *razzias*, that the French commanders carry on; and this prelate has himself had considerable intercourse with Abd-el-Kader, who, as well as all the Emir's officers, has treated him with the greatest respect and affection, and who (being himself a high religious personage) has conversed freely with some of the Christian clergy upon the nature and claims of Christianity.

But we must now follow, though rapidly, the footsteps of our very pleasant tourist.

Captain Kennedy's *first* excursion was from Algiers, south-west, through Bleedah (a formerly populous town, now, between earthquake and French invasion, almost in ruins, but important as a military station), by the valley of the Cheeffa, to Medeah. His description of the beautiful Cheeffa valley presents a fair specimen of the gallant Captain's powers as a landscape painter.

"On either hand rise the perpendicular sides of the mountains worn by the action of the water into a thousand fantastic shapes—huge masses of rock fringed with the luxuriant vegetation that springs from every fissure. Each spot, each little ravine that retains sufficient earth, is green with the wild laurel, the juniper, the dwarf oak, and the olive, with here and there some tree of

a larger growth that has withstood the storm, firmly planted in its more sheltered nook. The oleander flourishes on each little gravelly bed by the side of the river, and a variety of shrubs and flowering plants, with a profusion of lavender in full bloom, grow on every vacant spot.

"At our feet the river, slightly swollen and discoloured by the melting snow, rushed as it were painfully through its contracted bed, foaming around the misshapen masses that, detached from the rocks above, impede, but cannot check its course. Nor do the highest summits of the Atlas omit to send their tribute to add to the beauty of the scenery. Countless streams pour down their sides, and reaching the edge of the valley, fall in cascades from rock to rock till they join the river. At one point of view, where the rocks are steepest and the vegetation most beautiful, five are visible at once. The finest falls from a precipice of three hundred feet, leaping from ledge to ledge, here and there for a moment concealed among the under-wood, appearing and re-appearing broken into a hundred streamlets that trickle over the mossy surface of the rocks, like threads of silver, until again united by some broader ledge, they together seek the stream beneath."

At Medeah (still to the south-west)* 3800 feet above the level of the sea, in the midst of the Lesser Atlas chain, he admired the aqueduct still in use, and General Marey's domesticated lion. This truly African pet

"Was a magnificent animal, two years old, and full grown all but his mane, which, although only a foot long, made, nevertheless, a respectable appearance; he did not seem to care about our being strangers, but walking about the room like a large dog, permitted us to take liberties with him, such as patting him, shaking a paw, and making him exhibit his teeth and claws. He showed, however, a marked predilection in favour of his old acquaintances, and lying down before them, turned on his back to be scratched.

"After a scratch or two, he began to yawn, and was fairly settling himself for a nap, when a cigar was puffed in his face—a proceeding he evidently did not approve of—rising in a hurry, curling

up his lips, and wrinkling his nose, he exposed to view a splendid set of teeth—a sure sign that he was not pleased. A hearty sneeze seemed to restore him to good temper; and bearing no malice, he returned a friendly pat, bestowed upon him by Captain Martenot, who had been the aggressor, by rubbing his head caressingly against his knees."

But the General (an officer of great African experience and value) is eminent in quadrupeds of more utility than his formidable favourite. Readers versed in the natural history of the noblest of brutes, will peruse with interest the following sketch of the perfection of a genuine Arabian:

"The general's favourite charger was purchased at a high price, and after a lengthened negotiation, from a wealthy chief in the south-west. A description of him will serve to give an idea of a first-rate Barbary Arab. Standing barely fifteen hands and a half, jet black, a coat like satin, and a mane and tail that would win the heart of any lady; small head well set on, large full eyes, wide nostrils, and small tapering ears in incessant motion; a handsome forehead and plenty of bone (lightness below the knee being a common fault); broad and deep-chested, full in the girth, and well ribbed up; hind-quarters rather falling away, strong but not handsome; this, as well as carrying the tail meanly, is almost universal. Through kind treatment he had become as gentle as a lamb; yet in every motion there was that wild freedom which, seized upon by Horace Vernet, gives such life and energy to his truthful pictures of Arab warfare."

From Medeah the party passed into the Little Desert, and were at once in the heart of Arab life—that life which remains so wondrously unchanged, through all the revolutions of empire an historical stereotype; of which a chapter in the Book of Genesis (for Abraham was just an Arab sheik, a Sidi Ibrahim with his flocks and tent) presents a portrait that might answer at this day for any desert point from Mount Atlas to Muscat.* From the *dashera* (or village) of the Haouera

* It is hardly necessary to observe (yet such observations are too important to be ever out of place) how strong a confirmation this very fact gives to the genuineness and authenticity of the Book of Genesis itself. For at almost any period that can, with any approach to probability, be assigned for the authorship of that Book, the Israelite way of living must have been exceedingly different from the state of things the Book describes; nor could anything within the actual

tribe, they proceeded to Boghar, an important advanced post, formerly a Roman military position, and taken by the French in May, 1841. Captain Kennedy justly observes that this place (almost forty leagues south of Algiers) must become a focus of trade between Algiers and the tribes of the interior; supplanting the circuitous routes of traffic though Mogador and Tunis or Tripoli, by an easy and direct northerly line. At this outpost of European civilization, our travellers had not much temptation to delay; and still stretching desertwards, paid their next respects to no less a personage than the agha of the Little Desert, the mighty Ben-Aouda, at whose *douara*, or encampment, they fortunately came in for the festivities of an Arab wedding-feast. Ben-Aouda (may the old rascal's shadow be shorter!) treacherously deserted Abd-el-Kader some time since; and though Capt. Kennedy furnishes sundry justifications of the traitor's politic move, we are not convinced, but largely attribute the captain's lenity to the recollections of the hospitality of the lord of the Oulad-Mocktar, the mirth of the wedding-festival, and the admirable composition of the couscous, "hamis," and "stewed gazelle" of his sheikship's kitchen. On the subject of this hospitality, however, a common mistake is here corrected.

"Arab hospitality, of which in England we have such exaggerated notions, is not of that romantic kind which refuses to receive a recompense from those who can afford it."

"The Agha would most certainly not have accepted, and probably would have been much offended, if we had offered him money as payment for the expense of entertaining our party, but he would have been equally disappointed if we had taken our departure without (as we were informed was the proper etiquette) giving a present to a servant, who, when the guests are gone, hands it over to his master. This custom refers more to

foreign travellers than to hospitalities exercised one to another. On no account is a stranger, who claims food and shelter in the name of God, turned away from the douar.

And he very justly explains the difference. Among the children of the desert, hospitality is a *mutual* obligation for a mutual service; but it would be preposterous to suppose, that expensive entertainments could be provided for casual tourists, from whom there could never be the remotest chance of a similar return in time of need. More especially may we suppose these prudential considerations to have prevailed since the desert has been opened to European curiosity; and life "*a l'Arabe*" has become the rage among idle young Frenchmen, whose visits would probably become no slight task among the thrifty house-keepers of the Lesser Desert.

Our travellers returning by the ruins of the Colonia Auziensis, and the tribe of the Abides, witnessed one of those strange disgusting exhibitions, the scorpion-eating of the sect of Aisaoua; which leads to an account of the performances of the votaries of that fanaticism, which, had it been found in any ancient author—an Herodotus or a Pliny—would have been at once set down to the absurd credulity of the narrator. In a state of unnatural excitement these people achieve what it is certainly difficult to distinguish from direct miracle. Of the boy, whom Captain Kennedy saw, he tells us that he carefully examined, and plainly detected, the venomous sting of the scorpion this creature swallowed:

"Standing over the boy, I watched him narrowly, to see that he did not pinch off the tail of the reptile, or play any trick; but, half raising his hand to his head, he put his mouth to his open palm, and I saw distinctly the scorpion writhing between his teeth as he took it up, and heard the crunching of its shelly

existing experience of the people have completely supplied the elements of the exquisitely accurate and (what is more remarkable) *uniformly consistent* picture it furnishes of the wandering tent-life, as we now observe and know it. It may be worth adding, that (just as in the case of the New Testament "wilderness") we are not to conceive all "desert" districts to be tracts of absolute barrenness; the desert life extends through regions capable of great cultivation; and though the great Sahara soon becomes a mere sandy ocean, the most part of the vast expanse of the "Lesser Desert" is pasturable.

covering, as he deliberately chewed, and then swallowed it. Neither his hands nor his mouth suffered in the slightest degree, and after a short interval he produced and ate another in the same way, which I also examined."

But this is as nothing compared to what is performed at their solemn assemblies. A witness, whose report Captain Kennedy inserts, says:—

"I saw some of these fanatics roll enormous serpents in the hollow of their tambourines, while livid adders reared their hideous heads from the hoods of their berrous, and, dropping to the floor, glided over the marble as cold as themselves. In spite of the horror which I felt at this sight, curiosity got the better of my disgust, and I remained. . . .

"I must confess, however, that my heart beat violently; the dim obscurity, the infernal music, the women, shrouded in their white veils, appearing like phantoms risen from the grave, all prepared my imagination for the horrid spectacle of a festival of the Aïssaoua."

"Now calling for red-hot iron, small shovels, the broad part the size of the hand, with long iron handles, were given to them. Seizing each one, these enthusiasts, placing one knee on the ground, applied their hands, and even tongues, to the red-hot metal. One of them, more madly excited than his companions, placed the brightest portion of the instrument between his teeth, and held it in that position for upwards of thirty seconds.

"Let not the reader think that I exaggerate; I witnessed all that I relate; and, in order to impress the scene stronger upon my memory, the performer of this last act placed himself directly opposite to me with a lighted taper in his hand. It is impossible for me to give a reason for what I saw, but I cannot disbelieve it; I smelt the stench

of the burnt flesh, and when I afterwards touched their hands and feet, I found only a fresh and uninjured skin. The sight of one old man, nearly sixty-five years of age, gave me great pain; he grasped the red-hot iron, and placing it on his leg, allowed it to remain there until a whitish smoke arose, which filled the whole house with its poisonous odour."

They then proceed, as "the mirth and fun grows fast and furious," to rush upon naked swords, roll among the needle thorns of the cactus, force enraged adders to bite them, and grasp red hot iron; till mingling in the demoniac dance, they sink in a heap exhausted. We are not aware, but should be truly glad to learn, what account the French physicians and naturalists give of these extraordinary facts.

Captain Kennedy's next tour was on sea; eastward by the coast to Tunis. He interposes between the two divisions of his narrative a very interesting and well-drawn summary of information on the principal features of the entire country, and an account of the expedition by General Marey to Laghouat (a beautiful and important town, which is considered as the capital of the Desert,) in 1844. Another chapter contains a brief, but useful and complete account of those Kabyles, with whose name and doings the papers occasionally make us familiar; the dwellers in the mountains, from the Meteedjah eastward to Philippeville, a people equally distinct from Arab and Moor, unconquered in all ages, and supposed to be the lineal descendants of the first inhabitants of North Africa.*

* The subject of the language of this people is one of much interest, and we presume has already engaged the attention of the French philologists. The idioms of the Berbers Shilhas (inhabiting the southern branches of Atlas), and Kabyles, with considerable differences, have a manifest connexion; and are unquestionably quite distinct from the Punic and Arabic, as well as from the language of Rome. The people of Siwah speak a language resembling that of the Shilhas; and the great Tuarek nation of the Desert speak the tongue of Siwah. [The Kabyles call their language Showiah.] These connexions would seem to prolong a line of one general language, breaking into various local dialects, across the North of Africa; nay, possibly further. The language of the Canary islands resembles the Berber; Milk, which is *Acho* in the Berber, is *Aho* in the Canaries.

The word *Berber* is of great antiquity, and possibly is itself the root of the Greek *Baŕbares*, which, we all know, is as old as Homer. The Egyptians gave the name *Barbar* to savage tribes in their neighbourhood (see Herod. ii.) *Barbarica* was, however, to the South of Egypt—the modern *Ajan*; yet it is not unlikely that

On his way to Tunis our author called at Boujeiah (the town whose name and trade in wax are immortalized in the French "bougie"), Djidgeli—in both which coast-towns the French are blockaded to their very walls by the Kabyles—and Bona. In case of war (which God avert!) it certainly appears to us that Algeria would be anything but a benefit to France; a few ships of war would effectually prevent all communication from the Algerine coast with the parent country; and then the unfortunate garrisons would be exposed to all the fury of their relentless foes from the Desert and the mountains. In this point of view it may be a public blessing, that this rickety colony should be a drag upon the fervid wheels of the democratic war mania in France; and if it operate to procure such a blessing, we can hardly wish ill-speed to Abd-el-Kader.

From Bona, where our travellers (who seem to have had capital credentials to all quarters) were guests of General Randon, who has lately, as we perceive, been distinguishing himself in the *razzia* line—Captain Kennedy made an excursion to the adjacent ruins of the royal city of Hippo; of Hippo—glorious as an old home of Numidian royalty, but infinitely more glorious from its inseparable association with the greatest of the Fathers. We do not need to pray to St. Augustine, in order to feel his unequalled excellencies; to recognize the force of that piety so ethereal, yet so practical, idealistic as Plato, yet, when

needed is, homely and direct as Plato's master; to acknowledge the charms of that most singular style—so Catholic, and yet so individual, so universal in its spirit, yet, to the last, so wholly his own; to admire the energy of that indefatigable mind, which, after working itself clear of innumerable errors of practice and belief, Christianized at last, flowed forth for so many years of public peril and difficulty, to fertilize every region of religious thought, and has since so swayed the minds of men, that even his errors—say rather, in reverence, his less cautious conjectures, or less felicitous speculations—have (it is the sad necessity of greatness) been permanent and potent as demonstrated truths. Yes, we should dearly enjoy a solitary summer day among the ruins of Hippo!

At Tunis, a city larger and in every way better than Algiers, but whose history, even to an English capture, precisely resembles it, Captain Kennedy was presented to the Bey, whom he found intelligent and inquisitive.* He then set off for the Eastern coast, which, as the reader cannot but remember, stretches for over three degrees of latitude, directly southward at this point of North Africa, and which is a perfect paradise of archæology,—every where dotted with the ruins of the ancient greatness of the country. First, however, he of course proceeded, as every Tunisian traveller is in duty bound, to play the part of Marius among the relics of old Carthage.

the name may have been of more general application. The well-known root *Rha-barb* was *Rha Barbaricum* (as distinguished from *Rha Ponticum*). Gibbon's learned note on the word (chap. li., note, 162) hardly meets or resolves the main question—the nature of the connexion of the general term with the local designation of the Berbers. Vol. v. p. 151, of the last edition—an edition (the second of Mr. Milman's), whose real value is (we take this very incidental opportunity of observing and regretting) seriously diminished by lack of that perfect typographical accuracy we have a right to expect from Albemarle-street. Why is it that, except now and then from the Clarendon Press, we cannot obtain a perfectly accurate reprint of the text of an English Classic? Surely it must be at once obvious, that this humble but most important department of the business of publication can never safely be committed to ignorant or merely mechanical functionaries.

* See also a further account of him in vol. ii. p. 169. He seems to be a man gifted with something of that Mehemet-Ali superiority to prejudice, that here and there is, of late years, so singularly quickening the dulness of Ottoman life. He has "abolished slavery within the Tunisian dominions," prompted by Sir Thomas Reade (our antiquarian Consul General at Tunis) and by his own secretary, Signor Raffo. He first emancipated all his own slaves: many imitated their sovereign from fashion or interest; by degrees he prohibited the export and import; then the sale altogether; and finally enacted the freedom of all children of slave parents.

"The only site that can be ascertained with any degree of certainty, is that of the "byrsa," or citadel, which stood on a hill in the centre of the city; its summit is now occupied by the chapel lately erected to the memory of St. Louis. Built on the highest point of the hill, in the form of a cross, surmounted by a dome, and facing the south-east, it is a conspicuous object from the surrounding country, and from it the best view of the ruins is obtained. The Bey gave permission to erect it, and over the entrance is the following inscription:

"LOUIS PHILIPPE, PREMIER ROI DES FRANÇAIS
A ÉRIGÉ CE MONUMENT
EN L'AN 1841,
SUR LA PLACE OÙ EXPIRA LE ROI SAINT
LOUIS SON AÏEUL."

We recognize the keen military eye, however, in the shrewd remark that follows, of the admirable adaptation of the building to the purposes of a *military defence*. Would there not, after all, be something exquisitely characteristic in our knowing old neighbour, the *premier roi des Français* (how that title must puzzle the ghost of St. Louis!) converting his saintly ancestor's memorial into a military post; quietly contriving it "a double debt to pay;" the Louis of the nineteenth century insinuating a little French fortress into Tunis, under cover of filial piety for the Louis of the thirteenth?

Fortified by an "amer" of the Bey's, the travellers proceeded along the eastern coast, visiting its innumerable ruins; the supposed cave of Dido and her most uninteresting and coxcombical of heroes; Hergla (the ancient Horrea Cœlia); Sousah (the site of Adrumetum), the most important export town, after Tunis, in the regency; Monasteer-Lambtah (the ancient Leptis Minor); Ras Demas (Thapsus); Sfakus; and at length (turning on their course north-westward,) arrived at the great archaeological glory of this part of Africa, the stupendous colosseum of El Jemm. Captain Kennedy (who has also prefixed to his second volume an excellent sketch of it) thus describes this magnificent ruin:—

"Soon after our arrival we set forth, accompanied by half the population of the place, to the amphitheatre. It is seldom that expectations which have

been highly raised by the descriptions of others, are not disappointed at the first view of the object, but here the reality far surpassed the utmost I had ever pictured to myself. Erected, according to Shaw's conjecture, during the reign of the Gordians, who were first recognized as Emperors at Tysdrus, this noble monument of imperial gratitude is rendered still more impressive by the desolation in the midst of which it stands.

"The absence of all petty detail of ornament, as well as its imposing proportions, give an air of simple grandeur to the edifice. Oval in form, four hundred and twenty-nine feet in length, by three hundred and sixty-eight in breadth, the façade consists of three ranges of arches, rising to the height of ninety-six feet, and above them are the remains of a fourth tier, which was destroyed during an insurrection by the Arabs, who converted the amphitheatre into a fortress, and used the stones as weapons of defence against their assailants. At this period, ninety years ago, the whole building was in good preservation, but to guard against such an occurrence for the future, the Bey ordered the great western entrance to be blown up with gunpowder, and since then it has served as a quarry, from whence stone may be procured at pleasure. With the exception of this breach, and the loss of the upper story, the exterior is nearly perfect; solidly built of hewn stone, many of the blocks that form the arches still bear the numbers cut upon them to prevent their being misplaced. The pillars and arches, sixty in number, vary slightly in each tier, and are of the Doric order, with Egyptian capitals."

From this point the way lay open through the desert to the far-famed centre of Mahometan sanctity, the city of Kairouan. Our travellers entered the holy city at considerable risk, the quintessence of Islamite fanaticism being concentrated within its sacred walls, and very few of the dogs of Frangestan having ever been permitted to bark inside the gates of Kairouan.

"Turning a corner suddenly, we encountered two women of the lower class, the elder of whom seemed inclined to run, but the younger, amazed at our appearance, stood, for a second, motionless, in the narrow street, and, allowing her veil to drop, regarded us with a mingled expression of horror and disgust. Her attitude was magnificent—drawing herself up to her full

hight, her dark eyes flashing with rage, and impelled by the same feeling with which we would crush a noxious reptile, she raised her hands and rushed upon me like a fury, when the officer seized her uplifted arm, jerked her round with little ceremony, and led her cursing down the street."

Again:—

"In our perambulations through the sooks and streets, we encountered a sufficiency of black looks, and some abuse; but, in the evening, when on our way home, a crowd collected in our rear, and as we passed the copious spring that supplies the city, Lord Feilding received a violent blow from a stone on the back of his head, which caused him to stagger. On our facing about, the majority of the crowd ran off; and the Kaiya's officers in advance, not knowing the individual who had thrown the stone, thrashed the four nearest bystanders instead, which answered every purpose just as well."

The great Mosch is reported to be superb interiorly:—

"The interior, to which nothing would have induced them to admit us, must, from the description of the officers who accompanied us, have been magnificent, even after making all due allowances for the usual exaggeration. The great hall, near the principal entrance, they described as of surpassing splendour—the pavement of the most precious marbles, and the walls lined with the same material; hundreds of antique columns, the spoil alike of heathen temple, Christian church, and Roman palace, support the roof; and fifty enormous lustres, each of a hundred and fifty lights, illuminate the hall on great anniversaries. The relics preserved here, and which are regarded by all Mahometans with veneration and awe, are the arms of several of the disciples and companions of the prophet, the conquerors of Africa. Protected by strong iron gratings, these occupy a shrine, to reach which it is usual to pass between three miraculous pillars, placed near each other, in a triangle. To a true believer, whatever may be his size, the pillars offer no impediment; but to a man, who either from his want of faith, or from his wicked life, is not looked upon by the prophet with favour, they form an impassable barrier;—'Let him be,' said our guide, holding up his little finger, 'no bigger than this; it has even happened, that faithless sinners, who had sufficient nerve to make the

attempt without repentance, have been squeezed to death, or dreadfully injured, by the columns closing upon them."

Having returned to Tunis, the travellers explored the country to the south-west, through a line of ruined cities, as far as Keff; and thence passed again (eating some capital *lion-steak* on the way) into the Algiers regency to Bona. From this they proceeded to visit Constantineh, the Cirta of our Sallust times; the strong and famous capital where the cruel bastard cousin—fierce and feline as the native lion of the land—besieged, tortured, and murdered that unhappy Adherbal, whose fruitless "Speech to the Roman Senate," as freely translated in the "English Reader," was so invariably a stock-piece in our days of school-boy elocution. Captain Kennedy describes graphically the romantic city, upon its pile of rock, 2,300 feet above the sea level; and with the enthusiasm of a soldier, the gallant assault by which, after Clausel's failure in 1836, the French stormed it in October, 1837. Constantina seems to be the best managed of the French governments in Africa; yet such is the unsleeping hostility of the wild mountaineers between it and the sea, that a prohibition is severely maintained of Europeans passing in parties of less than four armed men between Constantina and Philippeville. The latter is a new sea-port, founded in 1838, christened after the King of the French, and meant to bring the treasures of earth and sea by the nearest route to Constantina.

And so Captain Kennedy, once more taking to the "midland sea," returned to Algiers and the *Hotel de la Regence*. We have accompanied him with pleasure and instruction; nor can we pass from his volumes without observing, that there is hardly any token or characteristic of the times more truly gratifying than the rising standard of taste, enterprise, and information among our military men. War must ever be, at best, a terrible necessity; stern and grim in its mildest features: but if any thing can help to alleviate its necessary terrors, it surely is the rapid growth of elevated principle and intellectual attainment among those to whom is intrusted the honourable responsibility

of its management. All honour to those who aid to raise the character of the British officer—not indeed above the coarse and vapouring brag-gadocio of the popular novels and plays of the last century (for that must have been caricature), but above the vain and vapid ideal which is so often put before our young men as the perfection of military manner, and the peculiar privilege of the military profession. Our officers, in even the most laborious of their quarters, have usually a good deal of time on their hands—in some posts nearly the whole day at their disposal; and he is surely their truest friend who, by precept or example, would teach them to employ this

precious leisure in that acquisition of information, for which on foreign service they have almost always special opportunities; and in that general accomplishment and enlargement of mind which can alone, in a vast and varied empire like ours, formed of a diversity of nations, tribes, and languages, thoroughly enable them to serve, with efficiency, their country.

Captain Kennedy is, we believe, now in China, where he has already served. We are pretty certain he has his eyes open; and we shall certainly look for, and hereby promise to do all due honours to, a couple of companion volumes on "China in 1846."

B.

SONNET—TO AN INCUBUS.

Hag of the night! who hoverest o'er my bed
 Till sleep has steeped my weary eyes in rest,
 And then descendest—on my loaded breast
 Squatting, thy heavy limbs of lazy lead
 Coiled under thee, and thy dull goblin eye
 Stupidly glaring at me as I lie.
 Thy cold hands clutch my throat—their palsying clasp
 Maddens yet numbs me—and my o'erfraught heart
 Scarce keeps its pulses, and each stifling gasp
 Heaves deep and slow; till, struggling in the night
 Of that dead agony, from sleep I start,
 And then like some foul bat, or bird of night,
 Thou spread'st thy broad brown wings and soar'st away,
 Darkening the moon's white beams which through my casement play.

CECIL.

SIGNOR FORMICA.

CHAPTER V.

SIGNOR FORMICA surpassed himself, and Capuzzi, who in his younger days had been stage-mad, felt the old passion once more stir mightily within him. He kissed Mariana's hands again and again in his ecstasy, and swore that he would let no evening pass without bringing her to Musso's theatre. He extolled Signor Formica above the stars, and bore his part with energy in the tumults of applause that greeted the public favourite. Splendiano Accoramboni was not carried away by the general enthusiasm; his gravity deepened at every joke, and he more than once admonished Signor Pasquale and the fair Mariana, with impressive seriousness, not to laugh so immoderately, naming at the same time not less than twenty diseases, which might be brought on by a too violent concussion of the midriff. As for Pitichinaccio, he was unhappy to the last degree. He had been obliged to place himself just behind Doctor Pyramid, who overshadowed him completely with his great wig; he had not, in fact, so much as a glimpse of the stage or of the actors, and was, besides, unrelentingly badgered by two bold-looking women, who had taken their seats one on each side of him. They called him a pretty dear, a charming little *signora*, or rather *signorina*, since he was evidently too young to be already married.

"Oh, holy Valentine!" exclaimed one, "what breaking of hearts there will be when she fixes on the happy man! All Rome will wear the wilLOW!"

"But what a blessed day," said the other, "it will be for us poor women! We shall have some chance, then, of being looked at; for of course her husband will shut her up."

"I'm sure I have reason to be thankful," resumed the first, "that my sweetheart is laid up with the tooth-ache, and could not be here to-night."

"I would stick a knife in her," replied the other, "if I thought she

were likely ever to come in the way of a sweetheart of mine!"

"I say—think of the cherubs her-children will be!"

"If they resemble their mama!"

"And if their papa be worthy of his lovely wife!"

"Oh, cielo! that will be a pair! We must see the wedding, Ghita—I would sooner not see another carnival as long as I live, than miss it!"

"Who knows but the *signorina* may ask us to be her bridesmaids?"

In this sort was Pitichinaccio persecuted the whole time of the performance, his anguish apparently affording to his pitiless neighbours more entertainment than the talents of Formica or of Agli. Cold drops of sweat stood on the forehead of the unhappy little monster, he fretted and whined in a piteous manner, and cursed his wretched existence.

The play at an end, Signor Pasquale waited till all the rest of the audience had dispersed, and did not leave the theatre before the last candle was put out, Splendiano having previously lighted a stump of a wax taper at it: Capuzzi and his party then took their way homewards. Pitichinaccio cried and wept; Capuzzi, to his unspeakable torment, had to take the little fright on his left arm, while his right was presented to Mariana: the doctor marched on in advance with his stump of candle, which burned with a feeble and struggling light, making the surrounding darkness only the blacker and more bewildering.

They had not yet reached the Porta del Popolo, when they were suddenly surrounded by several figures, wrapped in dusky mantles; the taper was at the same moment struck out of Splendiano's hand, and falling on the ground, was extinguished. Then, no one could tell whence, a pale reddish light fell on the shrouded figures, and four wan, cadaverous faces stared with motionless eyes upon Doctor Pyramid, while a dismal cry burst from their livid lips:—

"Woe! woe! woe to thee, Splendiano Accoramboni! woe! woe! woe!"

Then began one in a sepulchral voice—

"Knowest thou me, Splendiano? knowest thou me? I am Cordier, the French painter, who was buried last week, whom, with potions of hell, thou didst despatch to thy pyramid! Woe to thee, Splendiano, thy time is come!"

Then another—

"Knowest thou me, Splendiano? knowest thou me? I am Kufner, the German painter, whom, with pills of Orcus, thou didst despatch to thy pyramid! Woe to thee, thy time is come!"

Then a third—

"Knowest thou me, Splendiano—knowest thou me? I am Liers, the Flemish painter, whom, with powders of Erebus, thou didst despatch to thy pyramid, and didst diddle his brother out of three pictures! Woe to thee, Splendiano, thy time is come!"

Then the fourth—

"Knowest thou me, Splendiano—knowest thou me? I am Ghigi, the Neapolitan painter, whom, with potion, and pill, and powder, one more infernal than the other, thou didst despatch to thy pyramid! Woe, woe, woe to thee, Splendiano, thy time is come!"

And then the four broke out in hideous concert—

"Woe! woe! woe to thee, Splendiano Accoramboni! thy time is come!—to the pyramid with thee!—to the pyramid with thy body, and to Tartarus with thy soul, where thine own patients shall doctor thee, and thou shalt take physic for ever and ever!"

With these words, the dead men flung themselves upon the ill-fated doctor, lifted him by the arms and legs from the ground, and, with a wild "Hallo! hallo!" carried him away like a whirlwind.

Frightened as Signor Pasquale had been at first, he recovered his courage wonderfully when he saw it was only his friend Accoramboni who had incurred the displeasure of the other world. Pitichinaccio had stuck his head, flower-garden and all, under Capuzzi's mantle, and clung so fast about the old gentleman's neck that it was lost labour trying to shake him off.

"Be not frightened," said Capuzzi to his niece, when nothing more was to be seen of the spectres nor of Doctor Pyramid—"be not frightened, my sweet, my precious dove! Cling to me, my treasure, my idol, my life! I will protect thee; with me thou art safe, my soul, now that there is no danger. My worthy friend Splendiano, we have seen the last of him! Oh, blessed St. Bernard, who wast thyself a skilful doctor, and didst expedite many a Christian to paradise, help him, if these hot-headed young painters, whom he despatched perhaps with somewhat more than professional speed to his pyramid, should in revenge break his invaluable neck! At least, blessed saint, for the honour of the profession, preserve him from his patients in the other world! Ah me! who will now sing the bass to my *canzoni*? And this dog of a Pitichinaccio squeezes my windpipe together to that degree, that, between that and the fright about Splendiano, I shall not be able to sing in tune, perhaps, these six weeks to come. Don't be frightened, my Mariana—don't, my bird, my angel—it is all over."

Mariana assured her uncle that she had quite got over the fright, and could very well walk without assistance, and leave his right arm at liberty to help in undoing Pitichinaccio's grapple. Capuzzi, however, only held her the closer to his side, and declared that he would not, for any price in the world, let her be separated so much as a single step from him in this awful darkness.

At this moment, as Signor Pasquale, in the most pleasant mood, was resuming the march homewards, there sprang up suddenly, at his very feet, as if out of the bowels of the earth, four horrible shapes, which grinned upon him with faces that shone with unearthly fire, and raised such a hideous croaking, hissing, hooting, whistling, and howling, as if all the frogs, ravens, serpents, owls, wolves, and wild-cats in the world had all at once broke out in chorus.

"Wou, wou, wou!" yelled they—"wah, wah, waah! Pasquale Capuzzi! poor devil! old fool! love-sick ass! How d'ye do, Pasquale—how d'ye do?—who—woo—hoo! Don't ye know us, Pasquale Capuzzi? Poor devil! poor devil! don't you know your comrades?—your comrades, old

fool! love-sick ass! We're devils, Pasquale!—poor devils, like you!—we're old fools:—ho, ho, ho!—we're the infernal cupids!—we're the devils that make old fools fall in love! Glad to see you, Pasquale!—very glad to see you, poor devil!—come to look for you, old fool!—come to take you with us, love-sick ass! Oho! oho! and Pitichinaccio, too!—take Pitichinaccio, too!—whoo, whoo, whoo!”

And, breaking out again into a frightful uproar of diabolical noises, they precipitated themselves upon the old man, who, with his interesting burden, was at once borne to the ground, while the most lamentable shrieks and cries rose from the two terrified creatures.

Mariana had with difficulty disengaged her arm, so as not to fall with her uncle. She sprang aside, and the next moment found herself clapsed in the arms of one of the devils, who whispered softly in her ear—

“Mariana! my Mariana! at last it is done! My comrades will bear the old man far, far away, while we find a safe retreat!”

Mariana responded only by clinging to the arm of her lover.

But on a sudden torches blazed all round, and Antonio felt himself wounded in the shoulder: he turned, a ruffian stood close to him, with knife already uplifted to repeat the stroke; at the same time he perceived that his three friends were engaged with a superior number of *sbirri*. Antonio's sword was out of the sheath in a moment, and the villain who had attacked him in so assassin-like a manner was speedily compelled to give way. He then joined his comrades, and the four, standing back to back, presented on every side a formidable front to their assailants. Gallantly, however, as the little party fought, the combat was too unequal to be long doubtful; and the *sbirri* would soon have gained a complete victory, had not two men suddenly thrown themselves, with a loud shout, into the midst of the *melee*, one of whom, for a beginning, felled to the ground the antagonist who was giving most trouble to Antonio. The battle lasted but a few moments longer; the guardians of the peace were decisively routed, and, leaving several of their number wounded on the pavement, fled, with

cries for help, towards the Porta del Popolo.

Salvator Rosa—it was no one else that had come to Antonio's aid—thought only of improving the victory, and urged a hot pursuit of the flying foe. Antonio and the young painters, who were disguised as devils, desired nothing better; but Maria Agli, who had accompanied Salvator, and, old as he was, had struck as lustily as e'er a youth of them all, held this to be unadvisable: first, because it was not exactly their object to take Rome; and secondly, because it was decidedly their object to avoid being taken themselves, which would inevitably be the result of their following the *sbirri* to the guard-house. It was some time before the younger men, whose blood the battle had stirred, could be brought to take this prosaic view of their position. At last, Salvator laughed aloud, and cried—

“Agli is right! We have thrown our enemy out of the window, and now, in the heat of our valour, would leap out after him. Come, let us go to Nicolo Musso's.”

Musso inhabited a small house not far from his theatre, and here he joyfully received our adventurers. The devils washed the phosphorus from their faces, and Antonio, who had received no hurt but the trifling one in his shoulder, gave proof that he had not quite forgot his old trade, by the expeditious and skilful way in which he dressed the equally inconsiderable wounds of his friend Salvator, Agli, and the young painters.

The wild and daring plan, the failure of which we have seen, would have been attended with complete success, had not Salvator and Antonio omitted to take into their account one person, the ex-bravo and ex-policeman, Michele. This ruffian had followed Capuzzi to the theatre, by the latter's orders, though at some distance, as the old man was ashamed that such a ragamuffin should be supposed to form part of his retinue. The same order was observed in returning home. When the ghosts appeared, Michele, who feared neither heaven nor the other place, at once smelt a rat, ran off, shrouded by the night, to the Porta del Popolo, and brought the *sbirri*, who, as we have seen, arrived at the critical moment, when the devils were

on the point of running away with Capuzzi, as the dead people had done with Doctor Pyramid.

In the heat of the engagement, one of the young painters had observed a huge fellow—who, no doubt, was Michele—run towards the gate, with Mariana, apparently insensible, in his arms, Signor Pasquale following with a nimbleness incredible for his time of life, unless on the hypothesis that he had got quicksilver in his legs. Something that looked gaudy and glaring in the torchlight hung to Signor Pasquale's mantle, and wailed and sobbed; it is more than probable that this was Pitichinaccio.

The next morning Splendiano Accoramboni was found at the foot of the pyramid of Cestius, rolled up into a ball, and stuffed into his great peruke, in which he had fallen as fast asleep as a dormouse. When awaked, he talked incoherently, and was under the impression that he was in the other world; and, when disabused, with some difficulty, of this hallucination, and brought home, he first returned thanks to the virgin and all the saints for his deliverance; then he threw all his essences, tinctures, pills, powders, and electuaries out of the window, and his receipt-books into the fire; and finally he made a vow, to prescribe no more physic as long as he lived, but to cure his patients for the future by a new method of his own, which could involve no such awful retribution as he had been threatened with in the next world. The new method consisted chiefly in looking at the patient, which Signor Splendiano did with wonderful gravity. To assist the effects of this treatment, certain mysterious movements were made with the hands, before the patient's face, and along the surface of his body, sometimes with contact, sometimes without; and, for all medicine, he had water to drink, which Splendiano had previously pointed at, in a peculiar manner, with his forefinger.

Doctor Pyramid now began to be looked on as a kind of saint, and it was said that his patients had glimpses of paradise before they went there, which, next to not going there at all, is no doubt the most satisfactory thing that can happen to a sick person. The other doctors laughed at the new method, but Splendiano thought the laugh

would be on his side in the other world—"Where," said he, "they that have given physic shall take physic; and I, who have but looked at my patients, shall but be looked at by them again."

But, to return to our story—the day after Signor Pasquale's disastrous visit to the theatre, Antonio declared to his friend that he had now done with stratagem, that he would force his way into Capuzzi's in open daylight, run the old miscreant through if he offered resistance, and carry off Mariana before his eyes.

"The plan is a good one," said Salvatore; "you make at once for the nearest sanctuary—"

"The Trinità dei Monti," said Antonio—

"Just so; and as you would infallibly be in the clutch of the *sbirri* a good while before you could reach it on foot, no doubt you have made arrangements for transporting yourself and Mariana, that short distance, through the air. I like the plan well—only keep pretty high up, you'd better, or they may shoot you flying."

"Incorrigible mocker!" cried Antonio; "with your grave face, I was sure at first you were in earnest."

"Well! I'm in earnest now, without a grave face," said Salvatore, laughing. "No, no, my good Antonio, force will do nothing for us in this business: Signor Pasquale is on his guard, and, so far from having done with stratagem, we have not yet rightly begun with it. An open attack offers no chance whatever of success. Besides, our prank of last night has made a terrible noise; the gentle slumbers of the police are dissipated, and we may look to have their bright eyes upon us for awhile. Stratagem! it is now that we must begin to show them what stratagem is! You know—

"He that will laugh and live while here,
Must scheme and sounce one half the year;
He that while here will live and laugh,
Must sounce and scheme the other half."

That's what Monna Caterina says, and though she does say it, it's true. After all, Antonio, we laid our plans, this last time, like real hare-brained giddy-pates. Just think, if our *coup* had taken effect—if you had got off with your Mariana—where would you have taken her to? Where kept her hid? How

managed to get the knot tied in such a hurry that Capuzzi, when he *did* find you, should only find that he had lost his labour? All this ought to have been settled beforehand, and we had not bestowed a thought on any one point of it! Well, we will be wiser next time. In a few days, you shall carry off your Mariana in earnest: I have taken Nicolo Musso and Formica into our counsels, and in concert with them, contrived something that can hardly fail. So keep up your courage, *caro*; Signor Formica will come to your help."

"Signor Formica?" cried Antonio, in rather a disparaging tone, "what can Signor Formica, poor buffoon, do for me?"

"Ho, ho!" cried Salvator, "no disrespect to Signor Formica, I beg! Do you not know, then, that Formica is a—— what shall I call it?—a sort of conjuror, who has strange arts, mysterious resources, at his command,—though he makes no vulgar parade of them? I tell you, Signor Formica will come to your help, my boy,—and

so will old Maria Agli: yes, the excellent Doctor Graziano, from Bologna, is also enlisted in our plot; and has an important part to play in it, too. You shall carry off the lady of your thoughts, Master Antonio, out of Nicolo Musso's theatre!"

"As if Pasquale Capuzzi would ever again be induced to go to Nicolo Musso's theatre!" said Antonio, incredulously.

"He will be induced," replied Salvator; "that is not the most difficult part of the business; the real difficulty will be to bring him there without his cronies, who would spoil all our sport. But, be that as it may, Antonio, your care now must be to be in readiness to leave Rome with Mariana as soon as the favourable moment arrives. You shall go to Florence, where your name is already a household word, and where, you know, the being my friend is a recommendation of more weight than it is here at Rome. We must be quiet a couple of days, and see what will turn up. Once more, Antonio, be hopeful; Formica will help."

CHAPTER VI.

SIGNOR PASQUALE knew but too well who was at the bottom of the mishap that had befallen him and Doctor Pyramid near the Porta del Popolo, and great was his wrath against Antonio and Salvator, the latter especially, whom he very justly held for the moving spirit in the whole business. He took great pains to comfort Mariana, who was quite ill—with fright, as she said, but in reality with vexation, that the accursed Michele with his *sbirri* had torn her from her lover. Margarita brought her continual intelligence of Antonio, and on the enterprising Salvator she anchored all her hopes.

Some time had elapsed since the events related in the last chapter, when, one day about noon, Michele came up stairs, and told Signor Pasquale there was a gentleman below, who insisted upon seeing Signor Pasquale Capuzzi, to whom he had something of importance to say.

"Oh! all ye heavenly hosts," screamed the old man in a frenzy; "don't you know, great booby, that I am never—never at home to strangers?"

"Body of Bacchus!" swore Mi-

chele, "I could not send so fine a gentleman away from the door, like a begging capuchin. He is an oldish gentleman, too, and hath a pretty speech; he calls himself Signor Nicolo Musso."

"Nicolo Musso," thought Capuzzi; "what can he want with me?"

Therewith he locked the door very carefully, and went down stairs with Michele, in order to speak with Nicolo at the house-door.

"My very excellent Signor Pasquale," said Nicolo Musso, with a polite bow, as soon as he saw the old man, "how rejoiced am I to make your acquaintance! Nay, sir, I assure you there lives not in Rome the man, whom I were so proud to greet as my friend! You know not, Signor Pasquale, how much you have placed me in your debt. Since you were seen, sir, in my theatre—you, a man of such approved taste, of so profound science—so great a critic, so great a *virtuoso*, so great an artist—I say, since you, Signor Pasquale, were seen, countenancing the humble performances with which I endeavour to entertain the people of Rome, it is not too much so say that my renown and my re-

receipts have doubled. Good heavens! with what indignation, with what grief did I hear of the scandalous manner in which you had been abused on your way home from my theatre—you and your respectable friends! In the name of all that we revere, my dear sir, let not me and my theatre bear the blame of this audacious outrage, the authors of which, I trust, we shall yet see brought to condign punishment! Do not withdraw your patronage from me—let not your first visit be your last.”

“Good Signor Nicolo,” returned the old gentleman, with his customary simper, “be assured that I never—never in my life—experienced more pleasure than in your theatre. Your Formica, your Agli, are players, my good sir, whom, I will venture to say, you may defy the world to rival! But I had a grave alarm, *signor*—a very grave alarm, indeed, excellent Signor Nicolo Musso, on my way home from your admirable entertainment; an alarm which had nearly cost me my life, not to mention that of my worthy friend, Signor Splendiano Accoramboni—a man, my dear sir, whom to know is to—contemplate with feelings of the most peculiar description. No, Signor Nicolo, I think of your theatre with delight—with delight, my worthy sir—but of the way to it with horror! Establish yourself in the Piazza del Popolo, in the Strada del Babuino, or here in the Strada Ripetta, and an evening shall not pass without seeing me there; but out of the Porta del Popolo, in the night-time, no power on earth shall bring me!”

“It is a severe blow,” sighed Nicolo Musso—“more so than, perhaps, you think, Signor Pasquale; in fact, all my hope was in you. I reckoned, my dear sir, with great confidence, on your aid.”

“On my aid, Signor Nicolo?” asked the old man, greatly surprised: “in what way could I aid you, my worthy sir?”

“My good Signor Pasquale,” answered Nicolo, passing, at the same time, his handkerchief over his eyes, and speaking in a tremulous voice—“my excellent Signor Pasquale, you will have remarked that we here and there, in our little performances, introduce an attempt—I will call it no more than an attempt—at a song.

Now, I have long had it in view—I will say it to you in confidence—to bring in, by degrees, more and more of this sort of thing, to give the entertainment, gradually, a decided musical character, to get an orchestra—in short, to convert my poor little theatre, in spite of the standing prohibition, into a regular opera-house. You, Signor Capuzzi, are the first composer in Italy; and, were it not for the unscrupulous jealousy of a host of despairing rivals, your works would have exclusive—I say exclusive—possession of the stage. Signor Pasquale! I came hither this day to beg, to supplicate, to implore you—to say, ‘Let me have your immortal compositions, that I may bring them out in my humble theatre, to the best of my poor ability!’”

“Good Signor Nicolo,” said the old man, all his features beaming with pleasure, “what sort of place is this for you and me to carry on a conversation together?—In the open street! Shall I trouble you, my excellent sir, to mount a pair of, I grieve to say, very steep stairs, and to let me see you in my poor dwelling?”

The invitation was promptly accepted; the two old gentlemen ascended to Capuzzi’s apartments, which they had hardly entered, before Signor Pasquale dragged down whole reams of dusty music from the upper shelves of a book-case, spread out on a music-desk the first sheet that came to his hand, seized his guitar, and broke out into the howling and screeching which he most religiously believed to be the counterpart of the song of angels. Nicolo seemed translated into the seventh heaven; he clasped his hands, he sighed, he groaned, he panted, he cried at every pause of the music, “*Ah, bravo! bravissimo! ah dove sono! bravo!—ah, benedetto! benedettissimo Capuzzi!*”—till at length, his feelings quite overmastering him, he flung himself at the feet of the old man, and embraced his knees with so much energy, that Signor Pasquale screamed with pain, and cried—

“Saints of heaven!—let go my knees, Signor Nicolo—you’re killing me!”

“No, never, Signor Pasquale,” exclaimed Nicolo, “will I rise from this suppliant posture, until you promise me those divine, those incompa-

nable airs you have just sung, that Formica may sing them the day after to-morrow in my theatre!"

"You are a man of taste," said Pasquale, writhing with pain—"you're a man of profound insight; in what better hands could I place my compositions than yours? You shall have all my airs—all, Signor Nicolo—only let go my knees! But, oh, heavens! I shall not hear them sung—my divine masterpieces! Ah! ah! you're killing me! Let go—let go—my knee—ee—ees, Signor Nicolo!"

"No, Signor Pasquale," answered Nicolo; "never will I let go your knees, until you give me your word to go to my theatre the day after to-morrow."

"If it were in the Strada Ripetta, or even in the Piazza del Popolo!" gasped the tortured Capuzzi.

"Ah yes! if I had permission to set it up within the walls!" said his tormentor; "but you know the prohibition as well as I, Signor Pasquale. But what is it you fear? A new attack? A repetition of the outrage of the other night? Do you think, then, that the Romans, when they have heard your airs, will not conduct you home in triumph, and with torches enough to turn the night into day? And suppose they should not—suppose it possible that they should not—why, then, I myself and my faithful comrades will take our swords, which I promise you we know how to use, Signor Pasquale, and will escort you to your dwelling."

"You yourself will escort me, Signor Nicolo, with your comrades? I pray you, what may be their number?"

"You will have an escort of from eight to ten tall fellows, Signor Pasquale. Hesitate no longer, worthy sir! lend a favourable ear to the petition of your most devoted admirer!"

"Formica," said Signor Pasquale, musingly, "has a fine voice; I *should* like to hear him sing those airs.

"Hesitate no longer," cried Nicolo again, giving the old man's lean shanks a cruel squeeze.

"You engage," said Pasquale, "to place me within my own doors unmolested?"

"I stake my honour and life on it," answered Nicolo, pressing the skinny joints together with a gripe of iron.

"Enough, Signor Nicolo!" yelled the old man; "I am satisfied! I promise to be in your theatre the day after to-morrow."

Nicolo Musso sprang in an instant to his feet, and strained Capuzzi to his breast till he was black in the face.

At this moment, Mariana entered the room, and, walking straight up to the amazed Nicolo Musso, she said in a tone of indignation—

"Is it possible, Signor Nicolo, that you would attempt to allure my dear uncle into your theatre again, which he has so much reason to regret having ever visited? No, sir, I will never consent to his being again exposed to such danger! Dearest uncle! you will stay at home—will you not?—for your own Mariana's sake! You will not venture out a second time, in the dark night, and to that horrid, lonesome, wild place, outside the Porta del Popolo!"

Signor Pasquale stood as if thunder-struck, gazing at his niece with wide-opened mouth and eyes. As soon as he could speak, he blessed her, called her his love, his life, his load-star, and explained to her, at great length, how Signor Nicolo Musso had not only pledged his honour and life that all should go well, but had even promised his own escort, and that of his whole company, in order that no possible mishap might befall so honoured a guest on his way home from the theatre.

"Signor Nicolo's escort!" cried Mariana—"why, dearest uncle, Signor Nicolo is the very person you have most to fear! Forgive me, Signor Nicolo, that I say it in your presence, but you cannot deny that you are the intimate friend of Salvator Rosa; you are acquainted, for aught I know, with Antonio Scacciati, and—God forgive me if I do you injustice!—I fear, I fear, *signor*, you are seeking to entice my uncle and myself to your theatre, only that you may deliver us, without a chance of escape, into their hands!"

"What a suspicion!" exclaimed Nicolo, in dismay; "what a shocking suspicion, *signorina*! Have I so bad a name, here in Rome, that you can imagine me capable of such abominable treachery? Well, then, since you have such an opinion of me—since you so grievously misconstrue my offer of an escort, cannot you bring Michele, to whom, as I have heard, you owed

your rescue the other night?—Bring Michele, Signor Pasquale, and let him take a dozen or two of *sbirri* with him,—that, I hope, will be a guard above suspicion, Signorina Mariana. Of course you will not expect me to fill my benches with gentlemen who do not pay; but they shall wait for you at the door of the theatre, and surely you can apprehend no danger then?"

"Signor Nicolo," said Mariana, gravely, "I see that I have done you injustice, and I ask your pardon; the proposal that you have just made proves your sincerity, and puts my suspicions to shame. And yet I cannot—I cannot overcome the anxiety I feel about my dear—my beloved uncle. It may be childish, but I still cannot help entreating you, dearest—dearest uncle, not to venture—not to expose yourself even to impossible dangers—not to incur even a risk that does not exist! I feel that I talk nonsense—I know I am unreasonable, but—love always is!"

Signor Pasquale was in an agony of delight; he cast himself at Mariana's feet, he kissed her hands, he tried to speak, but tears choked his utterance, and he brought out only inarticulate, gurgling cries, like those of a drowning man. At last, words found way, and he faltered, with streaming eyes and clasped hands:—

"O sweet confession! O blessed unreasonableness! O dear anxiety! O beatific evidences of a love that turns earth into heaven! Ever my Marianina, talk such angelic nonsense, and let all human sense be silent and listen! Nevertheless, my dove! nevertheless, apple of my eye! I do trust that you will put away your precious fears for this turn. You do not know the enjoyment that awaits you! Learn, then, my soul!—learn, that you will hear, at Nicolo's theatre, the divine, the celestial, the—the—what shall I say?—in short, Marianina, you will hear the airs which, if our Lady could hear in paradise, she would forbid the angels ever to sing any other music!—the immortal airs of your Capuzzi himself!"

This inducement was more than Mariana could resist, and she ceased to oppose the visit to the theatre. Signor Pasquale was beside himself for joy; Mariana had confessed her love, his airs were to be sung to an overflowing house; laurels, as well as

myrtles, awaited him—what could add to his felicity? In his hour of triumph, however, he forgot not the friends who had been faithful to him in days less bright: Doctor Pyramid and Pitichinaccio, he resolved, should go with him, as on the former occasion.

But here a difficulty arose. Signor Splendiano had, he declared, passed a night of horrors, that time, by the tomb of Cestius; the whole cemetery had come to life, and a hundred fleshless arms had been stretched out to him, and, from all sides, woeful voices had complained of his purges, which gripped them even in the grave. All this had affected the doctor's nerves; he dreamed dreams—had presentiments—found omens in everything that happened him, and was in a fair way to become a regular ghost-seer.

Pitichinaccio was not to be persuaded that his and Signor Pasquale's assailants were anything else but devils out of the flaming pit, and cried and roared if that eventful night were only mentioned. All Signor Pasquale's protestations, that the whole had been an impudent masquerading trick of Antonio Scaociati's and Salvatore Rosa's (for which he hoped yet to make them pay dear), were of no avail, for Pitichinaccio swore, with many tears, that, notwithstanding his fright and his anguish of mind, he had distinctly recognized the devil Fanfarello, not only by the voice, but by the inhuman way in which that demon had pinched his belly, which was black and blue still to prove the fact.

Judge if Signor Pasquale had an easy task, in moving the two friends to tempt with him, again, the treacherous way to Musso's theatre! Splendiano, in fact, was not to be brought so much as to listen to the proposal, till he was fortunate enough to obtain from a Bernardine friar a consecrated musk-pouch, to be worn about the neck, and the smell of which neither devil nor dead man could stand: as for Pitichinaccio, he was unable to resist the promise of a box of candied grapes, though he would by no means consent, a second time, to bring the devil on his back by putting on petticoats, but made it an express article in the treaty that he should go

like an *abbate*, in his new cassock and wig.

Now, it would have quite disconcerted the plans of Salvator and Antonio, if Capuzzi were accompanied by his cronies on the present occasion; great, therefore, was their perplexity when advised, through Margarita, how matters stood, and sorely at their wits' end were they both, how to put the *medico* and the *musicò* off the expedition. The time, however, was too short to play these worthies any new trick, and goodness knows what cruel disappointment might not have awaited our two lovers, if heaven had not sent them an unexpected, and certainly a most unintentional ally, in the person of Michele, the *ex-bravo*!

It was the night before that on which Signor Pasquale and his friends were to visit the theatre; there was no moon, and the darkness was intense, when, on a sudden, the most terrific outcry ever heard from human lips was raised on the Strada Ripetta, just under Capuzzi's windows—such a swearing, shrieking, scolding, accompanied with the sound of unmerciful blows, that all the neighbourhood was alarmed, and the police, who had just been in pursuit of a murderer, but only came up in time to see him “bite his thumb” at them from the privileged ground of the Piazza di Spagna, hurried to the spot with their torches, believing that two or three murders, at least, were going on here at once. Strange was the spectacle that met their eyes, and those of the crowd that came, attracted by the noise, flocking to the scene of the supposed deeds of blood. Poor little Pitichinaccio lay motionless on the pavement; Michele, armed with an awful bludgeon, was in the very act of smiting Splendiano Accoramboni to the ground, while Signor Pasquale, who seemed to have received his knock-down blow, but just before, gathered himself up with a grim aspect, and rushed at the *ex-bravo*, rapier in hand: daylight, or rather torchlight, would infallibly have been let into Michele, had not three or four persons thrown themselves upon the old man, and pinned his arms fast to his sides.

Michele, as the glare of the numerous lights disclosed the evidences of his prowess, stood as if stupified, gazing with speechless horror on the well-

known figures that lay senseless at his feet—fragments of broken guitars scattered round them, bearing a mute and touching witness to the gentle purpose in which they had been so frightfully interrupted. Then, as by degrees the blackness of the deed he had done became apparent in its ebon dye to his mental vision, he suddenly burst into a roar like a baited bull, plucked his hair from his head in handsfull, flung himself on his belly before Signor Pasquale, and howled for mercy, till the old gentleman turned with looks of anguish to the persons who still held his arms, and exclaimed—

“As ye are men and Christians, leave my hands at liberty, if not to run this bellowing beast through the body, yet at least to stop my ears!”

Neither the doctor nor Pitichinaccio, it was ascertained, had received any hurts of consequence; they had been so effectually cudgelled, however, that they could stir neither hand nor foot, and had to be carried home.

All this ill-luck was of Signor Pasquale's own brewing: bitterly angered, as the reader will remember, by Salvator's and Antonio's serenade, he had promised Michele a couple of *scudi*, to give the next night-singers, who should halt beneath his windows, a sound drubbing. That was quite in Michele's line; he provided himself, accordingly, with the perilous-looking plant we lately observed in his hand, and took his station every night behind the street-door of the house he, as well as Signor Pasquale, lived in.

Now it chanced that Mariana, the day after the serenade, had talked of the enchanting effect of music at night, and had said that, much as she hated Salvator and Antonio, especially the latter, still the sound of their guitars and voices, floating up to her window so mysteriously out of the darkness below, was a thing she could never forget, and to which she could have listened for ever. These expressions were not thrown away on Signor Pasquale, who determined ere long to surprise his lady-love with a serenade of his own composing, which he sedulously practised with his two cronies for the purpose, and which, he felt confident, would completely drive that of the two painters out of Mariana's remembrance.

It was on the night before that of his

anticipated triumph in Nicolo Musso's theatre, that Capuzzi stole out, unknown to his niece, and, calling first on Doctor Pyramid, then on Pitichinaccio, led them, guitar in hand, to the Strada Ripetta. But scarce had they struck the first accords of the symphony, before Michele, to whom it had never occurred to Capuzzi to say any thing of his intentions, in high glee at the idea of at length earning his two *scudi*, made one spring from his hiding-place into the midst of the singers, and laid about him like a Trojan. What followed, we know.

That either Signor Splendiano or Pitichinaccio should now accompany their patron to Musso's theatre, was out of the question: there was not the remotest chance of their being out of bed for a week to come. Signor Pasquale himself had come off with the fewest blows; his bones, indeed, were as sore as any one's need be, but he must have been as completely disabled as his friends were, to have been induced to stay away from the scene of so perfect a triumph—so plenary an apotheosis—as the approaching evening was to bring him.

CHAPTER VII.

THE day wore slowly on, till the wished-for hour of setting out for the theatre arrived. Signor Pasquale presented his niece an arm; Michele, with a two-handed sword, like a headsmen, walked before, and not fewer than twenty *sberri* beside and behind them: in short, the party wanted only the addition of a monk, to have possessed every mortal beholder with the belief that its destination was a scaffold, instead of a playhouse.

Nicolo Musso received the lady and gentleman with great solemnity at the door of his theatre, and conducted them to the seats which had been reserved for them, in the very centre of the foremost bench. Signor Pasquale felt highly flattered by this distinction; he looked loftily, yet graciously, around him, and his satisfaction was not a little augmented when he observed that all the places in Mariana's immediate vicinity were occupied by females. The tuning of a pair of violins and a bass was now heard from behind the hangings of the stage: the old man's heart throbbed with expectation, and it was as if an electric shock had thrilled through his every fibre, when, without further prelude, the *ritornel* of his grand *aria* began!

Formica now entered as Pasquarello, and sang—sang with Capuzzi's own voice, with Capuzzi's own action—every attitude, every gesture, to the life—the most atrocious of all airs. A tempest of laughter shook the little theatre, loud calls of "*Il maestro! il maestro!*" resounded from every side, and Signor Pasquale, all bliss and beatitude, rose to respond to the call.

Standing up on the bench, where he had sat, his right hand pressed fervently on his heart, his face radiant with smiles, he bowed towards all parts of the house. The laughter became furious: "*Ah, Pasquale Capuzzi!*" shrieked a voice, that seemed apoplectic for ecstasy—"ah, benedetto! ah, bravo, bravissimo!" "*Ah, Capuzzi!*" gasped another—"il re dei virtuosi! *Orfeo del suo secolo! dio della musica!*" "*Ah, compositore celeberrimo! ah, maestro dei maestri!*" shouted a third, and floods of laughter again swept away all articulate sounds.

At length the tumult subsided—there was a call for silence, and Signor Pasquale sat down with a serene consciousness of fame that a Cæsar might have envied. He did not understand why the people had laughed, but what of that? He understood their plaudits—he understood the enthusiasm—he understood the expressions of almost idolatrous veneration with which they had greeted him—and he felt that, at last, he was appreciated. In the mean time, Doctor Graziano, whose representative, for this time, was Nicolo Musso himself, entered in desperation, holding both his hands to his ears, and invoking all the powers whose province it is to mitigate the afflictions of humanity, to put as speedy a step, as was consistent with the general arrangements of Providence, to Pasquarello's infernal screeching.

Pasquarello placed a finger on his lips, in token that his vocal efforts were, for the present, at an end: the

doctor, on this, suffered his hands slowly to assume their ordinary position, and cried—

“How long is it, unlucky caitiff, since you took to singing in such a nefarious way, and where did you pick up that most heathenish and diabolical air?”

Pasquarello looked highly offended:

“I fear,” said he, “the taste of the *signor dottore* is not of the purest kind. I fear the *signor dottore* is like the Romans, who have no ears for genuine music, and who do not know a real genius, when they have got him amongst them. The air which the *signor dottore* has permitted himself to call heathenish and diabolical is, I have the honour to inform the *signor dottore*, the *capo d'opera* of the greatest of living composers—the first musician of the age—in whose service, I have further to acquaint the *signor dottore*, I, Pasquarello, have the distinguished good fortune to be, and who has the extreme condescension, instead of wages; to give me lessons in singing.”

Graziano testified a lively wish to know who this greatest of living composers and first musician of the age might be, and went over the names of all the celebrated *maestri* he had ever heard of, each of whom, in his turn, Pasquarello disposed of with a most satisfactory “pooh-pooh.”

At last the doctor “gave it up,” and Pasquarello said—

“I never had any very extraordinary opinion of the amount of information possessed by the *signor dottore*—I have always considered the *signor dottore* an overrated person, but I confess I was not prepared for so very humiliating an exposure as the *signor dottore* has just made. Is the ignorance of the *signor dottore* really so gross, as not so much as to know who is the greatest composer of the age? Let the *signor dottore*, then, have the grace to blush, while he learns from me, that it is Signor Pasquale Capuzzi—Signor Pasquale Capuzzi, whose namesake I—Pasquarello—have the honour very nearly to be, and who has, on this very account—looking on it as so ordered by destiny—taken me into his service.”

Doctor Graziano here burst into an immoderate fit of laughing, and cried—

“*Oh dio sempiterno!*—after run-

ning away out of my service, in which besides wages and board, there was always one little matter or another to be picked up in the way of perquisite, in the houses where we visited, you have gone and hired yourself to the most coxcomical old gander that ever stuffed out his skin with macaroni!—to a motley old masquerading merry-andrew, that stalks about with the air of a crop-full cock after a shower of rain, and always seems on the point of coming out with a cock-a-doodle-doo!—to a snarling old hunk!—to a love-sick old pantaloon, that makes the street he lives in almost uninhabitable, with the abominable bleating which he calls singing!—to a—”

“The *signor dottore* goes too far,” broke in Pasquarello, in high indignation: “it is pure envy that speaks out of the *signor dottore*!—I speak with my heart in my hand—we are too ready to disparage the virtues that we cannot emulate!—I speak with my heart in my hand—the *signor dottore* is not at all the man to pass judgment on Signor Pasquale Capuzzi!—I speak with my heart in my hand—the *signor dottore* has a strong smack, himself, of the vices he attributes to the excellent Signor Pasquale!—I speak with my heart in my hand—I have seen it myself, more than once, that as many as six hundred people have laughed their sides sore at the *signor dottore*!”

Pasquarello then held a long panegyric upon his new master, ascribing to him every possible virtue, and closing with a description of his person, which he portrayed as the epitome of all that was attractive, the ideal of loveliness and grace.

“O blessed Formica!” murmured Capuzzi to himself—“admirable man, I see your drift! you will have my triumph a complete one! you will rub the noses of the Romans in all the uncleanness of their envy and ingratitude, and let them know who the man is that they have slighted!”

“But here comes my master himself!” cried Pasquarello, at this moment, and—Signor Pasquale Capuzzi walked in, bodily, as he lived and moved!—in every point—dress, features, gait, attitude—so perfect a counterpart of the Signor Capuzzi who sat in the front row of the pit, that the latter, in a horrible fright, let go Mariana’s hand, which he had

hitherto held in his own, and felt his nose, moustache, and wig, to assure himself whether he was not really somebody else, as he saw with his own two eyes that somebody else was he!

Capuzzi on the stage embraced Doctor Graziano with great affection, and asked him how he got on. The doctor replied that his appetite was good, and his sleep sound, at this—Capuzzi's—service, but that as to his purse, he was sorry to say that organ had arrived at a stage of debility which involved the total suspension of its functions. To speak without a metaphor, he had not a rap in his possession. No longer ago than yesterday, he had laid out his last ducat for a pair of rosemary-coloured stockings, as a tribute in a quarter which he would not further particularize than by saying, that it was one which engaged some tender feelings, and he was at this moment on a voyage of discovery in the banking world, to see if he could negotiate a loan of thirty ducats, on his own personal security.

"My good *signor dottore*," said Capuzzi, "this is not well done! you go to bankers, and pass by your best friend! Here, my dear sir, are fifty ducats, which, I hope, will relieve you of all present embarrassments."

"Pasquale! what are you thinking of?" murmured Capuzzi in the pit, half-aloud.

Doctor Graziano talked of giving a bond for the money, or, at least, an IOU; he also said something about interest, but Signor Capuzzi declared that he would hear neither of the one nor the other, in a transaction of friendship like the present.

"Pasquale, are you out of your senses?" expostulated Capuzzi in the pit, louder than before.

The doctor now, with a profusion of thanks, took his leave, and Pasquarello, coming forward with innumerable bows, extolled Signor Capuzzi to the skies, lamented that his own purse, unfortunately, was affected with the same disease as Graziano's, and expressed his belief that a dose of the same admirable specific would do it a great deal of good. Capuzzi on the stage laughed, said he perceived Pasquarello knew the meaning of making hay while the sun shone, and, taking a handful of ducats out of his pocket, flung them to him without counting.

"Pasquale, you're frantic! you're possessed by the devil!" cried Capuzzi in the pit, aloud.

"Silence! silence!" was called from all parts of the house.

Pasquarello waxed more and more fervid in his master's praise, and at length referred to the air, of Capuzzi's composing, which he had just sung, and with which he hoped, he said, yet to enchant many and many an audience. Capuzzi on the stage clapped him on the shoulder frankly, and said—

"Pasquarello, you are my namesake, and I don't mind confessing to you that the air in question is just as much my composition as it is yours. The fact is, I never composed, nor could compose, a bar of music in my life, and all that I pass off upon the people for mine is stolen out of Frescobaldi's *canzoni*, and Carissimi's motets."

"You lie, knave, in your throat!" screamed Capuzzi in the pit, starting up in a fury—"What? will you backbite yourself to your own face, you scandalous Pasquale?"

Silence was again called for, and the woman who sat beside Signor Pasquale pulled him down into his seat.

But it was now time, Capuzzi on the stage remarked, to speak of more important matters. He intended to give a great dinner on the following day, and Pasquarello would have to bestir himself, to get in all that was necessary. Hereupon he produced a bill of fare, comprising everything that was delicate and costly in the way of eating and drinking, and began to read it aloud. Pasquarello had to make a memorandum of what each article would come to, and received the money on the spot for the purchase, while Capuzzi in the pit kept crying, "Pasquale! fool! madman! scapegrace! prodigal!" his wrath and distraction increasing at every new item in the monstrous sum which this most extravagant of all dinners was to cost.

As soon as the bill of fare was concluded, Pasquarello begged to know what was the joyful occasion which Signor Pasquale deemed worthy to be celebrated by so sumptuous a feast.

"To-morrow," said Capuzzi on the stage, "will be the happiest, the most triumphant day of my life! Know,

my good Pasquarello, that to-morrow I celebrate an event pregnant with blessing—the nuptials of my beloved niece, Mariana. To-morrow I bestow her hand on that fine young man and excellent artist, Antonio Scacciati!”

Hardly had Capuzzi on the stage pronounced the last words, when Capuzzi in the pit, perfectly delirious with rage, his features convulsed, his eyes blazing, his two fists clenched and stretched out menacingly towards his counterpart, yelled in tones scarcely human—

“No, that you don’t, you rascally Pasquale! no, that you don’t! What! you will throw her at the skulking vagabond’s head, will you? You will compliment the gallows-bird with your Mariana, your life, your hope, your all! ha! look to it, look to it, besotted fool!—look to it, Pasquale! you don’t know what is before you! ha! wait—wait till you come home to-night! wait till you are alone, without the thief, Pasquarello, to protect you! These fists of yours shall beat you, Pasquale—they shall beat you till you shall have little stomach for either dinner or wedding!”

Capuzzi on the stage got into quite as great a passion as Capuzzi in the pit, clenched his fists like the latter, and yelled with the very same voice—

“The devil take up his quarters in thee, thou cursed, absurd Pasquale! thou infamous hunks! thou love-sick old baboon! thou motley jack-pudding, with a feather instead of bells in thy cap! Look thou to it, that these thy hands do not choke thy worthless life out, that so thy dirty turns and dog’s tricks may at last have an end, which thou cunningly shiftest on the shoulders of worthy, honest, good-natured Pasquale Capuzzi!”

And now while Capuzzi in the pit, imprecated the direst curses and maledictions upon the head of his *alter ego*, Capuzzi on the stage told one ridiculous, though “ower true” tale of him after another, and finally cried—

“Only dare! only dare! Pasquale, old enamoured ape, to disturb the happiness of these two young people, whom heaven itself has destined for each other!”

In this moment Antonio and Mariana made their appearance in the background, their arms thrown round each other. Passion gave the old man ac-

tivity and strength; with one bound he was on the stage, and rushed, sword in hand upon the supposed Antonio. He felt himself arrested from behind—he turned—an officer of the Papal guard had seized him by the right arm, and now spoke in a grave tone—

“Recollect yourself, Signor Pasquale—you are in Nicolo Musso’s theatre! Without intending it, you have played a capital part in this evening’s entertainments. You will find neither Antonio nor Mariana here.”

The two persons whom Capuzzi had taken for his niece and her lover, had drawn near with the rest of the players; Capuzzi saw none but strange faces around him: the rapier sank from his trembling hand—he sighed heavily, like one awaking out of a troubled dream, put his hand to his forehead, and stared wildly towards the crowded benches. A dark foreboding arose in his soul, and he cried in a terrible voice, “Mariana!”

But Mariana was far beyond the reach of his call: in the moment that Pasquale, forgetting all around him, bewildered out of the sense of his identity, was completely absorbed in the quarrel with his “double,” Antonio had silently worked his way to the spot where the lady of his love was sitting, and thence, as silently, with her hand clasping his arm, to a side door, outside which the *vetturino*, with the carriage engaged to bear them away from Rome, awaited them. And away from Rome they were borne—away, at a good round travelling pace, on the road to Florence.

“Mariana!” shrieked the old man again—“she is gone! she is carried away! Kidnapped by the villain Antonio! Up—after her—after her! Romans, have ye no compassion? Torches—torches! Will no one rescue my dove from the talons of the vulture? Signor officer! my child is in the hands of brigands! Help, help—fire, fire—murder—robbery—help, help, help!”

He was making for the door of the theatre, but the officer held him fast, and said—

“Be under no uneasiness about the safety of your niece, Signor Pasquale, for, if I mistake not, I observed the young lady, during your very foolish contention with the player Agli, walk out of the theatre with a young man, whom I take to have been the painter, Antonio Scacciati. Set

your mind quite at ease, therefore, as to the supposition of her having been taken away without her own consent, for such was evidently not the case. However, as it seems this step was taken contrary to your will, who are her natural and legal guardian, measures shall be adopted, with as little delay as possible, to find and restore her to your custody. You have, therefore, not the slightest occasion for anxiety on her account. As to your own person, Signor Pasquale, the riotous behaviour in which you have indulged this evening, and, in particular, your murderous attempt on the life of one of Nicolo Musso's theatrical company, obliges me, I am sorry to say, to

place you for the present under restraint."

Pale as death speechless, voiceless, with drooping head, and limbs that bent under their burden, Pasquale Capuzzi was led away, a prisoner, by the very *sbirri* who should have protected him against mumming ghosts and masquerading devils; and in this calamitous manner ended the evening, which he had hailed, at its beginning, as that which was to crown the aspirations of his life, and surround his name with a glory which the detractor of the envious should no more be able to obscure. He had left his home anticipating the laurel—he returned to it wearing the willow!

CHAPTER VIII.

Nor long after these events, a remarkable change took place in the feelings of the people of Rome, with regard to Signor Pasquale. Instead of laughing at him, they sympathised with him, and, instead of rejoicing that poor Mariana was escaped from his clutches, they bitterly censured Salvator Rosa, on whom, rather than on Antonio Scacciati, they laid the whole blame of her abduction, and of the consequent disappointment of the old gentleman's dearest wishes. Here was a fine coal for Salvator's enemies to blow, and, to do them justice, they blew it. "There," said they, "is Masaniello's pretty comrade for you! ready to lend a helping hand to every mischief, and never in his element but when planning some outrage on peaceable folk! Heaven knows what disasters we may not yet owe to the misplaced indulgence of the authorities, which suffers such a brigand to live in Rome." Envy began, also, to take advantage of the temper of the moment, to strike at Salvator's reputation as an artist. One glorious picture after another issued from his *studio*, but the *conoscenti* shrugged their shoulders, found the mountains too blue, the trees too green, one figure too much this thing, another too much that—in short, they felt that Salvator was far too great a painter for the age he lived in, and they enunciated this great truth in the best way they were able, by declaring him no painter at all. The foremost among his persecutors were

the academicians, who could not forgive him the surgeon, and who, not satisfied with abusing his pictures, had it whispered about that he was not the author of his own verses, while in public they asserted that the same verses, supposing him to be the author of them, were only an additional proof of the essentially unpoetic cast of his mind, and consequently of his total want of the higher artistic vocation. Salvator took all this a great deal too much to heart; a bitter feeling, half scorn, half sorrow, was turning his life's blood into poison, and the *artist's death*—the death of Dominichino and Annibal Carracci—the death of which he himself had warned his friend Antonio—began to stand in no indistinct prospect before him. Irritated to utter recklessness, he painted a picture which set all Rome in a ferment. The subject of it was Fortune distributing her gifts, and red hats, mitres, and other tokens of the highest distinctions among men, were represented as falling down upon bleating sheep, braying asses, and other beasts, while human forms, fair and noble of aspect, but clothed in rags, looked up in vain to the capricious deity for the most trifling mark of favour. Nor was this a mere piece of general satire: it was not Salvator's way to shoot his arrows at random, and his beasts were so handled as, without losing an atom of their bestiality, to bear traits of resemblance, but too recognizable, to various persons of rank. The reader

will guess if, after this, our artist found his abode in Rome either safer or more pleasant.

Monna Caterina warned him with tears in her eyes: she had observed, more than once, suspicious-looking fellows prowling about the house after dusk, and she felt convinced that Salvator's life was aimed at. Salvator, in fact, saw that it was time for him to quit Rome. He had been repeatedly invited by the Duke of Tuscany to Florence, and he resolved no longer to defer accepting the invitation.

His reception, in the capital of the Medici, compensated richly for all the annoyance he had experienced at Rome. The duke's munificent presents, and the high prices which his pictures brought, speedily put it in his power to take a large house, and to furnish it in the most splendid manner; and it was not long till he saw his apartments the rendezvous of the most celebrated poets and scholars of the age, a society far more congenial to Salvator's tastes than that of dull Roman counts and wily cardinals. Every day drew closer the bands of friendship between the great painter and his distinguished visitors, and, by degrees, their *réunions* acquired a regular organization and fixed character, and were denominated "sittings of the *Accademia dei Percozzi*."

Among those to whom Salvator's arrival at Florence occasioned the most heartfelt delight, were Antonio Scacciati and his Mariana, and perhaps Salvator's pleasantest hours were those which he spent with these friends. They talked of Signor Pasquale, and of the memorable scene in Nicolo Musso's theatre. Antonio asked Salvator, how he had contrived to inspire not only Musso himself, but also the mysterious Formica, and the admirable Maria Agli, with so lively an interest in the affairs of a perfect stranger: Salvator assured him he had found that a matter of no difficulty, as Formica was his oldest and most intimate friend, who would do any thing to oblige him; and that as for Musso and Maria Agli, they would do any thing to oblige Formica: thus he, Salvator, had merely had to put Formica up to what he wished done, and the whole company stood pledged to do it. Antonio now proceeded to say how earnestly he wished to be reconciled

to the old man, though, for the rest, he neither wanted nor wished for one penny of Mariana's fortune (which Capuzzi had confiscated), as his art brought him a greater income than he had use for: Mariana, too, he said, often wept, when she thought that her father's brother, her only kinsman, would perhaps die without forgiving her the trick of which he had been the object. Thus Pasquale's enmity still hung like a dark cloud in the sunny heaven of their love. Salvator comforted them both with the consideration, that time smooths down many a rugged bit in the road of life; and who could tell, he asked, but some accident might yet bring the old man and them together, and in a less dangerous way for them than would have been the case had they remained in Rome, or were they now to return thither?

As if a prophetic spirit had dwelt in Salvator, it was not very long after this conversation, when Antonio, breathless with agitation, and pale as death, rushed one day into his friend's *studio*, and cried,

"Salvator, I am ruined! Pasquale Capuzzi is in Florence, and has got a warrant of apprehension against me, as the abductor of his niece!"

"But," said Salvator, "what can Signor Pasquale do to you now? Has not the Church made Mariana irrevocably yours?"

"Alas!" returned Antonio, in a voice of despair, "even the benediction of the Church will not shield me from destruction! The pope's nephew has taken Pasquale by the hand, has given him hopes that the holy father will declare Mariana's marriage with me null and void, and will even grant him the dispensation he has so long been suing for, to marry her himself!"

"Ha!" cried Salvator, "now I understand it all. It is the enmity of the pope's nephew to me, Antonio, that menaces you with ruin. I could not resist putting the proud lout among the beasts in my picture, on whom the lady Fortuna showers down her gifts! He can get no hold of me, and therefore he will strike at me through you, knowing—as all Rome knows—that you are my friend! And were you *less* my friend, Antonio, still I should stand by you in this matter,

since, for the danger that threatens you, I only am to blame. But, by all the saints, I do not know in what way I shall foil your adversaries this time!"

Salvator now laid aside his pencil, pallet, and staff, stood up, and walked with folded arms up and down the room: at last he stopped short before Antonio, and said, smiling—

"Look Antonio! I can do nothing against enemies so powerful as yours, but there is one who can help you, and who *will* help you, and that is—Signor Formica!"

"Ah, for God's sake," groaned Antonio, "jest not with a ruined man! I can't bear it, Salvator."

"Again in despair!" cried Salvator, laughing joyously: "I tell you, Antonio, friend Formica will help in Florence, as he helped in Rome. Go home, like a good boy, comfort your wife, and be quiet till you see how things will turn out. Ay, ay! 'tis a lucky circumstance, that Formica should happen to be here at this moment."

Signor Pasquale Capuzzi was not a little astonished when he received a formal invitation from the *Accademia dei Percossi*.

"O Rome!" cried he, "behold how Florence puts thee to shame, recognizing the merit to which thou art blind! Yes, dull city, the star that thou wearest on thy forehead thou canst not see, while in this distant place all eyes are filled with its brightness!"

It was certainly an unpalatable circumstance to the old man that Salvator Rosa was the president of the society which he was going to visit; but the thought that he was receiving, in the most enlightened of the cities of Italy, and from the most intellectually distinguished circle which that city contained, a testimony to the genuineness of his musical pretensions, outweighed all, and would have outweighed all, if Satan had been the head of the *Accademia*, instead of Salvator. The Spanish dress was brushed out more carefully than ever, the sugar-loaf hat furnished with a new feather, new ribbons were got for the shoes, and Signor Pasquale, shining like a bird of paradise, and with the sunshine of paradise in his countenance, presented himself in Salvator's house. The splendour with which he saw himself surrounded,

even Salvator's own rich attire, inspired the old gentleman with respect, and Capuzzi was all humility and deference towards the man whom, in Rome, he had railed at as an accomplice of Masaniello, and a murderer escaped from the gallows.

Such extraordinary attentions were paid, by all present, to Signor Pasquale, such absolute deference was shown to his judgment, so much was said about his great and successful labours in the cause of art—in short, such pains were taken to make him feel that he was among men who considered him the very phoenix and nonpareil of the time—that he felt as if new life were infused into him; and indeed something unusual *did* seem to stir within him, for he talked upon a variety of subjects with far more good sense than people had given him credit for. Add to this, that he had never in his life supped better, that he had never drunk more generous wine, nor more of it!—how could his satisfaction but rise, higher and higher, every moment?—how could he but forget all the grievances he had had to complain of at Rome, as well as the errand of evil which had now brought him to Florence?—how could the enchanting present but swallow up all troublous thoughts of the past and the future?

The members of the *Accademia* frequently amused themselves, after supper, by acting little improvised dramatic pieces, in the manner peculiar to their country, and it was resolved, this evening, to give their illustrious guest some entertainment of the kind. Salvator, whose character of host naturally involved the duties of stage-manager, went out of the room to see the necessary preparations made, and it was not very long before a pair of folding doors at the end of the hall were thrown open, and a little theatre disclosed, of very simple construction, consisting merely of a carpeted platform, hung round with various-coloured tapestries, for the stage, before which a few plain wooden benches were placed for the spectators.

"Saints of heaven!" cried Pasquale Capuzzi, with a start, "what is this?—where am I? That is Nicolo Musso's theatre!"

Without noticing his exclamation, two men of dignified presence, Evangelista Toricelli and Andrea Cavalcan-

ti, took him each by an arm, led him to a seat immediately in front of the stage, and placed themselves one at each side of him.

Scarcely were they seated, when Signor Formica appeared on the stage as Pasquarello!

"Formica!—reprobate!" shrieked Signor Pasquale, starting up and clenching his fist at the player.

Toricelli and Cavalcanti drew him down into his seat, and with grave looks admonished him to silence.

Pasquarello sobbed, wept, cursed the malice of fate, that heaped nothing but affliction and woe on his head, protested he had cried so much that he did not know if he should ever again be able to bring his face into the proper position for laughing, and finally declared that he would cut his throat on the spot, only that he always fainted at the sight of blood, or that he would presently drown himself in the Tiber, did he not know that, once in the water, he should never be able to prevent himself from swimming.

Doctor Graziano now entered, and, with looks of great concern, demanded the cause of Pasquarello's grief.

Pasquarello asked, in his turn, if the *signor dottore*, then, did not know what had happened in the house of his, Pasquarello's, master, Signor Pasquale Capuzzi?—if the *signor dottore* did not know that a villain had carried off that worthy gentleman's niece, the fair Mariana?

"Aha! Signor Formica," murmured Capuzzi; "I see how it is! you want to clear yourself in my eyes—to get into favour with me again. Well, we shall see, we shall see."

Doctor Graziano expressed his sympathy, and remarked that the villain must have managed matters very sily, to baffle all Signor Capuzzi's efforts to get a clue to his retreat.

"Ho ho!" cried Pasquarello: "the *signor dottore* will err egregiously if he imagines that the rogue Antonio Scacciati has been able to escape the pursuit of a gentleman so wide awake, and so powerfully befriended, as Signor Pasquale Capuzzi. No, sapient sir! Antonio has been taken up, his marriage with Mariana declared null and void, and the lady restored to the arms of her afflicted uncle."

"Has he got her back?" cried Capuzzi, starting up from his seat in an ecstasy: "the good Pasquale! has he

got back his dove, his Mariana? And is the rogue Antonio taken up? O blessed Formica!"

"You take too lively an interest in the representation, Signor Pasquale," said Cavalcanti, in a serious tone. "I must pray you, good sir, to let the players speak without interruption, which is calculated to confuse them in their parts."

Signor Pasquale sat down, looking—and, indeed, feeling—very much ashamed.

"Well," said Graziano, "and what happened next in your master's house?"

"A wedding," answered Pasquarello; "a wedding happened next. Mariana repented of her wilfulness—Signor Pasquale obtained the long wished for dispensation from the holy father—and, out of the old gentleman and the young lady, was made a middle aged pair!"

"O heavenly Formica!" murmured Pasquale Capuzzi to himself; "O blessed man, what things do you tell me!"

"Then every thing," observed Graziano, "is as it should be, and I don't see what there is to grieve about."

Thereupon began Pasquarello to sob and to cry much more lamentably than before, and at last, as if overpowered with the excess of his grief, dropped to the ground in a dead faint.

Doctor Graziano ran about in consternation; upbraided destiny for having brought him out that morning without his smelling-bottle; searched, first in all his own pockets, then in Pasquarello's, and at length brought out a roast chesnut, which he clapped eagerly to the sufferer's nose. Pasquarello came to himself, sneezing fearfully, and entreating Graziano to lay this unmannerliness to the account of his weak nerves, while the doctor, at every sneeze, made him a profound bow, and cried "*Felicità!*" to which Pasquarello responded with bows profounder still, and repeated exclamations of "*Gran mercè signore!*" As soon as these compliments were over, Pasquarello related how Mariana, immediately after her wedding, had fallen into the deepest melancholy, called incessantly on the name of Antonio, and testified a decided abhorrence and contempt for her husband. The latter, horribly jealous, and still more horribly fond, plagued her in the most unheard of way, and invented, every

hotly, some new insanity, to make her life intolerable. And now Pasquarello related a multitude of madman's tricks, as played by Signor Pasquale, and many of which were really told of him at Rome.

Capuzzi fidgeted on his seat during these exposures, and muttered, "Infernal Formica!—son of darkness!—What demon speaks out of thee!" Only the consciousness that the eyes of the grave Toricelli, and the dignified Cavalcanti, were upon him, kept his wrath from an outbreak.

Pasquarello, in fine, declared that the ill-fated Mariana had at length sunk under the weight of her sorrows, and, in the blossom of her years, died of a broken heart.

At this moment the doleful tones of a *De profundis* were heard, and several figures, in long black mantles, entered, bearing an open coffin, in which the corpse of the fair Mariana was visible, arrayed in the habiliments of the grave. Pasquale Capuzzi, in deep mourning, was seen following the coffin, with faltering steps, weeping aloud and beating his breast, and crying in a voice of the profoundest despair, "O Mariana! Mariana!"

The moment Capuzzi below beheld the corpse of his niece, he broke out into the most grievous lamentations, and both Capuzzi, he on the stage, and he in the pit, wailed and cried in heart-rending accents, "O Mariana! Mariana! my child! O, Mariana! Mariana!"

Picture now to thyself, reader, the open coffin, with the pale, still, young face, lovely even in death, that it disclosed—the sable-shrouded figures that stood, nothing of them visible but their eyes, around it; the dismal chorus of the *de profundis*, coming out in hollow and muffled tones from those unseen mouths; then the doctor and Pasquarello in their grotesque masks, testifying their grief by the most unimaginable grimaces and the strangest attitudes; and finally, the two Capuzzis wailing in the wildest despair! In truth, there was something ghastly in the effect, something which the spectators felt creeping coldly along their veins, and suddenly checking their laughter when at the loudest.

All at once the theatre darkened, a flash of lightning was seen, thunder rolled over head, and an awful form, wan, spectral, menacing, seemed to rise out of the ground, presenting features which Capuzzi recognized with

horror for those of his deceased brother, Pietro, the father of Mariana!

"Accursed Pasquale!" cried the phantom, in a sepulchral voice, fixing a terrible look on Capuzzi on the stage, and pointing to the open coffin; "to this hast thou brought the child I entrusted to thee? Despair, inhuman murderer! Beyond the grave—beyond the grave awaits thee the recompense of this damning deed!"

Capuzzi on the stage fell as if lightning had struck him, but in the same moment Capuzzi below sank senseless from his seat to the ground. The folding-doors closed, the theatre was vanished: Signor Pasquale lay in so deep a swoon, that he was not without difficulty brought back to consciousness. At length a deep sigh announced that sense was returned; he stretched out his hands, as if against some invisible object of dread, and cried in a smothered voice, "Off, Pietro! off!—save me from him!—heaven—save!" Then, as recollection returned more fully, tears burst from his eyes, and he began to sob and cry, "Ah, Mariana! my sweet child! Ah, Mariana! Mariana!"

"Nay, Signor Pasquale," said Cavalcanti, "do not forget that your niece has died only a stage-death. She lives, my good sir, and is here at this moment, to implore your forgiveness for a giddy act, to which love—and I must say your own injudicious conduct also—impelled her."

As he spoke, Mariana appeared, with Antonio at her side, and both fell at the feet of the old man.

"My uncle," cried Mariana weeping, "I will love you—I will honour you—as a father; but you send me to my grave if you take my husband from me!"

The most opposite feelings seemed to struggle for a moment in Signor Pasquale's breast, but his good genius prevailed; he bent forward from the arm-chair in which he had been placed, he clasped Mariana in his arms, he raised her to her feet, he held out his hand to Antonio, and said with emotion—

"Yes, I forgive thee, my darling child! I forgive you, Antonio! God forbid that I should disturb your happiness! Yes, in the picture which Formica has shown me on that stage, I have seen the misery, the remorse, the despair I was blindly laying up for myself! I was mad, my child—I

was mad, Antonio—indeed I was; you will consider that, and forgive me. God be praised! I am in my senses now. But where is Signor Formica? where is my worthy physician, that I may thank him a thousand times for the cure he has wrought on me? We have all three to thank Signor Formica."

Pasquarello came forward; Antonio grasped his hand, and exclaimed,—

"Oh, Signor Formica, to whom I owe more than my life, throw off, I beseech you, this mask, and let me, at length, know a man whom I have so much reason to call my friend."

Pasquarello took off his cap, and the ingeniously contrived mask which, but for its grotesque caricature-like features, seemed a natural face, so completely did the great number of pieces of which it was composed obey the will of the wearer—and behold! Formica—Pasquarello—was transformed into Salvator Rosa!

"Salvator!" cried Antonio—Mariana—Capuzzi—in the profoundest astonishment.

"Ay," said this extraordinary man: "Salvator Rosa it is, whom the Romans would recognize neither as painter nor as poet, yet who, without their knowing it, held them under his wand for more than a year, on the stage of Nicolo Musso's little miserable theatre, and never gained more rapturous plaudits from them than when scourging those very vices and follies which they were ready to crucify the same Salvator for laying a finger on, in his poems and his pictures! Yes, Antonio, my dearest fellow, it is Salvator Formica that has stood by you in your troubles."

"Salvator Rosa," began Capuzzi, as soon as he found voice, "true as it is that I have held you for my bitterest enemy, yet I have always honoured in you the great master; now, however—now, I love you as my benefactor and my friend; and, in fact, I want you at this moment to befriend me."

"Speak, my good Signor Pasquale," replied Salvator: "tell me how I can serve you."

The simper of former days, which had forsaken Capuzzi's face since the elopement of Mariana, now once more lighted up his features; he took Salvator's hand, and said in his old mellifluous way—

"My good Signor Salvator, nobody has so much influence as you with my esteemed young relative, Antonio Scacciati; do ask him to let me live with him and my dear niece—I would say my dear daughter—Mariana, for the rest of my old days. And—there's another thing, Signor Salvator—ask him not to be angry if I, now and then, just kiss the sweet child's little, white, darling hand. And—one thing more, Signor Salvator—perhaps, perhaps he would—at least on Sundays, when I go to mass—perhaps he would, Signor Salvator, just put my moustache a little in order. I protest to you, my best Signor, it is run quite wild since he and I disagreed, and there is not a man on this earth that understands the management of it so well as he."

Before Salvator, who could not repress a smile at the curious points in which he was requested to mediate between the uncle and nephew, had time to make any reply, Antonio and Mariana, affectionately embracing the old man, assured him that they would not believe him fully reconciled to them, nor, consequently, be in all respects happy, till they saw him occupying a father's place at their hearth and board: Antonio added that, not only every Sunday, but every day of the week, he would put Signor Pasquale's moustache into a trim that should send envy and despair into the hearts of all the gallants of Florence. At this promise the old man felt peace take possession of his soul, and bathed in the serenest sunshine of happiness, the evening prospect of life lay smiling before him.

[Signor Formica is, we need not tell our German-reading friends, a translation, a good deal abridged, and very freely handled, of Hoffman's story of the same name, in the fourth volume of the *Serapionsbrüder*. The translator has learned, from the strictures of some of the public journals, that a previous translation of the tale had appeared, in 1830, in the *National Magazine*. He can only say that he is sorry to find he has been warming up a cold dish for his good friends the public; but it is not to be expected that every contributor of an article to the pages of a magazine should have read all the magazines that ever were printed, and he—the present translator—had never so much as heard of the existence of the "*National Magazine*." At the time of its appearance he was in a foreign country, and its circulation, he believes, was by no means in proportion to its merits.]

SCOTLAND:*

ITS FAITH AND ITS FEATURES; ITS FARMS AND ITS FISHERIES; ITS POLITICS AND ITS PEOPLE.

If an inhabitant of the moon took such an interest in the affairs of our planet as to read the newspapers, and attached as much interest to the little speck of it called Great Britain as we do, he must be struck with the comparatively small portion of their contents latterly occupied with Scotland. While perusing—if, indeed, even a *Lunatic* could have patience for the task—the Conciliation-Hall harangues, and the English County, or Covent Garden, League, or Protection speeches—he might fancy that Scotland had no Union with England, leading to the absenteeism of her nobility and gentry, nor any agricultural interests to be protected; and that, with the exception of the episode of Lord John Russell's letter from Edinburgh to his London constituents, and Macaulay's letter to Edinburgh, enlightening one of the baillies on the causes of his lordship's failure in the attempt to construct a ministry,—she was equally uninterested in the cabinet-making and cabinet-breaking exhibitions that, last Christmas and New Year's Day, cast into the shade the London Pantomimes. And yet there was a Union with Scotland, before that of Ireland;—warmly contested, firmly resisted, vigorously opposed by her clergy and people, upon grounds both religious and political; but when accomplished, and found to confer unhopèd-for advantages, admitting Scotsmen to an equality with Englishmen, in the pursuit of wealth and fame in the wide-spread dependencies of

Britain throughout the globe, and leaving them at home in full possession of civil and religious freedom, it was quietly acquiesced in; nor did any selfish adventurer arise to traffic for its repeal for his own aggrandizement; nor would an educated, thinking, enlightened population have become his dupes, had such an one arisen. And extensive as is the commercial and manufacturing enterprise of Scotland, her agricultural interests are not less dear to her people; but instead of banding themselves together, as a separate, detached, and isolated interest, her landed proprietors and farmers have been devoting all the energies of cultivated minds, and all the resources of scientific skill, to make a soil, comparatively unproductive, teem with abundance; at once raising agriculture to the dignity of a science, and conquering by the power and skill of art, the sterility of nature, in order to the enjoyment of wealth, social comfort, and national prosperity.

Now, besides the general obligations of Britain and the world to the arms, and literature, and commercial enterprise of Scotland, Ireland has not a few, peculiar to herself. To Scotland it was mainly owing that Ulster—poorest of the provinces in soil, now most densely peopled; once as wild and uncivilized in her inhabitants, as rugged and uncultivated in her natural aspects—exhibits in cultivation, industry, comfort, and morals what Ireland may become; and were there but the

* Scotland: its Faith and its Features; or a Visit to Blair Athol. By the Rev. Francis Trench, Perp. Curate of St. John's, Reading; Chaplain to the Royal Berkshire Hospital; and Domestic Chaplain to the Right Honorable the Earl of Effingham. In two Vols. London: Bentley. 1846.

A Voyage round the Coast of Scotland and the Isles. By James Wilson, F.R.S.E., M.W.S., &c., &c. Two Vols. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

The Wrongs and Rights of the Highlanders of Scotland. By John Steel. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Son.

Scotland and the Scotch; or the Western Circuit. By Catherine Sinclair.—Edinburgh: William Whyte and Co.

Shetland and the Shetlanders; or the Northern Circuit. By the same.

The Picture of Scotland. By Robert Chambers. Fourth Edition.

peaceful opportunity afforded, other parts would soon owe somewhat to Scottish intelligence and capital, as the factories testify which are now rising, under the auspices of Glasgow men, in Ballinasloe and other places in the "far west;" and therefore are we inclined to discourse a little with our "public" upon "Scotland; its faith and its features," as well as upon her farms and fisheries, the national characteristics of her people, her literature, and her prospective destinies.

Religion and literature are interwoven with the web of Scottish history, from its earliest times throughout, if we except those periods of internecine barbarism, which, of course, existed there as elsewhere, and which Milton says are no more worthy of being recorded than "the battles of kites and crows," and at every step the national impress was left upon them, that of *perseverance*. There is no feature in the Scottish national character that more strikes one who attentively studies it, than that of *going through* with any thing, in the face of difficulties to diamay, as well as of fascinations to allure—the will to stick to whatever has been deliberately undertaken, and, as far as may be, to *exhaust it*. Accordingly, at whatever time the peculiarities of Romanism superseded that pure form of Christianity which, in common with our own country, Scotland received in the apostolic age, and which, at Iona, so long survived the prostration of it in districts less remote, certain it is that in no part of Christendom was the pope's authority more firmly established.

The remains of abbeys and cathedrals, which still attract the tourist and the antiquarian, testify to the wealth that was so profusely lavished, there as elsewhere, upon the Church and her institutions; while the judgment displayed in the selection of their sites, and the skill and taste exhibited, in the elegance combined with massive solidity in the structures, amply shew—as Melrose, and Elgin, and Aberbrothock bear witness—that art enabled the opulent votaries of the dominant religion to carry into practical effect what their love and veneration prompted them to expend.

The Free Church movements, upon the original merits of which we here offer no opinion, though embracing as yet

a very brief space, afford living demonstration that the principle of *entire and unreserved devotedness* to what has once thoroughly taken possession of the judgment and affections of Scotsmen, flourishes in unimpaired and undiminished vigour. The relinquishment of kirks and manse rendered the erection of new ones necessary all over the country, not only in the large towns, but in the remote, rural districts; and this was required to be done *at once and simultaneously*, for the same thing had been done before *progressively* by the "secession," the "relief," and other bodies. And this has accordingly been done, for some six or seven hundred ministers and congregations; while the whole machinery of supporting them by a "sustentation fund," and of founding schools in connexion with them—and of carrying on missions to the Jews and among the heathen, by means of missionaries and agents, most of whom, at the time of the rupture, adhered to them—not only goes on with uncurtailed resources, just as if no extraordinary call had been made upon their liberality at home, but the sums raised actually exceed what had formerly been contributed by the undivided Church. And besides all this, twenty men are found who subscribe as many thousand pounds for the erection of a free church college for the biblical and theological training of candidates for the ministry. The entire sum raised within so brief a period from that portion of the people of Scotland, seems more like what a nation's exchequer would expend upon some national enterprise, than the result of individual contributions from a section of the population of a comparatively small and poor portion of the empire.

The education of Scotland—what Bacon calls "the Georgics of the mind"—has ever held a high place among the elements that have contributed to form the national character, and that more from the *quality* than the *quantity* that has been imparted to the lower classes. M'Crie, in his "Life of Melville," has given much information on the subject of the early literature of Scotland, from which it appears that the fondness for classical learning that prevailed in the age of Buchanan was but the continuation of the tastes of a preceding period, and which extended somewhat farther

down; though we are not sure that many of the gentry, like the Baron of Bradwardine, carried their Titus Livius to the wars, and were so wrapt in the study of the Patavinians as to be occasionally left behind on the march. The connexion of Scotland with France, which her incessant struggles with England rendered *politically* important—France employing Scotland as a check on England, and Scotland requiring the aid of France as a counter-balance against the incursions of a more powerful neighbour—as it kept up a religious, so also a literary intercourse with continental Europe; and this continued to a comparatively recent period. So that, as the late Professor Dugald Stewart says—"To all who were destined for the profession of law, an education either at a French or Dutch university was considered as almost essential."—(Notes to Diss. in Supp. to Encycl. Britt.) He adds that the case was nearly the same in the profession of physic, and says that in his youth he had conversed with some old men among the Scottish clergy who had studied either in Holland or in Germany. Of the smaller country gentlemen, resident on their own estates, he adds:—

"(An order of men which, from various causes, has now, alas! totally vanished,) there was scarcely one who had not enjoyed the benefit of an university education, and very few of those who could afford the expense of foreign travel who had not visited France and Italy. Lord Monboddo somewhere mentions, to the honour of his father, that he sold part of his estate to enable himself (his eldest son) to pursue his studies at the university of Groningen. The constant influx of information and of liberality from abroad, which was thus kept up in Scotland in consequence of the ancient habits and manners of the people, may help to account for the sudden burst of genius, which, to a foreigner, must seem to have sprung up in this country by a sort of enchantment, soon after the rebellion of 1745."—(*Stew. ut sup.*)

Even at the stirring times of the Reformation, the subject of education for the masses was constantly kept in mind; and Knox and his coadjutors—whatever may be thought of some of their measures—were most solicitous to have provision made, from the confiscated ecclesiastical reven-

ues, not only for the support of the ministry, but also for the establishment of a parochial school system; and bitterly did they inveigh against the selfishness of the nobles in appropriating the funds to their own uses, instead of employing them for the religious instruction of the people. What *they*, however, were unable to effect has been long and successfully in operation; and Scotland owes quite as much of the pre-eminence of her national character for religion, literature, and morals, to her parochial school system, as to any of her institutions. A national system of Scriptural education had not there, indeed, the same difficulties to contend with that it had in our own country; but even if it had, the firmness of the national character, the disposition to *go through with it*, where a PRINCIPLE was involved, would have prevented the establishment of any system that recognized the *claim of any man, or board, or government, to legislate on the universal right of men to the Word of God; and of the Word of God to appeal, without limitation of place, person, or time, to the understandings and consciences of men.*

The parochial schools not only afford an elementary education, founded upon the Scripture and catechisms, under the care of her ecclesiastical authorities, to the children of Scotland, but the opportunity of acquiring classical and scientific learning at an extremely moderate expense; while in the towns, the grammar schools, for general purposes and as preparatory to the universities, as well as the academies and scientific institutions, place the whole range of useful knowledge and popular literature within the reach of the entire population. The higher classics and abstruser sciences, indeed, do not occupy the same space in university studies, and of course not in the public schools of Scotland, as in our own university and the schools that furnish the greater number of students, or as in those of England; a greater amount of classical knowledge, for instance, being required for *entrance* into the Dublin University than is required for *graduating* in those of Scotland. But viewing Scotland as a whole, in connexion with the character of her people, and the utilitarian spirit of the

age, her educational arrangements give her a decided superiority among the nations of the earth. The noblest testimony to the excellence of the Scottish educational system is, that some of the highest names in her literature—her Pollocks in the walks of poetry, and her Browns in metaphysics—have ascribed the dawns of their tastes to their school-days; while the universality of acquaintance with current literature and useful knowledge—the love for it, carrying the publications of Chambers and such like, into the habitation of every Scotsman, however distant from his native land, abundantly assures us of the solid foundation laid in the minds of the less conspicuous and exalted of those who have shared its advantages.

In contemplating the "Faith" of Scotland, there is one peculiarity that must strike any one, as contrasted with other countries,—our own, for instance, or England, or America,—and that is, that amid all the diversities of profession, there is a substantial agreement; there being the absence—in the great mass of the people—of that fundamental difference in *doctrine*, which, in this country, distinguishes the Roman Catholics from the Protestants; and of *Church Government*, which, in England, separates the great body of dissenters from the Church. The Established Church, and the Free Church, with most of the dissenting bodies, equally hold the Westminster Confession as their Creed, and the Presbyterian as their form of Church Government. There is, indeed, and has been all along since the Reformation, "The Episcopal Church in Scotland," though not established; but from the recent controversy, which has taken place in regard to its "communion office," we fear there is more of the residue of Rome remaining, than was to have been expected in a Protestant and Reformed community; and, moreover, a disposition to cling to it, instead of mourning over it, and endeavouring to get rid of it—the spirit, in its incipient state, which, when fully "developed," as in the case of those who preceded Mr. Newman and his followers, led, and is still leading to such deplorable results in England. But, in regard to the great body of the Scottish people, their faith, and their forms, and their government are essentially one.

The first great separation made from the Church of Scotland, that of the "Secession," was not on the ground of dissatisfaction with the standards and constitution of the Church, but of maladministration; the next, that of the "Relief," being on the ground of "Patronage;" and that of the "Free Church," on the alleged undue interference of the Civil Courts with the ecclesiastical procedure; but a stranger entering one of the places of worship of any one of these bodies or attending one of their ordination services, or a meeting of one of their Church Courts, would find no perceptible difference from the Established Church. Now, whether it is owing to the metaphysical structure of the Scottish mind as many think,—the idiosyncrasy being aided in its development by the great extent to which metaphysical studies have ever engaged the thoughts of the nation,—that has led the people of Scotland into such successively enormous sacrifices, in support of what they have felt to be mighty principles; however the people of other countries may have wondered, being unable to enter into their views and feelings; or whether their moral training and religious habits have imparted a peculiar sensitiveness to the national conscience; we suspect it will be found that THE GREAT PRINCIPLE of a *national establishment of religion*, and of the *limits that separate the provinces of civil and ecclesiastical rulers in such an establishment*, was essentially connected with these successive movements. And this will be found, ere long, to be the question of questions, not, as heretofore, between different sections of the Church, but between the Church and the world,—between Christian Church rulers and unprincipled statesmen, who view the whole of Christian economics as merely a matter of state expediency.

But we shall suspend our own lucubrations, in order that our readers may have an opportunity of marking how the "Faith and Features" of Scotland, her men and manners, her poor and her political economy, her fisheries and her farming, her machinery and manufactures—for Mr. Trench has inoculated us, slightly, with the *cacoethes alliterandi*,—have been viewed by other observers. Mr. Trench, favourably known as the

author of "A Journey in France and Spain in 1844," as might have been expected, pays peculiar attention in his observations to what concerns religion; and, as in his *former* work, he presented a very graphic and a very candid sketch of the state of religion in the scenes of his travels, as illustrative of the influence of the faith of the people over their character and conduct; so in *this* his great object seems to be, to bring before the British public the actual condition of religion in Scotland, as he witnessed it, especially as between the "Free" and "Established" Churches of Scotland; and between the "Scotch Episcopal Church" and the late "Secessions" from her communion; and also the prospective bearings of the whole upon the destinies of "The United Church of England and Ireland." We think, in doing this, Mr. Trench has done a service of some moment to the Christian public; inasmuch, as many persons may read his book, who have not felt interested in the discussions, not only in successive General Assemblies, and in the Scotch courts of law, but in parliament, which terminated in the division of the Church of Scotland, and the formation of the "Free Church." The latter, on relinquishing its *status* as an establishment, carried with it a large portion of the population, with very many of the most popular and active of the clergy; and ever since has been by far the most conspicuous object in Scotland before the public mind of Europe—of the world. It is not, however, our intention to give a history of these proceedings, for we fancy most of our readers are familiar with them; but we may briefly sketch the view of them which struck our traveller, as a minister of a different Church; and the warning which he conceives they impress upon the rulers of the nation.

"It is my firm belief," says he, "that it is impossible to overrate the magnitude, importance, and extensive bearings of the Free Church question. Much, and most evidently have they been deceived, who thought that the excitement was but for a moment; that great things were announced and prophesied, but that little would ensue; that few ministers would carry out their professed declarations in leaving the Established Church of the land; and, finally, that if they did,

few out of the laity would be their adherents at the day of trial. These anticipations have proved utterly erroneous; and I fully believe that all anticipations formed on the same basis, and in the same school, as suggesting any return or retrograde movement whatever among the members of the "Free Church," will prove exactly of the same character—erroneous, and unable to bear the test of experience and fact."—Vol. i. pp. 172, 173.

It is well known that the question on which the Free Church was at issue with the Establishment, and with the courts of law, was not one of doctrine; nor of the government of the Church; nor of discipline, in the ordinary meaning of the term; so that there was no less an *entire satisfaction* with the *whole constitution* of the Church, in those who relinquished their *status* and *emoluments*, than in those who continued in their position. "For," says Mr. French, "it must ever be remembered that the Scotch, as members of the recent secession, repudiate the notion of being classed, either in name, or as to position, with Dissenters and Voluntaries (to use a title of recent application), and earnestly maintain that they are not Dissenters, but essentially the Church of Scotland, according to its original and constitutional formation." Foreigners have taken a deep interest in these Scottish movements; and as Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, the eloquent and illustrious historian of the Reformation, when in Britain, identified himself with the Free Church, so has the "Rev. Adolphus Sydow, Minister of the United Evangelical Church of Prussia, and Chaplain to his Majesty's Court and Garrison at Potsdam," in his book entitled "The Scottish Church Question." Mr. Trench conceives that, on many accounts, such men are most likely to take an impartial view of such a subject; and we shall extract a few sentences from the last mentioned writer; of whom Mr. T. says that he is—

"An individual qualified in an extraordinary manner to pronounce an unprejudiced, and (if I may use a word, too often misused at the present day) Catholic opinion; one who, himself a foreigner, is thoroughly acquainted with our language and social state—one whose book is in every body's mouth when an inquirer asks for the most trustworthy

details on the late secession, whether as to fact, whether as to law, or whether as to Christian principles—and one, finally, in whose work it is generally rumoured, that royal interest has been shewn, in the highest places in our land.”

“The events which have happened in the Scottish Church present, in the writer’s (Mr. Sydow’s) opinion, most important and instructive objects of contemplation on this point (the relation between Church and State) to the churchmen and statesmen of Protestant Europe; and as he is desirous of doing his humble part to serve the common Protestant cause by spreading a knowledge of these events, to many of which he has been fortunate enough to be an eye-witness, the writer ventures to offer to the English public this comprehensive and critical statement of the whole transaction.”

Mr. S. then proceeds to develop at length his views of the importance of the matter; and as it could not be settled “before the wisest and most gifted administrators of the law,” he hoped for its adjustment “by the enlightened legislator, the wise and high-minded Christian statesman.” Such an one, however, it appears could not be found; and there is no likelihood that it will now be done. The breach is made; and we see no likelihood of its being healed; for, as Mr. Trench remarks, “The Free Church maintain most strongly, that all the recent decisions against them have been given, not in conformity to, but in spite of, their true and legitimate claims;” and Mr. Sydow agrees with them that they are not only scripturally “but legally as well as formally right.” Therefore as the Court of Session and the House of Lords have decided otherwise; unless they cancel their decision, or Parliament alter the law, the Free Church must continue *actually* disconnected from the State; though holding, as Mr. Trench says:

“That it is the absolute duty of nations and rulers, in their national and in their official character to uphold and maintain the Church; and that the Church would be sinning against God, itself, and the whole country, were it to descend from its claim of close connexion with the State; while at the same time it must no less strongly maintain that this connexion should be one placed on such a basis as to leave the Church free and unfettered, independent of the

State in all spiritual matters, and (as the Scotch would term it) subject to the rule and headship of the Lord Jesus Christ exclusively and alone. When these two things are irreconcilable, then it is maintained by the adherents of the Free Church, that they must choose the least of two evils, which in their opinion is this—to secede and take a position, until matters are arranged, altogether unconnected with the State.”—*Trench*, vol. i. chap. 19.

What, then, was the matter in which the law, as expounded by the Court of Session and the House of Lords, “fettered” the Church in the exercise of her spiritual functions, and rendered the disavowing of her connexion with the State, in the judgment of the Free Church leaders, imperative, in order to the enjoyment of her spiritual freedom? This: by the law, when a clergyman is presented to a benefice, the presbytery, under whose care the congregation is, are bound to ordain him; and if they refuse, an action for damages will lie, on the part of the patron whose is the right of presentation, as well as on the part of the clergyman who is so presented. Every one, however, eligible for such presentation, must have previously gone through the prescribed course of study for the ministry, and must have been licensed to officiate as a *probationer*. This step in the ministry gives the right to discharge all its functions, except the administration of the sacraments, which cannot be done till after he has been ordained over a particular flock, except in the case of missionaries ordained at large. The Free Church ministers claimed, on behalf of the people of a particular congregation to which a probationer was presented, a right to judge of the suitability of such a minister for themselves; and, on behalf of the presbytery, they asserted a right to judge not only of his soundness in the faith and correctness in moral conduct, but of his fitness for that particular sphere. The Established Church conceived, that as *all* the ministers who could be presented to a living had been licensed by some presbytery, they were to be presumed to be fit for all parishes, unless in the interval between any person’s being licensed, and the presbytery being called upon to ordain him, some charge affecting his faith or morals

could be advanced; and that, in the absence of such charge, it was a part of the duty which the presbytery owed to the State, as being established, to ordain him, in order that neither his rights nor those of the patron, secured to them by law, should be infringed upon; and this was the view which the courts of law, the government and the parliament, as well as the highest court of appeal—the Lords—took of the matter.

In regard to the second great object Mr. Trench had in view—the exhibiting of the present state of the “Scotch Episcopal Church,” and the “secessions” from her communion—we think he has done a service not less in importance to the Christian public. A very slight outline, however, is all we feel to be necessary, for the same reason as that for abridging his account of the Free Church, namely, that our readers are, probably, pretty well acquainted with the subject.

The Scottish Episcopal Church is unlike the Established Church of this country, both in regard to its connexion with the State, and the territorial jurisdiction of its bishops, and parochial cure of its clergy; and further, in that her canons are subject to perpetual revision and change. As an establishment, Episcopacy in Scotland was removed to make way for Presbyterianism, immediately after the abdication of James II.; and its adherents are comparatively few, chiefly of the wealthier classes. In 1712, the “Act of Toleration” was passed in favour of Episcopal ministers in Scotland, upon condition of their praying for the queen and royal family; and as there was a number of clergy who had been ordained by English or Irish bishops, who were officiating in Scotland, as well as those ordained by Scottish bishops, the act embraced all; for the act declares “it shall be lawful for all Episcopalians in Scotland to assemble for the exercise of Divine Worship, to be performed after their own manner, by pastors ordained by a Protestant bishop.” On the accession of the house of Hanover, the Scotch bishops and clergy were disaffected to the new dynasty, and were believed to be in communication with the exiled royal family; and in 1746, a very stringent act was passed; and in 1748, an act made it law, “that from and after the

1st of September, no letters of orders of any Episcopal minister in Scotland shall be admitted to be registered, but such as have been given by some bishop of the Church of England or of Ireland; and in case any others shall be registered, such registration shall be void.” In 1788, died the Count of Albany, eldest grandson of King James the Seventh of Scotland, and Second of England and Ireland, and the acknowledged heir male of the house of Stuart; and in the next year, upon application from the Episcopal Church in Scotland, the disabilities were removed; but no other change was made in her constitution.

In 1840, an act was passed permitting clergymen ordained by Scotch bishops to officiate in England, at most, for one or two Sundays.

“From all this,” says Mr. Trench, “it is perfectly evident, not only that Episcopal clergymen of English or Irish ordination are recognized and qualified by the law of the realm as such—I mean as Episcopal clergymen, and not as Dissenters—to officiate in Scotland, independent of any jurisdiction on the part of the Scotch bishops—that union, with them, is merely a matter of mutual agreement—and that any claim to exercise jurisdiction, except over members of their own body, has, until very lately, been openly, and strongly, and frequently disclaimed, on the part of the Scottish Episcopal authorities.”—Vol. ii. pp. 147, 148.

As the position of the Scotch Episcopal Church in Scotland differs from the Church of England and Ireland; so does its constitution. There are six bishops, one of whom is called *primas*, six deans, eighty-three Presbyters, and ninety-three congregations. For the regulation of Church affairs, there are three Church courts. First, the diocesan synod for the district, composed of the bishop, dean, and clergymen holding charges in the locality. Second, the general synod, formed of what may be called an *upper and lower* house; of Bishops only, as composing the upper, and of Presbyters only, as composing the lower. The lower is, to a certain degree, representative, being formed of the deans, and of one clerical member, appointed from each diocese respectively, and

elected by the clergy at the diocesan synod. "This general synod," says Mr. Trench, "appears to have, according to the Church, a very extensive, if not unlimited, authority in matters concerning the Church." The third court is that of the Episcopal synod, which is formed exclusively of bishops, and is held once in every year. It is a court final in its decisions.

The laws and canons have undergone changes thrice within the present century. The last revision was made—and that a detailed and sweeping one—in 1839, and as "peculiar provision and preparation for further changes and adaptations seems continually and studiously made throughout these documents," Mr. Trench thinks there is great necessity for watchfulness, "as to the proceedings of the legislative body, especially as to matters which vitally affect sound doctrine and godliness of practice, so far as these are subject to the influence of laws, canons, and other measures of ecclesiastical enactment." Mr. Trench then details the withdrawal of Mr. Drummond, of Edinburgh, Sir W. Dunbar, of Aberdeen, and Mr. Miles, of Glasgow; and the opposite views which the Bishops of London and Cashel have expressed on the subject; and the objectionable doctrines, especially in the Scottish communion service, which mainly, though not solely, led to their temporarily anomalous position—that of being Episcopal ministers, without Episcopal license, jurisdiction, or confirmation in their chapels—to all of which we are reluctantly forced to refuse insertion, from want of space.

Our readers, however, are not to fancy that Mr. Trench's book contains nothing but grave discussions. Starting from Hampshire, in the middle of July, 1845, and travelling by Oxford, Leamington, Matlock, through Lancashire, by Kendal and Penrith to Greta, where he entered Scotland, Mr. Trench gives us seventy pages on England before he comes to Scotland at all; and then, as he travelled in his pony phaeton, his route was not dependent upon public conveyances and railroads. Touring it from Edinburgh, by Lochleven, to Perth, and the romantic region of Blair Athol, and so across to Stirling; and then the Clyde

and its scenery and towns; and so home by Abbotsford and Melrose, he was quite the reverse of either inclined or compelled to find it "all barren." It will furnish an hour's amusing and agreeable reading; and, from the manner in which the book is printed, little more than that space would be required. But we must bid him adieu, and turn to other matters for which, however important, we would look in vain to his pages.

There is not unfrequently injustice done both to Scotland and to Ireland, in the form in which the people of the two countries are contrasted; the *best* of the one, and the *worst* of the other being most frequently before the public eye, are insensibly brought into juxtaposition, as objects of comparison. The farming system of the Lothians is described first, and then our minds run off to Tipperary; the comforts of the habitations of Perth and Stirlingshire are made an offset to Derrynane Beg; and the business and bustle of Glasgow and Paisley are made to fill us with regret and amazement at the comparative stillness of Waterford or Galway; while the commerce of the world that rolls up the Firth of Clyde to Greenock and Glasgow, or the whale fisheries of Dundee and Aberdeen, are placed in contrast with the comparative desertedness of Cork and Dublin: but this is as unfair as to compare Stirling to Liverpool, or Leith to London. That there is a vast superiority as regards commerce, manufactures, and agriculture in Scotland over Ireland we have asserted; and, it is unquestionable,—in Scotland *as a whole*, over Ireland *as a whole*. This, however, is not caused by foreign legislation, or absenteeism, or union with England, which affect both; nor to deficiency in representation in parliament, nor any of the thousand and one alleged sources of the degradation and wretchedness of this country; but to the superior education, and moral and religious culture of the mass of the people of the former country. This gives them an intellectual and moral superiority; and, as a sequence, a superiority in comfort and outward respectability over the mass of the latter. It leads to self-respect, and industry, and enterprize; pursuing wealth and comfort abroad, if it cannot be had at home, instead of

remaining glued to the soil like the limpet to the rock; averse to move, as the Irishman too often is. But, at the same time, there is much of misery and wickedness in the mining and manufacturing districts of Scotland. Periodical visitations of famine and pestilence sometimes vary the otherwise monotonous outflowings of wealth and luxury. The wailings of hunger and disease are sometimes intermingled with the cheerful noise of the shuttle. The "Times Commissioner" has visited Sutherlandshire as well as Kerry and Donegal, and found landlordism converting sheep-farms into forest-lands on the one hand, and an impoverished and ejected tenantry set loose upon the world, on the other. And, if there is not over population, there is, in the rural districts and small towns, the absence of that "bold-peasantry, their country's pride" which Cobbet looked for when admiring the turnip-fields and sheep-walks he passed in his tour. And, though not to the same extent as in Ireland, application has once and again been made for governmental aid in famine from manufacturing Scotland. The comparatively slight share of the benefit that falls usually to the lot of the actual producers of a country's wealth, has been a topic dwelt upon from the days of Virgil's "*Sic vos non vobis*," to the present hour. Scotland's own Thomas "the Rhymer" is said to have foretold that—

"The waters shall wax, and the woods shall wene,
Hill and moor will be torn in
But the banno' will ne'er be braider."

"That is," says a very judicious expositor, Mr. Robert Chambers, "simply, agriculture shall be extended, without increasing the food of the labourer; a proposition in which, as far as individuals are concerned, we feel there is only too much truth."*

In order to show a little, therefore, of those parts of Scotland which are less frequented by tourists, and to present somewhat of that class that are not "the show people," we shall follow Mr. Wilson in some parts of his coasting

excursion. This very intelligent voyager—brother to the more illustrious of the name, the Professor and Poet, and scarcely less known as "Christopher North," accompanied the Secretary of the "Board of Fisheries" in a voyage of inspection, in 1841; and as they had occasion to "visit many localities not within the range of the ordinary tourist, as well as to explore those numerous islets and picturesque inlets for which the western shores especially are so remarkable," his book will "instruct those who have not examined the coast scenery of Scotland; and recall agreeable reminiscences to such as have enjoyed that pleasure." The book does, indeed, give much information regarding the coast, the lochs, the islands, the mountains, and *the people*, from the Firth of Clyde round the Western coast, the Hebrides, the Orkneys, the Shetlands; and so along the northern and eastern coast to Aberdeen. It contains a good map and some graphic sketches and steel engravings from drawings by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who was his companion during the voyage; but our business is with the people.

At the Gairloch, in Rosshire, where Sir Humphrey Davy, "a noted angler in his day," loved to ply his vocation, Mr. Wilson says:—

"We followed the Gairloch road which leads along the southern bank, and soon after diverges to the right among the hills. A lofty rocky range prevailed at some distance on that side, the intervening ground being partly cultivated in the form of small patches of grain and potatoes; partly in the more unsophisticated condition of peat moss. Among these were visible collections of very wretched looking hovels—poor even for Highland huts—with holes for windows, closed up with sods removable at pleasure."

This will stand as an offset to the "old-hat closed windows" of Cahirciveen. Mr. W. proceeds:—

"We were at times in doubt if they

* The "Picture of Scotland," by this gentleman, composed as the result of his walking over Scotland, is not only a capital travelling companion, but an admirable work for those who would travel, but who are compelled to be travellers at home.

were actual dwellings, had we not seen so many well-dressed men and women going out and in (it was the Sabbath.) The contrast was, indeed, remarkable between the attire and general aspect of the people, and the forlorn condition of their habitations. Nothing could be more decent and respectable than the groups of natives, all in their Sunday gear. Most of the women had tidy caps (a few of them extremely smart), with bows of ribbons on either side, and their hair hanging beneath, in well kept curls; and some had elegantly formed great-coats made of cloth, and neatly fitted to the person, though without the capes so common with the Irish women."

"These "womankind" with the caps must have been married women; for girls never wear any thing on their head, unless by compulsion. The "capes" of our Irish women, contrasted with the "capeless" great coats of the Scotch, exhibit the national characteristics of the two people;—wastefulness even where there is little to waste; and economy, were there profusion.

"Where they contrive," adds Mr. W., "to stow away, or how to preserve unsoiled by soot and smoke, these better garments within their dingy cabins, is what we have yet to learn."

This parish of Gairloch is forty miles long, and thirty broad, from the extreme points; and contains an area of about six hundred square miles. The minister of Pool Ewe, in his account of it, given in the "Statistical Account" as quoted by Mr. Wilson, says:—

"The houses of the people in general have but one outer door, and as they and their cattle go in by that one entrance,—the bipeds to take possession of one end of the house, and the quadrupeds of the other—it cannot be expected that a habitation common to man and beast can be particularly clean. Some of the people are now indeed getting into the way of building byres for their cattle, contiguous to their dwelling-houses; and it is acknowledged, even by the most indolent, that a great improvement is thus effected. It is hoped that the practice may soon become more general. When the young people go to kirk or market, few appear more 'trig and clean'; and a stranger would hardly be persuaded that some of them lived in such miserable hovels. When a girl dresses in her best attire, her very habiliments, in some instances, would be

sufficient to purchase a better dwelling-house than that from which she had just issued."—Vol. i. pp. 297, 298.

The fondness for finery and show, in connexion with the disregard of cleanliness and comfort, which more or less characterizes all semi-civilized people, is not entirely confined, then, to one portion of the British Isles.

The isles around the Western coast, in rude and rugged outline, as well as in the primitive character of the inhabitants, resemble the thousand isles that stud our own Western coast; and therefore we shall select the sketch of one—St. Kilda:—

"The first house we came to was a pretty large slated one, close upon the right-hand shore. It is used only as a store for containing the feathers of the sea fowl, the staple export of the island, and the article with which they pay their rent *in kind*, as they have seldom a stiver of money among them. A little onwards and upwards, we came to another very respectable-looking slated house, of two stories, with a little porch; and a longer and larger but not much higher building (also slated) behind it, and separated, only by a narrow back court. These were the minister's manse and the kirk. We should have mentioned that just as we entered the gap or gateway, of the stone enclosure, we discovered a group of four or five fine rosy-cheeked children, with clean hands and well-washed faces, tidy dark-green tartan frocks or trowsers (according to their kind), and little bare feet, the whole under the superintendence of a by no means tidy, but good enough looking St. Kilda lass. These were the minister's bairns (heaven preserve and feed them), and we all joined company, and proceeded together to the manse. Entering the porch and passage, we turned to the right, and took our seats in a neat enough room, carpeted, and with chairs and tables; but with some appearance of damp upon the walls, which on tapping with our knuckles, we found had not been lathed. Mrs. Mackenzie immediately made her appearance; a fresh complexioned, pleasant looking person. She produced her bottles from the press, and we took a single sip, just sufficient to avoid offending the usages of Highland hospitality. *Usage*, however, is a very inappropriate word in the present case; for the said bottles had not probably been produced for many a month before.

"We next proceeded by the back en-

trance of the house across to the kirk, which in its interior presents a fully more respectable appearance than we have seen in several Highland buildings on the mainland devoted to the same purpose. The interior accommodations consist of a small, unpainted pulpit, a double row of forms in the area of the building, and a passage way between the door and pulpit, through between the ends of the forms. Near the pulpit there was a piece of railing, with a yard or two of desk work, like that in the seats of our ordinary city churches. This portion seemed to be used as a writing-school, and a copy book which caught our eye had the words *ST. KILDA* in large round hand, repeated over and over again upon its ample page. The good minister is teacher and writing master (literally prime minister) as well as priest, and seems to leave nothing untried to ameliorate the condition of his flock, whether by enlightening their spiritual darkness, improving their worldly fortunes, or as Dr. Johnson would have said, raising them in the scale of thinking beings. For this he has, at least, met already with the earthly portion of his reward, in their confiding and unbounded affection. And soon another and far brighter day may come, when, removed from the ceaseless cares and hardships of his present forlorn estate, he will hear, from the benign voice of his blessed Master, "Well, done, good and faithful servant." We then proceeded onwards to the so-called village by a narrow road or footpath. The houses, or at least the front ones, form a pretty regular line, though some are placed farther back or behind the others, so, as in these parts to make the line double. They run rather inwards and upwards than along the bay, and have the appearance of being detached from each other, though sometimes two small dwellings join together. As *stones* are plenty in the island, the walls are of great thickness, or rather each wall is double, there being built, first of all, a couple of very strong *dykes* within a foot or two of each other, and then the intermediate space is crammed with earth, which fills up all the interstices, and produces a comfortable dwelling. The doorway is very low, and the great thickness of these double walls produces a space as you enter which may be called a passage. There are generally two rooms together, each apartment being covered by a separate roof; although there are smaller single tenements for widow women and old maids.

"The furniture, as may be supposed,

is scanty enough, though much improved, we understand, of late years by the exertions of Dr. Macleod and other friends of the Highlanders in general. Each house has one or more bedsteads, with a small supply of blankets, a little dresser, a seat or two with wooden legs, and a few kitchen articles; and almost every dwelling has also a small four-paned window, which, however, admits but an inefficient light, owing to the great thickness of the walls. None that we noticed had a chimney, the smoke finding its devious way as it best can, from the floor to a hole in the roof. This is trying to the eyes of strangers. We rested for a time in one of the houses, inhabited by a widow and her daughter; and found that the former had been with her dog across the hill that morning to collect her food, which at certain seasons is really scattered before them like manna in the wilderness. They have "flesh rained upon them as dust; and feathered fowls like as the sand of the sea." Their chief sustenance, at this time, consisted of the small sea fowl before mentioned under the name of *puffin*. The widow had snared about a score; and having already eaten a few for breakfast, was now employed in boiling a corresponding number for dinner. We saw their little fat bodies, turning round and round in the pot, and would have tasted one as soon as it was ready, had we not happened at the time to be less carnivorously inclined than usual, in consequence of the tossing of the previous night. These birds are caught by stretching a piece of cord along the stony places, where they chiefly congregate. To this cord are fastened, at intervals of a few inches, numerous hair nooses; and from time to time when the countless puffins are paddling upon their surface, in go their little web feet, they get noosed round the ankle, and no sooner begin to flap and flutter, than down rushes a ruthless widow woman and twists their necks. Her dog had acted a useful part, not only in driving more distant or otherwise inaccessible birds from their roosting places towards the nooses; but by catching them dexterously in its mouth."

The St. Kildeans, like our own islanders, were very tenacious of old customs; and it is only a few years ago that their houses have come to be of the improved construction just now described. And as it may tempt some of our wealthy *southron* neighbours to

sail round our southern and western coasts, and aid in the improvement of our truly primitive islanders, we may mention that Sir Thomas Dyke Ackland, having visited St. Kilda in his yacht, left a premium of twenty guineas with the minister, to be given to the first person or persons who should demolish their old house, and erect a new one on a more convenient plan. The reluctance of the natives to alter the customs of their fathers, and no one being encouraged to outstrip his neighbour in any thing leading rather to his own advantage than the public weal, caused some time to elapse before any one ventured to advance beyond the habits of his ancestors; and when one, bolder than the rest, determined on the experiment, his more indolent or less aspiring neighbours threw every obstacle in his way. He succeeded, however; and when once the commencement was made, others followed; and now the danger was, lest the competition for bringing their new habitations first to a conclusion should render the work insecure; so the minister got them all to consent to an equal distribution of the prize-money among the heads of houses; and so the old houses were all demolished, and a new set erected in their room, each consenting to lay out his share in the purchase of glass for windows. Now we shall give Mr. Wilson's description of these old houses, to show how little in advance of our poor islanders were the St. Kildeans, the other day; and to excite some benevolent minded persons to sail round the western coast of Ireland, and imitate the worthy English baronet:—

“ Their former buildings consisted of a low narrow entrance through the thick stone wall, to a first apartment, in which, at least during the winter season, were kept the cattle; and then to a second, in which the natives dwelt. These inner rooms, though small, were free from the incumbrance of beds; for the latter were placed, or rather were formed by deep recesses of the walls, like low and horizontal open presses, into which they crept at night, their scanty bedding being placed (in imitation of the puffins) upon stones. There seems to have been only two of these dormitories in each habitation, however numerous the family may have been; and a peculiar, and by no means a praiseworthy practice prevailed, of the

young people of different families being assembled in the evening, and all passing the night together in a separate building, adjoining, but not identical with, their parents' dwelling. But this, with several other practices of the olden time, has been lately done away.

“ Another peculiar habit, connected with their slight agricultural resources, must have rendered these small inner apartments still more incommodious. Of course, they had no windows, and light and air could find admittance only through the same opening in the roof through which the smoke ascended. But with a view to the collection of manure in spring, the ashes of every fire were daily spread upon the floor, moistened, and trod upon, so as to form a compact substance, which increased so rapidly that, after a time, the flooring was several feet higher than at the commencement of the season; so that at last, not only was it impossible to stand upright, but the inhabitants were obliged to dive into their sleeping dens at night like rats or rabbits, for the middle portion of the flooring was, by this time, far above the opening to the so-called beds. To admit of this nocturnal entrance, the floor, or at least its superficial ashy portion, was beat into a conical form, which, we need scarcely say, rendered the interior of these dwellings entirely useless for all the ordinary purposes of locomotion, as the inhabitants were, ere long, unable to stand upright, and soon required to crawl upon their hands and knees. The clergyman said, that in administering spiritual consolation to the sick or the dying, he at first found this descending to their bed-sides, with his own heels uppermost, was ‘rather inconvenient, as he had never been previously accustomed to it; but that habit reconciled him to that and many things unknown on the main land.’ When the due season arrived, these floors were broken up, and carried out of doors, and, after being mingled with manure collected from the cattle in the *anteroom*, and with the remnants of birds and other offal from an odiferous pit, opposite the front door, were spread upon the ground, to increase its scanty and precariously productive powers.”—*Vol. i. pp. 8-84.*

Now, from all this we draw the conclusion that there is ample room for the exercise of intelligence, and philanthropy, and Christian liberality in the highlands and islands of Scotland, as well as of Ireland; that due efforts made in the *latter* are no more to be despaired of than in the *former*;

and that it is full time the Christian people of the empire were awake to the importance of the work. We remember, in our boyish days, to have performed the feat of *running over a house without being aware of it*; and our English and Scotch friends used to be amused with the account of it, who knew nothing of the construction of a mountain cabin, where the earth in the slope being dug away, the back wall and the two side walls are ready made; and a few sods piled up in front, with some sticks covered with heath, laid over so as to be on a line with the declivity, and an opening left for the door, the work is done: but the deliberately piling up a whole winter's manure in the centre of a hut, with holes round the sides for beds, into which the inmates are to dive head-foremost, and the clergyman, on visiting one of the sick inhabitants, reclining on the dung heap, with his head down and heels up at an angle of forty-five degrees, is a picture surpassing in grotesqueness any thing seen in Ireland even by the lynx-eyed "*Times*" Commissioner."

We must, before we close, say a word or two of the Scottish fisheries, the information regarding which, as it formed the principal object of the voyage, so is it ample and satisfactory; and may be of service now, when the improvement of our own fisheries may be expected to occupy a very prominent place among other measures now before the legislature. No feature, indeed, in the whole range of Scottish commerce, more strikingly contrasts with the utter and reckless neglect in which the productive resources of Ireland have been suffered to lie dormant by a negligent gentry and a thoughtless population, than the prosperous state of the Scottish fisheries, which supply a large portion of the consumption of this country, in which fish furnishes, at certain seasons, so prominent an article of food; and that too, while our shores teem with all kinds of fish, and furnish such facilities for their capture and cure. Wherever fish of any kind frequent the shores of Scotland, there the appropriate fishery is sure to be established: the white fishing off the coast of Ayrshire and at the Orkneys; the lobster fishing around Cape Wrath, whence is one chief source

of the supply of the London market; and the herring fishery off Rothesay, up Loch Pyne, and especially at Wick. At Rothesay alone, the average quantity of herrings cured in a season is 15,000 barrels, besides large quantities of cod, whiting, and haddock; at Kilbride, in Arran, 2,660 barrels, and of other fish, 2,900 imperial stones. Of the lobsters, at Durness, West Sutherlandshire, Mr. Wilson says:—

"It is fished for from May till August. The creel nets are cast into the sea, within a few yards of the shore, baited with a piece of sethe or herring, and are lifted almost every half hour from sunset to sunrise. The large claws are closed with strong packthread, to prevent contention among brethren; each morning's capture is placed in a perforated chest, floating in the sea, and once a week the contents (or rather malcontents) are moved into netted smacks, which carry them off to London. The Southrons get them here for 3d. a piece; and from six to eight thousand are sent from the Durness shores alone."—Vol. ii. p. 130.

In 1838, in Orkney, there were 245 boats employed in the herring fishery, and 12,000 barrels were cured, besides 120 tons of cod, ling, &c. &c., producing £14 per ton; while the average of the three succeeding years was 724 boats, and 42,078 barrels. But it is at Wick, into which our voyagers sailed in the evening—"having the novel and spirit-stirring sight before them, of the vast and streaming flow of herring boats, sail after sail in long continuous lines, emerging from the inner portion of the bay, towards the open sea"—that the herring fishery is carried on more extensively than any place in Britain; and as we should like to see something of the same kind about Galway, or Clew bay, or Blacksod harbour, we shall close our notices by a brief sketch of it, referring our more curious readers, for a very full and valuable account, to Mr. Wilson's second volume, pages 146-168.

It seems probable that the herring abounded off these northern shores, even in the most ancient periods, although net-fishing does not appear to have prevailed before the beginning of the last century; and up till 1786, when the British Society for the extension of the fisheries was incorporated by act of parliament, there was

very little either of skill or enterprize employed. From that time there has been a continual improvement. The parliament has fostered it, not only as a branch of commerce very important in itself, but as one of great value as a nursery for a bold and hardy race of seafaring people."

The nets are not shot till after sunset, "according to the fishery laws, regulated," says Mr. W., "by act of parliament, and enforced by that fearless cutter, the *Princess*;" and the reason is, lest the herrings might be alarmed, and sinking down into "the blue profound," escape the snares.

"But by shooting their nets just before nightfall, the herrings, in their nocturnal rambles do not detect the wily 'suspension and interdict' which has been taken out against them, and is every where hanging out for their destruction in these their watery heavens. When a shoal thus meets a net under the obscure cover of the night, it cares little and fears less; and so pushing forwards, every fish with a view to get on in life (in the midst of which they are in death) presses his snout and head through a mesh, an inch square, too small to admit his shoulders, but, alas! too small also to permit the withdrawal of the thoughtless head,—for the sharp edge and opening action of the gill-covers present obstructions which the most highminded herring struggles in vain to overcome.

"By the grey of the early twilight we found ourselves in the very thickest of the fight. Many crews were making large captures, hauling up their long extended nets, glittering with fish 'as the dew of the morning,' or as one of our sailors expressed it, 'going over the gunnel like a white horse.' The surface of the sea seemed at this time dotted all over with small dark spots. These were the boats with their sails pulled down. As the nets are hauled they are also shaken, so as to cause all those fish that are loosely meshed to drop into the boat, the rest being disentangled when they reach the harbour. While the boats lay at anchor by their nets, they looked like motionless specks upon the water, and the effect was singular and very striking, when they suddenly hoisted their canvas, as if emerging from the bottom of the deep, and shot away towards the shore, covering the now brightened surface, far and near, with a multitudinous array of sombre-coloured sails. The same law regulates the morning as the evening fishery, and they are not allowed to

cast again after sunrise. We then returned to Wick bay, and for an hour or two enjoyed the sight of the countless boats returning, laden with their scaly treasures, in much the same order as that in which we had seen them depart outwards the preceding evening."

The fish being *caught first*, according to the established recipe in books of cookery, the next step is to have them *cured*. They are brought from the boats, and tumbled into huge, square, wooden troughs, as big as ordinary sized rooms; the sides, however, being only from two to three feet high, which are ranged—

"All along the inner harbour, and in every street and quay, as well as within many large enclosed yards and covered buildings. Then come troops of sturdy females, each armed with knife in hand, and range themselves around the trough—the process of gutting commences, and is carried on with such ceaseless and untiring rapidity that unless we had used the freedom to request one of the cleanest and prettiest of these evisceratrices so to moderate the rancour of her knife as to let us see what she was doing, we could scarcely have followed her manipulations with the naked eye. However, we think we are now master, at least in theory, of the refined art of evisceration. The Secretary and ourself had the curiosity to time our fair friend, when left to the remorseless rapidity of her own sweet will, and we found that she gutted exactly two dozen in the minute. Now, two thousand women, working at that rate, with but brief intermission, from early morning till the close of day, must produce an almost incalculable amount of disembowelment."

Our author then describes the process at length, which we do not think it necessary to give, as in the proper season, on a smaller scale and with less scientific rapidity, it may be witnessed, in some of the less fragrant purlieus of our own city. The work is completed by the following steps, the first of which is to have the fish *roused*—that is, thrown into vats and sprinkled with salt; next, to have them well soured and stirred; then packed off, more regularly, into casks; and so given over, to be "finally closed up by the cooper."

The average annual number of boats employed at Wick and the adjacent stations is about 900; the average quan-

tity of fish is 88,500 barrels, containing each seven or eight hundred fish. The quantity *cured* in 1840 was 68,730 barrels; of which nearly 58,000 were exported, and of these, 51,477 barrels were *sent to Ireland alone*; and this, with all the facilities on our western and north-western coasts, and our people starving for want of employment! Of course, the assembling of such a concourse of people during the season, and the abundance of money, leads to undue indulgences; but if the public statements may be credited, such is the moral revolution produced among our people on the subject of temperance, that we might hope for the benefits without the attendant evils, were fisheries established upon our coasts.

"The Wrongs and Rights of the Highlanders of Scotland," would lead us into a field too vast for our present limits; and we should require a better guide to their development than Mr. Steel; nor do we admire his remedies—the abolition, for instance, of the rights of primogeniture, and an examination into the tenures of Highland estates, with the view of a better arrangement of property—a course that would commend itself rather to revolutionists than to the sober-thinking, who are

"Skilled to judge the future by the past."

However, it would seem that the "clearance system"—that just now as it exists in Roscommon, Tipperary, and elsewhere—is occupying the attention of parliament—is raising up a "Young Scotland;" and the already recorded doings in Sutherlandshire, and their dangerous results, should call for inquiry and correction. It seems that after the battle of Culloden, not having the usual employment for the clans, in marauding expeditions and rebellious enterprises, many of the chiefs determined to get rid of them; and so converted the tillage-farms first into sheep-farms, and then, these into forest-lands and hunting parks; and thus one man became sufficient for what required a multitude of hands before. The aborigines were banished—driven either to starve at home, or exiled to America, Australia, &c. English farmers were substituted; and if there was not assassination, and the long *et cetera* of crimes that stain our country, it was

because the clergy who had influence over the people, were the preachers of peace and submission, not of resistance and agitation.

If the present rulers do not learn wisdom from experience, both as to the proper treatment of Scotland and Ireland, it is not for want of materials, amply furnished, and stretching over a period quite sufficiently long. The wrong measures and the right measures are now matter of historical record, and both are equally instructive, the one class as warnings, the other as guides; the *beacon* and the *pharos* are both fully in view. A very slight effort would have kept the Scottish Church as one; but evil counsels acted on self-sufficiency; the late Home Secretary *would* not believe; the wrong step is now irretrievable. The temporal evils that exist, however, and are calling loudly for redress, will not, in Scotland, be difficult of cure. In our own country the evils are more wide-spread, more deep-seated, more difficult to be eradicated; but in one respect the right course has been taken, and we shall give it our cordial approval in hope that it shall be so in another. The sums already embarked, and which will be expended on works of public utility—the constructing of railways, the embanking of rivers, the draining of bogs, and the reclaiming of wastes, begun and to be carried on—if they had been mentioned half a century ago, would have appeared visions wilder than our own fairy tales. They will give occupation to thousands as labourers, and a taste for science to thousands more. Heretofore, in times of scarcity, the wealth of generous Britain was poured in gratuitously for the relief of starving Ireland, and operated as a temporary alleviation, occasioning a permanent evil. The *men* had nothing to do, and they desired no better than to do it, the food being provided for them; and the *women* thought it quite enough to prepare it. Occupation will give them better subjects of thought than planning murders, and following funerals, and celebrating wakes; and when living by the fruit of their own labour, they will enjoy it because it is their own.

The protection of life and property, if fairly and vigorously effected, will open the way for the carrying on of national improvements; for Englishmen

will not cease to sink their money in North American railways and South American mines, and employ them in Irish improvement, until life and property are safe. But government, and parliament, and legislation cannot do all; the landlords must be alive to their own interests and those of their tenantry, and must recognize the obligations under which the possession of property lays them, to devote themselves to the good of those by whose toil and sweat they roll in affluence. They must not banish them, to throw whole districts into hunting lands, as in the highlands of Scotland, nor to frame stock-farms of five hundred acres, to get better rents, and evade the sight of poverty, as in many parts of the lowlands; but by giving them encouragement to improve, they must promote their advancement in knowledge and comfort, and set the example, while residing in the midst of them, "of the things that are true, and just, and lovely, and honourable, and of good report." The people will thus be taught to love and respect them, and pay back again, in their safety and happiness, the return which kindness and protection produce.

In conclusion—though nothing is more open to misinterpretation than the signs of the times—we feel inclined to anticipate a brighter day for both Scotland and Ireland than has yet dawned over either country. The Free Church—with all its machinery, has given an unwonted impulse to the whole public mind of Scotland; in which we may rejoice, though not in the division which produced it. And, without being repealers, we may think it a good thing that moral force, in opposition to physical, should become the popular doctrine in Ireland; and rejoice in the extent and solidity of a wide spreading education, on which genuine philanthropy may find its best materials to work upon for national good, without being committed to an approval of all and singular of the plans and institutions by which it is diffused. In like manner we may delight in the prospect of a comfortable and improved tenantry, the result of an ameliorated relationship between landlord and tenant; though utterly abhorring the turbulence and wrongdoing that extorted it from an unwise and reluctant proprietary.

THE BLACK PROPHET.—A TALE OF IRISH FAMINE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER XVII.—NATIONAL CALAMITY—SARAH IN LOVE AND SORROW.

THE astonishment of the Prophet's wife on discovering that the Tobacco-box had been removed from the place of its concealment was too natural to excite any suspicion of deceit or falsehood on her part, and he himself, although his disappointment was dreadful on finding that it had disappeared, at once perceived that she had been perfectly ignorant of its removal. With his usual distrust and want of confidence, however, he resolved to test her truth a little further, lest by any possibility she might have deceived him.

"Now, Nelly," said he, sternly, "mark me;—is this the way you produce the box? You acknowledge that you had it—that you hid it even—an' now when I tell you I want it, an' that it may be a matter of life an' death to me—you pretend it's gone, an' that you know nothing about it—now, I say agin, mark me well—produce the box!"

"Here," she replied, chafed and indignant as well at its disappearance as at the obstinacy of his suspicions—"here's my throat—dash your knife into it, if you like—but as for the box, I tell you, that although I *did* put it in there, you know as much about it now as I do."

"Well," said he, "for wanst I believe you—but mark me still—this box *must* be gotten, an' it's to *you* I'll look for it. That's all—you know me."

"Ay," she replied, "I know you."

"Eh—what do you mane by that?" he asked—"what do you know? come now; come, I say, what do you know?"

"That you're a hardened and a bad man:—oh! you needn't brandish your knife—nor your eyes needn't blaze up that way, like your daughters," she added:—"except that you're hard, an' dark, an' widout one spark o' common feelin', I know nothin' particularly wicked about you—but, at the same time, I suspect enough."

"What do you suspect, you hardened vagabond?"

"It doesn't matther what I suspect," she answered; "only I think you'd have bad heart for any thing—so go about your business, for I want to have nothing more either to do or say to you—an' I wish to glory I had been always of that way o' thinkin', *a chiermah!*—many a scalded heart I'd a' missed that I got by you."

She then walked into the cabin, and the Prophet slowly followed her with his fixed, doubtful, and suspicious eye, after which he flung the knife on the threshold, and took his way, in a dark and disappointed mood, towards Glendhu.

It is impossible for us here to detail the subject-matter of his reflections, or to intimate to our readers how far his determination to bring Condy Dalton to justice originated in repentance for having concealed his knowledge of the murder, or in some other less justifiable state of feeling. At this moment, indeed, the family of the Daltons were in any thing but a position to bear the heavy and terrible blow which was about to fall upon them. Our readers cannot forget the pitiable state in which we left them, during that distressing crisis of misery, when the strange woman arrived with the oatmeal, which the kind-hearted Mave Sullivan had so generously sent them. On that melancholy occasion her lover complained of feeling ill, and, unfortunately, the symptoms were, in this instance, too significant of the malady which followed them. Indeed, it would be an infliction of unnecessary pain to detail here the sufferings which this unhappy family had individually and collectively borne. Young Condy, after a fortnight's prostration from typhus fever, was again upon his legs, tottering about, as his father had been, in a state of such helplessness between want of food on the one hand, and illness on the other, as it is distressing

even to contemplate. If, however, the abstract consideration of it, even at a distance, be a matter of such painful retrospect to the mind, what must not the actual endurance of that and worse have been to the thousands upon thousands of families who were obliged, by God's mysterious dispensation, to encounter these calamities in all their almost incredible and hideous reality.

At this precise period, the state of the country was frightful beyond belief; for it is well known that the mortality of the season we are describing was considerably greater than that which even cholera occasioned in its worst and most malignant ravages. Indeed, the latter was not attended by such a tedious and lingering train of miseries as that which in so many woeful shapes, surrounded typhus fever. The appearance of cholera was sudden, and its operations quick, and although, on that account, it was looked upon with tenfold terror, yet for this very reason, the consequences which it produced were by no means so full of affliction and distress, nor presented such strong and pitiable claims on human aid and sympathy as did those of typhus. In the one case, the victim was cut down by a sudden stroke, which occasioned a shock or moral paralysis both to himself and the survivors—especially to the latter—that might be almost said to neutralize its own inflictions. In the other, the approach was comparatively so slow and gradual, that all the sympathies and afflictions were allowed full and painful time to reach the utmost limits of human suffering, and to endure the wasting series of those struggles and details which long illness, surrounded by destitution and affliction, never fails to inflict. In the cholera, there was no time left to feel—the passions were wrenched and stunned by a blow, which was over, one may say, before it could be perceived; whilst in the wide-spread but more tedious desolation of typhus, the heart was left to brood over the thousand phases of love and misery which the terrible realities of the one, joined to the alarming exaggerations of the other, never failed to present. In cholera, a few hours, and all was over;—but in the awful fever which then prevailed, there was the gradual approach—the protracted illness—the long

nights of racking pain—day after day of raging torture—and that dark period of uncertainty when the balance of human life hangs in the terrible equilibrium of suspense—all requiring the exhibition of constant attention—of the eye whose affection never sleeps—the ear that is deaf only to every sound but the moan of pain—the touch whose tenderness is felt as a solace, so long as suffering itself is conscious—the pressure of the aching head—the moistening of the parched and burning lips—and the numerous and indescribable offices of love and devotedness, which always encompass, or should encompass the bed of sickness and of death. There was, we say, all this, and much more than the imagination itself, unaided by a severe acquaintance with the truth, could embody in its gloomiest conceptions.

In fact, Ireland during the season, or rather the year, we are describing, might be compared to one vast lazaretto filled with famine, disease, and death. The very skies of heaven were hung with the black drapery of the grave; for never since, nor within the memory of man before it, did the clouds present shapes of such gloomy and funereal import. Hearses, coffins, long funeral processions, and all the dark emblems of mortality were reflected, as it were, on the sky, from the terrible works of pestilence and famine, which were going forward on the earth beneath them. To all this, the thunder and lightning too, were constantly adding their angry peals, and flashing, as if uttering the indignation of heaven against our devoted people; and what rendered such fearful manifestations ominous and alarming to the superstitious, was the fact of their occurrence in the evening and at night—circumstances which are always looked upon with unusual terror and dismay.

To any person passing through the country, such a combination of startling and awful appearances was presented as has probably never been witnessed since. Go where you might, every object reminded you of the fearful desolation that was progressing around you. The features of the people were gaunt, their eyes wild and hollow, and their gait feeble and tottering. Pass through the fields, and you were met by little groups bearing home on their shoul-

ders, and that with difficulty, a coffin, or perhaps two of them. The roads were literally black with funerals, and as you passed along from parish to parish, the death bells were pealing forth in slow but dismal tones, the gloomy triumph which pestilence was achieving over the face of our devoted country—a country that each successive day filled with darker desolation and deeper mourning.

Nor was this all. The people had an alarmed and unsettled aspect; and whether you met them as individuals or crowds, they seemed, when closely observed, to labour under some strong and insatiable want that rendered them almost reckless. The number of those who were reduced to mendicancy was incredible, and if it had not been for the extraordinary and unparalleled exertions of the clergy of all creeds, medical men, and local committees, thousands upon thousands would have perished of disease or hunger on the very highways. Many, indeed, did so perish; and it was no unusual sight to meet the father and mother, accompanied by their children, going, they knew not whither, and to witness one or other of them lying down on the road side; and well were they off who could succeed in obtaining a sheaf of straw, on which, as a luxury, to lay down their aching head, that was never more to rise from it, until borne, in a parish shell, to a shallow and hasty grave.

Temporary sheds were also erected on the road sides, or near them, containing fever-stricken patients, who had no other home; and when they were released, at last, from their sorrows, nothing was more common than to place the coffin on the road side also, with a plate on the lid of it, in order to solicit, from those who passed, such aid as they could afford to the sick or starving survivors.

That, indeed, was the trying and melancholy period in which all the lingering traces of self respect—all recollection of former independence—all sense of modesty was cast to the winds. Under the terrible pressure of the complex destitution which prevailed, every thing like shame was forgotten, and it was well known that whole families, who had hitherto been respectable and independent, were precipitated, almost at once, into all

the common cant of importunity and clamour during this frightful struggle between life and death. Of the truth of this, the scenes which took place at the public Soup Shops, and other appointed places of relief, afforded melancholy proof. Here were wild crowds, ragged, sickly, and wasted away to skin and bone, struggling for the dole of charity like so many hungry vultures about the remnant of some carcase which they were tearing, amid noise, and screams, and strife, into very shreds; for, as we have said, all sense of becoming restraint or shame was now abandoned, and the timid girl, or modest mother of a family, or decent farmer, goaded by the same wild and tyrannical cravings, urged their claims with as much turbulent solicitation and outcry as if they had been trained, since their very infancy, to all the forms of impudent cant and imposture.

This, our readers will admit, was a most deplorable state of things; but, unfortunately, we cannot limit the truth of our descriptions to the scenes we have just attempted to pourtray. The misery which prevailed, as it had more than one source, so had it more than one aspect. There were, in the first place, studded over the country, a vast number of strong farmers, with bursting granaries and immense haggards, who, without coming under the odious denomination of misers or meal-mongers, are in the habit of keeping up their provisions, in large quantities, because they can afford to do so, until a year of scarcity arrives, when they draw upon their stock precisely when famine and prices are both at the highest. In addition to these, there was another still viler class; we mean the hard-hearted and well-known misers—men who, at every time, and in every season, prey upon the distress and destitution of the poor, and who can never look upon a promising spring or an abundant harvest, without an inward sense of ingratitude against God for his goodness, or upon a season of drought, or a failing crop, unless with a thankful feeling of devotion for the approaching calamity.

During such periods, and under such circumstances, these men—including those of both classes—and the famished people, in general, live and act under antagonist principles. Hunger, they

say, will break through stone walls, and when we reflect, that in addition to this irresistible stimulus, we may add a spirit of strong prejudice and resentment against these heartless persons, it is not surprising that the starving multitudes should, in the ravening madness of famine, follow up its outrageous impulses, and forget those legal restraints, or moral principles, that protect property under ordinary or different circumstances. It was just at this precise period, therefore, that the people, impelled by hunger and general misery, began to burst out into that excited stupefaction which is, we believe, peculiar to famine riots. And what rendered them still more exasperated than they probably would have been was, the long lines of provision carts which met or intermingled with the funerals on the public thoroughfares, whilst on their way to the neighbouring harbours, for exportation. Such, indeed, was the extraordinary fact! Day after day, vessels laden with Irish provisions, drawn from a population perishing with actual hunger, as well as with the pestilence which it occasioned, were passing out of our ports, whilst, singular as it may seem, other vessels came in freighted with our own provisions, sent back through the charity of England to our relief.

It is not our business, any more than it is our inclination, to dwell here upon the state of those sumptuary enactments, which reflected such honour upon the legislative wisdom, that permitted our country to arrive at the lamentable condition we have attempted to describe. We merely mention the facts, and leave to those who possess position and ability, the task of giving to this extraordinary state of things a more effectual attention. Without the least disposition, however, to defend or justify any violation of the laws, we may be permitted to observe, that the very witnessing of such facts as these, by destitute and starving multitudes, was in itself such a temptation to break in upon the provisions thus transmitted, as it was scarcely within the strength of men, furious with famine, to resist. Be this as it may, however, it is our duty as a faithful historian to state, that at the present period of our narrative, the famine riots had begun to

assume something of an alarming aspect. Several carts had been attacked and pillaged, some strong farmers had been visited, and two or three misers were obliged to become benevolent with rather a bad grace. At the head of these parties were two persons mentioned in these pages—to wit, Thomas Dalton, and Red Rody Duncan, together with several others of various estimation and character; some of them, as might be naturally expected, the most daring and turbulent spirits in the neighbourhood.

Such, then, was the miserable state of things in the country at that particular period. The dreadful typhus was now abroad in all his deadly power, accompanied, on this occasion, as he always is among the Irish, by a panic which invested him with tenfold terrors. The moment fever was ascertained, or even supposed to visit a family, that moment the infected persons were avoided by their neighbours and friends, as if they carried death, as they often did, about them; so that its presence occasioned all the usual interchanges of civility and good neighbourhood to be discontinued. Nor should this excite our wonder, inasmuch as this terrific scourge, though unquestionably an epidemic, was also ascertained to be dangerously and fatally contagious. None then, but persons of extraordinary moral strength, or possessing powerful impressions of religious duty, had courage to enter the houses of the sick or dead, for the purpose of rendering to the afflicted those offices of humanity which their circumstances required; if we except only their nearest relatives, or those who lived in the same family.

Having thus endeavoured to give what we feel to be but a faint picture of the state of the kingdom at large in this memorable year, we beg our readers to accompany us once more to the cabin of our moody and mysterious friend, the Black Prophet.

Evening was now tolerably far advanced; Donnel Dhu sat gloomily, as usual, looking into the fire, with no agreeable aspect; whilst on the opposite side sat Nelly, as silent and nearly as gloomy-looking as himself. Every now and then his black piercing eye would stray over to her, as if in a state of abstraction, and again with that undetermined kind of significance which

made it doubtful whether the subject matter of his cogitations was connected with her at all or not. In this position were they placed when Sarah entered the cabin, and throwing aside her cloak, seated herself in front of the fire, something about halfway between each. She also appeared moody; and if one could judge by her countenance, felt equally disposed to melancholy or ill temper.

"Well, madam," said her father, "I hope it's no offence to ask you where you have been sportin' yourself since? I suppose you went to see Charley Hanlon; or, what is betther, his masther, young Dick o' the Grange?"

"No," she replied, "I did not. Charley Hanlon! Oh, no!"

"Well, his masther?"

"Don't vex me—don't vex me," she replied, abruptly; "I don't wish to fight about nothing, or about trifles, or to give bad answers; but still, don't vex me, I say."

"There's something in the wind now," observed Nelly; "she's gettin' fast into one of her tantrums. I know it by her eyes; she'd as soon whale me now as cry; and she'd jist as soon cry as whale me. Oh! my lady, I know you. Here, at any rate, will you have your supper?"

The resentment which had been gathering at Nelly's coarse observations, disappeared the moment the question as to supper had been put to her.

"Oh! why don't you," she said—"an' why didn't you always spake to me in a kind voice?"

"But about young Dick," said the suspicious prophet; "did you see him since?"

"No," she replied, calmly and thoughtfully; but, as if catching, by reflection, the base import of the query, she replied, in a loud and piercing voice, rendered at once full and keen by indignation—"No! I say; an' don't dare to suspect me of goin' to Dick o' the Grange, or any sich profligate."

"Hollo! there's a breeze!"—After a pause: "You won't bate us, I hope. Then, madam, where were you?"

Short as was the period that had passed since her reply and the putting of his last question, she had relapsed or fallen into a mood of such complete abstraction, that she heard him not. With her naturally beautiful and taper

hand under her still more finely chiselled chin, she sat looking, in apparent sorrow and perplexity, into the fire, and, whilst so engaged, she sighed deeply two or three times.

"Never mind her, man," said Nelly; "let her alone, an' don't draw an ould house on our heads. She has had a fight with Charley Hanlon, I suppose; maybe he has refused to marry her, if he ever had any notion of it—which I don't think he had."

Sarah rose up, and approaching her, said—

"What is that your wor saying?—Charley Hanlon!—never name him an' me together from this minute out. I like him well enough as an acquaintance, but never name us together as sweethearts—mark my words now. I would go any length to sarve Charley Hanlon, but I care nothin' for him beyond an acquaintance, although I *did* like him a little, or I *thought* I did."

"Poor Charley!" exclaimed Nelly, "he'll break his heart. Arra what'll he do for a piece o' black crape to get into murnin'?—ch?—ha! ha! ha!"

"If you had made use of them words to me only yestherday," she replied, "I'd punish you on the spot; but now, you unfortunate woman, you're below my anger. Say what you will, or what you wish, another quarrel with you I will never have."

"What does she mane," said the other, looking fiercely at the Prophet—"I ax you, you traitor, what she manes?"

"Ay, an' you'll ax me tìll you're hoarse, before you get an' answer," he replied.

"You're a dark an' deep villain," she uttered, whilst her face became crimson with rage, and the veins of her neck and temples swelled out as if they would burst; "however, I tould you what your fate would be, an' that Providence was on your bloody trail. Ay did I, and you'll find it true soon."

The Prophet rose and rushed at her; but Sarah, with the quickness of lightning, flew between them.

"Don't be so mane," she said—"don't now, father; if you rise your hand to her I'll never sleep a night undher the roof. Why don't you separate yourself from her? Oh, no, the man that would rise his hand to sich a woman—to a woman that must

have the conscience she has—especially when he could put the salt seas between himself an' her—is worse an' meaner than she is. As for me, I'm lavin' this house in a day or two, for my mind's made up that the same roof won't cover us."

"The devil go wid you an' sixpence, then," replied Nelly, disdainfully—"an' then you'll want neither money nor company; but, before you go, I'd thank you to tell me what has become o' the ould Tobaccy Box, that you pulled out o' the wall the other day. I know you were lookin' for it, an' I'm sure you got it—there was no one else to take it: so, before you go, tell me—unless you wish to get a knife put into me by that dark lookin' ould father of yours."

"I know nothing about your ould box, but I wish I did."

"That's a lie, you strap; you know right well where it is."

"No," replied her father, "she does not, when she says she doesn't. Did you ever know her to tell a lie?"

"Ay—did I, fifty."

The Prophet rushed at her again, and again did Sarah interpose.

"You vile ould tarmagint," he exclaimed, "you're statin' what you feel to be false when you say so; right well you know that neither you nor I, nor any one else, ever heard a lie from her lips, an' yet you have the brass to say to the contrary."

"Father," said Sarah, "there's but the one course for you; as for me, my mind's made up—in this house I don't stay, if she does."

"If you'd think of what I spoke to you about," he replied, "all would soon be right wid us; but then you're so unreasonable, an' full of foolish no-

tions, that it's hard for me to know what to do, especially as I wish to do all for the best."

"Well," rejoined Sarah, "I'll spake to you again about it; at this time I'm disturbed and unaisy in my mind—I'm unhappy—unhappy—an' I hardly know on what hand to turn. I'm afeard I was born for a hard fate, an' that the day of my doom isn't far from me. All, father, is dark before me—every thing is dark before me—my heart is, indeed, low an' full of sorrow; an' sometimes I could a'most tear any one that 'ud contradict me. Any way, I'm unhappy."

As she uttered the last words, her father, considerably surprised at the melancholy tenor of her language, looked at her, and perceived that, whilst she spoke, her large black eyes were full of distress, and swam in tears.

"Don't be a fool, Sarah," said he "it's not a thrifle should make any one cry in sich a world as this. If Charley Hanlon an' you has quarrelled, it was only the case with thousands before you. If he wont marry you, maybe as good or bettther will; for sure, as the ould proverb says, there's as good fish in the *say* as ever was caught. In the mane time, think of what I said to you, an' all will be right."

Sarah looked not at him; but whilst he spoke, she hastily dried her tears, and ere half a minute had passed, her face had assumed a firm and somewhat of an indignant expression. Little, however, did her father then dream of the surprising change which one short day had brought about in her existence, nor of the strong passions which one unhappy interview had awakened in her generous but unregulated heart.

● CHAPTER XVIII.—LOVE WINS THE RACE FROM PROFLIGACY.

DONNEL DHU M'GOWAN'S reputation as a prophecyman arose, in the first instance, as much on account of his mysterious pretensions to a knowledge of the quack prophecies of his day—Pastorini, Kolumbkille, &c. &c., and such stuff—as from any pretensions he claimed to foretell the future. In the course of time, however, by assuming to be a seventh son, he availed himself of the credulity and ignorance of the people,

and soon added a pretended insight into futurity to his powers of interpreting Pastorini, and all the catchpenny trash of the kind which then circulated among the people. This imposture, in course of time, produced its effect. Many, it is true, laughed at his impudent assumptions; but, on the other hand, hundreds were strongly impressed with a belief in the mysterious and rhapsodical predictions which he was in the habit of uttering. Among the latter class,

we may reckon simple-hearted Jerry Sullivan and his family, all of whom, Mave herself included, placed the most religious confidence in the oracles he gave forth. It was then, with considerable agitation and a palpitating heart, that, on the day following that of Donnel's visit to her father's, she approached the Grey Stone, where, in the words of the prophet, she should meet "the young man who was to bring her love, wealth, and happiness, and all that a woman can wish to have with a man." The agitation she felt, however, was the result of a depression that almost amounted to despair. Her faithful heart was fixed but upon one alone, and she knew that her meeting with any other could not, so far as she was concerned, realize the golden visions of Donnel Dhu. The words, however, could not be misunderstood; the first person she met, on the right hand side of the way, after passing the Grey Stone, was to be the individual; and when we consider her implicit belief in Donnel's prophecy, contrasted with her own impressions and the state of mind in which she approached the place, we may form a tolerably accurate notion of what she must have experienced. On arriving within two hundred yards or so of the spot mentioned, she observed in the distance, about half a mile before her, a gentleman, on horseback, approaching her at rapid speed. Her heart, on perceiving him, literally sank within her, and she felt so weak as to be scarcely able to proceed.

"Oh! what," she at length asked herself, "would I not now give but for one glance of young Condy Dalton! But it is not to be. The unfortunate murder of my uncle has prevented that for ever; although I can't get myself to believe that any of the Daltons ever did it; but maybe that's because I wish they didn't. The general opinion is, that his father is the man that did it. May the Lord forgive them, whoever they are, that took his life—for it was a black act to me at any rate!"

Across the road before her, ran one of those little deep valleys, or large ravines, and into this had the horseman disappeared as she closed the soliloquy. He had not, however, at all slackened his pace, but, on the contrary, evidently increased it, as she could hear by the noise of his horse's feet. At this moment she reached the brow of the ra-

vine, and our readers may form some conception of what she felt when, on looking down it, she saw her lover, young Dalton, toiling up towards her with feeble and failing steps, whilst pressing after him from the bottom, came young Henderson, urging his horse with whip and spur. Her heart, which had that moment bounded with delight, now utterly failed her, on perceiving the little chance which the poor young man had of being the first to meet her, and thus fulfil the prophecy. Henderson was gaining upon him at a rapid rate, and must in a few minutes have passed him, had not woman's wit and presence of mind come to her assistance. "If he cannot run to me up the hill," she said to herself, "I can run to him down it"—and as the thought occurred to her, she started towards him at her greatest speed, which indeed was considerable, as her form was of that light and elastic description which betokens great powers of activity and exertion. The struggle indeed was close; Henderson now plied whip and spur with redoubled energy, and the animal was approaching at full speed. Mave, on the other hand, urged by a thousand motives, forgot every thing but the necessity for exertion. Dalton was incapable of running a step, and appeared not to know the cause of the contest between the parties. At length Mave, by her singular activity and speed reached her lover, into whose arms she actually ran, just as Henderson had come within about half a dozen yards of the spot where she met him. This effort, on the part of Mave, was in perfect accordance with the simple earnestness of her character; her youthful figure, her innocence of manner, the glow of beauty, and the crowd of blushing graces which the act developed, together with the joyous exultation of her triumph on reaching her lover's arms, and thus securing to herself and him the completion of so delightful a prediction—all, when taken in at one view, rendered her a being so irresistibly fascinating, that her lover could scarcely look upon the incident as a real one, but for a moment almost persuaded himself that his beloved Mave had undergone some delightful and glorious transformation—such as he had seen her assume in the dreams of his late illness.

Henderson, finding himself disap-

pointed, now pulled up his horse, and addressed her.

"Upon my word, Miss Sullivan—I believe," he added, "I have the pleasure of addressing Jeremy Sullivan's daughter—so far famed for her beauty—I say, upon my word, Miss Sullivan, your speed outstrips the wind—those light and beautiful feet of yours scarcely touched the ground—I am certain you must dance delightfully."

Mave again blushed, and immediately extricated herself from her lover's arms, but before she did, she felt his frame trembling with indignation at the liberty Henderson had taken in addressing her at all.

"Dalton," the latter proceeded, unconscious of the passion he was exciting, "I cannot but envy you, at all events—I would myself delight to be a winning post under such circumstances."

Dalton looked at him, and his eye, like that of his father, when enraged, glared with a deadly light.

"Pass on, sir," he replied; "Mave Sullivan is no girl for the like of you to address. She wishes to have no conversation with you, and she will not."

"I shan't take your word for that, my good friend," replied Henderson, smiling; "she can speak for herself—an' will, too, I trust."

"Dear Condy," whispered Mave, "don't put yourself in a passion; you are too weak too bear it."

"Miss Sullivan," proceeded young Dick, "is a pretty girl—and as such I claim a portion of her attention, and—should she so far favour me—even of her conversation; and that with every respect for your very superior judgment, my good Mr. Dalton."

"What is your object, now, in wishing to spake to her?" asked the latter, looking him sternly in the face.

"I don't exactly see that I'm bound to answer your catechism," said Dick; "it is to Miss Sullivan I would address myself. I speak to you, Miss Sullivan; and, allow me to say, that I feel a very warm interest in your welfare, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to promote it by any means in my power."

Mave was about to reply, but Dalton anticipated her.

"The only favour you can bestow upon Miss Sullivan, as you are plained to call her, is to pass her by," said Dalton; "she wishes to have no inti-

macy nor conversation of any kind with such a noted profligate. She knows your correcter, Mr. Henderson; or if she doesn't, I do—an' that it's as much as a daicent girl's good name is worth to be seen spakin' to you. Now, I tell you again to pass on. Don't force either yourself or your conversation upon her, if you're wise—I'm here to protect her—an' I won't see her insulted for nothing."

"Do you mean that as a threat, my good fellow?"

"If you think it a threat, don't deserve it, an' you won't get it. If right was to take place, our family would have a heavy account to settle with you and yours; an' it wouldn't be wise in you to add this to it."

"Ha! I see—oh, I understand you, I think—more threatening?—eh?"

"As I said before," replied Dalton, "that's as you may deserve it. Your cruelty, and injustice, and oppression to our family, we might overlook; but I tell you, that if you become the means of bringin' a stain—the slightest that ever was breathed—upon the fair name of this girl, it would be a thousand times better that you never were born."

"Ah! indeed, Master Dalton! but in the mean time, what does Miss Sullivan herself say? We are anxious to hear your own sentiments on this matter, Miss Sullivan."

"I would feel obliged to you to pass on, sir," she replied; "Condy Dalton is ill, and badly able to bear such a conversation as this."

"Here," said Dalton, fiercely, laying his hand upon Mave's shoulder; "if you cross my path *here*—or lave but the shadow of a stain, as I said, upon her name, woe betide you!"

"Your wishes are commands to me, Miss Sullivan," replied Henderson, without noticing Dalton's denunciation in the slightest degree; "and, I trust that when me meet again, you wont be guarded by such a terrible bow-wow of a dragon as has now charge of you. Good bye! and accept my best wishes, until then."

He immediately set spurs once more to his horse, and in a few minutes had turned at the cross-roads, and taken that which led to his father's house.

"It is well for him," said Dalton, immediately after he had left them, "that I hadn't a loaded pistol in my

hand—but no, dear Mave," he added, checking himself, "the hasty temper and the hasty blow is the fault of our family, an' so far as I am consarned, I'll do everything to overcome it."

Mave now examined him somewhat more earnestly than she had done; and although grieved at his thin and wasted appearance, yet she could not help being forcibly struck by the singular clearness and manly beauty of his features. And yet this beauty filled her heart with anything but satisfaction; for on contemplating it she saw that it was overshadowed by an expression of such settled sorrow and dejection, as it was impossible to look upon without the deepest compassion and sympathy.

"We had better rest a little, dear Mave," he said; "you must be fatigued, and so am I. Turn back a little, will you, an' let us sit upon the Grey Stone; it's the only thing in the shape of a seat that is now near us. Have you any objection?"

"None in the world," she replied; "I'll be time enough at my uncle's, especially as I don't intend to come home to-night."

They accordingly sauntered back, and took their seat upon a ledge of the stone in question, that almost concealed them from observation; after which the dialogue proceeded as follows:—

"Condy," observed Mave, "I was glad to hear that you recovered from the fever; but I'm sorry to see you look so ill: there is a great deal of care in your face."

"There is, dear Mave—there is," he replied, with a melancholy smile, "an' a great deal of care in my heart. You look thin yourself, and care-worn too, dear."

"We are not without our own struggles at home," she replied, "as, indeed, who is now? But I had more than ourselves to fret for."

"Who?" he asked; but on putting the question, he saw a look of such tender reproach in her eye as touched him.

"Kind heart!" he exclaimed—"kindest and best of hearts, why should I ask such a question? Surely I ought to know you. I am glad I met you, Mave, for I have many things to say to you, an' it's hard to say when I may have an opportunity again."

"I know that is true," said she; "but I did not expect to meet you here."

"Mave," he proceeded, in a voice filled with melancholy and sadness, "you acknowledged that you loved me."

She looked at him, and that look moved him to the heart.

"I know you do love me," he proceeded, "and now, dear Mave, the thought of that fills my heart with sorrow."

She started slightly, and looked at him again with a good deal of surprise; but on seeing his eyes filled with tears, she also caught the contagion, and asked with deep emotion—

"Why, dear Condy? Why does my love for you make your heart sorrowful?"

"Because I have no hope," said he—"no hope that ever you can be mine."

Mave remained silent; for she knew the insurmountable obstacles that prevented their union; but she wept afresh.

"When I saw your father last, behind your garden, the day I struck Donnel Dhu," Dalton proceeded, "I told him what I then believed to be true, that my father never had a hand in your uncle's death. Mave, dear, I cannot tell a lie—nor I will not. I couldn't say as much to him now; I'm afraid that his death is on my father's soul."

Mave started, and got pale at the words.

"Great God!" she exclaimed, "don't say so, Con dear. Oh, no, no—is it your father that was always so good, an' so kind, an' so generous to every one that stood in need of it at his hands, an' who was always so charitable to the poor?"

"Ay," said he, "he was charitable to the poor; but of late I've heard him say things that nobody but a man that has some great crime, to answer for could or would say. I believe too that what the public says is right—that it's the hand of God himself that's upon him an' us for that murder."

"But maybe," said Mave, who still continued pale and trembling—"maybe it was accidental after all—a chance blow, maybe; but whatever it was, dear Cón, let us spake no more about it. I am not able to listen to it—it would sicken me soon."

"Very well, dear, we'll drop it;

an' I hope I'm wrong; for I can't think, afther all, that a man with sich a kind an' tendher heart as my father—a pious man, too—could"—he paused a moment, and then added—"oh! no—I'm surely wrong—he never did that act. However, as we said, I'll drop it; for indeed, dear Mave, I have enough that's sorrowful and heart-breakin' to spake about, over and above that unfortunate subject."

"I hope," said Mave, "that there's nothing worse than your own illness—an' you know, thanks be to the Almighty, you're recoverin' fast from that."

"My poor, lovin' sister Nancy," said he, "was laid down yesterday mornin' with this terrible faver; she was our chief dependance; we could stand it out no longer; I could an' can do nothing; an' my mother this mornin'"—his tears fell so fast, and his affliction was so deep, that he was not able, for a time, to proceed.

"Oh! what about *her*?" asked Sarah, participating in his grief; "oh! what about her that *every one* loves?"

"She was obliged to go out this mornin'," he proceeded, "to beg openly in the face of day among the neighbours! Now, Mave Sullivan, farewell!" said he, rising, whilst his face was crimsoned over with shame; "farewell, Mave Sullivan—all, from this minute, is over between you an' me. The son of a beggar must never become your husband—will never call you his wife—even if there was no other raison against it."

The melancholy but lovely girl rose with him—she trembled—she blushed—and again got pale; then blushed once more—at length she spoke—

"An' is that, dear Con, all that you yet know of Mave Sullivan's heart, or the love for *you* that's in it? Your mother! Oh! an' is it come to that with her? but—but—do you think that even that, or anything that wouldn't be a crime in yourself; or, do you think—oh! I know not what to say—I see now, dear Con, the raison for the sorrow that's in your face—the heart-break an' the care that's there—I see, indeed, how low in spirits, an' how hopeless you are; an' I see that, although your eye is clear, still it's heavy—heavy with hard affliction; but then, what is love, Con dear, if it's to fly away when these things come on

us? Is it now, then, that you'd expect me to desert you?—to keep cool with you, or to lave you when you have no other heart to go to for any comfort but mine? Oh, no! Con dear. Your own Mave Sullivan is none of these. God knows, it's little comfort," she proceeded, weeping bitterly—"it's little comfort's in my poor heart for any one; but there's one thing in it," Con dear—that, poor as I stand here this minute—an' where, oh! where is there or could there be a poorer girl than I am—still there's one thing in it that I wouldn't exchange for this world's wealth—an' that—that, dear Con, is my love for you! That's the love, dear Con, that neither this world nor its cares, nor its shame, nor its poverty, nor its sorrow, can ever overcome or banish—that's the love that would live with you in wealth—that would keep by your side through good and through evil—that would share your sickness—that would rejoice with you—that would grieve with you—beg with you, starve with you, an', go where you might, die by your side. I cannot bid you to throw care and sorrow away; but if it's any consolation to you to know an' to feel how your own Mave Sullivan loves you, then you have that consolation. Dear Con, I am ready to marry you, an' to share your distresses to-morrow—ay, this day, or this minute, if it could be done."

There was a gentle, calm, but firm enthusiasm about her manner, which carried immediate conviction with it, and as her tears fell in silence, she bestowed a look upon her lover which fully and tenderly confirmed all that her tongue had uttered.

Both had been standing; but her lover, taking her hand, sat down, as she also did; he then turned round and pressed her to his heart; and their tears in this melancholy embrace of love and sorrow both literally mingled together.

"I would be ungrateful to God, my beloved Mave," he replied, "and unworthy of you—and indeed, at best I'm not worthy of you—if I didn't take hope an' courage, when I know that sich a girl loves me—as it is, I feel my heart aisier, an' my spirits lighter—although, at the same time, dear Mave, I'm very wake, and far from being well."

"That's because this disturbance of your mind is too much for you yet—but keep your spirits up—you don't know," she continued, smiling sweetly through her tears, "what a delightful prophecy was fulfilled for us this day—ay, awhile ago even when I met you."

"No," he replied, "what was it?"

She then detailed the particulars of Donnel Dhu's prediction, which she dwelt upon with a very cheerful spirit, after which she added—

"And now, Con dear, don't you think that's a sign we'll be yet happy?"

Dalton, who placed no reliance whatsoever on Donnel Dhu's impostures, still felt reluctant to destroy the hope occasioned by such an agreeable illusion—"Well," he replied, "although I don't much believe in any thing that ould scoundrel says, I trust, for all that, that he has tould you thruth for wanst."

"But how did you happen to come here, Con?" she asked—"to be here at the very minute too?"

"Why," said he, "I was desired to take care to be the first to meet you after you passed the Grey Stone—the very one we're sittin' on—if I loved you, an' wished to sarve you."

"But who on earth could tell you this?" she asked, "because I thought no livin' bein' knew of it but myself and Donnel Dhu."

"It was Sarah, his daughter," said Dalton; "but when I asked her *why* I should come to do so, she wouldn't tell me—she said if I wished to save you from evil, or at any rate from trouble. That's a strange girl—his daughter"—he added, "she makes one do whatever she likes."

"Isn't she very handsome?" said Mave, with an expression of admiration. "I think she's, without exception, the purtiest girl I ever seen; an' her beautiful figure beats all; but somehow they say every one's afraid of her, an' durstn't vex her."

"She examined me well yestherday, at all events," replied Con. "I thought them broad, black, beautiful eyes of hers would look through me. Many a wager has been laid as to which is the handsomest—you or she; an' I know hundreds that 'ud give a great deal to see you both beside one another."

"Indeed an' she has it, then," said Mave, "far an' away, in face, in figure, an' in every thing."

"I don't think so," he replied; "but at any rate not in every thing—not in the heart, dear Mave—not in the heart."

"They say she's kind-hearted, then," replied Mave.

"They do," said Con, "an' I don't know how it comes; but somehow every one loves her, and every one fears her at the same time. She asked me yestherday if I thought my father murdered Sullivan."

"Oh! for God's sake, don't talk about it," said Mave, again getting pale; "I can't bear to hear it spoken of."

The Grey Stone—on a low ledge of which, nearly concealed from public view, our lovers had been sitting—was, in point of size, a very large rock of irregular shape. After the last words, alluding to the murder, had been uttered, an old man, very neatly but plainly dressed, and bearing a pedlar's pack, came round from behind a projection of it, and approached them. From his position, it was all but certain that he must have overheard their whole conversation. Mave, on seeing him, blushed deeply, and Dalton himself felt considerably embarrassed at the idea that the stranger had been listening, and become acquainted with circumstances that were never designed for any other ears but their own.

The old man, on making his appearance, surveyed our lovers from head to foot with a curious and inquisitive eye—a circumstance which, taken in connexion with his eaves-dropping, was not at all relished by young Dalton.

"I think you will know us again," said he, in no friendly voice. "How long have you been sittin' behind the corner there?" he inquired.

"I hope I *may* know yez agin," replied the pedlar, for he was one; "I was jist long enough behind the corner to hear some of what you were spakin' about last."

"An' what was that?" said Dalton, putting him to the test.

"You wor talkin' about the murderer of one Sullivan."

"We were," replied Dalton; "but I'll thank you to say nothing further about it; it's disagreeable to both of us—distressin' to both of us."

"I don't undherstand that," said the old pedlar; "how can it be so to either

of you, if you're not consarned in it one way or other?"

"We are, then," said Dalton, with warmth; "the man that was killed was this girl's uncle, an' the man that was supposed to take his life is my father. Maybe you undherstand me now?"

The blood left the cheeks of the old man, who staggered over to the ledge whereon they sat, and placed himself beside them.

"God of heaven!" said he, with astonishment, "can this be thrue?"

"Now that you know what you *do* know," said Dalton, "we'll thank you to drop the subject."

"Well, I will," said he; "but first, for heaven's sake, answer me a question or two. What's your name, avick?"

"Condy Dalton."

"Ay, Condy Dalton!—the Lord be about us! An' Sullivan—Sullivan was the name of the man that was murdered, you say?"

"Yes, Bartley Sullivan—God rest him!"

"An' whisper—tell me—God preserve us!—was there anything done to your father, avick? What was done to him?"

"Why, he was taken up on suspicion soon afther it happened; but—but—there was nothing done: they had no proof against him, an' he was let go again."

"Is your father alive still?"

"He is livin'," replied Dalton; "but come—pass on, ould man," he added, bitterly, "I'll give you no more information."

"Well, thank you, dear," said the pedlar; "I ax your pardon for givin' you pain—an' the colleen here—ay, you are a Sullivan, then—an' a purty but sorrowful lookin' crature you are, God knows. Poor things! God pity you both an' grant you a better fate, than what appears to be before you!"

for I did hear a thrifle of your dis-coorse."

There was something singularly benevolent and kind in the old pedlar's voice, as he uttered the last words, and he had not gone many perches from the stone, when Dalton's heart relented as he reflected on his harsh and unfriendly demeanour towards him.

"That is a good old man," he observed, "and I am now sorry that I spoke to him so roughly—there was kindness in his voice and in his eye as he looked upon us."

"There was," replied Mave, "and I think him a good old man too. I don't think he would harm any one."

"Dear Mave," said Dalton, "I must now get home as soon as I can; don't feel so well as I was—there is a chill upon me, and I'm afeard I won't have a comfortable night."

"And I can do nothing for you!" added Mave, her eyes filling with tears.

"I didn't thank you for the lock of hair you sent me by Donnel Dhu," he added. "It is here upon my heart, and I needn't say that if any thing had happened me, or if any thing should happen me, it an' that heart must go to dust together."

"You are too much cast down," she replied, her tears flowing fast, "an' it can't surely be otherwise; but, dear Con, let us hope for better days—an' put our trust in God's goodness."

"Farewell, dear Mave," he replied, "and may God bless and preserve you till I see you again!"

"And may he send down aid to you all," she added, "and give consolation to your breakin' hearts!"

An embrace, long, tender, and mournful, accompanied their words, after which they separated in sorrow and in tears, and with but little hope of happiness on the path of life that then lay before them.

CHAPTER XIX.—HANLON SECURES THE TOBACCO-BOX—STRANGE SCENE AT MIDNIGHT.

THE hour so mysteriously appointed by Red Roddy for the delivery of the Tobacco-Box to Hanlon, was fast approaching, and the night though by no means so stormy as that which we have described on the occasion of that person's first visit to the Grey Stone,

was nevertheless dark and rainy, with an occasional slight gust of wind, that uttered a dreary and melancholy moan, as it swept over the hedges. Hanlon, whose fear of supernatural appearances had not been diminished by what he had heard there before as

well as on his way home, now felt alarmed at every gust of wind that went past him. He hurried on, however, and kept his nerves as firmly set as his terrors would allow him, until he got out upon the plain old road which led directly to the appointed place. The remarkable interest which he had felt at an earlier stage of the circumstances that compose our narrative, was beginning to cool a little, when it was revived by his recent conversation with Red Roddy concerning the Black Prophet, and the palpable contradictions in which he detected that person, with reference to the period when the Prophet came to reside in the neighbourhood. His anxiety, therefore, about the Tobacco-Box began, as he approached the Grey Stone, to balance his fears; so that by the time he arrived there, he found himself cooler and firmer a good deal, than when he first crossed the dark fields from home. Haulon, in fact, had learned a good deal of the Prophet's real character, from several of those who had never been duped by his impostures; and the fact of ascertaining that the very article so essential to the completion of his purpose, had been found in the Prophet's house or possession, gave a fresh and still more powerful impulse to his determinations. The night, we have already observed, was dark, and the heavy gloom which covered the sky was dismal and monotonous. Several flashes of lightning, it is true, had shot out from the impervious masses of black clouds, that lay against each other overhead. These, however, only added terror to the depression, which such a night and such a sky were calculated to occasion.

"I trust," thought Haulon, as he approached the stone, "that there will be no disappointment, and that I won't have my journey on such a dark and dismal night for nothing. How this red ruffian can have any authority over a girl like Sarah, is a puzzle that I can't make out?"

It was just as these thoughts occurred to him that he arrived at the Stone, where he stood anxiously waiting and listening, and repeating his *pater noster*, as well as he could, for several minutes, but without hearing or seeing any one.

"I might have known," thought he,

"that the rascal could bring about nothing of the kind, an' I am only a fool for heedin' him at all."

At this moment, however, he heard the noise of a light quick footstep approaching, and almost immediately afterwards Sarah joined him.

"Well, I am glad you are come," said he, "for God knows when I thought of our last stand here, I was any thing but comfortable."

"Why," replied Sarah, "what were you afraid of? I hate a cowardly man, Charley, an' you are cowardly."

"Not where mere flesh an' blood is consarned," he replied; "I'm afraid of neither man nor woman—but I wouldn't like to meet a ghost or spirit, may the Lord preserve us!"

"Why, now? What harm could a ghost or spirit do you? Did you ever hear that they laid hands on or killed any one?"

"No; but for all that, it's well known that several persons have died of fright, in consequence."

"Ay, of cowardliness; but it wasn't the ghost killed them. Sure the poor ghost only comes to get some relief for itself—to have masses said; or, maybe, to do justice to some one that it wronged in this world. There's Jemmy Beatty, an' he lay three weeks of fright from seein' a ghost, an' it turned out when all was known, that the ghost was nothing more or less than Tom Martin's white-faced cow—ha! ha! ha!"

"At any rate, let us change the subject," said Haulon; "you heard yourself the last night we were here, what I'll never forget."

"We heard some noise like a groan, an' that was all; but who could tell what it was, or who cares either?"

"I, for one, do; but, dear Sarah, have you the box?"

"Why does your voice tremble that way for? Is it fear? because if I thought it was, I wouldn't scruple much to walk home without another word, an' bring the box with me."

"You have it, then?"

"To be sure I have, an' my father an' Nelly is both huntin' the house for it."

"Why, what could your father want with it?"

"How can I tell?—an' only that I promised it to you, I wouldn't fetch it at all."

"I thought you had given it up for lost; how did you get it again?"

"That's nothing to you, an' don't trouble your head about it. There it is now, an' I have kept my word; for while I live, I'll never break it if I can. Dear me, how bright that flash was!"

As Hanlon was taking the box out of her hand, a fearful flash of sheeted lightning opened out of a cloud—almost immediately above them, and discovered it so plainly, that the very letters, P. M., were distinctly legible on the lid of it, and nearly at the same moment a deep groan was heard, as if coming out of the rock.

"Father of heaven!" exclaimed Hanlon; "do you hear that?"

"Yes," she replied, "I *did* hear a groan—but here—do you go—oh, it would be useless to ask you—so I must only do it myself; stand here an' I'll go round the rock; at any rate, let us be sure that it is a ghost."

"Don't, Sarah," he exclaimed, seizing her arm; "for God's sake don't—it is a spirit—I know it—don't lave me. I understand it all, an' may be you will some day, too."

"Now," she exclaimed, indignantly, and in an incredulous tone of voice—"in God's name what has a spirit to do with an ould rusty Tobaccy-box? It's surely a curious box; there's my father would give one of his eyes to find it—an' Nelly, that hid it the other day, found it gone when she went to get it for him."

"Do you tell me so?" said Hanlon, placing it as he spoke in his safest pocket.

"I do," she replied; "and only that I promised it to you, and would not break my word, I'd give it to my father; but I don't see myself what use it can be of to him or any body."

Hanlon, despite of his terrors, heard this intelligence with the deepest interest—indeed, with an interest so deep, that he almost forgot them altogether; and with a view of eliciting from her as much information in connexion with it as he could, he asked her to accompany him a part of the way home.

"It's not quite the thing," she replied, "for a girl like me to be walkin' with a young fellow at this hour; but as I'm not afraid of you, and as I know you are afraid of the ghost—if there

is a ghost—I will go a part of the way with you, although it does not say much for your courage to ax me."

"Thank you, Sarah; you are a perfect treasure."

"Whatever I was, or whatever I am, Charley, I can never be anything more to you than a mere acquaintance—I don't think ever we were much more—but what I want to tell you is, that if ever you had any serious notion of me, you must put it out of your head."

"Why so, Sarah?"

"Why so," she replied, hastily; "why, because I don't wish it—isn't that enough for you, if you have spirit?"

"Well, but I'd like to know why you changed your mind."

"Ay," said she; "well, after all, that is only natural—it is but reasonable; an' I'll tell you:—In the first place, then, there's a want of maleness about you that I don't like—I think you have but little heart or feelin'. You toy with the girls—with this one and that one—an' you don't appear to love any one of them—in short, you're not affectionate, I'm afraid. Now, here am I, an' I can scarcely say, that ever you coorted me like a man that had feelin'. I think you're revengeful, too; for I have seen you look black an' angry at a woman, before now. You never loved me, I know—I say I know now you did not.—There, then, is some of my reasons—but I'll tell you one more, that's worth them all. *I love another now—ay*," she added with a convulsive sigh—"I love another; and, I know Charley, that he can't love me—there's more lightnin'—what a flash! Oh, I didn't care this minute it went through my heart."

"Don't talk so, Sarah."

"I know what's before me—disappointment—disappointment in everything—the people say I'm wild and very wicked in my temper—an' I am, too—but how could I be otherwise? for what did I ever see or hear under our own miserable roof, but evil talk an' evil deeds? A word of kindness I never got from my father or from Nelly—nothing but the bad word an' the hard blow—until now that she is afraid of me; but little she knew, that many a time when I was fiercest, an' threatened to put a knife into her, there was a quiver of affection in my heart—

a yearnin', I may say, afther kindness, that had me often near throwin' my arms about her neck, and askin' her why she mightn't as well be kind as cruel to me; but I couldn't, becaise I knew that if I did, she'd only tramp on me, an' despise me, an' tyrannize over me more and more."

She uttered these sentiments under the influence of deep feeling, checkered with an occasional burst of wild distraction, that seemed to originate from much bitterness of heart.

"Is it a fair question," replied Hanlon, whose character she had altogether misunderstood; having, in point of fact, never had an opportunity of viewing it in its natural light—"is it a fair question to ask you who is it you're in love wid?"

"It's not a fair question," she replied; "I know he loves another, an' for that raison I'll never breathe it to mortal."

"Because," he added, "if I knew, maybe I might be able to put in a good word for you, now and then, accordin' as I got an opportunity."

"For me!" she replied, indignantly, —what!—to beg him to get fond o' me! Oh, it's wondherful the maneeness that's in a'most every one you meet. No," she proceeded vehemently, "if he was a king on his throne, sooner than stoop to that, or if he didn't or couldn't love me on my own account, I'd let the last drop o' my heart's blood out first. Oh, no!—no, no—ha—He loves another," she added hastily—"he loves another!"

"And do you know her?" asked Hanlon.

"Do I know her!" she replied—"do I know her!—it's I that do; ay, an' I have her in my power, too; an' if I set about it, can prevent a ring from ever goin' on them. Ha! ha! Oh, ay—that devil, Sarah M'Gowan—what a fine character I have got! Well, well, good night, Charley! Maybe it's a folly to have the bad name for nothin'—at laist they say so. Ha! ha! Good night; I'll go home. Oh, I had like to forget—Red Roddy told me he was spakin' to you about somethin' that he says you can't but understand yourself; an' he desired me to get you, if I could, to join him in it. I said I would, if it was right an' honest; for I have great doubts of it bein' either the one or the other, if it comes from him. He said

that it was both; but that it 'ud be a great piece of roguery to lave it undone. Now, if it is what *he* says it is, help him in it, if you can; but if it isn't, have no hand in it. That's all I tould him I would say, an' that's all I do say. Keep out of his saicrets I advise you; an', above all things, avoid everythin' mane an' dishonest; for, Charley, I have a kind of likin' for you that I can't explain, although I don't love you as a sweetheart. Good night again!"

She left him abruptly, and at a rapid pace proceeded back to the Grey Stone, around which she walked, with a view of examining whether or not there might be any cause visible, earthly or otherwise, for the groans which they had heard; but notwithstanding a close and diligent search, she could neither see nor hear anything whatsoever to which they might possibly be ascribed.

She reached home about one o'clock, and after having sat musing for a time over the fire, which was raked for the night—that is, covered over with *greeshdaugh*, or living ashes—she was preparing to sleep in her humble bed, behind a little partition wall about five feet high, at the lower end of the cabin, when her father, who had been moaning, and starting, and uttering abrupt exclamations in his sleep, at length rose up, and began deliberately to dress himself, as if with an intention of going out.

"Father," said she, "in the name of goodness, where are you goin' at this hour of the night?"

"I'm goin' to the murdered man's grave," he replied. "I'm goin' to tell them all how he was murdered, an' who it was that murdered him."

A girl with nerves less firm would have felt a most deadly terror at such language, on perceiving—as Sarah at once did—that her father, whose eyes were shut, was fast asleep at the time. In her, however, it only produced such a high degree of excitement and interest, as might be expected from one of her ardent and excitable temperament, imbued as it was with a good deal of natural romance.

"In God's name," she said to herself, "what can this mean? Of late he hasn't had one hour's quiet rest at night; nothin' but startin', and shoutin' out, and talkin' about murder an' murderers! What can it mane? for

he's now walkin' in his sleep? Father," she said, "you're asleep; go back to bed, you had betther."

"No I'm not asleep," he replied; "I'm goin' down to the grave here below, behind the rocks down in Glendhu, where the murdered man is lyin' buried."

"An' what brings you there at this time o' the night?"

"Ha! ha!" he replied, uttering an exclamation of caution in a low, guarded voice—"what brings me?—whisht, hould your tongue, an' I'll tell you."

She really began to doubt her senses, notwithstanding the fact of his eyes being shut.

"Whisht yourself," she replied; "I don't want to hear anything about it; I have no relish for sich saircrets. I'm ready enough with my own hand, especially when there's a weapon in it—readier than ever I'll be again; but for all that I don't wish to hear sich saircrets. Are you asleep or awake?"

"I'm awake, of coorse," he replied.

"An' why are your eyes shut then? You're frightful, father, to look at—no corpse ever had sich a face as you have; your heavy brows is knit in sich a way—jist as if you were in agony—your cheeks is so white too, an' your mouth is down at the corners, that a ghost—ay, the ghost of the murdered man himself—would be agreeable compared to you. Go to bed, father, if you're awake."

To all this he made no reply, but having dressed himself, he deliberately, and with great caution, raised the latch, and proceeded out at that dismal and lonely hour. Sarah, for a time, knew not how to act. She had often heard of sleep-walking, and she feared now, that if she awakened him, he might imagine she had heard matters which he wished no ears whatever to hear; for the truth was, that some vague suspicions of a dreadful nature had latterly entered her mind—suspicions, which his broken slumbers—his starts, and frequent exclamations during sleep, had only tended to confirm.

"I will watch him, at all events," said she, to herself, "and see that he comes to no danger." She accordingly shut the door after her, and followed him pretty closely into the deep gloom of the silent and solitary glen. With cautious, but steady and

unerring steps, he proceeded in the direction of the loneliest spot of it, which having reached, he went by a narrow and untrodden circuit—a kind of broken, but natural path-way—to the identical spot where the body, which Nelly had discovered, lay.

He then raised his hand, as if in caution, and whispered—"Whisht! here is where the murdered man's body lies."

"I'll not do it," said Sarah, "I'll not do it—it would be mane an' ungenerous to ax him a question that might make him betray himself."

At this moment the moon, which had been for some time risen, presented a strange and alarming aspect. She seemed red as blood; and directly across her centre there went a black bar—a bar so ominously and intensely black, that it was impossible to look upon it without experiencing something like what one might be supposed to feel in the presence of a supernatural appearance; or at the performance of some magic or unnatural rite, where the sorcerer, by the wickedness of his spell, forced her, as it were, thus to lend a dreadful and reluctant sanction to his proceedings.

Her father, however, proceeded—"ay—who murdered him, my lord? Why, my lord—hem—it was—Cond Dalton, an' I have another man to prove it along wid myself—one Rody Duncan; now Rody, swear strong—swear home; mind yourself, Rody."

These words were spoken aside, precisely as one would address them when instructing any person to give a particular line of evidence. He then stooped down, and placing his hand upon the grave said, as if he were addressing the dead man—

"Ha—you sleep cool there, you guilty villian! an' it wasn't my fault that the unfaithful an' dishonest sthrap that you got that for, didn't get as much herself—there you are, an' you'll tell no tales at all events! You know, Rody," he proceeded, "it was Dalton that murdered him—mind that—but you're a coward at heart; as for myself there's nothing troubles me but that Tobaccy-Box; but you know nothing about that—may the devil confound me, at any rate, for not destroyin' it! an' that ould sthrap, Nelly, suspects something—for she's always ringin' Providence into my cars;

but if I had that box destroyed, I'd disregard Providence—if there is a Providence."

The words had barely proceeded out of his lips, when a peal of thunder, astonishingly loud, broke, as it were, over their very heads, having been preceded by a flash of lightning, so bright, that the long, well-defined grave was exposed, in all its lonely horrors, to Sarah's eye.

"That's odd, now," said she, "that the thunder should come as he said them very words; but thank God that it was Dalton that did the deed, for if it was himself he'd not keep it back now, when the truth would be sure to come out."

"It was he, my lord, and gentlemen of the jury," proceeded her father, "an' my conscience, my lord, during all this long time——"

He here muttered something which she could not understand, and after stooping down, and putting his hand upon the grave a second time, he turned about and retraced his steps home. It appeared, however, that late as the hour was, there were other persons abroad as well as themselves, for Sarah could distinctly hear the footsteps of several persons passing along the adjoining road, past the Grey Stone, and she also thought that among the rest might be distinguished the voice of Red Rody Duncan. The Prophet quietly opened the door, entered, as usual, and went to bed; Sarah having also retired to her own little sleeping place, lay for some time, musing deeply over the incidents of the night.

CHAPTER XX.—TUMULTS—CONFESSION OF MURDER.

THE next morning opened with all the dark sultry rain and black cloudy drapery, which had, as we have already stated, characterized the whole season. Indeed, during the year we are describing, it was well known that all those visible signs which prognosticate any particular description of weather, had altogether lost their significance. If a fine day came for instance, which indeed was a rare case, or a clear and beautiful evening, it was but natural that after such a dark and dreary course of weather, the heart should become glad and full of hope, that a permanent change for the better was about to take place; but alas, all cheerful hope and expectation were in vain. The morrow's sun arose as before, dim and gloomy, to wade along his dismal and wintry path, without one glimpse of enlivening light from his rising to his setting.

We have already mentioned slightly those outrages, to which the disease and misery that scourged the country in so many shapes had driven the unfortunate and perishing multitudes. Indeed, if there be any violation of the law, that can or ought to be looked upon with the most lenient consideration and forbearance, by the executive authorities, it is that which takes place under the irresistible pressure of fa-

mine. And singular as it may appear, it is no less true, that this is a subject concerning which much ignorance prevails, not only throughout other parts of the empire, but even at home here in Ireland, with ourselves. Much for instance is said, and has been said, concerning what are termed "Years of Famine," but it is not generally known, that since the introduction of the potato into this country, no year has ever passed, which in some remote locality or other, has not been such to the unfortunate inhabitants. The climate of Ireland is so unsettled, its soil so various in quality, and the potato so liable to injury from excess of either drought or moisture, that we have no hesitation in stating the startling fact of this annual famine as one we can vouch for, upon our own personal knowledge, and against the truth of which we challenge contradiction. Neither does an autumn pass without a complaint peculiar to those who feed solely upon the new and unripe potato, and which, ever since the year '32, is known by the people as the potato *cholera*. With these circumstances the legislature ought to be acquainted, inasmuch as they are calamities that will desolate and afflict the country, so long as the potato is permitted to be, as it unfortunately is, the staple food of the people. That

we are subject, in consequence of that fact, to periodical recurrences of dearth and disease, is well known and admitted; but that *every season* brings its partial scourge of both these evils to various remote and neglected districts in Ireland, has not been, what it ought long since to have been, an acknowledged and established fact in the sanatory statistics of the country. Indeed, one would imagine, that after the many terrible visitations which we have had from destitution and pestilence, a legislature sincerely anxious for the health and comfort of the people, would have devoted itself, in some reasonable measure, to the humane consideration of such proper sumptuary and sanatory enactments, as would have provided not only against the recurrence of these evils, but for a more enlightened system of public health and cleanliness, and a better and more comfortable provision of food for the indigent and poor. As it is at present, provision dealers of all kinds, meal-mongers, forestallers, butchers, bakers, and huxters, combine together, and sustain such a general monopoly in food, as is at variance with the spirit of all law and humanity, and constitutes a kind of artificial famine in the country; and surely these circumstances ought not to be permitted, so long as we have a deliberative legislature, whose duty it is to watch and guard the health and morals of the people.

At the present period of our narrative, and especially on the gloomy morning following the Prophet's unconscious visit to the grave of the murdered man, the popular outrages had risen to an alarming height. Up to the present time occasional outbreaks, by small and detached groups of individuals, had taken place at night or before dawn, and rather in a timid or furtive manner, than with the recklessness of men who assemble in large crowds, and set both law and all consequences at open defiance. Now, however, destitution and disease had wrought such woeful work among the general population, that it was difficult to know where or how to prescribe bounds to the impetuous resentment with which they expressed themselves against those who held over large quantities of food in order to

procure high prices. At this moment the country, with its waste, unreaped crops, lying in a state of plashy and fermenting ruin, and its desolate and wintry aspect, was in frightful keeping with the appearance of the people when thus congregated together. We can only say, that the famine crowds of that awful year should have been seen in order to be understood and felt. The whole country was in a state of dull but frantic tumult, and the wild crowds as they came and went in the perpetration of their melancholy outrages, were worn down by such startling evidences of general poverty and suffering, as were enough to fill the heart with fear as well as pity, even to look upon. Their cadaverous and emaciated aspects had something in them so wild and wolfish, and the fire of famine blazed so savagely in their hollow eyes, that many of them looked like creatures changed from their very humanity by some judicial plague, that had been sent down from heaven to punish and desolate the land. And in truth there is no doubt whatsoever, that the intensity of their sufferings, and the natural *panic* which was occasioned by the united ravages of disease and famine, had weakened the powers of their understanding, and impressed upon their bearing and features an expression which seemed partly the wild excitement of temporary frenzy, and partly the dull, hopeless apathy of fatuity—a state to which it is well known that misery, sickness, and hunger, all together, had brought down the strong intellect and reason of the wretched and famishing multitudes. Nor was this state of feeling confined to those who were goaded by the frightful sufferings that prevailed. On the contrary, thousands became victims of a quick and powerful contagion which spread the insane spirit of violence at a rapid rate, affecting many during the course of the day, who in the early part of the morning had not partaken of its influence. To no other principle than this can we attribute the wanton and irrational outrages of many of the people. Every one acquainted with such awful visitations must know that their terrific realities cause them, by wild influences that run through whole masses, to forget all the decencies and restraints of ordinary life, until fear and shame, and

the becoming respect for order, all of which constitute the moral safety of society—are thrown aside or resolved into the great tyrannical instinct of self-preservation, which, when thus stimulated, becomes what may be termed *the insanity of desolation*. We know that the most savage animals as well as the most timid will, when impelled by its ravenous clamours, alike forget every other appetite but that which is necessary for the sustainment of life. Urged by it alone they will sometimes approach and assail the habitations of man, and, in the fury of the moment, expose themselves to his power, and dare his resentment,—just as a famine mob will do, when urged by the same instinct, in a year of scarcity.

There is no beast, however, in the deepest jungle of Africa itself, so wild, savage, and ferocious, as a human mob, when left to its own blind and headlong impulses. On the morning in question, the whole country was pouring forth its famished hordes to intercept meal-carts and provision vehicles of all descriptions, on their way to market, or to the next seaport for shipment; or to attack the granaries of contractors or provision-dealers, and all who, having food in large quantities, refused to give it *gratis*, or at a nominal price, to the poor. Carts and cars, therefore, mostly the property of unoffending persons, were stopped on the highways, there broken, and the food which they carried openly taken away, and, in case of resistance, those who had charge of them were severely beaten. Mills were also attacked and pillaged, and in many instances large quantities of flour and grain not only carried off, but wantonly and wickedly strown about the streets and destroyed.

In all these acts of violence there was very little shouting; the fact being that the wretched people were not able to shout, unless on rare occasions; and sooth to say, their vociferations were then but a faint and feeble echo of the noisy tumults which in general characterize the proceedings of excited and angry crowds. Truly, these pitiable gatherings had their own peculiarities of misery. During the progress of the pillage, individuals of every age, sex, and condition—so far as condition can be applied to the

lower classes—might be seen behind ditches, in remote nooks—in porches of houses, and many on the open highways and streets, eating, or rather gobbling up raw flour, or oatmeal; others, more fortunate, were tearing and devouring bread, with a fury, to which only the unnatural appetites of so many famished maniacs could be compared. As might be expected, most of these inconsiderate acts of license were punished by the consequences which followed them. Sickness of various descriptions, giddiness, retchings, fainting fits, convulsions, and in some cases, death itself, were induced by this wolfish and frightful gluttony on the part of the starving people. Others, however, who possessed more sense, and maintained a greater restraint over their individual sufferings, might be seen in all directions, hurrying home, loaded with provisions of the most portable description, under which they tottered and panted, and sometimes fell utterly prostrate from recent illness, or the mere exhaustion of want. Aged people, grey haired old men, and old women bent with age, exhibited a wild and excited alacrity that was grievous to witness, whilst hurrying homewards—if they had a home, or if not, to the first friendly shelter they could get—a kind of dim exulting joy feebly blazing in their heavy eyes, and a wild sense of unexpected good fortune working in unnatural play upon the muscles of their wrinkled and miserable faces. The ghastly impressions of famine, however, were not confined to those who composed the crowds. Even the children were little living skeletons, wan and yellow, with a spirit of pain and suffering legible upon their fleshless but innocent features; whilst the very dogs, as was well observed, were not able to bark, unless they stood against a wall, for, indeed, such of them as survived, were nothing but ribs and skin. At all events, they assisted in making up the terrible picture of general misery which the country at large presented. Both day and night, but at night especially, their hungry howlings could be heard over the country, or mingling with the wailings which the people were in the habit of pouring over those whom the terrible typhus was sweeping away with

such wide and indiscriminating fatality.

Our readers may now perceive, that

the sufferings of these unhappy crowds, before they had been driven to these acts of violence, were almost beyond belief.*

* It is as well to state here that the season described in this tale is the dreadful and melancholy one of 1817; and we may add, that in order to avoid the charge of having exaggerated the almost incredible sufferings of the people in that year, we have studiously kept our descriptions of them within the limits of truth. Doctor Corrigan, in his able and very reasonable pamphlet "ON FEVER AND FAMINE AS CAUSE AND EFFECT IN IRELAND"—a pamphlet, by the way, which has been the means of conveying most important truths to statesmen, and which ought to be looked on as a great public benefit—has confirmed the accuracy of the gloomy pictures I was forced to draw. Here follow an extract or two:—

"It is scarcely necessary to call to recollection the summer of 1816, cold and wet—corn uncut in November, or rotting in the sheaves on the ground; potatoes not ripened (and when unripe there cannot be worse food), containing more water than nutriment; straw at such an extravagant price as to render the obtaining of it for bedding almost impossible, and when procured, retaining from its half-fermented state so much moisture, that the use was, perhaps, worse than the want of it. The same agent that destroyed the harvest spoiled the turf. Seldom had such a multiplication of evils come together. In some of the former years, although food and bedding were deficient, the portion saved was of good quality, and fuel was not wanting; but in 1816 every comfort that might have compensated for partial want was absent. This description applies to the two years of 1816 and 1817. In midsummer of 1817, the blaze of fever was over the entire country. It had burst forth almost in a thousand different points. Within the short space of a month, in the summer of 1817, the epidemic sprung forth in Tramore, Youghal, Kinsale, Tralce, and Clonmel, in Carrick-on-Suir, Roscrea, Ballina, Castlebar, Belfast, Armagh, Omagh, Londonderry, Monasteraven, Tullamore, and Slane. This simultaneous break-out shows that there must have been some universal cause."

Again:—

"The poor were deprived of employment, and were driven from the doors where before they had always received relief, lest they should introduce disease with them. Thus, destitution and fever continued in a vicious circle, each impelling the other, while want of presence of mind aggravated a thousandfold the terrible infliction. Of the miseries that attend a visitation of epidemic fever, few can form a conception. The mere relation of the scenes that occurred in the country, even in one of its last visitations, makes one shudder in reading them. As Barker and Cheyne observe in their Report, 'a volume might be filled with instances of the distress occasioned by the visitation of fever in 1817.'

"On the road leading from Cork, within a mile of the town (Kanturk), I visited a woman labouring under typhus; on her left lay a child very ill, at the foot of the bed another child just able to crawl about, and on her right the corpse of a third child who had died two days previously, which the unhappy mother could not get removed.'—*Letter from Dr. O'Leary, Kanturk.*

"Ellen Fagan, a young woman, whose husband was obliged, in order to seek employment, to leave her almost destitute in a miserable cabin, with three children, gave the shelter of her roof to a poor beggar who had fever. She herself caught the disease, and from the terror created in the neighbourhood, was, with her three children, deserted, except that some person left a little water and milk at the window for the children, one about four, the other about three years old, and the other an infant at her breast. In this way she continued for a week, when a neighbour sent her a loaf of bread, which was left in the window. Four days after this he grew uneasy about her, and one night having prepared some tea and bread, he set off to her relief. When he arrived, the following scene presented itself: in the window lay the loaf, where it had been deposited four days previously; in one corner of the cabin, on a little straw, without covering of any kind, lay the wretched mother actually dying, and her infant dead by her side for the want of that sustenance which she had not to give; on the floor lay the children, to all appearance, dying also of cold and hunger. At first they refused to take anything, and he had to pour a little liquid down their throats; with the cautious administration of food they gradually recovered. The woman expired before the visitor quitted the house.'—*Letter from Dr. Macartney, Monivae.*

"A man, his wife and two children lay together in fever. The man died in the night; his wife, nearly convalescent, was so terrified with his corpse in the same

At an earlier period of the season, when the potatoes could not yet be dug, miserable women might be seen early in the morning, and, in fact, during all hours of the day, gathering weeds of various descriptions, in order to sustain life; and happy were they who could procure a few handfuls of young nettles, chickenweed, sorrell, preshagh, buglass, or sea-weed, to bring home as food, either for themselves or their unfortunate children. Others, again, were glad to creep or totter to stock-farms, at great distances across the country, in the hope of being able to procure a portion of blood, which, on such melancholy occasions, is taken from the heifers and bullocks that graze there, in order to prevent the miserable poor from perishing by actual starvation and death.

Alas, little do our English neighbours know or dream of the horrors which attend a year of severe famine in this unhappy country. The crowds which kept perpetual and incessant siege to the houses of wealthy, and even of struggling small farmers, were such as scarcely any pen could describe. Neither can we render any thing like adequate justice to the benevolence and charity—nay, we ought to say, the generosity and magnanimity of this and the middle classes in general. In no country on earth could such noble instances of self-denial and sublime humanity be witnessed. It has happened in thousands of instances, that the last miserable morsel, the

last mouthful of nourishing liquid, the last potato, or the last sixpence, has been divided with wretched and desolate beings who required it more, and this, too, by persons who, when that was gone, knew not to what quarter they could turn with a hope of replacing for themselves that which they had just shared in a spirit of such genuine and exalted piety.

It was to such a state of general tumult that the Prophet and his family arose on the morning of the following day. As usual, he was grim and sullen, but on this occasion his face had a pallid and sunken look in it, which apparently added at least ten years to his age. There was little spoken, and after breakfast he prepared to go out. Sarah, during the whole morning, watched his looks, and paid a marked attention to every thing he said. He appeared, however, to be utterly unconscious of the previous night's adventure, a fact which his daughter easily perceived, and which occasioned her to feel a kind of vague compassion for him, in consequence of the advantage it might give to Nelly over him; for of late she began to participate in her father's fears and suspicions of that stubborn but superstitious personage.

"Father," said she, as he was about to go out, "is it fair to ask where you are goin'?"

"It's neither fair nor foul," he replied; "but if it's any satisfaction to you to know, I won't tell you."

"Have you any objection, then, that

bed with her, that she relapsed, and died in two days after; the children recovered from fever, but the eldest of them lost his reason by the fright. Many other wretched scenes have I witnessed, which would be too tedious to relate."—*Barker and Cheyne's Report.*

"I know not of any visitation so much to be dreaded as epidemic fever; it is worse than plague, for it lasts through all seasons. Cholera may seem more frightful, but it is in reality less destructive—it terminates rapidly in death, or in as rapid recovery; its visitation, too, is short, and it leaves those who recover unimpaired in health and strength. Civil war, were it not for its crimes, would be, as far as regards the welfare of a country, a visitation less to be dreaded than epidemic fever."

"It is not possible, then, to form an exaggerated picture of the sufferings of a million and a half of people in these countries, in their convalescence from fever, deprived of, not only the comforts, but even the necessities of life, with scanty food, and fuel, and covering, only rising from fever to slowly fall victims to those numerous chronic diseases that are sure to seize upon enfeebled constitutions. Death would be to many a more merciful dispensation than such recovery."—*Famine and Fever, as Cause and Effect in Ireland, &c. &c.* By D. J. CORRIGAN, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S.E. Dublin: J. Fannin and Co., Grafton-street.

I should walk a piece of the way with you?"

"Not if you have come to your senses, as you ought, about what I mentioned to you."

"I have something to say to you," she replied, without noticing the allusion he had made; "something that you ought to know."

"An' why not mention it where we are?"

"Because I don't wish her there to know it."

"Thank you, ma'am," replied Nelly; "I feel your kindness—an' dear me, what a sight of wisdom I'll lose by bein' kep' out o' the saicret—saicret, indeed! A fig for yourself an' your saicret; maybe I have *my* saicret as well as you."

"Well, then," replied Sarah, "if you have, do you keep yours as I'll keep mine, and then we'll be aiquil. Come, father, for I must go from home, too. Indeed, I think this is the last day I'll be with either of you for some time—maybe ever."

"What do you mane?" said the father.

"Hut!" said the mother, "what a goose you are! Charley Hanlon, to be sure; I suppose she'll run off wid him. Oh, thin God pity him, or any one that's doomed to be blisthered wid you!"

Sarah flashed like lightning, and her frame began to work with that extraordinary energy which always accompanied the manifestation of her resentment.

"You will," said she, approaching the other—"you will, after your escape the other day; you—no, ah! no—I won't now; I forgot myself. Come, father—come, come; my last quarrel with her is over."

"Ay," returned Nelly, as they went out, "there you go, an' a sweet pair you are—father and daughter!"

"Now, father," resumed Sarah, after they had got out of hearing, "will you tell me if you slep well last night?"

"Why do you ax?" he replied; "to be sure I did."

"I tell you why I ax," she answered; "do you know that you went last night—in the middle of the night—to the murdered man's grave, in the glen there?"

It is impossible to express the look

of astonishment and dismay which he turned upon her at these words.

"Sarah!" said he, sternly; but she interrupted him.

"It's thruth," said she; "an' I went with you."

"What are you spakin' about? Me go out, an' not know it! Nonsense!"

"You went in your sleep," she rejoined.

"Did I spake?" said he, with a blank and ghastly look.

"You did."

"What, what—tell me—eh? What did I say?"

"You talked a good deal, an' said that it was Condy Dalton that murdered him, and that you had Red Rody to prove it."

"That was what I said?—eh, Sarah?"

"That's what you said, an' I thought it was only right to tell you."

"It was right, Sarah; but, at the same time, at the peril of your life, never folly me there again. Of coorse you know now that Sullivan's buried there."

"I do," said she; "but that's no great comfort, although it is to know that you didn't murder him. At any rate, father, remember what I told you about Condy Dalton. Lave him to God; an' jist that you may feel what you ought to feel on the subject, suppose you were in his situation—suppose for a minute that it was yourself that murdered him—then ask, would you like to be dragged out from us and hanged, in your ould age, like a dog—a disgrace to all belongin' to you. Father, I'll believe that Condy Dalton murdered him, when I hear it from his own lips, but not till then. Now good bye. You won't find me at home when you come back, I think."

"Why, where are you goin'?"

"There's plenty for me to do," she replied; "there's the sick an' the dyin' on all hands about me, an' it's a shame for any one that has a heart in their body, to see their fellow-creatures gaspin' for want of a dhrop of cowl'd water to wet their lips, or a hand to turn them where they lie. Think of how many poor strangers is lyin' in ditches an' in barns, an' in outhouses, without a livin' bein' a'most to look to them, or reach them any single thing they want; no, not even to bring the priest to them, that they might die reconciled

to the Almighty. Isn't it a shame, then, for me, an' the likes o' me, that has health an' strength, an' nothin' to do, to see my fellow-creatures dyin' on all hands about me, for want of the very assistance that I can afford them. At any rate, I wouldn't live in the house with that woman, an' you know that, an' that I oughtn't."

"But aren't you afraid of catchin' this terrible fever, that's takin' away so many, if you go among them?"

"Afraid!" she replied; "no, father, I feel no fear either of that or anything else. If I die, I have a world that I never had much happiness in, an' I know that I'll never be happy again in it. What then have I to fear from death? Any change for me must now be for the better; at all events it can hardly be for the worse. No—my happiness is gone."

"What in heaven's name is the matter with you?" asked her father; "an' what brings the big tears into your eyes that way?"

"Good bye," said she; and as she spoke, a melancholy smile—at once sad and brilliant—irradiated her features. "It's not likely, father, that ever you'll see me under your roof again. Forgive me all my follies now, maybe it's the last time ever you'll have an opportunity."

"Tut, you foolish girl; go in out o' this I say; it's enough to sicken one to hear the like o' you spake that way—sich stuff!"

She stood, and looked at him for a moment, and the light of her smile gradually deepened, or rather faded away, until nothing remained but a face of exquisite beauty, deeply shadowed by anxiety and distress.

The Prophet pursued his way to Dick o' the Grange's, whither, indeed, he was bent; and Sarah, having looked after him for a moment with a troubled face, proceeded in the direction of old Dalton's, with the sufferings and pitiable circumstances of whose family she was already but too well acquainted. Her journey across the country presented her with little else than records of death, suffering, and outrage. Along the roads the funerals were so frequent, that, in general, they excited no particular notice. They could, in fact, scarcely be termed funerals, inasmuch as they were now nothing more than squalid and mangled-looking knots of

those who were immediately related to the deceased, hurrying onward, with reckless speed and disturbed looks, to the churchyard, where their melancholy burthen was hastily covered up with scarcely any exhibition of that simple and affecting decorum, or of those sacred and natural sorrows, which in other circumstances throw their tender but solemn light over the last offices of death. As she went along, new and more startling objects of distress attracted her notice. In dry and sheltered places she observed little temporary sheds, which, in consequence of the dreadful panic which always accompanies an epidemic in Ireland, had, to a timid imagination, something fearful about them, especially when it is considered that death and contagion were then at work in them in such terrible shapes. To Sarah, however, they had no terrors; so far from that, a great portion of the day was spent by her in relieving their wretched, and, in many cases, dying inmates, as well as she could. She brought them water, lit fires for them, fixed up their sheds, and even begged aid for them from the neighbours around, and, as far as she could, did every thing to ease their pain, or smoothe their last moments by the consolation of her sympathy. If she met a family on the highway, worn with either illness or fatigue—perhaps an unhappy mother, surrounded by a helpless brood, bearing, or rather tottering under a couple of sick children, who were unable to walk—she herself, perhaps, also ill, as was often the case—she would instantly take one of them out of the poor creature's arms, and carry it in her own as far as she happened to go in that direction, utterly careless of contagion, or all other consequences.

In this way was she engaged towards evening, when at a turn of the road she was met by a large crowd of the rioters, headed by Red Rody, Tom Dalton, and many others in the parish who were remarkable only for a tendency to ruffianism and outrage; for we may remark here, that on occasions such as we are describing, it is generally those who have suffered least, and have but little or nothing to complain of, that lead the misguided and thoughtless people into crime, and ultimately into punishment.

The change that had come over

young Dalton was frightful; he was not half his former size; his clothes were now in rags—his hat without a crown—his beard grown—his face half black with dirt—and his whole aspect and appearance that of some miscreant in whom it was difficult to say whether the ruffian or the idiot predominated most. He appeared now in his glory—frantic and destructive; but amidst all this drivelling impetuosity, it was not difficult to detect some desperate and unshaken purpose in his heavy but violent and bloodshot eye.

Far different from him was Red Rody, who headed his own section of them with an easy but knowing swagger; now nodding his head with some wonderful purpose which nobody could understand; or winking at some acquaintance with an indefinite meaning, that set them a-guessing at it in vain. It was easy to see that he was a knave, but one of those knaves on whom no earthly reliance could be placed, and who would betray to-morrow, for good reasons, and without a moment's hesitation, those whom he had corrupted to-day.

"Come, Tom," said Rody, "we have scattered a few of the meal-mongin' vagabonds—weren't you talkin' about that blessed voteen, ould Darby Skinadro? The villain that allowed Peggy Murtagh an' her child to starve to death! Aren't we to pay him a visit?"

Dalton coughed several times, to clear his throat; a settled hoarseness having given a frightful hollowness to his voice—"Ay," said he—"ha, ha, ha—by the broken heart she died of we'll—we'll—eh, Rody, what are we to do to him?"

Rody looked significantly at the crowd, and grinned, then touched his forehead, and pointed at Dalton.

"That boy's up to everything," said he, "he's the man to head us all—ah, ha!"

"Never mind laughin' at him, anyway," observed one of his friends, "maybe if you suffered what he did, poor fellow, an' his family too, that it's not fun you'd be makin' of him."

"Why," asked a new-comer, "what's wrong wid him?"

"He's not *at* himself," replied the other, "ever since he had the faver; that, they say, an' the death of a very purty girl he was goin' to be married

to, has put him beside himself, the Lord save us!"

"Come on now," shouted Tom, in his terrible voice, "here's the greatest of all before us still. Who wants meal now? Come on, I say—ha, ha, ha! Is there any of you hungry? Is there any of you goin' to die for want of food? Now's your time—ho, ho! Now, Peggy, now. Amn't I doin' it? Ay, am I, an' it's all for your sake, Peggy dear, for I swore by the broken heart you died of—ay, an' didn't I tell you that last night on your grave where I slep'. No, he wouldn't—he wouldn't—but now—now—he'll see the differ—ay, an' feel it too. Come on," he shouted, "whoever's hungry, folly me! ha, ha, ha!"

This idiotic but ferocious laugh echoing such a dreadful purpose, was appalling; but the people who knew what he had suffered only felt it as a more forceful incentive to outrage. Darby's residence was now quite at hand, and in a few minutes it was surrounded by such a multitude, both of men and women, as no other occasion could ever bring together. The people were, in fact, almost lost in their own garments; some were without coats or waistcoats to protect them from the elements, having been forced, poor wretches, to part with them for food; others had nightcaps or handkerchiefs upon their heads instead of hats; a certain proof that they were only in a state of convalescence from fever—the women stood with dishevelled hair—some of them half naked, and others leading their children about, or bearing them in their arms; altogether they presented such an appearance as was enough to wring the benevolent heart with compassion and sorrow for their sufferings.

On arriving at Darby's house, they found it closed, but not deserted. At first, Tom Dalton knocked, and desired the door to be opened, but the women who were present, whether with shame or with honour to the sex we are at a loss to say, felt so eager on the occasion, probably for the purpose of avenging Peggy Murtagh, that they lost not a moment in shivering in the windows, and attacking the house with stones and missiles of every description. In a few minutes the movement became so general and simultaneous that the premises were a perfect wreck,

and nothing was to be seen but meal and flour, and food of every description, either borne off by the hungry crowd, or scattered most wickedly and wantonly through the streets, whilst, in the very midst of the tumult, Tom Dalton was seen dragging poor Darby out by the throat, and over to the centre of the street.

"Now," said he, "here I have you at last—ha, ha, ha!"—his voice, by the way, as he spoke and laughed, had become fearfully deep and hollow—"now, Peggy dear, didn't I swear it—by the broken heart you died of, I said, an' I'll keep that sacred oath, darlin'."

Whilst speaking, the thin fleshless face of the miser was becoming black—his eyes were getting blood-shot, and, in a very short time, strangulation must have closed his wretched existence, when a young and tall female threw herself by a bound upon Dalton, whom she caught by the throat, precisely as he himself had caught Darby. It was Sarah who saw that there was but little time to lose in order to save the wretch's life. Her grip was so effectual that Dalton was obliged to relax his hold upon the other for the purpose, of defending himself.

"Who is this?" said he—"let me go, you had better, till I have his life—let me go I say!"

"It's one," she replied, "that's not afeard but ashamed of you. You, a young man, to go to strangle a weak, helpless, ould creature, that hasn't strength or breath to defend himself no more than a child."

"Didn't he starve Peggy Murtagh?" replied Tom, "ha, ha, ha!"—didn't he starve her and her child?"

"No," she replied aloud, and with glowing cheeks, "it's false—it wasnt he but yourself that starved her and her child. Who deserted her—who brought her to shame? an' to sorrow in her own heart an' in the eyes of the world? Who left her to the bitter and vile tongues of the whole country? Who refused to marry her, and kept her so that she couldn't raise her face before her fellow creatures? Who sent her, without hope, or any expectation of happiness in this life—this miserable life—to the glens and lonely ditches about the neighbourhood, where she did nothing but shed bitter tears of despair and shame at

the heartless lot you brought her to? An' when she was deserted by the wide world, and hadn't a friendly face to look to but God's, an' when one kind word from your lips would give her hope, an' comfort, an' happiness, where were you? and where was that kind word that would a' saved her? Let the ould man go, you unmanly coward; it wasn't him that starved her—it was yourself that starved her, and broke her heart!"

"Did yez hear that?" said Dalton, "ha, ha, ha—an' it's all thrue—she has tould me nothing but the thruth—here, then, take the ould vagabond away with you, and do what you like with him—

"I am a bold and rambling boy,
My lodging's in the Isle of Thory;
A rambling boy although I be,
I'd lave them all an' folly thee!"

Ha, ha, ha!—but come, boys, pull away; we'll finish the wreck of his house, at any rate."

"Wreck away," said Sarah, "I have nothin' to do with that; but I think them women—mad women I ought to call them—might consider that there's many a starvin' mouth would be glad to have a little of what they're throwin' about so shamefully. Do you come with me, Darby; I'll save you as far as I can, an' as long as I'm able."

"I will, achora," replied Darby, "an' may God bless you, for you have saved my life; but why should they attack me? Sure the world knows, an' God knows, that my heart bleeds"—

"Whisht," she exclaimed, "the world and God both knows it's a lie, if you say that your heart bleeds for anything but the destruction that you see on your place. If you *had* given Peggy Murtagh the meal, she might be a livin' woman to-day; so no more falsehoods now, or I'll turn you back to Tom Dalton's clutches."

"No, then," replied the trembling wretch, "I won't; but between you an' me, then,—an' it needn't go farther,—throth my heart bleeds for the severity that's—"

"One word more," she replied, "and I lave you to what you'll get."

Sarah's interference had a singular effect upon the crowd. The female portion of it having reflected upon her words, soon felt and acknowledged their

truth, because they involved a principle of justice and affection to their sex; whilst the men, without annexing any moral consideration to the matter, felt themselves influenced by her exquisite figure and great beauty.

"She's the Black Prophet's daughter," exclaimed the women, "and if the devil was in her, she could tell Tom Dalton nothing but the truth, at any rate."

"And they say the devil *is* in her, the Lord save us, if ever he was in any one—keep away from her—my soul to heaven! but she'd think no more of tearin' your eyes out, or stickin' you wid a case knife, than you would of aitin' bread an' butter."

"Blessed Father!" exclaimed another, "did you see the brightness of her eyes while she was speakin'?"

"No matter what she is," said a young fellow beside them, "the devil a purtier crature ever was made—be my soul I only wish I had a thousand pounds, I wouldn't be long widout a wife, at any rate!"

The crowd having wrecked Skindred's dwelling, and carried off and

destroyed almost his whole stock of provisions, now proceeded in a different direction, with the intention of paying a similar visit to some similar character. Sarah and Darby—for he durst not venture, for the present, towards his own house—now took their way to the cabin of old Condry Dalton, where they arrived just in time to find the house surrounded by the officers of justice, and some military.

"Ah," thought Sarah, on seeing them, "it is done, then, and you lost little time about it. May God forgive you, father!"

They had scarcely entered, when one of the officers, pulling out a paper, looked at it, and asked, "Isn't your name Condry or Cornelius Dalton?"

"That is my name," said the old man.

"I arrest you, then," he continued, "for the murder of one Bartholomew Sullivan."

"It is the will of God," replied the old man, whilst the tears flowed down his cheeks—"it's God's will, an' I won't consale it any longer—take me away—I'm guilty—I'm guilty!"

NATIVE ART AND NATIONAL ADVANCEMENT.

ALTHOUGH philosophers in every age have acknowledged the fact, that the way to the Beautiful is through the Useful, yet it is not so easy to persuade men that the road to the useful often lies through the beautiful. They are willing enough to allow that truth and beauty march hand in hand through the boundless fields of creation; for if the power of unassisted reason had failed to arrive at the great conclusion, the word of inspiration has enunciated it with an authority too solemn to be questioned. But though the minor premises of the syllogism be almost equally irrefragable—we mean, the proposition which asserts the inseparable connexion between what is true and what is useful—yet in this dim-seeing world so small a portion of the field of knowledge comes at once beneath the eye of the beholder, and so cautious is the narrow spirit of human philosophy, that it needs a logical process to present the two extremes as cause and effect, and the mind of man hesitates to acquiesce in a proposition the terms of which it so seldom sees in actual apposition.

It is especially desirable to urge the connexion in question, from the condition of the social system at the present time. Utilitarianism—that is, the grovelling pursuit of the useful, to the exclusion of higher views and considerations, marks the present epoch of society. The course of civilization, from the earliest times has been from the æsthetic to the practical. Contrary to all *à priori* argument, man dawns upon the page of history not as the grovelling savage, providing for his actual wants as they grow up, and content so these are satisfied, but encircled in the rose-tints of poetry, which colour his thoughts and his actions—the world within and without him—with every varying hue; imparting to the character of antiquity a dignity and a grace, inversely proportioned to its attainments in practical philosophy, and forming a sublime equivalent for much which the toilsome drudgery of centuries has but half wrought to the surface in the

search after happiness. Take the earliest records of our race—the patriarchal times of Scripture—the primæval dynasties of Egypt—the heroic ages of Greece, and observe the spirit which they breathe. Government, the laws, institutions, language, had reference not to the lower utilities of life, so much as to certain undefined and sublime principles which passed like an ether through them, and seemed equally understood by the heroes, kings, and legislators who ruled the world, and the tribes which owned their sway. To this lofty tone were due not only the mighty deeds and words of antiquity, but the miraculous monuments in literature and art handed down for the wonder of all succeeding ages. The granitic miracles of Egypt—its solemn tombs and temples, and more solemn mysteries—the deathless marbles of heroic Greece—its as deathless songs—its glowing romance, for so may its history be called—nay, the sublime incantations of Scripture, in which inspiration sung its past and future—all sprung from the one source, the pervading influence of lofty sentiment. The materials in their hands were as nothing to what we can command—the actual powers they possessed were the infant's finger as compared with ours, yet Job and the Iliad were the holy epics of that distant day: Troy and Marathon its deeds: the Pyramids and the Parthenon its monuments.

Was truth—was utility sacrificed to this worship of beauty?—for such it was—sublimity being to the mind what beauty is to the senses. Look, for an answer, to the regenerating attempts of revolutionary France, at a time when that country fancied itself at liberty to remodel from the foundation its entire social and political fabric. Having let abstractions run their wildest course, and detached the restrictive influence of custom from the wheels of national progress, which was urged along at speed in advance of the whole complicated system of modern utilitarian policy, where did it find itself at last? Aping, as a

fashion, the heroics, the poetry, the *mind*, in short, of primitive antiquity, vainly thinking to adopt the character it worshipped, and paying the homage of reason at the shrine of sentiment not the less instructively, that the exhibition proved but a burlesque, and served to cast a cloud of ridicule round the most highly-wrought scene of that miserable drama. It knew that more was accomplished by the conventional poetry of the ancient world than by the strictest prose of its own; it recognized the grandeur of feeling—the majestic power of the heart; and in the aspirations of an unequalled national presumption, its confidence in the element at least was rational, if to trust to its own waxen wings was the acme of absurdity.

We are to the present hour victims to the reaction of that strange revolution. Is "victims" too strong a word? Not if it signify the sacrifice, without involving its amount. That revolution was the only one in modern history which may be justly termed a revolution of principles. All others have been mainly revolutions of circumstances. But in that revolution, the circumstances which were only the accompaniments, became so disastrously prominent as to obscure every thing else, and thrill the mind of man with horror. Added to this, in England there were peculiar causes of alarm, which events as they succeeded only served to enhance and perpetuate, until the national mind was left in a state in which it could scarcely be brought to look calmly and philosophically upon the scene, its nerves still quivering with emotions justly excited, though by circumstances not essentially connected with the revolution itself. We saw the ravages of the tempest—the chasm of the torrent—the splintered branches—and we forgot the purified atmosphere through which we viewed the scene of destruction.

But it will not do to be scared from our purpose by objects of imaginary terror. We may take a lesson of good from the midst of evil, and expect to realize that good, without incurring the risk of evils which have been once seen to accompany it. There was some sense and some grandeur in the dreams of delirious France during the period in question. We might, if it were

our object, examine their import, as calmly as if the patient had been an oracle of wisdom, instead of a victim to the most malignant form of national madness—that in which egregious self-esteem has induced the paroxysm. But, as it is, we are content to show the progress of excited public opinion in a civilized nation, from practical reform to the development of sentiment and poetry as a means of compassing national objects. We may legitimately adopt so much of historical evidence in corroboration of our own views.

We have more than mere opinion, however, on our side. That the culminating points of literature and art have, in fact, been the meridian periods of national glory and social amelioration, is not difficult of proof. That a low national standard of feeling on these subjects has ever been accompanied by a stagnation of intellectual and moral exertion, is equally easy to be demonstrated. In ancient times, look at Greece. It is not alone that her "industrial history" runs parallel with the record of her greatness in literature, philosophy, and the arts, and that the age which produced an Æschylus and a Thucydides, a Phidias and a Zeuxis, also produced a Themistocles, a Solon, a Socrates, and a Plato; but the evidence of history must convince the candid mind, that it is to the exalted tone of sentiment on these and all other subjects that we must in a great measure ascribe the glorious struggles of her free states, the heroism, the integrity—in short, the virtue which brings them out in glorious relief, the immortal friezes of that far-distant era.

Look, again, at Rome. The same elevated feelings which inspired the literary eloquence of Cicero and Cæsar—which suggested the glowing numbers of Virgil and Horace, and those marble creations in sculpture and architecture, breathing in their decay, of a grandeur succeeding ages wanted the mind to appreciate, did not so much arise from, as beget, that intellectual refinement which has given to Roman institutions and Roman philosophy an influence such as all the actual accessions of knowledge to the present day have not been able to render obsolete. Europe, at the hour we write, takes its laws and its institutions from the nation it derives its principles of taste from. We have

done little more in the kingdoms that have been thrown off as fragments from the disruption of that mighty empire, than engraft our local customs into the imperial code, modifying them so as to meet the necessities of time, circumstances, and position.

Look, after the dark interval of centuries, to Europe on "the revival of learning" in the fifteenth century. What was the *first* effect of that revival? Was it to set men at work to extract *utility* from the recovered treasure? No—the imaginations, the sentiments, the feelings of Europe were set first in vibration; and the elevated tastes begotten by this late union of mind with beauty, produced poets, sculptors, painters, architects, before they matured legislators, and political and religious regenerators.

And it is quite right that it should be so. There is a constant tendency to degradation in the feelings and pursuits of the masses, unless they are kept to their level, or exalted above it, by the as constant fostering of exalted and refining tastes. Where these exist in their highest development, that is, where master minds have most strongly imbued the masses with their own lofty characteristics, there we are sure to find true utility most successfully cultivated. The greater contains within itself the lesser; and, as it is said by inspiration that he who places his affections where alone they ought to centre hath the promise both of this life and that to come; so the pursuit of the grand, the noble, and the beautiful will secure that less important object—the useful.

We set out by distinguishing the pursuit of the useful for what is designated by the coined word Utilitarianism. They often conflict. He who holds that the wealth of nations consists of money, or political power, is a utilitarian: with him we shall never agree. Holding, as we do, religion, virtue, elevation of soul, good citizenship, charity, as the perfection of the individual; and independence, liberty, tranquillity, and justice, the perfection of the political condition of a state, we conceive it may now have been shown that the mind of a nation as regards æsthetical matters, may form a very good test of its social position in general, and that in proportion as the national tone becomes refined and

ennobled will the objects of a more practical utility be achieved by the general energy afforded to the *mass* acting upon the predispositions of individual minds.

And if this be so, what a stimulus is added to the labours of the enthusiast for poetry and the fine arts! What joy must it be to find that his arduous are directed towards the good as well as the beautiful—that the idol of his imagination deserves to be the deity of his worship!

We have no time to dwell on these delightful considerations. Let us turn, without the fear of being held to trifle, to the evidence of our own national health, as exhibited in the actual state of the fine arts at the present time.

A few years have done wonders, where every thing was to be done. In literature, in sculpture, in painting, in everything except in architecture, we had to create a school. Strange to say, the influence of a domestic legislature and resident aristocracy had no effect in encouraging any other art, beside that just named. Ireland was grossly behind all civilized nations. Instead of asking why, we prefer showing that that all this is past. Not only are Irish names the highest in the imperial roll of genius in the fine arts (which has been the case before now), but we find the native and domestic school left to us after this severe drafting, able to show and compete with the greater one of the sister country, and annually approaching its rivals by more extended strides. We boast now, by our own unaided efforts, of two respectable annual metropolitan exhibitions of painting and sculpture, in which the marks of healthy progress are plainly discernible, and the instructive lesson read to all, of an observable gradation from bold promise, through modest effort, to ultimate success and proficiency. And all this is due—not to growing taste amongst the people—not to the influence of a public demand, but to the philanthropic perseverance of some superior minds, which have forced these subjects, at infinite cost of money, time, and labour, on the unwilling attention of a—shall we say?—degenerate age. See how the taste, thus artificially created, has gone abroad! The principal exhibition of the metropolis—that of the Academy—was thrown open last year for the first time, at a nominal

admission fee, to "the working classes," as we now call them, but what our fathers would have had no hesitation in terming "a Dublin mob:"—upwards of *twenty thousand persons* then availed themselves of the opportunity. Was the gallery dismantled? Were the benches torn up, and dashed at the pictures? Did ruffians go on pretence of love of the fine arts, and exhibit their preference for the more petty artifices of picking pockets? Was it a theatre for vulgar assignations, ribald curiosity, or brutal assaults? Let the fact of its being re-opened this year, speak as to the experience of the Academy itself. We often, ourself, visited the exhibition at the time we speak of; and we have true pleasure in being able to say that a more decent, quiet, orderly, cheerful, and attentive crowd we never saw, composed of any class of society. The multitude came singly or in groups; and in most cases a little subscription purchased a catalogue. Armed with this, the artisan drew his wondering family round the rooms, and spelled out the pictures one by one, making comments as he passed, many of which, we can witness, would have been right serviceable to the artists themselves. This vast multitude—the greater part of them admitted for the first time to the world of taste which they were previously held too barbarous to appreciate, passed in, and through, and out, without breaking a square of glass, or chipping the corner of a frame. On many, the idea of beauty dawned for the first time; what its culmination might yet be in individual instances, who will undertake to say? But thus much it is safe to predicate, that the mass must be incalculably raised in the scale of humanity, by having the enchanting world of taste discovered to them; and that a whole hemisphere of sordid and selfish debasement must set away in proportion as that rises, to tinge by its "sweet influence" the lovely as well as the lowly features of the landscape, with light and beauty.

Although to generate taste amongst the middle classes is the true way to serve art and artists, as well as to promote those ulterior objects flowing from an æsthetic condition of the public mind; yet it must be confessed that in our instance the present stimulus to genius in this line, and the flourishing condition of the public exhibitions, are proximately due to the establishment of the ROYAL IRISH ART UNION. That society was organized precisely at a time when it was most wanted, and the country most ripe for its reception. It offered advantages too evident to be gainsayed. The public accordingly became its supporters. But it also held out a premium to the home artist. Art accordingly advanced, until now that native works stand in proud competition, side by side with those of the great school of London.*

We say that the present condition of native art is *proximately* due to the influence of the above-named association. But, if our ideas be right, it is not remotely or mainly so. We are firmly of opinion, that the discriminating zeal of some influential lovers of art in Ireland, and, in particular, the patriotic munificence of the Johnston family, must sooner or later have found a public; and that the parallel march of education, by enabling larger masses to be worked upon by individuals, must inevitably have rendered art remunerative as a profession, and so made it a rational pursuit for genius. We should have had a few years longer to struggle, perhaps; but the middle and lower classes would at last have forced their way to meet talent where it was to be found, and from their union the prosperity of the arts would inevitably have sprung.

Having argued so far, let us, ere we close, bestow a glance at those individual works of merit, which seem to justify the assumption that *art is advancing in Ireland*.

Of the two annual exhibitions in Dublin, both have this year admitted

* Never has the Royal Irish Art Union offered so much value to its subscribers in the way of prizes, as this year. Besides Petrie's great painting of Clonmacnoise, that society has purchased Danby's magnificent "Tempest," Elmore's cartoon of "Rienzi," Corbould's exquisite water-colour drawing from the "Wandering Jew," and Fisher's "Greek Refugees," all first-class and high priced pictures. It is right that the readers of our Magazine should know this, as they are still in time to subscribe before the end of this month, when the lists close.—Ed.

English pictures to a place on their walls. And although the motive was, perhaps, worthier in the one than in the other—the Royal Irish Academy having from the first adopted the principle of opening its doors to the honourable competition of the whole world, and the Society of Irish Artists having apparently been driven by the necessity of the case to rescind the rule which closed their's against all but Irishmen—the alternative being, we may presume, that of shutting up altogether—yet we will not quarrel with the reason, so we see the thing that is right done at last. In a paper like the present, however, it is not necessary to examine what has been contributed to either exhibition by non-resident artists, even where they may happen to be Irishmen, and eminent in their line. And on the other hand, let the resident artist be Irish, English, or a foreigner, we shall deem him equally entitled to notice.

Let us take, as the first name, that of Petrie. He deserves this pre-eminence, not so much, perhaps, from his actual proficiency in the particular branch of the art his exhibition pictures belong to—for, with all their merit, they have to meet the powerful competition of the water-colour school in England, which is allowed to be in a more forward and flourishing state than that of any other country—as because to the unremitting exertions of this eminent man, in this as well as other branches of polite learning, we owe a great deal of the progress made of late years in art, science, archæology, and public taste. He has refined and purified the general mind—kept the home-school in constant communication with the microcosm of learning throughout the world; assisted to foster, nourish, educate foundling talent, and apprentice it to the *great masters*. That he has his faults as a painter, few will question: that his picture of the ruins of Clonmacnoise at sunset possesses points of great beauty, and an interest peculiarly its own and *his* own, any man of genuine taste will be glad to proclaim. It reflects great credit on the committee of the Royal Irish Art Union, that they have not hesitated to buy the picture, in its unfinished state, and at a liberal price, not only to form an attractive object amongst the prizes this year, but for

the purpose of having it engraved for their subscribers of the coming one. No work they could have selected would have served their purpose so well. The scene is intensely Irish, and exquisitely romantic. The picture affords the greatest facilities for rich engraving; and the painter is the very man who has constituted himself the interpreter of the past, as it stands written in the sublime ruins he delineates.

In landscape, there are other names which well deserve the meed of commendation—some of them positively, others relatively, as exhibiting progressive advancement remarkable for its rapidity. Amongst the former, the visitor of the galleries will not be slow to place Newton, O'Neill, Brocas, Du Noyer, E. Hayes, and Wall, as well as Colonel Colomb and Sir George Hodson; and amongst the latter may be included Smyth, Mulcahy, Atkinson, and others.

At the same time, it must be admitted, that our landscape school needs a stimulus greater than that of mere emulation. Its disciples have, in the works annually sent from England, plenty of opportunity to study manner; and here at home nature lies in her full loveliness before them; yet there is a decided want both of vigour and variety in their performances. This may be mended in time, but it will require strong and rightly-directed efforts.

Wherever portraits are exhibited, as the majority of human faces are ordinary, so the greater part of the pictures will be unattractive. Nevertheless we have two artists, each eminent in his line, overcoming the indifference of the public, and claiming for their works an attention which is gladly accorded by every one who has the taste to appreciate beauty. We speak of Burton and Catterson Smith. We shall pass slightly over the first named artist, for he has not come forward with so much prominence this year as he has been in the habit of doing. His speaking likeness of Sir Edward Sugden is a highly wrought piece of water-colour painting, certainly; but it is a single work, and, besides, not a first rate specimen of the artist. But Catterson Smith deserves every praise for his oil-portraits. Two of them—the lovely Mrs. Eccles, and Lord Heytesbury, are complete studies in their way. Even admitting

that the life-tints might be stronger, still there is a chaste harmony of colouring, a graceful accuracy of drawing, a life-like reality about his portraits, which render them objects of pleasure, not only to those interested in the subjects, but to every beholder.

It is by no means our wish, and it certainly is not our province, to go *seriatim* either through the works of the artists we name, or through the names of those artists who deserve more or less commendation. If it were, we should next speak of Martin Grogan, an old favourite with the public—of Crowley—of Harwood, a young aspirant, rising rapidly and deservedly in the general estimation—of many others; but, as it is, we pass on to some names which it were culpable to omit mention of. Haverty, although not equalling his *chef d'œuvre* of last year, the Blind Piper, has shown himself a disciple of the same school—that of *nature*. In this particular, Sharp, Tracy, and Gray, too, prove themselves in the right course. There is *study from the original* in all they do, though none of them have this year reached the mark of former performances. M. A. Hayes, too, in his peculiar line, must not be passed unnoticed: unpurchased as it has remained, his picture of the cavalry charge at Moodkee displays considerable powers of expression; and, for a design which must of necessity be imaginative, much of nature and originality.

In sculpture, the Irish name stands high all over the world. The genius of

the nation leans to it: eminence in that department of the arts is almost sure to follow the devotion of an Irishman to it. No one can view the graceful works of Terence Farrell exhibited this year—we allude particularly to the figures of the Elements, executed in marble for Lord De Grey, without recognizing the undoubted marks of talent. The Colombe Retrouvée of last year; too, by his son, was a great *original* study. Nor ought we to pass over J. Kirk, who bids fair to rival his father in his art. His, as well as other names, we can, however, barely mention.

But in those already enumerated there is the foundation, and in part the structure, of a DOMESTIC SCHOOL OF ART—that great æsthetic institution, to establish which ought to be the ultimate object, not only of artists themselves and lovers of art, but of those who seek to raise the social and national standard in this country above its present level. This consideration, as we have already proved, well deserves its place in connexion with more strictly economic schemes; and satisfied we are, that the efforts made with blind though perhaps sincere zeal, to force Ireland into what is assumed to be her natural position, would achieve the very objects they aim at, without a strain or a struggle, if they were brought to bear on the hearts, the affections, the habits, and the tastes of Irishmen, instead of working on their passions and their prejudices.

CHURCH REFORM.

We believe there are few who can now hesitate to avow the belief that our Church, as an establishment, is in danger. It is not our purpose, at present, to direct the attention of our readers to the external violence with which it is menaced; of that there are few of them who require to be informed;—but rather to invite them to the consideration of its internal state, and to offer such suggestions as appear to us best calculated to maintain its standards, preserve its purity, and increase its efficiency.

As a great moral and religious institute, the working of our Church establishment cannot be an object of indifference to any man who entertains any serious concern for the well-being of the empire. Its action upon the masses of the community may be of the most beneficial nature:—nor is it possible to contemplate the weekly assemblages of our multitudes for instruction in truth and in righteousness, without regarding, as of immense importance, the system by which such instruction is to be conveyed. It may be the most effective instrument for the formation of the character of a people, and it may, if insufficient, ineffective, or abused, very materially contribute to the deterioration of that character, and only accelerate the downward tendencies of national degeneracy and abasement. Our object, at present, is, to point out the dangers of such abuse, and to suggest, irrespectively of all party or political considerations, such remedial measures as the present state of our Church would seem to indicate, and by the timely application of which the evils which it threatens may be avoided.

As we wish to simplify, as much as possible, our consideration of this important subject, we will take for granted that the present constitution of our Church establishment is one which it is desirable to preserve. The dissenter and the voluntary will, of course, differ from us. With them, upon fitting occasion, we would be most happy to hold amicable converse, and to offer to them, to the best of our power, a reason for the faith that is in us. But

to enter upon topics of controversy now, would but perplex the matter which we have in hand, which is simply to devise the best mode of purifying, preserving, and perpetuating our Church establishment, so that it may become, in the highest degree, efficient as an instrument for the moral and religious training of this great empire in the righteousness that exalteth a nation, as well as teaching them to eschew that sin which is a reproach to any people.

We know that our remedies, as far as they might be effectual, would only render our establishment more obnoxious to the censure of those who desire to see it overthrown. Whatever contributes to an efficiency which should strengthen it in the affections of the people, and thus afford an assurance of its permanency, could only aggravate the dislike of those who are resolved to be satisfied with nothing short of its destruction. But as a vast majority of our people are of a different mind, and would be well content to see our Church, as an establishment, continue to extend and to flourish, if only its functions were fairly administered, and it became, in reality, what it is in theory, and what it was ever intended to be, a great national institute for the purpose of bringing divine truth, in its saving efficacy, home to the hearts and the consciences of all sorts and conditions of men, we will proceed, without much regard to the scruples or the carpings of others, to specify such changes and alterations in its regimen and discipline, as appear to us just and necessary, and likely to contribute to its improvement.

Assuming, then, the episcopal regimen as the form of Church government most suited to the condition and circumstances of the country, and as possessing an apostolical authority, let us inquire whether there are or are not points of view, in which, as at present administered, it may be susceptible of improvement. And, first, respecting the appointment of bishops themselves.

At present, the sole power of nominating to that important office is

vested in the crown, and is usually exercised by the advice and with the concurrence of her majesty's principal minister. "Do I," said James I., upon his arrival in England, as the successor of Elizabeth, "make the judges,—do I make the bishops?" He was answered that such was part of the royal prerogative. "Then," observed the sagacious monarch, "I make both the law and the gospel!" This may be an exaggerated view of the power which he possessed, at a time when the legislature was composed entirely of members of the Established Church, and when the two houses of convocation were as regularly summoned to a practical attendance in their respective places of assembly, for the consideration of ecclesiastical affairs, as the houses of parliament for the temporal concerns of the kingdom. But it indicated the vast extent of influence which the sovereign even then enjoyed, and the high responsibility with which he was charged, when by his use or abuse of it he might so materially advance or obstruct the interests of true religion. The same power still exists in the sovereign; but how altered are the circumstances under which it is exerted! Formerly, not only all the principal advisers of the crown, but the entire legislature, should be members of the Established Church. Now, her majesty's prime minister may be a Papist, a Socinian, an infidel, or belong, or profess to belong, to any of the countless varieties of dissent; and the parliament may be composed of individuals, a considerable number of whom may be dissenters from, or violent antagonists to, the established religion. There therefore exists at present a danger to the Church, which did not exist in former times; and our first provision for its security would be to provide against that danger.

We believe there are few who will dissent from the opinion, that the character of our bishops must very materially affect the character and the efficiency of the Church of which they are the appointed governors. There are, we believe, none who will openly deny that a single view to the glory of God ought to direct and to regulate all such appointments; and we confidently assert that no one will have the hardihood to affirm, that, as appoint-

ments are at present made, that great end is held steadily in view. If the minister be an irreligious man, or a man whose mind is predominantly worldly, he is careless of any such end. Such a one will often find an excuse for an appointment, dangerous or disparaging to the establishment, in its subserviency to political objects. He is embarrassed by an opposition, which he may divert or paralyze by sacrificing the interests of the Church, and he does not hesitate a moment to make such a sacrifice, which, after all, is no sacrifice to him, as, like Gallio of old, he cares for no such things. If he be a Dissenter, who objects to the government, or a Socinian, who objects to the religion of the Church of England, the case is no better. He will rejoice in the opportunity of disparaging and villifying a system to which he is conscientiously opposed, and any influence which he may have in Church appointments will be exercised in favour of those who most resemble himself in views and in doctrine, and by whom an obnoxious institute may be dilapidated or subverted.

We ask our Church readers, are these imaginary dangers? Do the times admonish us, or do they not, that there is a reality in the apprehension which we entertain, which will be felt in proportion to the value which men set upon the concerns of their immortal souls? And, if there be, can anything be more important than that churchmen should awaken to the duty of endeavouring, by every constitutional means, to protect their venerable establishment from the further progress of an evil, which threatens, first, its disparagement, and, finally, its destruction?

Let us, therefore, while there is yet time, bestow some calm consideration upon the best mode of averting these formidable dangers. Our first object should be to secure, as far as possible, a pure and incorruptible episcopacy. For this purpose, it will be necessary to modify, to a certain extent, the present mode of episcopal nomination. And we pledge ourselves that in what we are about to propose, we will not infringe either upon the privileges of the order, or the prerogative of the crown.

We would propose to take the power of nomination out of the hands of the prime minister, and vest it in

a commission, to be appointed as may hereafter be devised. The right of appointment would still vest in her majesty, in all its present plenitude; and the only effect of the change would be, to substitute one set of advisers for another. The first minister of the crown is never selected for that office, because of his ecclesiastical qualifications. The temporal affairs, which are the subjects of his cognizance, are quite sufficient to engross all his attention; and if, indeed, he sincerely desires to discharge his duty faithfully towards the Church, he must look to others for direction in his selection of men to fill its highest places. Our suggestion would, therefore, aim at no more than the substitution of responsible for irresponsible advisers. We would have, say nine, ecclesiastical commissioners appointed, to consist of such individuals as might be relied on for their attachment to the doctrine and discipline of the Church; and upon them we would devolve the duty of recommending to her majesty fit and proper persons to fill the office of bishop, whenever a vacancy should occur. It would still be no more obligatory upon the sovereign to attend to their advice, than it is at present to attend to the advice of the chief minister of the crown; but it would not be unreasonable to expect, that the same deference which is now paid to the one, would, in the case proposed, be paid to the other.

With respect to the appointment of the commissioners, our humble suggestion is, that it should be on this wise. Let her majesty issue her fiat to her archbishops, including the metropolitans of Great Britain and Ireland, to present to her a list of such individuals as they conceive may be best charged with such a duty, they themselves being of the number; and should her majesty deem it fitting to ratify their nomination, let such individuals constitute the council who may advise with her upon ecclesiastical affairs.

It would, perhaps, be expedient that every newly consecrated bishop should be nominated a commissioner, the oldest of the members, after the archbishops, going out, as the new one came in; but in no case should the council be without the presence of all the metropolitans. Laymen, whose church principles might be relied on,

might, perhaps, advantageously constitute a part of the number.

Such a body, we conceive, might safely be entrusted with the recommendation of the individuals by whom vacancies upon the bench of bishops might be supplied. They would, we confidently believe, consider, in the first place, a fitness for the office as an indispensable prerequisite; and nominate no one who, in doctrine, learning, and morals, was not calculated to be a useful and vigilant overseer of the portion of the Church committed to his care. We would thus be secured against appointments which might be made with an utter indifference to such objects, in which parliamentary influence or personal connexions might be the moving causes of advancement to the highest dignities in the Church. We would be protected also against the no less formidable evil of appointments made with a direct view to its disparagement or deterioration. A Popish minister might so abuse his patronage, as that tares would soon appear amongst the wheat; a Socinian would not be long before his mischievous activity was exemplified, by the multiplication of hemlock and henbane. Against any such calamities, the Church, as at present circumstanced, is powerless. There is a law of opinion which constrains the sovereign to abide by the advice of her chosen counsellors; and these may sometimes be forced upon her, much against her will, by a tyrannous majority in the houses of parliament. They may consist of individuals either ignorant of the Church, indifferent about its interests, or disaffected to its constitution and government; in any of which cases most injurious appointments might be made. Against such evils we have, at present, no redress. The Church is the patient; and the empyric, or even the poisoner, must be taken as its physician. Could that happen in the case supposed, of a commission constituted as we have recommended? We confidently believe not. A council, composed of churchmen of exalted worth, whose single duty it was to consult for the interests of true religion, would not be lightly guilty of the profanation of recommending unworthy persons for the dignity of the mitre. Their characters would be a guarantee to the public against any flagrant abuse of their functions: and as long as they

consented to command the confidence of the sovereign, we would entertain no fear of any unworthy successors of these great and good men, by whom the episcopal bench of the Church of England has been most adorned. Walpole, we are told, recommended for the office of bishop some one whose qualification was, that he promised to marry one of his mistresses. Could he have done so, dared he have proposed such a thing, had a council been constituted such as we recommend, and through whom the proposal must be made? No; even his profligate audacity would have shrunk from such an outrage upon public decency. The commissioners would feel that they had characters at stake, which were, to them, of infinitely more importance than any fragment of patronage which they could enjoy; and they could not be induced to be consenting parties to an act which would cover them with so much dishonour.

It should, we think, be provided, that all recommendations of the commissioners should be unanimous. This may seem to present, in theory, a difficulty which, we confidently believe, would not be experienced in practice. The usage prevails in Oriel College, Oxford, and is found, as we have heard, to work well. All men will admit that the advantage would be great of an unanimous concurrence in such recommendations as were made; and where that could not be had, they might be advisedly disregarded. This, however, is a matter of regulation, the consideration of which might be postponed until the principle for which we contend has been first disposed of; only we venture to intimate our strong impression that such a provision would be found most useful.

And now we ask our readers, in what would consist the disadvantages of such an arrangement? Would, or would not, the Church be safer in such hands, than in those of any prime minister? Would not the chances of a fit selection of bishops be greater? Would not the temptations to jobbing be less? At present will any one deny that the personal favouritism of the minister, and the necessity for securing political support, or a desire to forward some project by which Church principles may be compromised, and which no honest and well-informed churchman could favour, are the mo-

tives which influence many recommendations? Let our suggestions be adopted, and much will be done to obviate such sinister and injurious influences, and to give their legitimate place to moral, to intellectual, and to professional considerations. Every one member of such a body as we have supposed, will be, as it were, a watch upon the conduct of every other. They will all be men, eminent for station and dignity, and whose characters will, in the first instance, be a guarantee that the trust reposed in them they will not abuse. They can each have but small interest in any such abuse. And if the provision were made that they should be unanimous in their recommendations, we see not how, by possibility, anything worse than an error of judgment could occur in their presentation for the dignity of a vacant mitre. And if only those who may be truly called the worthies of the Church, were called to fill the office of bishop, we ask anyone whether a security would not be conferred upon it, and an efficiency imparted to it, which never can be expected under the present arrangement, when the appointment must be made by a minister upon whom (even supposing him to be exempt from the usual influences by which he is so likely to be actuated), the pressure of secular business must be so great and so engrossing, as to render it impossible for him to bestow upon such a matter due consideration?

To ensure the most solemn regard to the sacred obligations which they had undertaken, we would have all decisions made in the public church, and after a solemn service, in which the congregation were invited to join in a prayer to Almighty God, that he would be graciously pleased to direct and influence the minds of his servants, the commissioners, in the appointment they were about to make, and by which the interests of religion might be so materially affected. Our belief is firm in the efficacy of such prayers. And if thus, in the presence of God, and in the sight of the congregation, and with all the sacred solemnities of religion conspiring to raise them above the world, and to give them, in the duty they were called upon to discharge, a single eye to the service of their Divine Master, episcopal nominations were made, it is our belief that they would be generally characterized by

an uprightness and wisdom which would do as much for the security of the Church, as appointments made under different circumstances have done to limit its usefulness, or endanger its stability.

Having thus done every thing which can be done, humanly speaking, to secure good bishops, our next care should be to place them in circumstances in which they would be most likely to discharge their important functions wisely and well.

Of these, perhaps, the most important is the exercise of what is called their patronage, or the appointments of their parochial clergy.

Upon the mode in which that duty has been performed under the present system, we wish to make no severe observations. We could easily enumerate many instances in which our prelates, in the disposal of their patronage, have evinced a rare disinterestedness and a wise discrimination. But no one will deny that instances of a contrary nature are too frequently to be found, in which the bishop has suffered personal connexions to influence him, to the prejudice of merits and services which should always command his first consideration. And in this we blame the system more than we blame him; and are not so much surprised as grieved, if he does not set a primary value upon claims which were regarded as but of a secondary value in his own elevation.

We, therefore, propose, that all appointments to parochial cures should be performed as solemn religious acts. We would have the bishops assembled, say four times a year, or more frequently if it were found expedient; and we would have all appointments of parish ministers made in the cathedral after a solemn service had been performed, and the Lord's Supper administered, and when a blessing might be invoked upon the acts of the prelates, by the prayers of the congregation.

In this manner we cannot but think that much would be done to diminish the secular influences by which the judgments even of good men may be perverted. A bishop sitting in his study, or surrounded by his family, whose claims upon him it is but too natural that affection should exaggerate, is in very different circumstances from the same man when eternal considerations

are present to his mind, when all that is carnal is most likely to die in him, and all that is spiritual, to live and to grow in him. In the one case an undue weight is always given to the things of earth; in the other case their due ascendancy would be secured for the things of heaven; and the bishop would be aided and directed, in the very most important act which he had to perform, by influences the best calculated to determine him in a wise selection.

When it is considered that bad appointments, or appointments not the best, are sometimes, nay, often made, not because the prelate is indifferent in the matter, or careless of the moral considerations which should influence him in his choice, but because the balance between the motives, temporal and eternal, is unduly adjusted, it will at once be seen how important must be the arrangement which would place him in circumstances, which must banish every motive, and repress every tendency, by which his judgment might be perverted. He will then consider how much more important it is that the spiritual condition of a parish should be daily provided for, than that he should convert the patrimony of God into a provision for his own connexions; and many a man who, in his hour of ease, might be drawn into a bestowal of patronage by which the interests of religion might be compromised, would, if the appointment were to be made in the manner we propose, eschew such an abuse of his power as though it were a sacrilegious profanation.

If only bishops were appointed as we have ventured to advise, and if they, in the disposal of their patronage, were placed in the circumstances we have supposed, we cannot but believe that most important ends would be effected; the Church would be well and wisely superintended; and every thing which could be done would, we may be sure, be accomplished, to increase the efficiency of parochial ministrations. Let only such prelates as we might then confidently calculate upon, be installed in office, and such clergy as they would delight to promote, engaged in the pastoral care, and our Church might safely bid a defiance to all her enemies. With the office of bishop thus filled, and the duties of a parochial clergy thus provided for,

she would be pantophet from head to heel against all the fiery darts of the wicked. Let any one consider what is at present done by one really wise and efficient clergyman in any parish which may be fortunate enough to secure his ministrations, and he will then be able to form some estimate of what the universal blessing must be if every parish were so highly favoured. We speak advisedly when we say, that a new face would be given to society. The ignorant would be instructed, the wretched relieved, the wayward counselled, the profligate reclaimed, until God's truth, and God's providence, were made to supersede the maxims of the world, and a belief in his word, and a respect for his religion, might be read in the condition and the characters of the surrounding population. Whatsoever was pure, whatsoever was lovely, whatsoever was of good report, would be brought forward with a prominence which they never possessed before; and the evangelising minister would find many a lay assistant by whose cordial co-operation much might be accomplished both for the spiritual and temporal well-being of the people.

We appeal to all who have had an opportunity of observing the good produced by the noiseless labour of a zealous, intelligent, and well informed parish clergyman, whether we in the least exaggerate the effects which might be expected from their encouragement and multiplication, as they would be multiplied and encouraged, were what we venture to propose adopted, in all parts of the empire. Tracts of country at present destitute of all proper pastoral superintendence, would soon bear testimony to the blessed effects of faith working by love for their moral amelioration. The services of our Church, in all their heartfelt and touching simplicity, would be brought home to hearts which never before were made savingly acquainted with the message of salvation. Truths which were barren when uttered by the unconcerned or indifferent, would come with a sanctifying power from those by whom they were felt and exemplified; and the faithful missionaries would daily witness the fruits of their labours in righteousness and peace. "The wilderness and the solitary place would be glad for them, and the desert would rejoice and blossom as the rose."

And what innovation would the change which we advocate in the mode of appointing to Church preferments operate upon the present practice? Would any of the acknowledged rights and privileges of the bishop be invaded? None whatever. He would still be supreme and exclusive in his exercise of the power of collating to benefices. His absolute authority in that particular would not be in the least infringed. All that we desire to see done is that he should be placed in circumstances most favourable to the beneficial and legitimate exercise of that authority. We need not say that at present the temptations are great to which he is exposed, when called on to dispose of patronage connected with many worldly advantages. The weakness is but too natural which may incline him to regard his own connexions with peculiar favour. We have heard of more than one instance of a bishop misapplying the text, "he that provideth not for his own," &c. &c. in a manner very contrary to the mind of the apostle by whom the words were written. And there is great danger in a world like this, lest even the best of men should consider as "his own," that which the providence of God has entrusted to him for purposes very different from that of making a provision for his family or connexions; which he is, indeed, empowered to distribute but not permitted to enjoy, in any sense in which the enjoyment of it might prevent its being distributed to the most advantage. Now such is the danger against which we would fain have him protected by the provision which would cause him to regard his disposal of Church livings, as so many solemn religious acts, in which his first care should be to select the fittest person he could find for the vacant preferment. And we do think, that, if the nominations were to be made in the solemn manner we have ventured to recommend, a predominance would be given to professional and spiritual considerations over those which were worldly and interested, and the bishop would be protected against the most subtle and plausible delusions to which he could be exposed, and enabled, in the great majority of instances, to prefer to the vacant benefice with a single view to God's glory. It is, indeed, a position in which a good bishop should wish to place himself. He could not better exercise one of the

most important functions of his apostolical office, than by following the apostolical practice. In the early days the office of pastor in the Church was one of reproach. The fellowship to which the clergy were called was a fellowship of sufferings. There were few temptations which could blind the judgment of the rulers and overseers of God's heritage so as to bias them, in the distribution of the offices at their disposal, in favour of their own kindred or friends. And yet the special aid of God was invoked, and the prayers of the congregation were desired, whenever any were set apart for attending upon the ordinances of divine service. This we know applies more strictly to ordination, than to a collation of benefices. But in principle and in spirit it applies to both. And we feel a deep persuasion, that if the apostles lived in our day, the course which we recommend would be adopted.

Thus, we think, the very best provision would be made for the appointment of good bishops, by whom the Church would be well and wisely superintended; and of able ministers, who would commend themselves by their godliness and their activity, in their parochial ministrations. If every parish were thus supplied, and every diocese thus administered, we ask, whether a vast amount of good would not be done; and whether our Church would not vindicate its claims to the station and property rightfully belonging to it, in the eyes of all honest and competent observers?

We know there are malignant Dissenters, to whom its excellence and its efficiency would be its greatest fault; and who would be "offended at it," precisely in proportion to the promise of perpetuity which it would possess in the regards of all good men, when it became in reality what it ought to be, "the salt of the earth." There are many Dissenting communities whose numbers are chiefly recruited from the neglected Church population of those districts in which efficient and evangelical ministers are not to be found. These would naturally regard any increased activity in the Church as cutting off their supplies. And while many of the good men amongst them would unfeignedly rejoice at the improvement of an in-

stitude by which such great good might be effected, those of a more sour and malignant turn, whose dissent had rancoured into bitterness, and who were less actuated by religious convictions than by political spite, would regard every advance which the Church made in the affections of the people with an angry jealousy, and only hate it with a fiercer hatred the more it increased in public favour. Its very "virtues" would be to them its "enemies;" and its truest friends might well say, with the old man in the play—

"Oh! what a world is this, when what is comely
Eavenoms him that bears it!"

But although such must, inevitably, be the case, not the less should good men strive for the coming of the day, when the Church may thus become distasteful to its enemies. Net on that account will the blessing of God less rest upon it; nor the peace and goodwill which it must diffuse upon earth be less acceptable to its Father, who is in heaven. We would calculate upon a constant accession to its numbers and its influence, in proportion as it thus proved itself worthy the vocation to which it was called. If the spirit of our liturgy reigned, indeed, in the hearts and minds of its parochial clergy, our Church would be so administered as to accomplish its every object. In the words of one who may be called a great moral philosopher, "its simple and cheerful beauty would engage the first sensibilities of childhood; its gently insinuated, yet powerful discipline would shield the purity of youth; its sublime morality would illuminate every path, and influence every movement of active life; and its tranquil spirit would invite declining age to seek in its soothing bosom compensation for the infirmities, and support under the sufferings of sinking nature."

But much as would, undoubtedly, be accomplished by the adoption of what we have already proposed, more would be necessary before the Church could be possessed of its entire efficiency. By the arrangements above suggested, we would have a reasonable assurance, that good men, if not the very best, would be called to fill its

highest places, and that parishes would be given in charge to none but men of unexceptionable character, and of established reputation. Still, much would remain to be done for the preservation of that ecclesiastical and theological learning, without which, neither doctrine nor discipline can be effectually maintained. A well instructed minister should so far resemble a well instructed scribe, as to be able, upon every fitting occasion, "to bring forth from his treasury things new, and things old;" he should be able to vindicate the claims of the Church to which he belongs to an apostolical antiquity, against the assumption of the Papacy, and the presumption of Dissenters, as well as to give a reason for the faith that is in him, to the carping infidel, or the candid inquirer; and for this purpose we would propose the following very simple, and, as it appears to us, very satisfactory arrangement.

There are, in every diocese, large towns, in which the clergyman is called upon to instruct not only a redundant, but a comparatively educated population. In such places he has frequently to contend against able dissenting ministers, who are always active in seeking to draw disciples after them. The arrangements of the conventicle are well calculated to give its lay members an estimation in their own eyes, which the members of our Church never feel. There is so much in its external management, and in providing funds for its sustentation, as well as in the choosing of ministers, entrusted to their discretion, or regulated by their advice, that it is not surprising if, in many instances, they become exceedingly attached to a system thus entirely dependent upon them for support and for direction. The feeble and rickety child, it has often been observed, becomes the dearest to the fond mother, whose affections are called forth by its wants, and whose constant care is necessary for its preservation.* Our desire is not to speak disparagingly of Dissent, without which, as things are at present, we know not what our population who are deprived of the benefit of Church services could do;

and we do not wish to press the analogy farther than that there are bonds of connexion by which office-bearers become attached to the congregational systems of which they are members, to which nothing corresponding in our Church can be found; and that it is, therefore, more necessary that the churchman should be armed, with weapons taken from the theological armoury, in our large towns, where Dissenters are numerous, than in country parishes, where they are comparatively few; and that, accordingly, every care should be taken that none but properly qualified individuals should be selected to fill the pastoral office in places where so much might depend upon the discretion, the learning, or the ability, which would be required of them upon the various occasions where they must come into contact with the members or ministers of opposite communions.

The mode in which we would desire to see such appointments made would be this: let a given number of populous towns be selected in every diocese as benefices to be bestowed upon approved parish ministers, after a searching and public examination. The candidates should all be men who had served a certain number of years, either as rectors or curates, in other parishes, and of whose general fitness no doubt was entertained by the diocesan; and the examination should embrace such a range of theological learning as might best bear upon the errors or the heresies which might most pressingly demand the ministerial vigilance and activity of the pastor about to be appointed.

We may, we think, take it for granted, that the very fact of such parishes being so set apart, would operate as a general stimulant upon the clergy to keep up their theological knowledge, and to augment its store. It is not alone the successful candidate who would be benefited by such an arrangement, but all in whom a professional ardour was enkindled by the hopes which were thus held out, and who would be led to cultivate a grounded knowledge of their profession with the more care when such a reward might attend upon their la-

* "Like a poor infant, sick and pained to death,
Yet dearer for its sickness every day."

hours. It is our belief that such an advancement would operate in raising the standard of theological learning throughout the whole diocese; and that the clergy would, generally speaking, become as well informed upon professional subjects, and as able to cope with the adversaries with whom they would have to contend, as they would be distinguished for moral worth and personal activity, if selected in accordance with our preceding arrangements.

But the examination itself would, we think, do great good to those who heard it; and it might be so conducted as to command a distinguished and extensive audience. Let the reader suppose such an examination, in any town, conducted by the ablest men of the Church, or of the universities, under the superintendence of the diocesan; and he will at once see to what important ends it might be made subservient. Such an examination might be made to take a course which would operate as a most powerful anti-sceptic to any given religious or theological epidemic which might, at any particular time or place, happen to prevail. The examiner could, by skilful questions, draw out such full and satisfactory answers to the various forms in which error might appear, as would prove its most effectual antidote; and only the more effectual, because not controversially directed against it.

Thus, while we secured good government for our Establishment, through all departments of it, from the highest to the lowest, there would be diffused a vigour, an intelligence, and an activity, which, commending it to the hearts and the understandings of the people, would be the best guarantee for its permanence and its prosperity. Let us only provide that our bishops be what they ought to be; and not what a time-serving expediency would make them, and the effect will very soon be visible in the improved and improving condition of their clergy; and let such a mode of appointment to cures of souls be adopted, as we have proposed; and the cases would be rare, indeed, in which the fittest men were not preferred. We would be glad, also, to see a parliamentary return made of the promotions which took place in every diocese, in each succeeding year; not, by any means, that the bishops should be held

answerable to any lay assembly for their discretion in the discharge of their spiritual functions, but that the certainty of public scrutiny might increase their consciousness of responsibility, and that the distinction might be clearly established between what was their own, for personal use, and what was entrusted to their management for official distribution.

We have purposely omitted all consideration of the appointment of bishops by election; the deans, the archdeacons, and the parochial clergy, or any modification of, or selection from, that body, being the patrons. We do not say that if the alternative was between that and the present mode, much might not be said in its favour; or rather, indeed, so much might be said against the one, as to give a considerable degree of countenance to the other. But that is not the case; another, and a better, and, what is very important, a still more practicable course is open to us, in the one which we have ventured to propose; and we honestly confess, that we never could reconcile ourselves to the interminable evils of contested episcopal elections.

We know that in the Roman Catholic Church, in this country, such a practice prevails; but we know, also, the evils which it generates. We ask any one acquainted with Roman Catholic Ireland, whether any peace-loving clergyman of that persuasion, adverse to strife, a stranger to political contention, and opposed to all agitation for a Repeal of the Union, would have the smallest chance of a vacant mitre? It is well known that he would not. It is well known that the Pope himself would endanger his authority over the Romanists in this country, if he attempted to force such a prelate upon them. It is well known that canvassings for the office take place long before the vacancy occurs; and that candidates are pledged, ten deep, for preferences, to those by whose influence and activity they may hope to be successful. All this is matter of perfect notoriety in this country; and although it may be perfectly compatible with the interests of a system which contemplates temporal ends, and the whole force of which is marshalled and disciplined for the accomplishment of political objects, it would be very incompatible with the

spiritual usefulness of such an institute as ours, in which the qualifications of the bishop are not to be sought for in his power or his influence as a political partizan, but in his morals, in his learning, in his piety, in his benevolence, and, in the quiet and unostentatious exercise of all those virtues which teach him "to honour all men, to love the brethren, to fear God, and to honour the king."

For this reason, we would not, at the present day, have our bishops chosen by what is called canonical election. We regard the practice of the Church of Rome in that particular, more as a warning than as an example. We eschew with, possibly, a nervous solicitude, the perils of such strife and such divisions as would undoubtedly be engendered, were the selection of the diocesan entrusted to the clergy. The various modifications of opinion upon non-essential points, which may, at present, be entertained by individuals without disturbing the harmony of the body at large, would then be magnified, by the zeal of partizans, beyond their due importance. The little peccothumours, which may, at present, in the clerical, as in the natural body, be perfectly consistent with a state of health, would all become inflamed into the diseases of which they may be considered the germinal representatives, if exposed to the action of such influences as would be sure to become predominant, when party zeal was excited, as it would undoubtedly be, by such elections as take place in the Greek Church, or in the Church of Rome in Ireland.

Were each individual pastor conscious that his vote was important in the choice of a bishop, it is a consideration which would ever be intruding itself upon his mind, and disturbing the settled tranquillity in which he could best perform his parochial duties. Instead of counselling the wayward, instructing the ignorant, visiting the sick, or attending to the wants of his poorer parishioners, it is most likely that he would be engaged, at all events the temptation would be great to engage in, some plan for promoting the interests of the candidate for whom he felt interested at the coming election. The logic is subtle by which he might delude himself to believe that, in thus acting, he was best performing his duty

to the Church. The fear of a selection by which, in his judgment, Gospel truth might be compromised, would afford a plausible justification for any amount of exertion by which such a calamity might be averted, even though it involved the oblivion or the compromise of the duties more immediately pertaining to his office, and which could not, without crying delinquency, be neglected.

And, as the mode of appointment by commissioners, which we recommend, would be free from the evils just enumerated, and others which might be more to be deplored, so it would be a less violent innovation upon present usage, and more within the competency of a government honestly disposed to carry it out in practice. It would require no legislative enactment whatever. Lord John Russell might, to-morrow, set the whole machinery in motion, by which good so extensive might be accomplished. He would only have to advise her Majesty to do what was done by her illustrious predecessor, William the Third, and an initiative would immediately be given to the system, the value of which we have, we trust not vainly, endeavoured to impress upon our readers. When the Deliverer entered upon his royal functions, he felt that something better than his own guidance was necessary to enable him to judge aright respecting the claims of the different candidates for promotion to the episcopal bench; and, accordingly, a commission was appointed, composed of trustworthy individuals, by whom his judgment in all such matters was guided. The very same thing it is perfectly competent to her present Majesty to do at the present day. She may say to her prime minister, "the secular affairs which you have to manage and to consider are so numerous and so pressing as to leave you but little time for attending to the interests of religion. While the empire at home claims your constant care and vigilance, there is no portion of the globe to which your attention must not be anxiously directed, with a view to the improvement of the national resources, and the better government of our colonial dependencies. It is not from you, or from any one engaged like you, that I can expect the best advice respecting the appointment of the fittest persons to act as overseers and governors in the Church, of which I am,

by Divine Providence, the appointed temporal ruler. Let me have advisers who may thoroughly understand such affairs, and in whose disinterestedness, wisdom, and discretion, just confidence may be reposed, by whose counsel I may be guided when called upon to make an episcopal appointment;" were her Majesty thus to express herself, evincing, at the same time, a determination not to be diverted by plausible words from a design so righteous, and as much in accordance with sound policy as with right reason, nothing more need be said upon the matter; the commission must forthwith be appointed; and by that one stroke, a commencement would be given to a system by which new life would be imparted to the Church, and which must soon become productive of blessings of which the remotest posterity might experience the advantage.

It would, indeed, require a self-deceiving politician to originate such a project, by which much influence must be sacrificed, which may at present be employed with advantage in secular affairs. A bishopric, as a piece of patronage, is a very shewy thing in the hands of a minister, and we can well understand the reluctance with which such means of influencing political partizans, and carrying on the government, would be relinquished. We therefore never expect, humanly speaking, to see any such sacrifice voluntarily made;—and our whole dependence for the success of our proposal consists in the approval which it may receive from the public, and the manner in which it may interest good and zealous men to press for its adoption.

Nor is it the least of the recommendations of what we propose, that while, as a whole, it would be of inestimable value, there is no part of it which might not be adopted with advantage. The queen, as we have stated, could, of her own mere motion, originate the commission for the appointment of bishops; and every bishop might, in his own diocese, and "*suo motu*," adopt the other arrangements, which would go far to promote ecclesiastical learning, and to ensure the selection of efficient pastors. Thus the machinery might be set in motion, either altogether, which would be by far the best, or in separate parts, by such individual prelates as might deem it wise or expedient. And we venture to promise,

that, as far as it was tried fairly, it would be found successful.

It possesses this advantage: over more popular and extensive schemes of Church reform, that, should it be found insufficient, the power of advancing remains; whereas if the others should work mischievously, the power of receding would be taken away. We may, both in secular and in ecclesiastical affairs, advance from the less to the more popular; but we cannot, in either, retreat from the more popular to the less, in the present democratical temperament of men's minds, without endangering a convulsion. Should the commission prove but the embodiment of ministerial influence under another form, or become, itself, infected with a spirit of intrigue and jobbing, it were easy to pass to the mode of canonical election. But let the latter prove inefficient or vicious in any of the various ways which we have already endeavoured to point out, and no recourse to the former can be adopted.

And it is surely, a peculiarity which should recommend it to all moderate men, that what we propose would compromise no Church principle whatever. The sovereign would still retain the high position which she at present occupies, as the Church of England's temporal head, no foreign prince or potentate exercising any jurisdiction over her clergy. The rights and privileges of the bishops would remain just as they are, the only changes being that they would be placed in a position respecting their exercise, in which every good bishop would place himself. And who will deny that, in populous places, where the Dissenters have their Goliaths, the Church should have its Davids? There are some by whom we will be told that all that should be left to the discretion of the bishop. And so say we also; but, to the bishop exempted from influences that mislead, and placed under influences that would purify his heart, and direct his judgment. All that we propose to do is to take him out of a hot-bed of temptations which must prove too strong for mortal man, and place him within the sphere of attractions which may draw his mind from earth to heaven. And we would do so, not to interfere with him in the discharge of his duty, but that he might be better enabled to discharge it in such a way as might prove him a faithful servant of the living God.

This may be admitted; and still it may be said, that we have not as yet adverted to the root of the evil. It will be maintained, and maintained with great shew of reason, that the clergy are not sufficiently numerous to answer the various demands upon them; and that it will be vain to look for any great improvement in the working of the establishment, until that deficiency is supplied.

All this we may admit, while we still contend, that an increase in the usefulness of the Church establishment, *as it is*, may prove the very best precursor to such an increase in the number of its clergy, as may make it what it ought to be. "To him that hath, shall be given," is a rule not more applicable to Christians as individuals, than to the body at large. The very best mode of acquiring funds for future usefulness, is to exhibit a zeal according to knowledge at the present time. There is a germinative power in the sanctified energies of religious men, which reproduces one hundred fold the seed of faith which has been sown in love. And we never yet have known an instance in which a proper exertion was made by a Christian pastor to enlarge his Church, or increase his schools, or be useful in any other walk of Christian charity, in which he was not met by the sympathies of an awakened people, who have often evinced a disposition to go far beyond the limits which he had prescribed.

And so, we have no doubt, it would be, if the Church at large were placed in a condition to act upon the community in general, as individual clergymen have been often known to act upon particular congregations. Let the public only be made to feel the efficiency of the clergy; and the clergy will soon experience the liberality of the public. When they shew what they have done, they will best prove what they can do; and the funds will never be wanting for their maintenance, when they are themselves not wanting to the cause in which they are engaged.

It is one thing to pamper a sluggish and an inefficient clergy, it is another to provide a suitable maintenance for an active and an efficient body of pastors. And it is our desire to see what we have well hus-

banded, as the very best means of acquiring that increased provision, which may be required by our increasing necessities.

Many say, increase the number of the clergy in order to increase the efficiency of the Church. We say, increase the efficiency of the Church, and you are sure to obtain any required increase in the number of the clergy.

Without such increased efficiency, it is our belief that any numerical addition to the body of the clergy, would operate very little real good. Undoubtedly, if it were regarded as mere patronage, and no provision made for the wise and righteous selection of pastors, so that they might be suitably located where they would be most efficient, instead of the wilderness becoming a garden, the garden would soon become a wilderness. Carelessness and secularity would mark the character of those who were the appointed moral instructors of the people. A mere mechanical routine of duty would take place of those active and cordial ministrations, which alone can bring conviction to the human heart that the ministers of the Gospel are in earnest in their sacred calling. It is only when they are seen to do their appointed work "not as eye-servants or men-pleasers," that they will be recognized as the "servants of the living God." And it is only when they are so recognized, that they can deliver their divine message with any confident assurance that it must be listened to with attention.

We say, therefore, let us put the Church *as it is*, in the best possible condition for present usefulness, and we may confidently trust to the Providence of God, that increasing means of future usefulness will speedily be found. Let our endeavour be, to do the most with such means as we have, and we may be well assured that "the morrow will take care for the things of itself." A little leaven, we are told, leaveneth the whole mass. And when we do our parts, trusting in God's blessing, we need not fear that HE will not do HIS.

We have no desire to see the body grow in mere bulk, while the mental and the moral power waxes feeble. An enormous idiot might thus be produced; a mockery of humanity, ra-

ther than a rational human creature. Our desire is, to see both grow together; the restraining, directing, and governing power maintaining its due ascendancy over the physical energies; and that informing spirit animating the whole, by which man becomes a living soul. It is only when the Church progresses thus, that it can be truly called the body of the Lord. It is not by the mere addition of worldly substance, or the incumbrance of a secular clergy, that it can accomplish the end for which it was instituted. A presiding power must be maintained, and a system of discipline enforced, such as may ensure the due performance of its sacred duties; and such provision must be made for the selection and the appointment of its bishops and pastors, as may afford the best grounded assurance that none but approved good men will be called to preside over its interests, or to officiate in its ministrations. Let this be done, and the number of the clergy may allowably increase as fast as, but no faster than, such a power can keep pace with them. In such a case, the increase will be a healthy increase. When it *follows* efficiency, it will be as wholesome food to the human body, and become duly appropriated to purposes of nutriment, and generative of strength and vigour. When it *precedes* efficiency, it often but encumbers the system it was intended to benefit; and like a surfeit to an indolent man, instead of producing activity and health, it but deposits the seeds of decay and death. We are, therefore, desirous to see our recommendations for the better administration of the Church in full operation, before any measures are taken for the increase in the number of the clergy, which might, if not wisely ordered, only painfully disappoint the expectations of the good men by whom they were promoted.

Much has been said of the revival of the houses of convocation; but that is a subject which would require in itself a lengthened discussion, and we cannot do more than very briefly advert to it at present, as one deserving grave consideration. "What, sir," said Dr. Johnson, in one of his vigorous conversational sallies, "shall Scotland have her house of assembly, and shall not the Church of England have her

houses of convocation?" But it is, we think, a question which should not be decided by reference to any spirit of rivalry between our Church and any dissenting communions. In retaining what they have the Scottish people may have done well. It is another, and a very different matter, whether we would do well in reviving what has been discontinued for more than two hundred years. It is, however, a point upon which we do not venture to pronounce, in the abstract, any positive judgment. But this we will venture to say, that it is a measure for which the public are not at present prepared. It would require a strong force of popular opinion to sustain our Church authorities in the position which they would assume, were they now to take their place as an estate of the realm, and legislate, in conjunction with the sovereign, for the ecclesiastical and spiritual interests of the kingdom. We do not say that a time will never come when such an assembly may be revived with advantage. And our conviction is, that such a period may be greatly accelerated by such such measures for the improvement of the working of the Church establishment as we have recommended. Let these be adopted, and it will soon be seen whether our Church is, or is not, capable of vindicating its claims to the position which it occupies, as the moral instructor of the people. If it be not, nothing more need be said;—it must die the death of all inefficient institutes. If it be, then a current of public favour will bear it upward and forward, so that any reasonable propositions, having for their object an augmentation of its usefulness, will be readily entertained. We say, therefore, to all advocates for a revival of the houses of convocation, assist us, in the first instance, in accomplishing what we have proposed, and you will be taking the most effectual, if not the only, means of restoring to the Church her ancient authority, as exercised when her prelates and her representatives were called upon, as regularly as the houses of parliament, to assemble for despatch of business in ecclesiastical affairs.

But, to the adversaries of such revival we would say, it is one thing to withhold from churchmen a power of legislating for themselves, and their own peculiar concerns, in spiritual

matters, and another, to exclude them from any place in the Commons House of parliament of the United Kingdom. However it may be contended that the one is not an injury, it can scarcely, by any, be seriously maintained that the other is not an insult. The interest that is not protected by its own representatives in that assembly, is sure, sooner or later, to be victimised. If the profession of the law, or the profession of medicine, or the military profession, were left without adequate protectors, how soon would the loss and the detriment which they must experience awaken them to the necessity of seeking for redress in the repeal of the disabling statutes by which they were so greatly aggrieved? And is the Church, while deprived of its ecclesiastical legislature, the only profession which shall be excluded from having members of its own body to defend its own rights in that house of parliament, which is now recognized as the great governing power of the kingdom? We humbly submit that this is most monstrous, and ought not to be endured any longer. What is there in the character of a churchman which disqualifies him for a seat in parliament? Will it be said, he has enough to do in attending to the duties of his parish? Suppose he has no parochial duties which require his attendance, and that he is eminently qualified, by learning and abilities, to throw a light upon the various questions touching the rights and privileges of the Church, which so frequently come under discussion; will it still be contended that his ecclesiastical character should be a bar to his election by any constituency desiring him as a representative? We say that the proposition is outrageous folly, if it be not deliberate wickedness. What!—the most envenomed Socinian, the wildest dissenting minister, shall be at perfect liberty to enter the House of Commons as an assailant of the Church, and no one of her own chosen champions may meet them there to defend her! In such a contest it may easily be conjectured who must go to the wall; if, indeed, contest it might be called—“ubi tu vapulas, ego vapulo tantum.” We may be told that the Church is

well represented by the University members. But while we thank the lay gentlemen for the degree in which they have extended their protection to a beleaguered establishment, we utterly deny that the universities should be compelled to elect none but laymen; and that the very qualifications which best fit a man for attending to their interests, and the interests of the Church, are those which must be entirely excluded from their consideration. We would as earnestly discountenance the principle of electing from the clergy to the exclusion of the laity, as we reprobate that of electing from the laity, to the exclusion of the clergy. What we say is, let the constituencies, in every case, be equally free to choose their representatives, from the one class, or from the other, just as their judgments or their inclinations may lead them; and let no undeserved reproach be visited upon an order, which for learning, for ability, for integrity, for moderation, and for wisdom, may well claim an equality, at least, with that of any other in the United Kingdom.*

And what we now suggest is the more necessary, not only because the houses of convocation are practically extinct, but because reforms have taken place in parliament which have introduced a Popish and Dissenting interest into the House of Commons, against which the Church has, in that assembly, no sufficient protection. The misrepresentations, the ignorance, the calumnies, the slanders by which it is assailed, can never be adequately exposed or repelled by any but those whose professional acquaintance with the subject gives them command over all its various details, which may well enable them to speak with authority. A churchman may possess himself of a knowledge of military matters, so as to understand the merits of a campaign; but who would, on that account, consider him entitled to supersede, in the discussion of such matters, the practical professional experience of a great commander? No one, truly. And we say but the same thing respecting Church affairs. While the laity may be invited, the clergy should not be forbidden, to discuss

them in the house of commons. While the one are free to attack, the other should be equally free to defend. We look in vain for any suitable exposure of the monstrous fallacies of Mr. Hume, and Mr. Bernal Osborne. They are answered, indeed ;—but how? Coldly and apologetically; as if their antagonists only invited attack; as if they were conscious that there was a *prima facie* case against them; as if they were half ashamed of the cause which they were commissioned to defend; only anxious to make a plausible show of resistance to hostility, which they felt must, in the end be successful.

"Non tui auxilio; nec defensoribus letis,
Tempus eget."

If our Church is unworthy to stand, let it fall. If its friends can make out no case in its defence, which would put to shame the conceited and insolent jackanapes, and the malevolent accuser, let it meet its merited condemnation. If it be, indeed, "a gorgeous nuisance," or "a bloated incumbrance;" if its prelates be "lazy sinecurists," and its clergy a "harpy priesthood," we call at once upon those who have hitherto championed its cause, to take their place in the ranks of its enemies. But if the contrary of all this be true; if its clergy be overworked while they are under paid; if they are as remarkable for their zeal in works of piety, as for their forgetfulness of religious distinctions in works of charity; how happens it that they are suffered to be borne down by calumnies, which have no foundation but in the most rancorous virulence, and made the victims of misrepresentations, which never would have been hazarded, where a prompt and indignant exposure might be apprehended? Is it not "because they have no one to stand up for them."

Let us not be mistaken. We are not insensible to the services of some able and honest members, who do not fail, on suitable occasions, to stand up in defence of the Church. But they do not supply the place of others, upon whom such a defence might more properly rest, with whose co-operation they might accomplish much, while, without it, they can accomplish little. What we want is nothing more than

a clear stage and no favour. We only ask that the Church should not be deprived of the professional weight which would attend upon the presence of members of its own body, in an assembly which is now omnipotent in the legislature, and where every other interest may be effectually represented.

Nor is it in Church affairs alone that the presence of the clergy would be desirable in Parliament. In all that relates to the principles of legislation in a Christian state, their influence would be found most useful. The instances are very few in which they would either seek for, or obtain, admission into the House of Commons. The universities should surely be at liberty to elect them as representatives. If other constituencies desired to choose a disengaged and highly qualified clergyman, they should, assuredly, be as much at liberty so to do, as they are at present to elect an Independent minister, or one of the Unitarian persuasion. We only say, the bar of exclusion should be removed, and the Church should no longer be insulted by a mockery of respect, under the cover of which the most grievous injuries are inflicted.

We may be told the clergy are well represented in the House of Lords; and that, in the present temper of men's minds, it is much more likely that they shall be excluded from the one assembly than admitted into the other. We say, the House of Commons is the arena upon which their battle is to be fought, and where alone any constitutional stand can be taken against the machinations of their enemies. When once a measure passes the lower house, the upper can scarcely resist it. Even the late measure for the repeal of the corn laws, by which a great social revolution must be effected, the Lords dared not to resist; although, we believe, had an appeal been made to the country, a verdict would have been returned by which the opponents of the bill would have had their judgment ratified by the voice of the nation. Much more any measures which contemplate the injury of the Church, by invading its property or restricting its privileges, when they once have obtained the assent of

the Commons house of legislature, can never be resisted in their ulterior stages in an assembly which, owing to the ascendancy of democratic principles, has lost its ancient weight in the constitution. If, therefore, the interests of the Church are not upheld in that assembly, they can be upheld nowhere else. And should the hostility which at present menaces our establishment, and which has already wrought so much detriment to it, continue to prevail, and not be met by any effectively counteracting influence, it requires no great sagacity to see that the monarchy itself must soon be brought into peril; and that the time is not very distant when plain republican institutions and the voluntary system will supervene upon the ruins of the throne and the altar.

We are not, however, without a confident hope, that, by proper exertion, all may yet be well. No one who has seen the Church of England working under favourable circumstances, can doubt the influence it would command, were it in all places as effective as it might be made; and it is that it may become thus effective that we have trespassed so long on the patience of our readers.

Let the measures which we have indicated be instituted, and faithfully carried into effect, and an amount of public opinion will soon be enlisted in favour of our well-worked establishment which would be its stay and its defence against all its enemies. This could not exist without acting advantageously upon the constituencies by whom men would be sent into the House of Commons to give more than a make-believe opposition to our assailants. Let the worth and the activity of the Church have ensured to it that preference to which it is entitled, and be found, in the stations which it may most fittingly occupy, advancing the cause of Gospel truth, and adorning, by its beneficent energies, the doctrines of Christ our Saviour, and he must be but of a cold and sceptical turn of mind who can doubt that effects would be produced by which our fondest expectations would be realized, and that an institute so admirably framed for acting upon the whole extent of society, being thus restored to its pristine efficiency, would be as popular as it would be useful.

And who are the antagonists of such

a scheme, from whom the most formidable hostility might be apprehended? The ministers, whose patronage it would abridge, and whose designs against the Church, and in favour of some latitudinarian system, it might traverse: the Dissenters, who could not contemplate the improvements to which it must give rise, without feeling that an obnoxious institute would be strengthened, and that, whereas they may at present make converts where indifference or secularity has prevailed in the Church, they must then expect to encounter a far different amount of resistance on the part of the able and active pastors, whose knowledge would be equal to their zeal, and who would be found wise as serpents while they were harmless as doves: and the Papists, who, while they are the loudest in denouncing the abuses of Church-patronage in our system, would be the very last to afford any remedy against such abuses; as their correction might only serve to give longevity to an establishment which they are impatiently desirous to see swept away.

Such are our open enemies; and who would only be the more inveterate, the more clearly it was shown that what we propose must be attended by great and lasting benefit. We confess, however, that we should not be daunted by their hostility, if we could calculate upon unity amongst ourselves. At present, all that we ask is, that our proposals may receive a patient attention and a candid examination. Others may have different remedies to propose, and may desire more extensive changes. To such we would say, that our suggestions, as far as they go, would not prevent, and might forward, the further alterations which they would desire to see made.

"Est quodam prodire tenna, si non datur ultra."

And they might consistently co-operate in carrying into effect our design, although we should not be able to accompany them any farther. Indeed if they found that all that was desirable was accomplished by our measures, they might not feel disposed to go much farther themselves.

Nor let our strict observance of the principles of Churchmanship in all that we have proposed, be deemed a

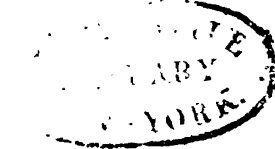
thing of no importance. There are many excellent men who would be startled by any project which savoured of extensive innovation, and interfered with what they firmly believe to be ancient apostolical usage, whose regard may be conciliated by one which recognizes that belief, and only seeks to revive, in the Establishment as it at present exists, an apostolical single-mindedness and simplicity. What we desire to see is, that our ancient Church forms should be animated by the ancient spirit; that the material should not predominate over the spiritual; and that our governors, in disposing of the good things of this world, should so dispose of them as might best conduce to the interests of the world to come. Let our proposal be judged of by these tests, and we are willing to abide the issue, provided they be applied with fairness and with discrimination.

We may be told that our measures could not affect lay patronage. We admit it. They must, in the first instance, be restricted to the patronage in the hands of the bishops and of the crown; but that is so extensive that the best effects may be expected to flow from the new arrangements for its bestowal and distribution, even although they should not extend beyond it. But that would not be the case. You cannot locally purify the atmosphere, without diffusing a measure of purity into the surrounding regions. Lay patrons would soon become more sensible than they have been of the sacredness of their obligations; and we entertain no doubt that instances would not be unfrequent in which patronage would be handed over to Church authorities, when it was found

that in such hands it would be most beneficially administered.

The jurisdiction of our bishops should also be enlarged. At present it is miserably defective for all purposes of correction or control. While, therefore, we would place them under such restrictions in the disposal of their patronage, as must, humanly speaking, prevent its abuse, we would give them such power over disorderly members as would greatly increase the efficiency of their superintendence.

We freely grant that, in the working of the system which we recommend, much would depend upon the first appointed commissioners. To them would be confided the sacred trust of selecting the bishops; and as we were extremely desirous to avoid the evils of canonical election, while we were careful not to entrench upon the prerogative of the crown, we knew not how it could be wisely or practically ordered otherwise than in the manner we have proposed. It will, we think, be admitted by all candid men, that it would be a great improvement upon the present system. But we are not wedded to our plan, in that particular, if any better can be found. And as our whole desire is to secure the greatest amount of practical good, with the least admixture of the evils and the inconveniences inseparable from absolute, irresponsible authority on the one hand, or popular canvassings upon the other, if any reader fancies that these objects can be better attained by some other mode, which is at the same time more likely to conciliate the favour of the crown, and to win the confidence of the enlightened public, we only say to him, "*candidus imperti—si non, his utere mecum.*"



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EVENINGS WITH OUR YOUNGER POETS—THE FIRST EVENING.

CURRER, ELLIS AND ACTON BELL—CAMILLA TOULMIN—R. H. HORNE.*

Oh, ye young Poets! What are the feelings with which we regard ye? what is the temper with which we sit down to peruse ye, and undertake the needful task of pruning your pinions that they may fly the swifter, and by this criticism, which you so abominate, narrowing at times the rush of your fountain, that the jet may be loftier and the curve more graceful? Believe us, in no ungenial spirit. The immortalizing gift is rare; the power of ennobling man by showing him a hallowed and purified image of himself, till gazing he grows like the glorious thing he contemplates; the art to weave a spell in which the marvellous music of verse, and the deeper harmony of symphonious thought shall unite to charm mankind for ages with a magic old yet ever new,—these are endowments we are not so idle as to demand of all; well content if each generation of articulate-speaking men can club together from all the families of the earth, one half dozen of such miracles of mind. But long and gradual is the flower-besprent slope that leads to the awful summits of our English “double-peaked Parnassus;” where, each in sole and unapproached majesty, sit—the myriad-minded man of Avon, and He who, midway between man and angel, heard the infernal parley by the fiery lake, and caught the whispers of the heavenly host in paradise. Many are they who at various points of elevation (but we have no time now for taking their critical altitudes), and with each

his own point of prospect, gloomy, gentle, grave, or gay, people the sides of the mighty ascent. And where, upon the *lower* slopes, stretch out those vales of ever-blooming green, where the shade lies thick and the sun rests lovingly—where, in nature’s own gardens, crowd her wild flowers (stray children of her summer loves), dog rose and broom, lily and meadow-sweet, harebell, and fox-glove, and sundew, and the rest of these *gipsies* of the floral realm—*there*, think you, we fail to find aught to please, or that, even though with eyes shaded from the day-beam we look *upward* in awful joy, those eyes are never by any chance to droop upon the pretty things about our feet? Poor justice ye do us, if you deem our taste so sublimely narrow, so magnificently exclusive. In truth, we are in heart too hospitably Irish for such unmerciful canons of criticism; we have never without severe violence to our charitable nature, turned altogether from our door any poor dog of a poet, barked he never so whiningly. We respect his ambition when it is not wholly preposterous; when he can furnish *any* sign or token of the genuine gift; for (we confess it) while we do not demand a Prometheus hot with the fiery theft from heaven, we will not put up with puffs of unmingled smoke. Give us but one twinkling spark of the real illumination—give us but one drop of the native still of Hippocrene, the genuine distillation of the heart, and we will en-

* “Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell.” Small 8vo. London. 1846.

“Poems; by Camilla Toulmin.” Small 8vo. London. 1846.

“Orion; an Epic Poem,” by R. H. Horne. Sixth Edition, small 8vo. 1843.

dure much; nay, though the inspiring fluid (to prolong the national metaphor) were drowned in ten waters of diluting verbiage, we willingly acknowledge its presence; and put by for a while, to do good-natured justice to its claims, the glittering *eau de vie* of Moore, or the strong and sterling "parliament" of George Crabbe, or the "half-and-half" of Southey, and Shelley, and Keats.

And even when there is little merit of any kind—nothing more than the old images and the old rhymes, or at best only a new revolution of the kaleidoscope, a new disposition of the old materials—we again confess, it is more to our taste to pass silently by, than to stop short, show our teeth, growl, and spring to lacerate our victim. The poor poetling,—if he does no sort of good, surely does little harm! He forces no man to read him under threats of fine and imprisonment. No action lies for leaving his hot-pressed pages uncut. The author of "*Belisarius*"* (and yet positively that young gentleman is tempting) does not oblige you, like Richelieu, on pain of losing court favour, to prefer him to Corneille. The young adventurer incloses his twenty-five neat presentation copies to his cousins and his school and college cronies; he gets a friend potential among the magazines to pen him a review in which the question is left undecided between him and Byron, not without hints which way the critic's judgment inclines, did he not too deeply reverence the delicacy of youthful modesty to express it; the public looks quietly on; and the whole thing is forgotten in a month. Meanwhile let him enjoy his little dream of immortality! Which of us is without his own vision, and even half conscious that it is but a vision—which of us loves to have it too rudely startled away? Ah, there is depth and truth in that old Gaelic song that begins—

"I am asleep, and don't waken me!"

Possibly, indeed, it may be this secret sympathy of personal experience that disposes us to such amiable tenderness. We cannot all at once forget how large an amount of weighty rhymes, legitimate decasyllabics of

soft papaverous potency, we have ourselves achieved in our day; and how very pleasing was the childish charm of the task. How exciting to knit together for hours the intoxicating nonsense, and imagine it all we would have it; to dream each stanza very wisdom woven into a golden tissue of bright words; to feel to the heart's core the *anche io son'*, as wandering by some lone stream's bee-haunted bank, we set our thoughts to the music of its waters. In such hours we are for the time all we fancy; the mightiest lyrist is seldom read with the excitement with which the feeblest versifier composes. "We are seldom," writes a great critic, "tiresome to ourselves; and the act of composition fills and delights the mind with change of language and succession of images; every couplet when produced is new; and novelty is the great source of pleasure. Perhaps no man ever thought a line superfluous when he first wrote it, or contracted his work till his ebullitions of invention had subsided."†

But more than this. In moods, too, when the imagination is active and genial, even indifferent poetry answers as a sufficient basis for internal creativeness to build on; it sets the machinery of fancy in motion, if it can do little more. We give more than we receive; the objective poem of print and paper becomes little more than a string of hints for endless subjective poems that gather round it. In this way a vivid imagination in a manner equalizes all poetry; vivifies the dull, reduces the swollen, amplifies the meagre. Of course the advantage in such cases lies with the inferior bard; a great poet may be the sufferer by such capricious super-additions. The process itself, however, seems universal and incessant. How diversified it is every man can estimate, who has read over a romance (suppose) of Scott at different periods of his life, and can so recall and connect his impressions as to observe the utter difference of the imaginative scenery in which he has arranged the persons, and the utter difference of his conceptions of the persons themselves, at these different periods. These differences da-

* *Belisarius*; a tragedy, by W. R. Scott. London. 1846.

† Johnson; *Life of Prior*.

monstrate the amount of the purely mental activity in every perusal; though had the reader read but once, he would probably have confounded his own portion of the complex work with the author's. The same thing, in various degrees, takes place in every form of appeal to the imagination; hence, sometimes, in felicitous moments, the very poorest productions suffice to quicken and stimulate the internal faculty; and it is even observable that poetry of an inferior artistic quality at times possesses the power of doing so, much beyond the more exquisitely finished manufacture of the muse. No doubt all this adds greatly to the difficulty of honest criticism; the work unaltered alters with the medium it is seen through; the standard by which we measure, itself expands or contracts with the changes of its own temperature. When poetry is enjoyed less as expressing than as suggesting, its power will depend on the varying susceptibility of the reader; he will approve or condemn, not as *it is*, but as *he is*.

But the Poet, even the greatest, must not complain of this capricious destiny; he has no right to better terms than his mistress, Nature; and need we insist how *Nature herself* thus varies to the varying mind? That great poem of the Universe, a few of whose innumerable pages we are permitted to scan—that mighty epic, of episodes without number and an unknown catastrophe, who reads in *it* the same unchanged record, for two successive hours? The mountains rear their eternal summits before you, the girdling forests wave around their steep; below—the rushing river, or the solemn sea; above—the infinite sky; you beheld them yesterday, and your heart swelled with great thoughts, energy incessant and everlasting might, and the spirit of man made for both; you gazed again, and the scene spoke but of softness and peace, sabbath stillness and quietude that loves livingly to die; you were abroad to-day, and that silent gospel of Nature was *wholly* silent, it had no voice, or you no ear; you listlessly looked and looked again, and hastily turned indoors to ask—heard we not the ungracious accents sharp with a reproachful impatience, that boded no mercy to the housekeeper?—to ask,

when, oh, *when* dinner would be ready? As many a year since, we penned it in these pages,

"The purpling skies of dawn and eve,
Streams arrowing from a mountain's brow,
Fade on the eye, nor reach the heart,
They are but skies and waters now!"

But as this changeful spirit is sometimes irreverent to the majesty of Nature, and unjust to the inspiration of her great poets, so is it palpably fortunate for those minor imitative songsters of whom we discourse. Such a lyrist as one of these will sing us to sleep, but it is that we may dream; he will soothe us with his desultory harpings, even as music itself does (whose vague, mysterious language hints every thing by saying nothing) until when we are brought to the true point of stimulantcy, we are independent of him, and make the rest of the poem in a deep inward fashion of our own.

We do not know how "Curren, Ellis, and Acton Bell," will like this treatment, or how Camilla Toulmin will approve of it, or how it will go down with R. H. Horne; but it is our way, and we are now too old and incurable to mend. Meanwhile, we beseech the said triumvirate, and the rest, not to take in too literal severity all these hard things. They, and others of our young nightingales, sing no mere mocking-bird melody; and it would be unfair to insinuate it. Their effusions vary, indeed, through many degrees of the scale; they are in a richer and happier vein at some than other times; but we look with fatherly tenderness upon them all; and we already thankfully acknowledge from them a precious hour or two, in which we have happily contrived to forget the world and ourselves.

Yes, it is a glorious gift in *all* its degrees and phases, this Poesy; a mighty and a blessed aspiration even when incomplete and fragmentary only. High and holy is the impulse *itself*, however it terminate; whether it come forth in the golden panoply of the divine Epic, armed at all points like a god for the battle, a gorgeous and majestic form of power; or murmur its inarticulate breathings from some young heart swelling with thoughts it cannot utter,

and whispers from heaven it cannot interpret. A dim reflection from the eternal reality, and therefore strange, and broken, and shadowy, in a world of more orderly shadows; an echo from the mighty music of the inner heavens, and therefore faint and scarce audible in this far nether orb of ours. But the quivering flame shoots upward to the sun, though it be kindled on an earthly hearth; and the fiery spirit within us, lighted as it is in clay, struggles ceaseless to rejoin its celestial fountain, to be absorbed for ever in the light it now shares, possessed by that it now in part possesseth. What then? It struggles—ardent, bright, high-reaching, transient—the struggles of the soul for the pure and perfect, it conceives but touches not, it apprehends but comprehendeth not,—these struggles are *essential* poetry;—governed, embodied, harmonized, moulded by the shaping faculty of Art, they are the *concrete* poetry we read, and hear, and learn.

This high corruption of the nature and essence of the Poetic has been at all times in some degree acknowledged; (who can forget the oracular utterance of Bacon?)—yet it may be questioned whether it was ever *fully* realized till later times. The reasons for this involve, perhaps, the deepest and most interesting inquiry in all criticism; but who are we, that, over our little gilded duodecimos of expectant verse (what candidate for fame ever stopped to study the preliminary philosophy of a critique on himself?) we should now and here undertake it? To set some readers thinking, we shall merely suggest how the matter must mainly turn on the sure and certain hope of *everlasting life*, the revelation of man's indefeasible inheritance of eternity. Why then, you ask—fair reader, whom our mind's ear in fancy hears, veiling in silvery softness of tone the keen archness of thy query—why should this remarkable and impressive development of the poetic spirit have been delayed till these *later* generations? Thus. The ancient heathen poets, marvellous men as they were, surpassingly gifted with bright thoughts and musical words, builders of the lofty rhyme, in all the highest pride of its loftiness—yet confined, except in the mere wanderings of unauthorized fancy, within the world of this life—could never seriously view

man in his real attributes of greatness, or apprehend how Poetry was to be the mysterious utterance of an immortal nature. Moreover, they were Southern—sensuous Southern; men of eye and ear. But observe,—when Art arose again, and words once more began to run together into music, she arose chiefly as a copyist in poesy; she hardly dared to think and frame altogether for herself, in sight of the mighty models of Greece and Rome. She arose also in the very same lovely but too voluptuous clime, and again displayed its temperament. All beginnings of poetry too,—all the *primordia poetices*—like the first tendencies of life itself, look outward; they drink in the external, and are satisfied therewith. And so it required a period, a long period, for the modern genius to realize its own independent powers; and during this period it must be remembered that a wondrous parallel growth was advancing, the unequalled *philosophy* of the last three centuries. It was almost inevitable that when Poetry began to utter a distinct and unborrowed tone she should evince the efficacy of these combined influences; that with the great truth of man's *ascertained* immortality ever before her, and with the stimulus of incessant discovery urging her to behold a new universe known at last to stretch above and beyond her to very infinity, and with a race now engaging in her service, grave even to gloom, *severe*, hardy, thoughtful—the great northern tribes of Europe,—she should gradually become more self-inquiring, reflective, and if you please it, metaphysical; that her utterance should wax deep, and solemn, and oracular; that the sparkling robes of classical imagery should, one by one, drop from around her; that she should feel awed by the now inexpressibly heightened marvel of the whole external system of nature itself, and should come to acknowledge between it and the unfathomable soul of man, the bond of a kindred mystery. For Mystery is the spirit of the new poetry, as distinctness and Simplicity of the old. The old bards painted, and bade you see; the modern write, and bid you think. Philosophy took to herself the vision and the dream of old; she will not accept such function now, and Poetry, of old far more clear, transparent, and definite than ph-

losophy, is now summoned to give voice to those deep, undefined, but not less potent aspirations of man, which must have utterance some where, and which only need utterance the more, the more that man, increasing in knowledge, attains some faint conception of the immensity he cannot know.

In this way of considering the matter, it might, indeed, have been predicted that the exclusive predominance of the philosophy of *observation*, whose sole object is to register and classify ascertained facts—in contrast to the philosophy of *speculation*, which, mainly lying in regions beyond direct observation, deals in hypotheses, analogies, harmonies, consistencies, to which, however vague and uncertain, the infinite importance of their subject gives an interest, in many minds far exceeding that of the happiest physical research; that this predominance, we say, would inevitably lead to the growth of a *meditative poetry* as the chief remaining receptacle for such contemplations, and the powerful emotions they excite.

This gradual revolution has of course (as all) had its occasional and detached precursors—souls in which was prematurely developed that spring which was long after to spread and quicken all; it has many, too, who even now refuse it all allegiance, whose spirit is exclusively formed for the brilliant, varied, and picturesque forms of the elder time; (how little of it, for example, in Walter Scott!) but of the change itself, as a general and characteristic fact, no man can doubt, or that its regular and universal accomplishment dates in the Germany and England of the last fifty or sixty years.

It is not surprising that of such a poetry, one main characteristic should be its pervading *melancholy*. Could man live wholly—faithfully, in the future world, his present life would be one long vision of joyous hope; could he limit all his thoughts to the world that now is, he might, under fortunate circumstances—men often do—contrive to persuade himself into ease and fat content. But it is seldom that the poetic spirit can thoroughly do either. On the one hand—even in the highest play of a merely earth-inspired fancy, in its

wildest anacreontic career, the flutter of its wings bears it beyond the sphere of sense; all intellectual exertion tends to this; the very effort to embody the motives and maxims of a sensual life in forms of beauty, betrays the dreamer into nobler worlds of thought. But may it not help and stimulate to the achievement of that *other* and grander task, the habitual realization of the eternal future? Let us crave indulgence while we reply—not wholly, nor without considerable qualification. Religion is a much better thing than poetry; but it is not, or not necessarily, poetry. There is a life that may be too divine for the powers of verse. The poet cannot but to the last retain a lingering love for the world in which his imagination has learned its lovely office; its forms and colourings are dear to his inmost heart—with a love most innocent indeed, a worldliness most unworldly; but yet with a real, powerful, incessant, attraction: the happiness that is erected upon its ruins is hardly the happiness habitually congenial to him. The highest form of abstract religion has a poetry of its own, because every thing great and wonderful has; but it is not the chosen “haunt and main region” of the poetic spirit. No;—the man, as man, ought to labour to do so, but the poet cannot rise wholly beyond the sphere of time, and live absolutely amid the sublime immensities of the unknown future, without, in some degree, forfeiting his peculiar and characteristic function; he cannot breathe “the difficult air of the iced mountain-top” of those mystic truths, where spreads around the thin and formless inane—and above, the lonely stars—without acknowledging the faintness and exhaustion of that high abode, and yearning for the sweet vicissitude of light and shade, below; the brooks and the trees, and the dear familiar flowers of the valley. He looks up habitually, but it is *from below*, upon the gilded clouds—things of earth made heavenly with a light from heaven; you must not ask him to make his own standing-point and dwelling-place *beyond* them. But this being so—if his step be thus on earth, and his heart promptly sympathizing with the forms and powers of earth, and if he be, at the same time, of all men the least in its

coarser sense earthly, but rather a student with deep and thrilling interest, of a mystery in man and nature, beyond the common ken—if he thus move midway between divine and human, too exalted to be merely human, and far too human to be wholly divine—what shall be the result but just what we have all witnessed for more than a generation of men? a poetry sadder—a few exceptions apart—than man before has ever known; dealing largely in vague and undefined utterances of mournful feeling, such as with their rude simplicity or still more uncouth abstruseness, shocked and affrighted all traditional criticism (Jeffrey, its exquisitely acute and polished representative*), but such as the great heart of man owned for genuine, and swelled to echo from its deepest depths.

And so now moves the Poet, in so far as he represents the peculiar spirit of the time;—a light, we have granted, from heaven is around him, but his step is still on earth; his eye lingers upon its forms, which to him are charged with elevating mystery and marvel; pensively enamoured of its beauty, it is his heart's home, and in its sorrows he is sad. Loving the beautiful, he knows it transitory, and but loves it the more that it is so. He bends over the beautiful ruin, as a young lover would stoop over the fading form of a dying bride. We must not censure him too harshly for this mournful fidelity to the perishable loveliness of Time; we must not censure him for the mournful gift that brings its own sufficing sorrows. To the delighted child, amid his quick creative fancies, the drop-scene alone is *play* enough; our gentle child of nature finds joy sufficient, too, in this great preliminary spectacle, nor urges that the golden-tissued curtain of the

skies be undrawn (our eyes are on it at this moment in the flushing west), to unfold to view the far-withdrawing glories of the eternal scenery beyond.

And hence, too, we catch another attribute of the melancholy breathings of the modern muse—the utter and passionate *identification with inanimate nature*. It is in the loveliness of Nature, which never alters but to new beauty, which never disappoints, never betrays, that our later men of the vision seem to find almost alone the peaceful anchorage of their hearts. A great, grave, undisturbed spirit, such as Wordsworth (whose moral gifts are almost as wonderful as his intellectual), can indeed look into Man's nature and its workings with even deeper interest and delight than he can joy in the mountain and the flood; but those alone can do so who have with all else the secret of his matchless equilibrium; and even with that great revealer of all the mutual mysteries of imagination and nature (the Bacon of poesy, teaching and effecting the same wondrous "interpretation of nature" for the Imagination which Bacon taught for the Understanding), even with him, do we not observe how his human agents are themselves but one remove from the simplicity and invariability of inanimate nature itself. The population of his scenes are the creation of the country they dwell in; they are its *growth* as truly as the heath-flower upon its hill sides. This, or something approaching to this, he has, indeed, himself set forth in the memorable "Preface" to the "Lyrical Ballads" (constituting, with the still more memorable preface and supplement of 1815, the most remarkable contributions to the philosophical criticism of his own art, furnished by any poet since the days of Dryden), "Hum-

* The judgment of this great critic was hardly flexible enough to embrace the modern revolution in its entire compass; but let justice be done him; in power and purity of composition he stands in the highest rank of English writers; and his criticism, if it possess not the searching and prophetic insight which in some rare cases places the penetration of the Critic almost on a level with the inspiration of the Poet himself, is admirable in its analytic and expository qualities. More fastidious as to form than substance, essentially the heir of the D'Alemberts and Marmontels, he was easily repelled by merely superficial blemishes, and liable to prejudices of most unhappy tenacity. His estimates of Wordsworth and of Coleridge were great and blameable failures indeed; yet in relation to our immediate subject, it must be remembered, that his appreciation of Byron was thoroughly sympathetic, and that nothing in the literature of criticism can be adduced to surpass those superb essays in which he illustrated the genius of that wonderful poet.

ble and rustic life was generally chosen," he says, "because . . . in that condition of life our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity . . . because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings . . . and because, in that condition, the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature." Not that he who has so beautifully defined poetry as "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science," would have excluded *any* affecting department of reality from having its correspondent poetry; but that his own meditative spirit, leading him to delight in the sublime communion of the soul with still and solitary nature, led him also to combine with nature those *living* forms, above all others, which, by their intimate connexion with nature, would least disturb its unity, would silently blend and mingle with its vast unchangeable repose.

And thus arises—*sit venia verbo*—a sort of refined and imaginative pantheism, purified, indeed, of all the special mischief of that creed (which lies chiefly in its confusion of *moral* good and evil, as merely circumstantial manifestations of a single radical principle), but still, like the pantheist's worship, exhibiting, in the bright enthusiasm of enamoured imagination, nature as all over animated and suffused with divinity. Thence, since in the soul of man dwells to the poet a kindred principle of deity, an effluence from the eternal reason,—there grows to his thought a fellowship unspeakably wondrous and profound between the Soul and Nature, inasmuch that visible nature—streams, forests, mountain-heights, the blue depths beyond them—all the face of things, flushes with most earnest expression, mirrors man's inmost dreams, becomes pregnant with fathomless meaning, instinct with life and thought, echoes us to ourselves, whispers in the mute solitudes inexpressible secrets, revelations from eternity,—in simpler words, evokes feelings of such thrilling, though vague and mysterious power, as, till these later times, music alone was ever known to create in the souls of men. To these poets the visible landscape is indeed a Music of the Eye, ar-

rested and made permanent; possessing the same sort of strange charm whereby music agitates us with its tender tumults—music that seems as though it were a fragment of the language we lost at the fall, and still, though the full interpretation is hopelessly perished, bore to our spirits the faint echoes and dimly-recalled associations of a forfeited paradise.

At times, in musing over the strange, profound, perplexing pages of Schelling, we seem to catch the *speculative* representation of all this meditative animation of Nature by our later poets; above all in that wondrous hypothesis of the ultimate identity of the conscious and unconscious activities. "The products of nature"—thus spoke the venerable old man, in the vigour of his brilliant youth, near fifty years ago—"dead and unconscious, are but abortive efforts which she makes to reflect herself; what we call dead nature is only an intellectual element which has not arrived at maturity. . . . Nature reaches not her highest aim—that of becoming completely her own object—till she arrives at the highest perfection of her products, namely, in man, or what we style reason, by means of which nature seems first to enter and return into herself. Whence it is manifest that *nature* is primitively *identical* with *that* which we recognize in ourselves, as intelligent and possessing consciousness."* Or again, in attempting the solution of the great problem, how our mental representations obey the influence of the objective world, and yet the objective world itself yields (in the operations of the will) to our representations, he proceeds to observe, that "this could never be, if there did not obtain, between the ideal world and the real world, a sort of pre-established harmony; and that one cannot conceive such a harmony unless the activity which has produced the objective world be primitively identical with that which is manifested in the will, and reciprocally. Now, there is a productive activity manifested in the will; every free act is productive—alone consciously productive. The two activities being necessarily, in principle, only one, if we establish that the activity which is consciously pro-

ductive in free action, is unconsciously productive in the production of the world, the pre-established harmony really exists, and the contradiction is resolved." Every work of Art, as he maintains, combines an activity at once having, and not having, consciousness of itself; and similarly, the objective world "is the primitive poetry of intelligence as yet unconscious of itself."† But we must not dwell further on this, which most of our readers will probably dispatch as somewhat dangerous speculation, so far as they can venture to admit it for intelligible. Only they will see how such speculations seem at least calculated, in their own dark way, to account for and explain the mysterious sympathies that subsist between man's interior being and the exterior system of nature; how if these be the parallel growth and development of some one ultimate principle, we need not wonder, not merely that self-reflective nature should at last attain the real apprehension of itself—the true intellectual apprehension of external realities; but even more than this—that in highly organized mental structures, which by habitual reflection have been brought into closer relations with the forms and laws of nature, *emotions*, kindred and congenial, should arise at the very perception of these forms; that the contemplation of nature, as thus akin to man, should stir man's soul with the vague but potent thought of that common ancestry from which both lines have diverged, and in which both were one in the unity of some parent primeval principle far away in past eternity; that thus his heart should swell with feelings he cannot define or master, when, in the stillness of contemplation, he is at last led to realize his fellowship with the immensity of things around him—to feel his own sublime consanguinity with the universe.

Let us descend to nearer and simpler views. The affecting expressiveness of nature becomes obviously more distinct in the face of human kind; the poet—such as we sketch him in this later development of the gift—cannot but fondly recognize its more vivid

and animated exhibition *there*. This opens a new topic, but one closely connected with, and largely influenced by, the last; the existing poetic conception of *human affection* in the most emphatic and the most eminently poetical of its forms; the modern poetry of Love.

The transition is obvious enough. The expression of the countenance of Nature, powerful and thrilling as it is, is yet essentially a shadowy and variable expression; it wavers under our very gaze, as images on water shift and sever in the breeze. There can be no mistake of the permanent characters that silently utter and indicate affection in the wondrous human face. It is not strange, then, that the exquisitely sensitive organization of the poet should be eminently moved by that which almost appropriates the name of Beauty. This has ever been so; it has been so, far beyond the established limits of poetry. The sonnet to his "mistress' eyebrow" is not necessary to make every lover in, at least, the first stages of his affection, at heart and essentially a poet. But the poet of our modern meditative school comes to this region of his art with feelings and associations derived from his more abstract and thoughtful converse with Nature, which exercise a very remarkable and pervading influence upon his representations of the most interesting of human passions. The straining after ideal loveliness, and yet the instant readiness to diffuse it over actual objects, and believe its own creation real; the melancholy discontent with all that is, as inadequate to satisfy the inward appetites of the heart, and yet the almost inconsistent (as one would deem it) willingness of the affections to cling to any support, and welcome any home;—these habits and tendencies, combining with the ordinary constituents of love, result in a character of thought, which is assuredly among the most prominent peculiarities of the poetry of our time; and would reward, what we have now no time to execute, a patient and delicate analysis of its causes and characteristics. For we trust we are not subjected to the inspection of any reader

* *System of Transc.-Idealism*. Introduction, Section 3.

† Compare the entire of Part VI. of the same work, on the Philosophy of Art, which Schelling regards as the last and highest manifestation of conscious Nature.

who does not consider all inquiries so inward and searching as these would be, profoundly important to the gravest estimate of the character of an age, or, indeed, of the destinies of man.

Let us then reflect a moment on this. Love has in all times uttered itself in imaginative forms. Fable is, in this wide sense, what a well-known passage pronounces it, "Love's world, his home, his birth-place;" it lives in dream and vision, a soft prolonged somnambulism. But as men dream according to their waking, so the forms of beauty that at the summons of this passion gather around the soul and invest its object, will vary according to the soul's habitual conceptions of the beautiful.* And hence Love's exercise of its imaginative function is endlessly diversified; and the character of love-poesy above all others almost inevitably varies with every latitude and every century. As the natural, so the ideal zenith—the topmost point of perfection, changes with each spot;—thence the difference of local gods—which are but the symbols of the received conception of the perfect; and love is a feeling and a token more earnest, and thence more genuine and unequivocal, than even the popular religion. Thus, then, it is that this sweet idolatry has varied like any other superstition, and its variations have been as curiously characteristic. In the pensive, profound, and melancholy visionings of our day—for to this we return—it has occupied its place, and imbibed the deepening tinge of all around it. With the gifted dreamers of our epoch, the object of affection receives a tribute assuredly more flattering than the stilted supremacy she held in the code of chivalry; for her image is blended with the deepest musings and the highest aspirations of man. She is beautiful (of course); but her beauty is, after all, most glorious in being the representative of a beauty not of time or earth; as one who stands between the eye and the sun, she is encircled with a luminous halo, but the rays that formed it are from the far heavens beyond her; she is the symbol of an unseen loveliness; the temporary type of

ideal perfection; loved, for she deserves it,—but loved with an affection sad, and pensive, and spiritual. If you desire to feel this (and there certainly are few things more interesting or more characteristic), turn over the fairest love-stories or love-verses of antiquity—take, if you please it, the pure and exquisite Fourth *Æneid* itself; and pass from it—from Dido, or even from *Erminia* and *Clorinda*—to the *Julie*, and the *Corinne*, and the *Medora*, and the *Hinda*, and the crowds of similar impersonations of our time. Passion and sorrow enough there is in all; these are enduring, unchangeable characters; but they have become the loftier passion and sorrow of an immortal nature; the earnest and melancholy devotion of beings who love as eternal may.

So far for the special characteristics of the poetic inspiration of our day. Few and rapid are these hints—some-what obscure perhaps; but another time we may find leisure and room to interpret our oracles more distinctly.

And now, ere the fading twilight wholly desert our casement, and the everlasting Watchers of Heaven have all assumed their starry stations—(the glittering vanguard is already hastening up the grey and glimmering east)—we must unclasp the pages of some one or two of our trembling candidates for fame. For we have vowed to read them by this sunset light; we have sworn to concede them the inestimable advantage that their pages shall be bathed in the hues of Nature herself; and who can tell but we may at times mistake for *theirs* the mystic text of the eternal Volume, and ascribe to their pregnant words what is in truth the poetry of sunset skies, and infant stars, and the faint song of waters? We know no higher boon that critic can confer on poet. It stands among our special favours. Alfred Tennyson has been with us before now among the woods. We have looked down from cliff-land upon the broad plane of ocean, with the eyes of Percy Shelley. Not very long ago, we passed a summer day on Windermere with Aubrey de Vere's exqui-

* We have made it a sort of charitable proverb, that "the Devil is not so black as he is painted;" when Burckhardt came suddenly upon the dusky maidens of Nubia, they screamed in horror, and pronounced him the Devil because he was so fiendishly—*white*!

site "Search after Proserpine" before us, and that divine mother yearning for her lost child, has since strangely woven herself into our thoughts of summer noons and heaving lakes. A true poem comes out in fine relief upon a glorious *background* like that!

Of the triad of versemen, who style themselves "CURRER, ELLIS, AND ACTON BELL," we know nothing beyond the little volume in which, without preface or comment, they assume the grave simplicity of title, void of *prenomens* or *agnomens*, which belongs to established fame, and thus calmly anticipate their own immortality. Whether—as the Irish Cleon was wont, in his "physical force" days, to say so often and ferociously of his repeal shillings—there be indeed "a man behind" each of these representative titles; or whether it be in truth but one master spirit—for the book is, after all, not beyond the utmost powers of a single human intelligence—that has been pleased to project itself into three imaginary poets,—we are wholly unable to conjecture; but we are bound, of course, in default of all evidence to the contrary, to accept the former hypothesis. The tone of all these little poems is certainly uniform; this, however, is no unpardonable offence, if they be, as in truth they are, uniform in a sort of Cowperian amiability and sweetness, no-wise unfragrant to our critical nostrils. The fairest course may, perhaps, be, to present a little specimen from each of the three.

The following pretty stanzas are from Currer's pen.

"THE WIFE'S WILL.

"Sit still—a word—a breath may break
(As light airs stir a sleeping lake)
The glassy calm that soothes my woes,
The sweet, the deep, the full repose.
O leave me not! for ever be
Thus, more than life itself to me!

"Yes, close beside thee let me kneel—
Give me thy hand, that I may feel
The friend so true—so tried—so dear—
My heart's own chosen—indeed is near;
And check me not—this hour divine
Belongs to me—is fully mine.

"'Tis thy own hearth thou sitt'st beside,
After long absence—wandering wide;
'Tis thy own wife reads in thine eyes
A promise clear of stormless skies,
For faith and true love light the rays
Which shine responsive to her gaze.

"Ay—well that single tear may fall;
Ten thousand might mine eyes recall,

Which from their lids ran blinding fast,
In hours of grief, yet scarcely past,
Well may'st thou speak of love to me;
For, oh! most truly I love thee!

"Yet smile, for we are happy now.
Whence, then, that sadness on thy brow?

What say'st thou? 'We must once again,

Ere long, be severed by the main.'
I knew not this—I deemed no more
Thy step would err from Britain's shore.

"'Duty commands!' 'Tis true—'tis just;
Thy slightest word I wholly trust;
Nor by request, not faintest sigh,
Would I, to turn thy purpose, try;
But, William, hear my solemn vow—
Hear and confirm—with thee I go!

"'Distance and suffering,' didst thou say?
'Danger by night, and toil by day?'
Oh, idle words, and vain are these—
Hear me—I cross with thee the seas!
Such risk as thou must meet and dare,
I—thy true wife—will duly share.

"Passive, at home, I will not pine—
Thy toils—thy perils shall be mine.
Grant this, and be hereafter paid
By a warm heart's devoted aid.'
'Tis granted—with that yielding kiss
Entered my soul unmingled bliss.

"Thanks, William—thanks! thy love
has joy,
Pure—undefiled with base alloy;
'Tis not a passion, false and blind,
Inspires, enchains, absorbs my mind;
Worthy, I feel, art thou to be
Loved with my perfect energy.

"This evening now shall sweetly flow,
Lit by our clear fire's happy glow;
And parting's peace-embittering fear
Is warned our hearts to come not near;
For fate admits my soul's decree,
In bliss or bale, to go with thee!"

Ellis contributes this touching
"Death-Scene."

"O Day! he cannot die,
When thou so fair art shining!
O Sun, in such a glorious sky,
So tranquilly declining.

"He cannot leave thee now,
While fresh west winds are blowing,
And all around his youthful brow
Thy cheerful light is glowing!

"Edward, awake, awake—
Thy golden evening gleams
Warm and bright on Arden's lake—
Arouse thee from thy dreams!

"Beside thee, on my knee,
My dearest friend! I pray
That thou, to cross the eternal sea,
Wouldst yet one hour delay.

"I hear its billows roar—
I see them foaming high;
But no glimpse of a further shore
Has blest my straining eye.

"Believe not what they urge
Of Eden isles beyond;
Turn back, from that tempestuous
surge,
To thy own native land.

"It is not death, but pain
That struggles in thy breast;
Nay, rally, Edward, rouse again—
I cannot let thee rest!"

"One long look, that sore reprieved me
For the woe I could not bear—
One mute look of suffering moved me
To repent my useless prayer;

"And, with sudden check, the heaving
Of distraction passed away;
Not a sign of further grieving
Stirred my soul that awful day.

"Paled, at length, the sweet sun set-
ting;
Sunk to peace the twilight breeze;
Summer dews fell softly, wetting
Glen, and glade, and silent trees.

"Then his eyes began to weary,
Weighed beneath a mortal sleep;
And their orbs grew strangely dreary,
Clouded, even as they would weep.

"But they wept not—but they changed
not—
Never moved, and never closed;
Troubled still, and still they ranged
not—
Wandered not, nor yet reposed!

"So I knew that he was dying—
Stooped, and raised his languid head;
Felt no breath, and heard no sighing—
So I knew that he was dead."

And now *loquitur* Acton Bell.

"Yes, thou art gone! and never more
Thy sunny smile shall gladden me;
But I may pass the old church door,
And pace the floor that covers thee;

"May stand upon the cold, damp stone,
And think that, frozen, lies below
The lightest heart that I have known,
The kindest I shall ever know.

"Yet, though I cannot see thee more,
'Tis still a comfort to have seen;
And though thy transient life is o'er,
'Tis sweet to think that thou hast been;

"To think a soul so near divine,
Within a form so angel fair,
United to a heart like thine,
Has gladdened once our humble sphere."

There are pleasing thoughts, too, in Ellis's poem about the "Stars," p. 21; and his "Prisoner," p. 76; and Currer's "Gilbert" is impressively told. Altogether, we are disposed to approve of the efforts of "these three gentlemen aforesaid" (to adopt the old clergyman's substitution in the unpronounceable chapter of the fiery furnace); their verses are full of unobtrusive feeling; and their tone of thought seems unaffected and sincere.

CAMILLA TOULMIN is mighty in anticipations of the march of public opinion, the victories of science, the demolition of outworn prejudices, and the universal cessation of war. The fair *progresista* sometimes seems to contemplate in idea more than she can achieve in words, and sometimes to express in words more than she has distinctly arrested in idea; and the result is occasional obscurity, and a good deal of what Grimm somewhere calls *pur remplissage*. Nevertheless her "Astrology and Alchymy" is striking. She contemplates with respect those two famous delusions, which have had the glory of preparing the way for the two noblest departments of modern physical science; they were the wild imaginative childhood of Astronomy and Chemistry;—

"Speak gently of those two wild dreams, nor curl the lip with scorn,
That ever, wearing human shape, such dreaming fools were born,
As they whose gorgeous errors shook the steadfast thrones of kings,
And shadow'd long the mental world with their outspreading wings.
It was an age of darkness—yea, the mighty mind of man
Was struggling 'mid the brambles which its pathway overran;
And feebly shone the star of Truth, which rises as we gaze,
Until at last we fain must hope 'twill shed meridian blaze:
But only near the horizon it glimmer'd to the view
Of the earnest ones of olden time—the seekers of the True,

Speak gently of those parents old, who, dying at the birth,
Brought forth their marvellous offspring, to shed upon the earth
The truth-enkindled, living light, which never shall be lost," &c.

Her poem on "the Hand" has considerable merit; and the following little effusion is touching:—

"THE BLIND GIRL'S LAMENT.

"It is not that I cannot see
The birds and flowers of spring;
'Tis not that beauty seems to me
A dreamy unknown thing;
It is not that I cannot mark
The blue and sparkling sky,
Nor ocean's foam, nor mountain's peak,
That e'er I weep or sigh.

"They tell me that the birds, whose
notes
Fall rich, and sweet, and full—
That those I listen to and love
Are not all beautiful!
They tell me that the gayest flowers
Which sunshine ever brings,
Are not the ones I know so well,
But strange and scentless things!

"My little brother leads me forth
To where the violets grow;
His gentle, light, yet careful step,
And tiny hand I know.
My mother's voice is soft and sweet,
Like music on my ear:
The very atmosphere seems love,
When these to me are near.

"My father twines his arms around,
And draws me to his breast,
To kiss the poor blind helpless girl,
He says he loves the best.
'Tis then I ponder unknown things,
It may be, weep or sigh,
And think how glorious it must be
To meet Affection's eye!"

The "Orion" of Mr. HORNE is a poem of more pretension than any we have yet canvassed. This gentleman, who has been for a long time before the public, and can only in figure be classed among our "younger" poets, is unquestionably possessed of a large fund of real genius; he is the master of a fine imaginative vocabulary; and can dream to very considerable purpose. Mr. Horne has lately given to the public a critical work upon the notabilities of our time, which it seems, from an angry retort of the author, has been in its turn severely criticised. His answer presents an exceedingly indifferent specimen of temper and style. But we do not desire to do him the injustice of deciding his merits by any

such occasional ebullition. His farthing priced Epic (for such was his ingenious mode of ensuring its sale and circulation) is all which now concerns us; and we cannot think that any competent judge will deny it to be, on the whole, a very remarkable performance, even in despite of an unhappy poem which invites our attention to it as "a novel experiment upon the mind of a nation." Its great fault will universally be felt to be the obscurity of its general bearing and object—a blemish of the most fatal kind, when books are multiplying so enormously beyond men's powers of perusal; and when, as unfortunately the ordinary limits of life remain still unchanged amid all the appalling increase of literary claimants, it is quite vain to expect that the attention can be generally afforded which is requisite to penetrate enigmas in nine cantos. Accordingly, the chief real merits of the poem, as it stands, appear to us to be its detached passages of description, which are certainly worth preserving in every collection of choice poetry; and if we might venture, at this period of the lifetime of the poem (the edition before us is marked as the sixth), to suggest any alteration in it, our advice would be that the author should add (whether in occasional insertions, or some general *éclaircissement* towards the close), a fuller and clearer statement of the moral scope of his story. In a work whose parts are connected by links so slender and fanciful, this might easily be done; and there can be no doubt it would add materially to the enjoyment of the reader. Were the poem purely imaginative, we would receive and enjoy it simply as such; but when the allegorical import is quite obvious in some parts, and manifestly intended through almost the entire, it perplexes and annoys the reader to be forced to hunt for it in a forest of changeful though brilliant and stimulating imagery.

However, to the main incidents of the well-known classical fable, Mr. Horne adheres. Orion is beloved of Diana and Aurora among goddesses, and of Merope, daughter of CEnopion, among women; he is blinded, recovers his sight, is slain, and enthroned among the constellations.

It is thus that the poet pictures the divine love of Diana, or Artemis, as Mr. Horne prefers to call her, in order, as he phrases it, to "get rid of *commonizing* associations."

"Above the isle of Chios, night by night,
The clear moon lingered ever on her course,
Covering the forest foliage, where it swept
In its unbroken breadth along the slopes,
With placid silver, edging leaf and trunk
Where gloom clung deep around; but chiefly sought
With melancholy splendour to illumine
The dark-mouthed caverns where Orion lay
Dreaming among his kinsmen.* Ere the breath
Of Phoibos' steeds rose from the wakening sea,
And long before the immortal wheel-spokes cast
Their hazy apparition up the sky
Behind the mountain peaks, pale Artemis left
Her fainting orb, and touched the loftiest snows
With feet as pure, and white, and crystal cold,
In the sweet misty woodland, to rejoin
Orion with her Nymphs. And he was blest
In her divine smile, and his life began
A high and newer period, nor the haunts
Of those his giant brethren ever sought,
But shunned them and their ways, and slept alone
Upon a verdant rock, while o'er him floated
The clear moon, causing music in his brain
Until the sky-lark rose. He felt 'twas love."

Listen to an Oread's mournful love-song:—

"There is a voice that floats upon the breeze
From a heathéd mountain; voice of sad lament
For love left desolate ere its fruits were known,
Yet by the memory of its own truth sweetened,
If not consoled. To this Orion listens
Now, while he stands within the mountain's shade.

"The scarf of gold you sent to me, was bright
As any streak on cloud or sea, when morn
Or sun-set light most lovely strives to be.
But that delicious hour can come no more,
When, on the wave-lulled shore mutely we sat,
And felt love's power, which melted in fast dews
Our being and our fate, as doth a shower
Deep foot-marks left upon a sandy moor.
We thought not of our mountains and our streams,
Our birth-place, and the home of our life's date,
But only of our dreams—and heaven's blest face.
Never renew thy vision, passionate lover—
Heart-rifled maiden—nor the hope pursue,
If once it vanish from thee; but believe
'Tis better thou shouldst rue this sweet loss ever
Than newly grieve, or risk another chill
On false love's icy river, which betraying
With mirrors bright to see, and voids beneath,
Its broken spell should find no faith in thee."

"Thus sang a gentle Oread who had loved
A River-god with gold-reflecting streams,
But found him all too cold—while yet she stood
Scarce ankle-deep—and droopingly retired
To sing of fond hopes past."

* This may remind the reader of the famous picture of Endymion. He sleeps on Latmos; no visible Diana is beside him; but above the slumbering shepherd the trees open, and a beam of moonlight, gushing through the parted foliage rests on the lips of Endymion!

Now for the more absorbing passion of Orion for his earthly Marope:—

“ Together they, the groves and temple glads
That, like old Twilight's vague and gleamy abode,
Hung vision-like around the palace towers,
Roved, mute with passion's inward eloquence.
They loitered near the founts that sprang elate
Into the dazzled air, or pouring rolled
A crystal torrent into oval shapes
Of grey-veined marble; and often gazed within
Profoundly tranquil and secluded pools,
Whose lovely depths of mirrored blackness clear—
Oblivion's lucid-surfaced mystery—
Their earnest faces and enraptured eyes
Visibly, and to each burning heart, revealed.
' And art thou mine to the last gushing drop
Of these high-throbbing veins?' each visage said.
Orion straightway to Oenopion sped,
And his life's service to the gloomy king
He proffered for the hand of Marope.”

Here is a picture of Oblivion:—

“ Look yonder, love!
What solemn image through the trunks is straying?
And now he doth not move, yet never turns
On us his visage of 'rapt vacaney!
It is Oblivion. In his hand—though not
Knows he of this—a dusky purple flower
Droops over its tall stem. Again, ah see!
He wanders into mist, and now is lost.
Within his brain what lovely realms of death
Are pictured, and what knowledge through the doors
Of his forgetfulness of all the earth,
A path may gain? Then turn thee, love, to me:
Was I not worth thy winning and thy toil,
Oh, earth-born son of Ocean! Melt to rain.”

Orion in those days wandering to the ocean side, and sinking to sleep:—

“ Beyond the cedar forest lay the cliffs
That overhung the beach, but midway swept
Fair swelling lands, some green with brightest grass,
Some golden in the sun. Mute was the scene
And moveless. Not a breeze came o'er the edge
Of the high-heaving fields and fallow lands;
Only the zephyrs at long intervals
Drew a deep sigh, as of some blissful thought,
Then swooned to silence. Not a bird was seen,
Nor heard: all marbly gleamed the steadfast sky.
Hither Orion slowly walked alone,
And passing round between two swelling slopes
Of green and golden light, beheld afar
The broad grey horizontal wall o' the dead-calm sea.

“ O'ersteeped in bliss; prone on its ebbing tide;
With hope's completeness vaguely sorrowful,
And sense of life-bounds too enlarged; his thoughts
Sank faintly through each other, fused and lost,
Till his o'ersatisfied existence drooped;
Like fruit-boughs heavily laden above a stream,
In which they gaze so closely on themselves,
That, touching, they grow drowsy, and submerge,
Losing all vision. Sense of thankful prayers
Came over him, while downward to the shore
Slowly his steps he bent, seeking to hold

Communion with his sire. The eternal Sea
 Before him passively at full length lay,
 As in a dream of the marmoreal heavens.
 With hands stretched forward thus his prayer began :
 'Receive Poseidon!'—but no further words
 Found utterance. And again he prayed, and said—
 'Receive, O Sire!'—yet still the emotion rose
 Too full for words, and with no meaning clear.
 He turned, and sinking on a sandy mound,
 With dim look o'er the sea, deeply he slept."

We must now contemplate the Aurora—the saffron-mantled Eos of
 heroic giant in his happiness with the Greeks :—

"'Tis always morning somewhere in the world,
 And Eos ever rises, circling"
 The varied regions of mankind. No pause
 Of renovation and of freshening rays
 She knows, but constantly her love breathes forth
 On field and forest, as on human hope,
 Health, beauty, power, thought, action, and advance.
 All this Orion witnessed, and rejoiced.
 The turmoil he had known, the late distress
 By loss of passion's object, and of sight,
 Were now exchanged for these serene delights
 Of contemplation, as the influence
 That Eos wrought around for ever, dawned
 Upon his vision and his inmost heart,
 In sweetness and success. All sympathy
 With all fair things that in her circle lay,
 She gave, and all received ; nor knew of strife ;
 For from the Sun her cheek its bloom withdrew,
 And, ere intolerant noon, the floating realm
 Of Eos—queen of the awakening earth—
 Was brightening other lands, wherefrom black Night
 Her faded chariot down the sky had driven
 Behind the sea. Thus from the earth upraised,
 And over its tumultuous breast sustained
 In peace and tranquil glory—oh, blest state!—
 Clear-browed Orion, full of thankfulness,
 And pure devotion to the Goddess, dwelt
 Within the glowing Palace of the Morn."

And when her half-heavenly, half- striking lines paint the picture of her
 earthly, lover is destroyed, a few sorrows :—

"Haggard and chill as a lost ghost, the Morn,
 With hair unbraided and unsandalled feet—
 Her colourless robe like a poor wandering smoke—
 Moved feebly up the heavens, and in her arms
 A shadowy burden heavily bore ; soon fading
 In a dark rain, through which the sun arose
 Scarce visible, and in his orb confused."

Artemis, now repentant, and Eos, unite to implore his restoration; and

"— the dark pile of cloud shook with the voice
 Of Zeus, who answered—'He shall be restored,
 But not returned to earth. His cycle moves
 Ascending!' The deep sea the announcement heard ;
 And from beneath its ever-shifting thrones,
 The murmuring of a solemn joy sent up."

* The supposition that words of this formation will answer for trisyllables, seems
 a peculiarity of Mr. Horne's. The fault occurs two or three times in the poem.

The entire closes with the constellated Orion's address to earth and heaven upon his final triumph; unfolding

in some degree the more esoteric import of the whole fable. When he has spoken,

" At once a chorus burst
From all the stars in heaven, which now shone forth !
The Moon ascends in her 'rapt loveliness ;
The Ocean swells to her forgivingly ;
Bright comes the dawn, and Eos hides her face,
Glowing with tears divine, within the bosom
Of great Poseidon, in his rocking car,
Standing erect to gaze upon his son,
Installed 'midst golden fires, which ever melt
In Eos' breath and beauty—rising still
With nightly brilliance, merging in the dawn,
And circling onward in eternal youth."

It is wholly needless to say that the author of such passages as we have quoted, is no mean artist. He obviously possesses great vigour of imagination, and a facility of poetical expression admirably ministering to his conceptions. Such a man ought to achieve yet greater and nobler things. He has, or we much mistake, better work to do than penning caustic comments on his contemporaries, and getting caustically commented on in his turn. If "Circumstance," that "unspiritual god," will suffer it (for of Mr. Horne himself we know nothing whatever, except through his pages,) we would gladly hear of him as steadily concentrating his whole powers upon his divine art; it is a high vocation—that of interpreter of the great and beautiful to man; it certainly seems in no small measure to be his.

But Night—the blue and starry night—is almost upon us. The fu-

neral pomp of departed day—its whole gorgeous catafalque of clouds—has itself long vanished in the west, and no fond flattery can call it Evening any more. The hues of heaven deepen—but heaven, like thought, brightens as it deepens; the skies are fast quickening all over with light, even as the face of the dumb fills with intense speechless expression; they are alive with the silent smile of all their thousand eyes. It is no longer time to write—it is a time to think and feel what cannot be written. There are hours when even reviewers (incredible to say!) may feel some faint tendency to pass from reviewing others, to exercising the professional function upon themselves.

We must, therefore, ask of the numberless bards who still wait in the antechamber of our tribunal to achieve a miracle and be patient, while we adjourn our vesper sittings to another evening.

B.

IRISH RIVERS.—NO. III.

THE SHANNON.

CHAPTER X.

"Flumina amem sylvasque inglorias."—VIRGIL.

THE Upper Shannon! Even so, gentlest reader; we are already amid its lovely woods and haunted streams, its rocks, and islands, and fountains, and silver rivulets—its elves and fairies. Leaving Limerick, you meet the confluence of these twin streams about a mile above the city. When shall we forget those delightful hours spent amid the witching loveliness of Castle Troy, Lough Derg, and Castle Connell. At the junction of the Upper and Lower Shannon, is placed the Salmon weir, granted to her loyal citizens by Elizabeth.

The physical characters of the river at this point are not without some interest. The tidal wave of the Atlantic meeting the current of the Upper Shannon, the opposite forces give rise to an "interval of rest;" a deposit consequently occurs, both streams coming freighted with the *detritus* of the adjacent hills and plains; this deposit has become very considerable, and we are somewhat inclined to the opinion, that even the island on which the venerable St. Munchin set to work, was merely a "delta," the product of times long anterior to the dimmest traces of our history. Evidences of similar agency are perceptible in other parts of the river; and evincing, as they do, the simplicity of nature's arrangements in building and fashioning mighty islands and continents in other parts of the world, their geological interest is, perhaps, not undeserving a passing note.

At the meeting of the Fergus and Shannon, for instance, we have a cluster of islands, originally constituents of the hills of Clare, washed down and deposited at the confluence of these two rivers. Farther up the Shannon is a chain of islands, and opposite, the Maigue, "Grass Island," and some others, deposited in the same way; impediments, indeed, in the na-

vigation of the Shannon, but merely requiring proper land-marks to render it the safest river in the empire.

Casting a glance along the magnificent windings of this glorious river, the impression, indeed, becomes irresistible, how much nature has done for it—how little art; how rich and luxurious the beauties scattered along its banks; how varied, yet unvalued, its industrial resources. A nobleman, to whom the Shannon owes a good deal, and the modern city of Limerick almost its existence (Lord Monteagle), a few years since obtained half a million of money for its improvement; but getting into the care of sundry commissioners, is quite sufficient to ensure the improvement a longevity equal to the familiar weavings of the mathematical Arachne, of whose infinitesimal gravitations it was amongst the delights of our schoolboy days to take note. We want, indeed, no large sums at heavy interest, to be paid back again. We wish not for incursions of clerks and engineers from the other side of the Channel, excellent, indeed, as they are in their way. We want our own resources to be opened up; we want our people set to work; but before that "consummation so devoutly to be wished," it is quite clear we must bury many of our social and political differences.

The ruins of Castle Troy, beautifully situated, overhanging the river, form a very picturesque feature in the scenery at this spot, and glimpses, quiet and sequestered as of fairy land, meet the view on both sides of the stream. The castle, it appears, belonged "once on a time" to Mahony Keogh, and was, at one period, strongly fortified. By his adherence, however, to Charles, he was deprived of it by Cromwell. The chronicles of his ancestry show him to have been descended from the kings of Ireland,

not less than fourteen of them having swayed the sceptre of this country, and we are also quietly advertised of the fact of the death of the Protector himself in a distich we recommend to the notice of Mr. Carlyle:—

1657 (this year)
"Oliver Cromwell was hurried to his woe,
Justly rewarded by a *quid pro quo*!"

The castle is at present in excellent preservation, commanding a magnificent view of the windings of the river, and, like several others in its immediate vicinity, not without its legendary lore; we were too intent on our fishing, however, to mind aught else. Floating along in all the panoply of rods and panniers, we were reminded, however, of one of the legends of the river here, which acquaints us, its name was due to a certain saint or princess, Senan, who was accustomed to bathe in the stream; happening, however, to be taken by surprise in her early immersions, she sank into the bosom of the river where she disappeared, and gave her name to it ever after. Floating along, a vision of no dissimilar beauty met our astonished gaze; two lovely creatures dipping in the stream, who fled at our approach, and though not in the calendar, we seemed unanimous in thinking they ought to have been.

The river all along here is quite beautiful—now deep and still—now murmuring over its shallow depths; the yellow sands, in the tranquil sunbeams, glittering and gleaming like some bright vista of the future, in the bottom.

Our jentacular arrangements not yet perfected, we wiled away the time before breakfast as well as we could—our appetites none of the most obtuse.

"There's great luck intirely, they say, in killing a fish, and aiting it out of the water," said our boatman, with a portentous emphasis on the last words, as we said something of putting off breakfast for an hour or two.

"Yes—the luck, however, seems particularly confined to one side."

"Wishen there's them would tell your honour of pieces of goold found in fishes' mouths; and then there's the good people undher the wather—*Tier na Oge*—of which there's many droll stories tould, and there's

the story of Fin Mac Coul and the fish you never heerd, may be, and there's —"

"Of course—but let us hear of Fin Mac Coul."

"It's a long story—but you heerd, iv course, of Cormac that ruled Ireland at one payriod. Well, sir, if he did he was a mighty hospitable man intirely, kep an open house for all *interlocutors*, till he brought ruin on himself; well, thinking, one day, what he should do, he cast the white of his eye on some fine pasthur lands, over foreninst thim hills yonder—the Galthees, and, ses he, Fiachadh there's two words to the bargain betune you and me about that self same 'Golden vein,' and go to war we will. Well, sir, with that they determined well an' good —"

"Well, sir, Cormac (divil a farthing in his pocket he could jingle on a tombstone) was intint on seeing it out with him; and Fiachadh, so the story goes, valued those fields like his heart strings. Well, what does he do? He goes to an ould druid or witch, and he up and tells him the whole story, and after much palaver the ould witch tells the king that in one of the streams about here there was a salmon, if he could kill it, and eat it, all kinds of good forthin and riches would attind him, and the best of tay and ating and drinking!"

"An anachronism, surely. You don't mean to say they had tea?"

"I don't know myself, but that's neither here nor there—but Cormac set off, and the ould devil of a witch along with him, and ev coarse they took a foine soight of hooks and flies with em, and tian't long till the fish begin to bite purty smart, and they say he had wonderful fishing. Well, he keeps fishing that way for some time, but devil receive the sight of the great salmon, as the ould Druid tould him, could he parcave. At last, wandering along a fine bank like this here undher the castle, he kem to a mighty, dark, deep hole, where there was a great eddy; 'he must be here among the other fish,' ses the witch, mighty cute intirely—but dickens a sight of him there—he was now getting impatient, and if the truth must be tould, was going to throw the ould witch into the river as a cheat. However, he said he'd hould on a while, as there was a mighty run of fish that sayson.

"Well, King Cormac and the Druid spent many and many a day together, searching for the enchanted fish. The salmon were coming thicker than ever. Such sculls of fish was never heard of since the time Noah's daughter kem to Ireland. At length they got so harrassed, they resolved to keep only the best of the fish, and throw the others away that they hadn't time to boil. A'most the first one they re-

jected a bit of a gorsoon happened to be in the way, and he picked it up, and lighting a few bits of sticks—he put it acrass 'em, and broiled his fish mighty nate intirely; well, if he did, well and good, the first bit he ate, he felt mighty quare in himself, but all his futher glories and riches at once beamed in on him—the gorsoon was FIN MAC COUL."

CHAPTER XI.

"— of the various lakes which are strung like pearls on the silver thread of the Shannon." KOHL.

OUR commissariat department considerably reinforced with a brace of exquisite fish, we pitched our tent at "Landscape," in view of the beautiful waters of Doonass,—our fish kettle of a character not the most sophisticated, beaming merrily in the morning sun; we thought more than once of Fin Mac Coul, and would advise every one wishing for a correct idea of his discovery, to try it *fronde super viridi* after the same fashion. We told our Palinurus, while breakfasting, Charles Lamb's story of roast rig as a pendant to his. But he seemed to think his own tale the longer and better of the two.

"An you don't believe in thim good people at the bottom of the lakes and rivers," said he, mollified not a little by some strong waters after breakfast, "bad cess to 'em, many's the fine day's fishing they spoilt on me."

"You never heard of *For Usga*, the king's daughter and her palace under the wather, and the golden vessel that made all the mischief."

"No, never—perhaps you are the identical fisherman, of whom we are told,

'When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the wave beneath him shuning.'

"Nor never heard the story of the wedding ring? or the church-yard of Ballyheigh under the water? or—"

"Oh! no, let us hear about the wedding-ring, by all means," shouted every one.

"Well here goes"—

"Once on a time, and a very good time it was, there was a lake somewhere about here, in which a great

many were drowned, bekase of the good people that haunted it—well, if there was, well and good—there was a snug boy, a farmer, going to be married to one of the prettiest girls on the river. Some how, axidently, after coming from buying the ring, he was showing it to another boy, near the sthream, who, in his absence, was thyring to come inside him; but, as luck would have it, it fell into the wather. Nothin' could equal his sorrow, as much for the loss of his fine goold ring, as its being so unlucky. Not being able to swim himself, he axed some of the gorsoons hard by, to go into the wather and look for it;—at last, one of them consinted, and went in head foremost. There was fine swimmers in thim days in Limerick, as there is now.—Well, as I was saying, down went the gorsoon head foremost. Down—down—deeper and deeper—down and still no bottom; till something tingling in his ears, and his eyes opening, he found himself in view of a mighty fine palace at the bottom of the wather, and iligant plantations and avenues, and all the byes and girls that were drowned working away mighty industhres intirely. 'God save all here,' ses Paddy, as if nothing happened; and with that he sees a great fat, big woman coming up to him, as round as a washing tub and as ugly as the devil.—'An' you're the queen of the fairies, may be, maam,' ses he.

"The same,' ses she. 'An' what brought you here, might I make bould to ax?' 'Darby Keating's goold ring,' ses he. 'Is that it?' ses she, smiling as purty as she could. 'The very same, maam—thankee.' 'You must marry me, then,' ses she. 'May be

I'm married already,' ses he, 'and one at a time is enough.' 'Get out, you dirty spalpeen,' ses she, 'I wouldnt take you now;' and wid that she turned him out of her palace.

"Well, he was wandering ever about the fat lady's dominions, in dread of his life for not marrying her, till he came to a dark passage, where he plunged into the wather once more, and kicking out stoutly, soon came again to the surface, where he tould every one his adventhers, and may be he never went near the fat lady again."

"Very good! he evidently didn't like the young lady, or too much wather, perhaps it was cold on his stomach—here, you'd better have a twelve-penny nail after that—and then come along."

We were soon in the boat, our Piscator singing as he went along—

"Im a lady of honor
Who lives in the sea, (ses)
Come down, Maurice Connor,
And be married to me."

"Wid your own father's daughter,
Sure 'tis I would agree,
But to drink so much wather
Wouldn't do so with me."

Reader, perhaps you have never heard of the falls of the Shannon at *Doonass*. There is no more exquisitely beautiful spot in the entire course of our lovely stream, from Lough Allen to Loop Head. Here no cradled "nurseling of the mountains," gathering its infant strength amid the hills, or lake dim and shadowy, reposing under the pictured heavens, or silver current, gliding noiselessly at its own free-will, attracts the attention of the tourist; but the entire body of the river, in one resistless cataract, sweeping over a ledge of sunken rocks, half hung across the falls, a thousand miniature rocks and fretted stones, mid tangled woods and hanging trees, adding to the picturesque loveliness of the fairy scene. It was one of those calm, sweet, sunshiny days, in which one feels it a perfect luxury to live, the cattle, knee deep in the water, were reposing at the foot of "Hermitage," sundry fishermen, here and there in the river, were plying their lovely avocation, while the soft murmur of the trees and streams, the exquisite green of the beautiful plantations, on each side, completed a scene,

so still and rural, that yet we see it all before us, as if it were only yesterday. Then farther on, the green slopes and gentle curves of the river, winding silently above the falls—the old feudal wall and spire of "Castle Connell"—the groups of trees behind us; standing in thickest shadow—the plash of the oar as we pulled along under the castle—the soft music of evening murmuring along the waters, were all so truly lovely, that we would recommend if ever thy steps are turned towards Limerick, not to fail to see a spot as beautiful as any thing at Killarney.

The fishing here is perhaps the finest in Ireland, and in the "peal season" affords excellent amusement. The *Peal* or *Grilse*, according to Yarrell and Shaw, is the salmon in the *second* year, after that age it becoming perfect or adult salmon. Magnificent fish in thousands swarm up the river in July and the beginning of August, which visited the river the previous year, as "Salmon Fry." Mr. Shaw, however, from his very ingenious experiments, would lead us to believe, that they do not go down to the sea till they are more than twelve months old, and that in their progress to maturity, the young salmon assume the markings and colour of "Parr," the latter, as a distinct species, not existing at all. If there be any truth in these startling positions—and we may say *en parenthese*, that some of the best fishermen on the river appear a little doubtful about them—it is a pity to kill such thousands and tens of thousands of "Parr" for mere amusement. Trout fishing at Doonass is also excellent, and when we were last on the river, not less than four noblemen, capital anglers, were engaged in this ignoble pastime.

At Castle Connell, the remains of the castle are evidently very old. It was once the seat of the O'Briens, kings of Munster; and the grandson of the great Brian, like Duncan, King of Scotland, was "savagely slaughtered" here, in a moment of unsuspecting friendship and hospitality, while—

"Aaleep,
Whereto the rather had his day's hard journey
Soundly invited him,"

his eyes were put out, and he himself murdered and flung into the Shannon.

On the arrival of the English in Ireland, the castle was granted to Richard De Burgo, Earl of Ulster, on condition of repairing and fortifying it, in which manner it descended to William De Burgo, who, in the reign of Elizabeth, was created Baron of Castle Connell, having slain Fitz-Maurice, of Kilmallock.

On the accession of James, we are told, a strong garrison was placed there. Ginkle, however, sending 700 men from Limerick, under the command of the Prince of Hesse, they surrendered, after a siege of forty-eight hours. Ginkle, however, with an eye, perhaps, to the picturesque, blew it up.

The old people speak of the castle being once so spacious, and the ascent so different from what it is at present, that a full troop of horse had room to draw up inside it; little, indeed, of its former greatness now remains, and the "taciturnity of time" hangs heavily about its broken architraves and arches.

Of course, mystic and manifold are the legends of this part of the river, nor is this old ruin without its due share of such traditionary lore. We were told one, not a little romantic. One of its hereditary chieftains had an only daughter, beautiful, as all such young ladies generally are. Many a doughty knight and prince came to the castle, bent on martial exploits—rather, perhaps, on errands of love and courtesy. Papa, at length, began to suspect something, and being very fond of his daughter, made one of the conditions for securing her hand, that the inheritor of her castle should, fully caparisoned and mounted on a charger, precipitate himself from the top of the rock on which the castle is situated! This arrangement, it may be conceived, discouraged more than one aspirant, and cooled down pretty considerably the ardour of our youthful lovers. There lay the beautiful and winding Shannon, and on each side those rich messages and lands for him who should first attempt the deed. Love, which has many traits in common with other things in the world, is also blind and inconstant; the little imp laughed and giggled, and was on the point of seizing the extinguisher to place it on his flickering flame, when one intrepid and passionate lover, of not very noble

blood, armed to the teeth, dashed down the perilous descent, coming safely to the ground, and winning his lovely prize.

Another legend, some dim traces only of which we could discover, fore-shadows the falling of the walls on the "wisest man in the world;"—no relative, we hope, of our friend Fin Mac Coul. If immense firmness and solidity offer any immunity against such a calamity, we think the *suavans* of the present degenerate age somewhat safe. We can't say we would recommend our friend Lord Brougham or Doctor Reid to hazard the enterprise, however.

The pretty village of Castle Connell reposes at the foot of the castle; a sweeter spot is not in existence in the three kingdoms. We do not wonder at all at Inglis when he tells us he never heard of it, yet he seems quite astonished at its exquisite beauty; perched in the south of France or south of England, we should have all the tourists in Europe in love with it, but at present it is part of that "terra incognita" lying along our noble river, which, with all due modesty, we take unlimited credit for having opened up in the pages of our esteemed MAGA.

"As is the way-side violet
That shines unseen, and were it not
For its sweet breath would be forgot!"

so would many nooks and dells of our beautiful isle, but for the breath of Maga; but we feel a blush mantling our cheek, and take refuge in a few lines of Spenser:—

"A little lovely hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people, that did pass
In travel to and fro.

Thereby a chrysell streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fontaine welled forth alway!"

Above Castle Connell the river assumes a somewhat tame and less interesting aspect, heightening by contrast the loveliness of this sweet spot: our frail skiff passed along under several beautiful places, among the rest "Erinagh," quite a gem in its way, overhanging the water.

Beyond "O'Brien's Bridge," the river widens and washes the fertile shores of Tipperary on one side, those of Clare on the other; several romantic hills and glens, and cultivated valleys are to be found, one in particular,

little known, the "Hag's Glen," or *Glenagalogh*, between the Glenomera hills: straying among these wilds which command a magnificent view of the Shannon, we came abruptly on the edge of this ravine; the "happy valley" of Rasselas at once came to our recollection.

Surrounded on every side by precipitous and barren hills, without a trace of vegetable existence, some thousand acres of the richest green seem hid under their towering peaks; not a breath of air seemed to disturb the luxuriant crops already falling before the sickle; the cattle, basking in a burning sun, were just discernible, and some few labourers in the fields appeared like black specks far, far down. The glen takes its name from the fact of, some years since, all the women in it living to a *hundred years* of age! and if rural and sequestered loveliness in any way tend to such a happy consummation we wonder not at the result. We were told nothing in the shape of food or raiment was ever sought out of the glen; the poor people here living under, perhaps, the best landlord in the south of Ireland, feel themselves completely insulated from the rest of the world by an ocean of rocks and uncultivated moors, where even in the day, from the perpetual mists that hang about the hills, people have over and over gone astray. Like Castle Connel, this spot remains yet to be *discovered* by the summer tourist.

On the side of the hill we came on an old relic, once, we should think, a Druid altar. Our guide, an intelligent old man, acquainted as it was a bed belonging to Fin Mac Coul; it consists of four immense stones, covered by another somewhat larger and flatter; and the legend attached to them, according to our Cicerone, is, that the gallant Fin, after the mode of many of the ancients, and not a few moderns, took it into his head to run away with another man's wife, once on a time. He was pursued, of course, by the husband: however, railroads not then being thought of, or the battle of the guages, Fin thought this as inaccessible a place as he could reach—a very sensible idea, by-the-by. On our remarking the very limited proportion of legs the occupants of the bed must have had, our informant quietly remarked, that the lady was only three feet two inches—her other charms making up for her height—and that Fin himself was also not quite a giant. Several of these old relics are to be found all through the country here: one at Moynoe, near Holy Island; one at Ballydagh; several, at intervals, near Tulla, and further off in Clare, near Inchiquin and Kilfenora. The number of cromlechs, stone cresses, and Druid altars, indeed, are particularly interesting all through the county of Clare, and supply the imagination with recollections of a former state of things of wonderful interest.

CHAPTER XII.

"And ever as we sailed our minds were full
Of love and wisdom, which would overflow
In converse wild, and sweet, and wonderful;
And in quick smiles whose light would come and go."

SHILLERY.

THE approach to Lough Derg from Killaloe is beautifully picturesque; the venerable old cathedral, with its quadrangular tower and ancient Norman architecture, the old bridge, falling fast to decay, form a pleasing foreground; while the immense body of the Shannon, tumbling through rapids and fragments of rocks, older than even those ancient relics of the past, are in singular keeping. Creeping gradually along, the view slow opens, till at length the surface of the lake stretches away for several miles.

At a little distance the wooded slopes of Ballyvalley, with the gaunt peaks of the overhanging hills chequered by the rays of the early sun, struck us as much finer than many things on the Rhine; while farther still, the broad surface of the lake, with its green and winding margin, seemed sleeping beneath the soft breath of the morning.

Killaloe, at the entrance to Lough Derg, is somewhat precipitously situated on a picturesque acclivity overhanging the Shannon, and from several points on the river presents an appear-

ance of no little interest. Its present name would seem to be a change from *Kildalua*—a church and abbey having been founded here in the sixth century, by St. Lua, grandson of one of the kings of Munster. The see of Killaloe was founded so early as the seventh century; and Turlogh, King of Munster, and Mortach, King of Ireland, after endowing it very liberally, were both buried within its precincts. The church, like others at this early period, became a very general resort for pilgrims, and was held in much veneration. In 1160, the cathedral was built by Donald, King of Limerick, and at present exhibits the most perfect remnant of the ancient style of church architecture we have seen on the Shannon. It is a curious and somewhat clumsy structure, cross-shaped; a square central tower, with little pretension to elegance; the window, seen from the river, is particularly fine; the other parts of the building, however, presenting little in character with it.

Near the cathedral is a singular old building, the "*Oratory of St. Molua*," one of the oldest structures in the kingdom. It consists of a small chamber, and very possibly was intended for separate supplicants at the shrine of the patron saint. The entrance is now nearly closed up; but two pillars, with capitals of the Ionic order, supporting an arch or gateway, leave little doubt as to the venerated threshold—made low on purpose; the cross placed opposite to it; the church of this saint being the ruin in the island near Claresford.

At the lower part of the town the Shannon is very shallow; and this particular spot containing the only ford over this part of the river, obtained the name of "Clare's ford." Aware of this place, in 1681, Sarsfield posted a strong guard here, to prevent the passage of the enemy; but having deserted their post, the English got into the Western provinces. Shortly after, at the head of a great body of cavalry, this great general himself crossed the ford, and coming up with a convoy of ammunition on its way to William, then at Limerick, he seized and destroyed it.

Perhaps the most singular feature in the scenery of Lough Derg, is the number of castles and dijected relics of monasteries with which its banks

are literally studded, as speaking monuments of a period when Ireland formed a refuge for the persecuted martyrs of religion and science; and as in the classic fable, handed on the still burning "lamp of knowledge," these time-worn ruins are full of interest, it is perhaps too much the custom at the present day, at the advanced summit of intellectual superiority we have now attained, to look ever forward to still higher achievements in the "march of mind," caring little to turn our attention backward through that dim vista of the past, from whence all knowledge must have emerged. True, within our own time, giant strides have been taken in this onward progress, and more than one science brought to life, and all but perfected within the present century; yet the pages of history, in terms not to be controverted, tell of ages when literature, and art, and science, were nearly annihilated over the entire globe, and barbarism and anarchy reigned with almost universal dominion; the chief exception to this wide rule of ignorance—the chief refuge of the many pious and devoted lovers of learning of this period, being those numerous abbeys and monasteries, scattered chiefly along the rivers of our once-favoured, and not inhospitable little "Isle of the West."

In the sixth and seventh centuries, we need scarcely say, amid the darkness and desolation that overspread the entire of Europe, large numbers of students from France, Italy, Germany and even England, turned their steps towards the schools and venerated monasteries of this country, and at Clonmacnoise, Scattery, Mungret, Meelick, and here at Killaloe, the remains of these once celebrated seats of learning are still visible, and looked upon by the peasantry with feelings of religious esteem, though at the period alluded to, Ireland was not essentially connected with the Papal See, or particularly signalized by any religious or sectarian differences. Indeed, we can form little idea of the state of Ireland at this period without studying those magnificent ruins.

Leaving Killaloe, the first point of interest which meets the eye, is a Rath, at present thickly planted, but on nearer inspection, presenting no indistinct traces of a hollow circle, or fort,

in which tradition relates, the castle or palace of the great King of Munster and afterwards King of Ireland—BRIAN BOROIHME—once stood. Few traces of the original building remain, it being destroyed by the Prince of Tyrconnell; yet the country people look upon it with a degree of veneration quite amazing, relating with pride the achievements of "Brian the brave." The spot is frequently visited by pleasure parties, and commands a magnificent view of the Lake; but in point of fact, the real position of the palace was a mile distant—on the side of the hill overhanging the bridge, not far from the Cathedral. Some of the old writers, with a little exaggeration, describe a magnificent banqueting house erected by Brian, in the vicinity of Kincora, perhaps somewhere near this. Indeed if all the good things we are told of it be true, its present obscurity was very undeserved. "From the kitchens," says one of those chronicles, "were two long corridors or galleries parallel to each other, carried across a flat to the banqueting house. A hundred servants were every day, at dinner and supper, arranged in each of these galleries. The business of one set was to pass from hand to hand from the kitchens the different dishes for the entertainments, and of the others, with equal celerity, to return them." Our Udes and Kitcheners sink into utter insignificance indeed near this. The description of the wine cellar is equally flattering, but in the present degenerate age of pumps and water-barrels, it would be perhaps dangerous to delay on such apocryphal ground: sundry and manifold are the stories related of the *Cluricaune* and his fairy revellers astride on the best casks of wine of the great king—his miniature red night-cap—leather apron—bluest of all possible blue stockings and silver shoe buckles—his nose of brightest crimson—and eyes twinkling

"like those mites
Of candied dew in moony nights,"—

but we fear to delay.

On rounding this point, the breeze freshened pretty stiffly, and our little cockle-shell shot towards the opposite shore. The scenery here is beyond any thing beautiful—indeed finer than any other spot on the Upper Shannon. On one side the noble demesne of

Derry, with its plantations feathering away to the water's edge; on the other the magnificent estate of Tinnerana; while hemmed in on every side by those deep-wooded and undulating banks that stretch away on every side, we thought of Ulswater and Loch Lomond, and the gentle Loch Awe, with no invidious preference, gentle reader, for any of them. Stealing along under the sheltering hills of Derry, every moment displayed additional glimpses of shadowy loveliness. The broad and tranquil surface of the lake—the old church with its ivy-clustered walls—the little isle with its ruined monastery—and the "castled crag" reflected in the silver mirror beneath. Our boatman was particularly descriptive, and as we tacked away again for the other side of the lake, related many miraculous adventures which he had shared in, more especially in the way of fishing. We were quickly initiated into the profoundest mysteries of fly-tying and fishing. A confidential whisper conveyed a very significant hint where we would be sure of a "regular smasher," as our transatlantic friends would say, a splendid gillaroo (peculiar to this part of the Shannon) or a thirty-pound salmon, requiring a pocket steam-engine to secure it. Indeed these seemed all matters at which he was quite *au fait*; but subsiding at length into the office of story teller, he was evidently letting out too much line to his imagination, with many inflections and expletives as to the excellence of the staple article of fish in this locality.

The wind gradually falling away, we crept somewhat slowly again towards the Clare side of the lake, where, bending over the river, the beautiful ridge of the "Glenomera Mountains," the highest in that county, tower away into the clouds. We know of no more exquisite spot to spend a long summer's day than among these majestic hills. Who has not dreamt of the "Highlands of Scotland?" Those of Ireland are comparatively unknown; yet are there sweet nooks and dells amongst the hills of Connemara, about Croagh Patrick, in many parts of Kerry, and here hanging over the Shannon, that command views equally wild and picturesque. The ascent of these mountains for a mile or two is particularly trying; yet when the summit is once gained, the lover of the beautiful is

more than repaid. The Shannon chiefly strikes the eye meandering like a strip of silver away through the most verdurous and varied landscape; at your feet seems Lough Derg, with all its sylvan richness; then passes the glittering stream along by the Tipperary hills; the beautiful outline of the Galtees dimly traceable on the horizon: expanding, now it passes below the magnificent falls of Doonass—on, on to Limerick, beyond Carrig-o'-Guinnell—Cratloe on to Foynes—till the eye completely fails to follow it. On the other side of these hills several of the lakes of Clare lie stretched out, completing a view of inimitable grandeur; Doon with its wooded margin, and the distant glintings of the silvery Inchiquin. The chief towns in the western limit of the county are also pointed out to the aching vision—the view terminating in no distinct traces of the great Atlantic. On the top-most pinnacle of the mountain a rude turf-mound has been thrown up, part of the history of the present century, commemorating (by-the-by, after no very perennial fashion) the great Revolution, first broached in this county in 1828.

Approaching Dromineer, the view of Lough Derg became still more bold and imposing—the beautifully wooded banks lose nothing of their quiet and picturesque grandeur, and putting our helm about, we gained the centre of the lake; there lay its broad and sleeping bosom stretched before us—the Slieve Bloom mountains edging the horizon. At one side, the soft undulations of the Tipperary hills also met the view, with the demesne and woods of castle Lough—the old and time-worn ruins mirrored in the water's brink; on the opposite side, the bay of Scariff, one sheet of burnished silver, seemed stretching away, a perfect picture—the round tower of Inniscathra, or Holy Island, standing in the middle; beyond it the wood of Ahnish, Raheen, and Wood Park, nestling near the shore.

The ruins of *Holy Island*, like several other relics of the past along the Shannon, contain "seven churches," and a round tower. Some little difference of opinion exists among writers, as to whether "St. Patrick's Purgatory" was situated on this island. However, many antiquarians, even

Ledwich, who doubts the existence of the saint himself, now agree on the point; indeed the latter gives an extensive plan of it, pointing out precisely the suburbs of the lower world! To those wishing to be made acquainted with the veritable purgatory, we would recommend "Father Butler and the Lough Derg Pilgrim," where he will be told of the mortifications there practised—the *oboli* paid the ferry man—the fifteen holy kisses—the visions of roast meat and boiling pots that disturbed Mr. Carleton's equanimity—and the sharp spikes on which the saint delighted to take repose. St. Patrick, it seems, requested, as a special favour, of an angel that the entrance to Hades should be placed in Ireland, to convince the Dane and Druid of his day of the existence of another world; and Boate, an old Irish writer, describes, after no very entertaining fashion, the austerities imposed on the hapless penitents, who, after the manner of Ulysses, seemed bent on visiting the nether regions. Who does not recollect the thrilling lines of Southey?—

"Sir Owen in a shroud was drest,
They placed a cross upon his breast,
And down he laid his head.
Around him stood the funeral train,
And sung with slow and solemn strain
The service of the dead.

Then to the entrance of the cave
They led the Christian warrior brave:
Some fear he well might feel.
For none of all the monks could tell
The terrors of that mystic cell,
Its secrets none reveal.

'Now enter here,' the Warden cried,
'And God, Sir Owen, be your guide!
Your name shall live in story,
For of the few who reach the shore,
Still fewer venture to explore
St. Patrick's Purgatory.'

Adown the cavern's long descent,
Feeling his way, Sir Owen went
With cautious feet and slow.
Unarmed, for neither sword, nor spear,
Nor shield of proof avail'd him here
Against one ghostly foe.

'Twas silence all around,
Save his own echo from the cell,
And the large drops that frequent fell
With dull and heavy sound.
Emerging now once more to day,
A frozen waste before him lay,
A desert wild and wide,
Where ice rocks, in a sunless sky,
On ice rocks piled, and mountains high
Were heaped on every side.

Yet giving way to no despair,
But mindful of the aid of prayer,
'Lord, thou canst save,' he said.

And then a breath from Eden came,
With life and healing, through his frame
The blissful influence spread.

No fiends may now his way oppose,
The gates of Paradise unclose,
Free entrance then is given.
And songs of triumph meet his ear,
Enrapt, Sir Owen seems to hear
The harmonies of heaven!"

An abbey was founded in "Holy Island," so early as the seventh century, by the patron saint, who lies buried in the old ruin, and whose feast, on the 25th of March, still attracts crowds of weary pilgrims. St. Coelan, a monk of this abbey, flourished a little after, and wrote a latin poem, in which he tells us that Inniscalthra was a convent of Benedictine anchorites.

"*Keltra est conventus ritè virorum
Prudentum, sacro Benedicti dogmate florens.*"

A chapel belonging to the Prince of Kincora also existed here.

The fishing at Holy Island is excellent, and with cross lines, large trout, some five and six pounds weight, are captured. The darksome stillness of evening had already crept on as we got on shore—the sun had sunk in the

west—bright lines of gold hanging in the clouds, not a ripple swelled the broad, glassy surface of the lake. It was a scene of quiet ravishment we had seldom experienced before. Scrambling amongst the old walls and graves, the soft breath of evening seemed fresher and more fragrant from the wild flowers scattered around. Tall and stern against the evening sky, stood St. Cosgrath's tower, the very embodying of the past, flinging its gaunt shadow, like some unearthly gnomon over the sleeping graves.

The island contains nearly forty acres of rich pasture land, and is still a favourite burial place, and much visited by the peasantry for many miles round. It is held in such veneration by these zealous penitents, that they would not allow one sod of it to be disturbed. Stories, many and disjointed, also, are told of the good people, in the flickering moonbeams, dancing among the grave stones, the squeaking of chains, the gibbering of ghosts, tales of spectres grim and gaunt, and ghastly wandering among the tombs.

CHAPTER XIII.

"The gentle Una, with her milk-white lamb."—*Fairie Queen.*

AFTER several charming days spent with our hospitable friends at Wood Park, "cross fishing," we got our bit of canvass up again, for a trip to the upper part of the lake. At Dromineer, the remains of an old castle, belonging to a descendant of the great King of Munster, and at Kilbarron, not less than four similar ruins are worthy of the attention of the antiquary. At Terryglass, another spot on the Tipperary side of the lake, are some traces of a monastery and a curious old castle, "Old Court;" it is said that St. Patrick once came to this place, and baptized several inhabitants of Thomond, who crossed the Shannon for the purpose. The scenery all along for several miles is beautifully diversified with these old relics, and a little farther on, reflected in the water at its base, stands "Castle Biggs," a square old building of very peculiar interest. The remains of the ancient court-yard are still visible, as well as two towers, evidently intended for defences to the entrance, and no

very questionable evidences of siege and fortification are also traceable along the walls. An old tradition exists amongst the peasantry, of a large quantity of gold and silver buried beneath the ruins, over which a greyhound of unnameable ferocity, with cloven hoofs instead of paws, keeps jealous watch.

Turning "Gurtmore Point," we pass the crumbling ruins of Lorrha, and Derry Island, with its picturesque castle, the seat of Lord Avonmore, lies before us, while in the distance, the "Keeper" Mountain and "Devil's Bit," far away on one side, in their blue and shadowy undulations, fill up the picture. Some dim outline of the "Hill of Una," from whence it is supposed Spenser took the name of his gentle heroine, being also distinguishable at the opposite side.

An old legend, relating to the singular gap in the mountain, termed the "Devil's bit," ascribes it to a piece taken out of the ridge of the hill by his infernal majesty, as St. Patrick

was hunting him out of Ireland—when as of yore—

“Coasting the wall of heav’n on this side, Night,
In the dim air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet,”

the saint still pursued him; he stuck his teeth in the hill, soon after disgorging it again: it formed the Rock of Cashel. The upper end of the lake here, indeed, is full of those legends and stories of leprehauns and witches, and—

“Fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress.”

Many of these stories still exist amidst the silent witchery of this part of the Shannon, and it is not perhaps to be wondered at that Spenser, well acquainted with some of them, should borrow the name of the “gentle Una,” from such associations. Allegory, indeed, we may call the fairy land of the Poet, in which his imagination loves to try her most gorgeous wings, while, amid flitting and scattered images of truth and beauty, a world of its own fashioning, peopled with new and mystic shapes, rocks, dens and caves, and woods, and rivers, and hills, soaring aloft, she glitters and gleams, inhaling alike the dewy balm of the morning or heavenliest glories of evening.

“the evening air
Chad in the beauty of a thousand stars.”

At Meelick and Portumna at the head of Lough Derg, are the remains of several magnificent ecclesiastical edifices; the walls of the latter in particular are still very fine; those of the former, on the very verge of the river, are not less picturesque: it was founded, we are told, by O’Madden, dynast of Silamchia; and in the thirteenth century, William de Burgh marched at the head of a great army into Connaught, and did profane the church by converting it into a stable, “wherein he was seen to eat flesh meat during the whole time of Lent.” The library here was at one period very celebrated also, but the entire ruin now wears the aspect of blank and melancholy desolation.

After leaving Banagher, the mouldering walls and quiet towers of CLON-

MACNOISE attract the attention of the antiquarian; it was the Patron day of the presiding spirit, St. Kieran, that we had arranged to visit these old monastic ruins, and thousands of anxious suppliants were crowding from many quarters to the shrine of the great saint. Our impressions, at first a little perturbed, soon settled down into something bordering on the wonderful. The first impress of Autumn (perhaps of all others the most melancholy) was not that which completed the dreary aspect of the river; there was, besides, a stern loneliness—a dreariness—a desolation, as for several miles here it runs along in a slow, sluggish stream through the “Bog of Allen.” It was not that the hallowed airs and silent symphonies of evening were supplanted by a cold, sickly breeze that swept across the stream; it was not that the tall lone towers looked any thing more gaunt or grim or ghostly than they were generally in the habit of doing, that the several tombs seemed in any way more sepulchral, or the innumerable penitents more genuflective. It was not alone that the groups of fresh pilgrims were more picturesque, or that the gold and purple in the midst of which the sun went down, was any thing we had not witnessed over and over again along the placid waters of the Shannon; it was the entire bursting at one glance on our astonished view; and then, as we advanced among the tombs, “midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms,” and as our ears were greeted with sounds various and manifold, little in accordance with what we witnessed on every side, our interest and astonishment became considerably magnified. The author of “Sybil” speaks of “two nations.” Here, indeed, were two also—a wide and yawning gulf stretching between—the silent and ghostly shadows of St. Kieran’s followers—the realities less *spirituelle* of our modern ecclesiastics. Straying along, we stumbled on sundry graves, and scattered pieces of tomb-stones, inscribed with characters in Hebrew, and Irish, and Latin—fragments in the Kaleidoscope of time—bits of those coloured fancies, those trite but trustful sentences in which our great grandfathers were erst inclined to transmit to a neglectful posterity the memory of their valorous deeds!

The simple ruins of Clonmacnoise are very full of interest; yet have they little in common with the statuesque erection of more classic regions—the ancient Parthenon, the Coliseum, great even in its decay—unlike, indeed, in their stern simplicity, these outward symbols of a religion which sought the apotheosis of man, the mouldering walls of the “Seven Churches” seem to typify that more enduring and simple faith, the preachings of which are emphatically promised to the poor—that speaketh consolation to the wretched, and telleth, in terms of no enigmatic character, of a life, and glory, and excellence more lasting than those vainly attempted in mythic allegories of brass or marble. True, indeed, year after year spring into new life, each herb and flower along their crumbling walls; but still sleep on the silent tenants of the graves beneath; but if there be aught of truth or reality in the revelations of history, aught of hope linked to that enduring faith, yet bursting those cerements, shall each, when brass and marble are but dust, gain a new life, mid highest hopes and heavenliest aspirations. Yes, the very dust on which we tread is far more sacred than the most classic tracery of Greece or Rome.

The signification of the term *Clonmac-nois*, would seem to be “retreat of the sons of the noble;” but by what combination of accidents they happened on a place so completely destitute of the beauties of scenery and picturesque effect, is not easy to conceive. In the troublous times in which it was founded, perhaps, indeed, its utter seclusion and loneliness were recommendations in themselves. In the grey dawn of the sixth century we first find it mentioned, when St. Kieran built an abbey here, and in all the subsequent periods of Irish ecclesiastical history, the varied treasures and tributes of its several establishments form no inconspicuous figure in the wealth of those times. Its schools for the instruction of the young princes of Ireland were also held in the highest repute; and as a burial-place for a favoured few of the kings and nobles, it boasted sundry privileges and immunities even more consoling than the preliminary mortifications of “Holy Island.” Much of the sorrow and mystery of the two first divisions of

the great Florentine’s Poem awaited those anxious, “Nell’ cammin di nostra vita,” to plunge into the deep profound of “St. Patrick’s Purgatory;” but at Clonmacnoise, with the promise of no unseemly Beatrice from the shadow land of the past, the kings and nobles winged their way to Paradise at once. Indeed, the striking similarity of conception in these imaginary abodes of the blessed, with those of Dante, must occur to every reader.

About the time of the birth of Columbkil, five years earlier, St. Kieran came into the world—a period, we need scarcely say, of the greatest interest in our eventful history. Dermid, son of Corvair, being monarch, granted to St. Kieran, Clonmacnoise and Inis-Aingin, or “Isle of Saints,” together with a hundred churches in Meath. He, however, it seems, bestowed the island upon St. Domnan, but preserving Clonmacnoise, founded the abbey. Of the many great and lustrous individuals that lived and died here, it would be the work of a Hercules to give an account. One or two, however, deserve a passing note. St. Colga, surnamed “the Wise,” for some time prelector and master of the school, wrote a book, termed the “Besom of Devotion.” Albuin, a bishop of Germany, we are told, sent him fifty shekels (value 1s. 4d. each) out of the alms of Charlemagne, whether as a reward for the cleansing the Church then received, or to assist the worthy prelector, does not appear. As a spark lighting the train of history, this little occurrence opens up to us the wonderful events of the reign of Carlo Magno. Some time after we find Turgesius here, at the head of his Norwegians, burning the abbey, and Felim, King of Cashel, plundering the “tearmon lands” and houses of St. Kieran. The ghost of the saint, however, according to the same truthful chronicles, again “visiting the glimpses of the moon,” the hapless king received his heaviest malediction—the saint, amid sundry shapes and visionary shadows, appearing with crozier in hand, and praying his reign might speedily terminate—all which duly came to pass. Similar visitations of the spirits of the great saint are related in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. One tribe were so completely razed from the Book of Fate, that

their towns and highways were rendered desolate; nor house, nor man, nor animal being anywhere discernible. The few survivors at length sought an amnesty with the ghost of the saint; and twelve of their handsomest sons, with a certain sum of money, were given up. A few years after, the head of one of the kings buried in the abbey having been stolen away, was brought back by the intervention of the saint; and in 1130, it is further chronicled that one of the Danes of Limerick, in one of their predatory excursions, having robbed the altar of Clonmacnoise of sundry gold cups and chalices of great value, confessed his guilt, stating that trying to make his escape to another kingdom, he was unable to effect it, for as soon as he set sail, the ghost of the saint, like another Ariel, began to "point the tempest"—

"Now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
Flaming amazement;"

causing contrary winds, so that he could not get away. The ghost of St. Kieran, indeed, seems yet to haunt the old ruins. The quiet graves and solemn gables of the "Seven Churches" are instinct with such shadowy existences. We are willing, we must confess, to believe much of what we have read of its former greatness and grandeur; its kings, and priests, and princes, buried amid all the pomp of ecclesiastical splendour; its churches, and chalices, and golden cups; its jewels and crosses;—to us, at least, it has lost none of them; the spectral glimpses of such things flit even yet across our imagination and memory, amid its crumbling walls and ruined splendour.

Among the more interesting ruins, are two round towers, displaying wonderful elegance in their construction—the larger, called "O'Rourk's," 62 feet high; the other, "McCarthy's," 56 feet. The former is, perhaps, one of the most perfect specimens of these remarkable old structures in Ireland: the lower part is composed of marble, and seems, perhaps, something older than the superstructure. We know of no more delightful enjoyment than a day among these ruins, with the magnificent work of Mr. Petrie, and the pleasant and graphic sketches of Cæsar Otway; next to the round towers, the richly-carved gateway of the cathedral,

and the stone crosses, attract the attention, with the disjected relics of the episcopal palace, after a somewhat militant fashion, surrounded by a moat and counterscarp. Perhaps, however, there is nothing very remarkable in this, when we call to mind the many times the entire place was plundered and burned. Over the northern door of one of the churches are three figures—the middle, St. Patrick, in *pontificalibus*; and lower down, on the entablature, the inscription

"DONS ODO DECANUS CLUANM FIERI FECIT;"

acquainting posterity that Master Odo, Dean of Cluanmacnoise, caused this doorway to be erected. One of the crosses of this church is commemorative of St. Kieran, the symbolical meaning is quaint, but explicit. The centre of the cross represents the veritable saint himself. In one hand, with a slight dash of poetic pathos, he holds a hammer, in the other a mallet, to signify his descent, his father being a carpenter. Near him are represented three men and a dog dancing: the former are the artificers employed, showing their joy for the honour done their patron. On the shaft two men are seen, one stripping the other, typifying the complete *bouleversement* which the church underwent. Beneath these are two soldiers, swords in hand, ready to protect the sacred edifice. On the pedestal of the cross are equestrian and chariot sports; on another side is a pauper, carrying an infant, representing charity; below which is a shepherd, after a very bucolic manner, playing on his vaten pipe; and still lower down, an ecclesiastic holding a teacher's ferule, over which is an owl, the representative of Wisdom, as another animal on which the cross is fixed symbolizes Ignorance. Besides this cross, there are three others in the cemetery, which contained originally about two acres of land, on which, at different periods, not less than ten churches were erected by the kings and princes of the surrounding territories. Here, though perpetually fighting while alive, they were content to forget their various feuds when dead. One of the churches, Temple Conor, is now restored, and forms the parish church.

The Shannon, somewhat tame and uninteresting, passes now along for

several miles, dividing the counties of Roscommon and Westmeath. A little above the "Seven Churches" is *ATHLONE*, or *Ath-luan*, the "ford of the rapids," so named from the nature of the river under the bridge placed here. Not unlike Limerick, in possessing an old and new town, this place also still retains much of its military and ancient character. One of the principal entrances to the town, on the borders of the river, on the Leinster side, is through a formidable gateway in one of the old towers, carrying back the mind to the time when a portly warder kept the keys, and admitted none but such as were friendly to the reigning dynasty. The ancient walls of the town, though considerably defaced, are yet in many spots quite discernible. On the opposite side of the river, scarcely any traces of the walls exist; but they are more than replaced by the several modern redoubts and fortifications that frown over the waters of the Shannon, and guard the more important approaches from Connaught.

Visiting Clonmacnoise, you take a

boat here, and a few miles down the river, at a bend in the stream, come upon the lonely tower and quiet graves of the Seven Churches. The noise and bustle of the patron day had subsided into the sternest silence as we again found us within its hallowed walls. Many and deep thoughts of voiceless energy were at our heart as we followed, over the sleeping graves, the old guide, who seems part and parcel of the ruins. Much, indeed, there is to give us pause "if pondered fittingly:" bright visions of another life—glimpses of the eternal, amid the mouldering sepulchres. It is, perhaps, a mistake, however to associate with such spots always images of sorrow and decay. Is there not another world of light and love? Are there not those gone before we: would fain meet again? Are not the shadowings of eternity, every where around, sufficient to tell us of something still more divine? Hopes and fears, indeed, are here yet solemnized and softened; there is that which robs the grave of all its terrors; for love and hope there is no death!

COMMERCE—ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

THE interest which recent political events have given to all subjects connected with trade and commerce, would suggest to us the propriety of at once noticing such publications as those whose titles are prefixed to this article, even if their intrinsic merit did not possess that claim upon us which, so far at least as regards one of them, it certainly does. Indeed, there is no subject upon which the change of public opinion has been more strongly marked than upon the manner in which all questions affecting the economical condition of the country and its commercial interests ought to be discussed. Vague conjecture, hasty and presumptuous conclusions, have now given place to patient investigation and profound analysis. Such charges as "fiend-like malignity," "coldness of heart," "apathy of feeling," "malevolence of the devil"—charges which, but some few years ago, used to issue from the highest quarters, and to assail every one who ventured to conduct his inquiries into our economical condition, with the accuracy and refinement of philosophy, are heard no longer. And surely, it was monstrous on the very face of the matter that they should ever have been tolerated, or should have so long prevailed. It might have appeared that in investigating the complex arrangements and mutual dependencies, whereby the products of man's industry, and of the various regions of the earth are distributed, there was as noble and as profitable a field for the exercise of philosophical inquiry as ever was presented. And as necessary a one likewise, when we reflect on the various interruptions to the natural arrangement and distribution which are made indispensable by the artificial

requirements, the vices, or the political and social institutions of different countries; and the indispensable obligation that all such interruptions shall interfere with the economical condition of the people as little as possible. And yet we find a Secretary of State, within our own recollection, assailed by such vulgar and unjust calumnies as we have here noticed. It was in indignantly refuting them that Mr. Canning thus justly expressed himself—"This doctrine and spirit actuates the mind of little men, who, being incapable of reaching the heights from which alone extended views of human nature can be taken, console and revenge themselves by calumniating all those who have toiled to such heights for the advantage of mankind."

If any proof were needed of this narrow bigotry having died away, it would be found in the multitude of books and pamphlets on these subjects which daily issue from the press—works of various degrees of merit, no doubt, but all of them acknowledging the existence of some abstract principles, and endeavouring to test their several opinions by reduction to them. Mr. Stirling's book, as its title indicates, is eminently of this character; he is not ashamed of calling his book, "*The Philosophy of Trade*," nor does he fear that by doing so he lays himself open to the suspicion of labouring under any demoniacal influence. Mr. M'Cullagh's book, on the other hand, being a history, is not so exclusively of this character: yet has he lost no opportunity which presented itself of introducing sound and valuable philosophical reflections, as well political as economical; and we hesitate not to say, that in the volumes now before us, Mr. M'Cullagh has contributed to the literature of his country

* *The Philosophy of Trade; or Outlines of a Theory of Profits and Prices, including an Examination of the Principles which determine the relative Value of Corn, Labour, and Currency.* By Patrick James Stirling. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 1846.

The Industrial History of Free Nations, considered in relation to their Domestic Institutions and External Policy. By W. Torrens M'Cullagh. Two volumes, Edinburgh: Chapman & Hall. 1846.

one of the most useful acquisitions which it has received for a length of time. He makes no pretension to originality, neither in the discovery of his facts, nor in his reflections on them. He is satisfied with the less showy but more useful and not less difficult task of compiling faithfully and observing justly. He has brought to the investigation of his subject the most important qualities of a historian, namely, the most entire impartiality, and a determination to spare no trouble to investigate and elucidate his subject fully. The style of his second volume is clear and good, and becoming the subject. The first volume, we regret to observe, is greatly deformed by an attempt to imitate that absurd manner of writing in which Mr. Carlyle expresses himself, or perhaps we should rather say, in which he mystifies both himself and his readers.

Now Mr. McCullagh is above this; indeed it is no compliment to him to say so. If it were not for an unaccountable admiration of Mr. Carlyle's style, we should have no such expressions in Mr. McCullagh's first volume as this—"men whom the cold kiss of sorrow had fascinated;" or this—"when as yet Mount Aventine was a wolf-walk, and in the clefts of the Tarpelan rock eagles of but inarticulate and undisciplined rapacity brought forth their young, the Etrurians were the most influential race in Italy;" or again—"as the lava of conquest began to cool and to split into unconnected masses, between each rift the indigenous popular industry sprang up, and gradually sheathed many of the rugged forms into which the Hellenic flood had congealed, with a Pelasgic verdure." Such language is unintelligible, and therefore it is bad;—it is unnatural, and for this reason also it is bad. It never could be naturally suggested to a historian by the contemplation of the facts which it is his business to record; and accordingly we find that as Mr. McCullagh advanced and grew earnest with his subject, his materials coming full upon him, he rejects it altogether. To the reader it is equally unnatural, and for the same obvious reason—because it is not naturally suggested; and it operates injuriously by interrupting the consciousness, and consequently the force the impression which a long sus-

tained train of unbroken reflection produces. But this is the only blemish in Mr. McCullagh's book.

Mr. McCullagh commences with a brief notice of the Pelasgic race, whom he describes as having been an eminently industrious people, devoted to the pursuits of traffic rather than of war, and to whom he ascribes a considerable familiarity with maritime affairs for that age and country. He then notices the invasion of the Hellenic tribes, in their two great divisions of Doric and Ionic, and ascribes the marked opposition of characters, which subsequently distinguished these two branches, to the more facile temper of the Ionians, who so far from continuing to oppress the Pelasgi, when resistance, on their part, had ceased, adopted amongst themselves the industrious pursuits of the conquered:—"Where the exclusion of the industrious race (that is, the Pelasgic) was broken down, the habits of the dominant race were improved; the "well born" engaged in commerce, and took pleasure in the pursuits of agriculture; while the protection of rights and privileges gave a higher and nobler stimulus to humble thrift and toil." On the other hand—"where the spirit of conquest was kept alive, as in Crete, Sparta, and Boeotia, the ruling class continued to despise husbandry and trade, or sought to reap their fruits by the employment of slaves." A class of mariners, and habits of navigation were speedily formed by the constant piratical expeditions, which sprung from the native energy of the Grecian character—these habits, thus formed, occasioned that tendency to migration which led to the establishment of the Ionic colonies of Asia Minor, and the Doric colonies of Italy and Sicily, "the fruitful isles, not only of the Ægean and Ionian seas were colonized, but emigrant seats arose in every creek of the indented coasts of Sicily and southern Italy, as well as on the shores of Africa and Spain, until it might be truly said, that all these countries 'wore a Grecian fringe.'" "Isle after isle, and city after city learned to think and act for itself, and from this root sprang the commerce and the liberty of Greece."

The facilities and opportunities of commerce which were thus afforded led rapidly to the development of the pe-

culiar branches of industry for which the several states were famous; some of them from a very remote antiquity. Thus the earthen ware of Samos, the porcelain of Cos, the alabaster works of Sycion, are each brought under our notice. The commercial policy of the Chians "indicated by the fact, that they alone of all the early communities, instituted a public registry of debts;" the fortunes of the Phocæans, migrating to Chios, to Corsica, and the mouth of the Rhone; and Colophon, "celebrated for its skill in melting all kinds of brass," come in their order. The industrious habits of the Arcadian agriculturists, "where no trace of a servile class was to be found," and the busy stithies of Elis, "who first enfranchised the industrious classes," and the rapid progress of Argos, when she followed her example, are set in contrast with the stationary character of Thebes, where the Doric spirit declared "that no one should be eligible to any public trust or station, who, during the ten preceding years, had been in any way connected with mercantile pursuits," and of Epidamnus, where no citizen was permitted to engage in any trade or business. The commercial policy of Corinth, which Mr. McCullagh supposes to have been the first city in Greece which engaged regularly in trade—her ship-building—her carrying trade, for which her situation gave her such facilities, being able to convey goods across the isthmus and re-ship them, saving the dangerous voyage round the Peloponessus; the establishment of consuls, first as agents to the merchants, afterwards as officers of state; the institution of the games, and their peculiar character as fairs; all these subjects Mr. McCullagh discusses in a manner which does great credit to the accuracy of his research. The greater part of his first volume is occupied with Athens and Sparta, on which, of course, his materials are more abundant.

It would plainly be impossible for us, within our limits, even to glance at the varied details of Athenian commerce and commercial regulations which Mr. McCullagh brings before us. Freedom of trade, in its fullest sense, was the principle which pervaded and animated the whole; all foreigners were free to trade at Athens,

and, under certain regulations easily complied with, to compete with the citizens in every branch of trade—honey, oil, manufactures of various kinds, but chiefly armour, cutlery, furniture, and wearing apparel, were exchanged without let or hindrance for the produce of every part of the world, from the timber of Thrace, the wool of Phrygia, the corn of Egypt and Sicily, and the wines of the various islands, to the iron, tin, and copper brought by the Carthaginians from Elba, Spain, and Britain. Mr. McCullagh, on the authority chiefly of Böeckh, questions the existence, or at any rate the practical enforcement of the laws which are generally supposed to have existed against the export of corn and figs; indeed, as Attica never produced more than half the necessary supply of corn for its own people, there was very little likelihood of its general exportation. The sole exception which Mr. McCullagh can find to the freedom of trade, were the laws against the engrossing of corn—laws which, for centuries, deformed our own statute-book—indeed they have been but very recently repealed, and the fact of their repeal is another proof of the change which has taken place, and the habit of philosophical inquiry with which, as we have already observed, commercial subjects are now investigated. One of the most distinguished judges that ever presided in a court of justice thus expressed himself in a case of forestalling which came before him: "It has been said that if practices such as those with which this defendant stands charged, are to be deemed criminal and punishable, the metropolis would be starved, as it could not be supplied by any other means. I by no means subscribe to this position. I know not whether it be supplied from day to day, from week to week, or how otherwise; but this is to me most evident, that in whatever manner the supply is made, if a number of rich persons are to buy up the whole or a considerable part of the produce from which such supply is derived, in order to make their own private and exorbitant advantage of it, to the public detriment, it will be found to be an evil of the greatest magnitude; and I am warranted in saying, that it is a most heinous offence against religion and mora-

ity and the established law of the country." Such was the language of Lord Kenyon, in the year 1800 : " that forestalling is no longer an offence against the law of the country, appears by the act of 7th and 8th Victoria, chap. 24, which is entitled " An Act for abolishing the offences of forestalling, regrating, and engrossing, and for repealing certain statutes passed in restraint of trade ; " and that it never was an offence against religion and morality, will appear at once to any who reflects upon the nature of the case. When the crop is deficient, the object ought to be to distribute the supply equally over the entire season, until the new crop can be got in. If prices were to remain as low as they would be in the case of an abundant harvest, the effect would be that every man would buy as freely as before ; none would feel the pressure until the supply would be exhausted, and starvation would set in ; but the forestaller, although looking only to his individual interest, yet in following this out, provides most effectually for that of the entire community. He comes into the market and purchases while provisions are cheap ; and he then sells them out, at a higher rate, no doubt, but yet at such a rate as will allow of his entire stock being disposed of before he is overtaken by the new harvest. If he miscalculates, and by charging too high a price, checks his sale, and the new harvest comes in while his stock is on hands, he loses severely. His own interest will guard against this occurring. His conduct will be precisely that of a captain of a ship when provisions run short,—he puts his crew on short allowance. This the forestaller effects by raising his price. If forestalling could be prevented, the country would suffer just as the crew would who would mutiny against short allowance—they would be starved before they came to the end of the voyage. It surely, then, is not strange that Athens, in common with most nations of antiquity, should have adopted a line of policy the error of which we ourselves have only recently discovered, after having for centuries persisted in it. Usury laws at Athens were unknown—a sound currency of the precious metals was

maintained, and the laws of debtor and creditor were for that age peculiarly mild, the debtor being obliged to work for the creditor until, by the value of his labour, he had discharged the debt.

In direct, and certainly not in very favourable contrast to this bustling scene of traffic and activity, stands the Spartan constitution, wherein labour was degrading, and idleness (at least from traffic) or war alone ennobling ; the sole object of which was to form a nation of soldiers, where the only descriptions of industry which were tolerated, were carried on by slaves, iron money alone suffered to exist, we cannot say to circulate, and the acquisition of wealth forbidden. Mr. M'Cullagh attempts to add nothing to the generally received account of the Spartan constitution ; the equal distribution of landed property, the community of all other goods, the public tables, &c., are all familiar to our readers. He concurs with most modern writers, and Lord Brougham not the least distinguished amongst this number, in condemning the whole Spartan constitution as one which was meant to repress some of the strongest springs of generous action in our nature, and yet found wholly inefficient to restrain the unworthy propensities of selfishness and covetousness against which it was specially directed. Notwithstanding an involuntary bias towards what we were taught, in our school-days, to regard as a system of self-denial and hardy endurance for virtue's sake, we have no hesitation in concurring with Mr. M'Cullagh in his reprobation of the Spartan constitution as it has come down to us. For the mere purpose of training up a nation of soldiers, it stifled every kindly impulse, every sentiment which could mitigate or refine our nature. At the same time, we feel that the whole account of this state of things, involves so many inconsistencies—inconsistencies which were acknowledged even by Aristotle, that it would be idle, with the materials which have come down to us, to attempt to solve them, or to speculate further on them.

The public revenue of Athens was supplied from many sources. In the

* "The King against Waddington," 1st East.

first place, taxation both direct and indirect. Under the head of direct taxation were the Liturgies—an assessment to which all citizens whose property exceeded three talents, or £785, was liable. These were imposed to support certain religious rites, or popular amusements. Thus the chorus of the theatre is supposed to have been furnished by the Liturgy of some particular district. There was also the Trierarchie, or charge for furnishing vessels of war, on all citizens of a certain standing; and eventually a general property tax. There were also regular customs' duties. Beside these, there was the revenue issuing out of the public domains, and from the silver mines of Laurium—the latter about £8000 a-year. They had also a portion of the Synteleia, which Athens applied to her own use out of the public treasury of the allies; amounting, in the time of Pericles, to 600 talents, and of Alcibiades to 1300 talents; and which although at first most wrongfully so appropriated, was yet subsequently commuted into a regular *ad valorem* duty of five per cent. upon all exports and imports of the territory of the allies. So much for the revenue of Athens. Of her disbursements, the strangest item is the fees to the jurors; a custom introduced, as it may be supposed, towards the decline of her greatness. Athens claimed jurisdiction over all the allies, and insisted on all their suits being tried before her tribunals. The number of causes was so great, and the attendance of jurors so numerous, that nearly one-third of the citizens sat every day, all of whom were paid out of the treasury for their attendance. There was besides a poor-law, donations of corn, the Theoricon, and the cost of public ceremonies, public prosecutions, public edifices, &c.

The decline of Athenian commerce Mr. McCullagh traces most satisfactorily to the loss of that self-relying industry, of that indomitable energy to which he ascribed its growth. The several public disbursements gave them sufficient for their support; their political and judicial functions supplied them with occupation; the excitement and distraction of these pursuits disposed them but little for toilsome industry. The mass of the community became unproductive; taxes accumula-

ted; the capital of the country stole away to other quarters, or was consumed unproductively, and Byzantium and other ports rose in importance.

It is not our purpose to give any sketch of the second part of our author's work—the Industrial History of the Dutch. Commencing with the Hollanders, when yet bearing the names of Batavi and allies of the Romans, he gives a complete and perfect history of their trade, fisheries, manufactures, and that of the countries with which they were connected, as well as their commercial relations, and religious and political struggles, so far as they illustrate, alter, or develop their industrial character, down to the present day. Any such cursory view as we could give of a subject so extensive as this, could only comprise those leading features which are familiar to all our readers, and would be therefore needless.

There are, however, some most valuable lessons to be derived from these histories, which we must not overlook. First, then, and before all other things, we learn from the history of Athens and of Holland, the utter unimportance of natural advantages for national greatness. Neither Attica nor Holland could boast of extent of territory, of fertility of soil, nor of any other natural source of revenue. The soil of Attica, where it was not so rocky as to be entirely barren, was swampy or light, ill-suited to any produce but the olive or the grape. The bare mention of the natural advantages of Holland creates a smile, so ludicrously is it deficient in this respect. A commercial country without a single commodious haven; an agricultural country which has flourished for centuries many feet below the level of the sea; their vessels riding at anchor above their house-tops, watching with never-ceasing solicitude, and repairing with never-ending toil those dykes on the protection of which their very existence depends. Their great cities resting on artificial foundations, their canals having an artificial system of circulation kept up by a never-ending system of pumping out the water; a country which has been described by the author of *Hudibras* as

"A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
Where men don't live but go aboard."

"If any fact in history seems clear," says Mr. McCullagh, "it is this, that of the raw materials needful for shipping or their manufactures, their country produced not one. 'Our country,' says De Witt, 'yields almost nothing out of its own bowels.' It supplied them with neither timber, hemp, nor tar, nor as much iron as would have made their fishing-hooks: their flax and wool of native growth would not have sufficed to clothe one in every household, and silk they had none. Above all, they never, at any time within the last five centuries, possessed of home-growth sufficient food for one half the entire population."

And yet hear the description of the eminence they attained to—

"From the barrelling of herrings and gathering of the seabirds' eggs, to the polishing of diamonds and the fabrication of optical instruments, there was no branch of industry or art that was left untried or unpractised in that indefatigable land. Other nations could do some things better, but none, in the seventeenth century, could do so many things well. Other realms contained more arable land and more numerous inhabitants; but 'the great Pensionary' could truly boast that 'no country under heaven of such limited dimensions sustained so many workmen and artificers of different callings.' Of the 2,400,000 persons who were supposed to constitute, in 1650, the total population, De Witt calculated that 650,000 lived by the manufacture of commodities intended for exportation, and as many more by the pursuit of those employments which ministered to domestic wants, including all manner of handicraft trades and whatever else contributed to the pleasure, ease, or comfort of such as dwelt at home; 450,000, he supposed, lived by the sea-fisheries and the subordinate callings dependent thereon; 250,000 by navigation or the sailing for freight or trade, and the occupations immediately connected therewith; 200,000 by agriculture, and the like number by public employments, civil or military, by the rent of land or money at interest, and by the tax levied to support the poor."

This inferiority of mere physical to moral advantages, is a truth that is frequently forgotten, although it is one which it is impossible to dissent from. It will be admitted at once, when we recollect how small a portion of the value of the greater portion of the ar-

ticles which are used in an advanced stage of society, consists of the price of the raw material, or of the cost of freight or carriage; and we can recollect nothing else to which what are termed natural advantages conduces. But this is not all. The physical advantages of a country, how great soever they may be, are to a great measure fixed, and incapable of progression; the moral advantages, on the other hand, admit of an unlimited and constantly accelerated progression: the mere habit of order and of industry may indeed be conceived to arrive at its height (although we have never yet heard of any country in which all the inhabitants were productively employed who might be so without any interference with their proper leisure and enjoyment); but the skill, the intelligence, the inventive powers of a nation appear to have no assignable limits; the skill and discoveries of one generation being ever the starting point for that which succeeds it.

Thus it is that improvements in machinery, in the division of labour, and in the various appliances of capital in aiding production, may be supposed to advance perpetually. Such, too, is the opinion of practical men. Mr. Dunlop, who was examined before the committee of the House of Commons on artisans and machinery in 1824, stated that he conceived the American factories to be about thirty years behind those of Glasgow; that they are in a very progressive state, and the men very active and industrious, but he was of opinion, that even if English machinery and English foremen were exported to America, that before the Americans were taught to work them, we would be ahead of them again—that he spoke comparing Scotland with England; the Scotch began the business of cotton-spinning later, were of course behind, and in the witness's opinion, ever would be so. There is an obvious qualification of this witness's evidence, which may as well be observed—this superiority in cotton spinning to which Mr. Dunlop refers, we will only retain so long as this shall be the most productive channel for our industry to flow in; so soon as any more profitable employment for the capital and energies of the country shall be

discovered, cotton-spinning will decline here, and other countries will outstrip us in this branch of industry—but the change will be beneficial to us; our cotton will come cheaper to us than at present; for the same quantity of labour employed in producing the more profitable article, will obtain in exchange for such product, a greater amount of cotton, than it can now produce by direct manufacture; if this were not the case, the new employment would not be more valuable than the cotton-spinning, which we have supposed it to be.

It will be observed that we give this evidence merely as being the opinion of a practical and intelligent witness as to the uninterrupted susceptibility of improvement which our manufactures allow of; we by no means give it as supporting the views maintained by the witness, and favoured by the committee, that the exportation of machinery, that is, of machinery adapted to that particular branch of trade which we are ourselves carrying on—can possibly be innoxious. So far, indeed, as the manufacture of machinery for export may thus become a new, a separate, and independent industrial pursuit, the evil will be counterbalanced; but further than this the reasoning is unsound. There is, in some respects, so very close an analogy between the exportation of machinery and that of artisans, of the effects of which latter the volumes now before us afford us many instances, that it may be well to consider it briefly.

What, then, is it to us that we are able, by the superiority of our machinery, to produce a greater amount of cotton, or of any other fabric, than our rivals with the same amount of labour. Will this prevent them from competing with us in the foreign market? It will, indeed, ensure to our workmen thirty shillings per week, while theirs can earn but twenty; but, except for their competition, would not our workmen be earning forty shillings? If we have had the exclusive supply of the great markets of the world, and we suddenly enable another country by furnishing her with machinery to come into competition with us, to increase the supply in the common market, to lower the price, and to receive a portion

of that foreign produce, all of which had previously been applied to the purchase of our goods; can it be affirmed for a moment that we would not sustain a grievous loss by such a proceeding—a loss which would be measured by the decreased amount of foreign produce which our industry would command.

It will appear, then, at once, how far the exportation of machinery, founded upon the impossibility of other countries overtaking us in productive power if we once have had the start of them, holds good. This greater productive power which, having once obtained in the manufacture of any article, we can preserve, so long as we find it desirable, will prevent the foreigner from competing with us in the *home* market. If, for illustration sake, we suppose England to manufacture cotton only, and Germany nothing but cutlery, the course of commerce between the two countries will of course consist of the export of cotton to Germany and of cutlery to England; and if by allowing the export of our cotton machinery we enable them to produce cotton, we still preserving, however, the lead which we have obtained in the manufacture of this article, the course of commerce *between these two countries* will continue the same. If, with the same amount of labour and capital, England is now able to make, say, four times as much cotton, and twice as much cutlery as Germany, cotton will still be exported exclusively from England to Germany, and cutlery exclusively from Germany to England. England will get more cutlery and Germany more cotton by exchange than if each were to manufacture for themselves. But what if Germany is desirous to trade with some third country, wherein her cutlery would be in small request, but the demand for cotton considerable (it will be recollected that the case we assume is merely as an illustration), will she not then encounter us as a rival in that market into which we have thus enabled her to come. If she is determined to carry on the trade with such country, she can only do so by manufacturing cotton herself for that market, or, with an increased supply of cutlery, purchasing our cotton to send there. But it will be recollected that the demand for cutlery in England is limited to English consump-

tion alone, so that if she adopts this latter course, she will so glut the English market, and consequently so lower the value of her cutlery; that the disproportion between the productiveness of her industry in cutlery and cotton, must be enormous indeed, if it be not better for her to adopt the former course.

It would lead us much too far from our main purpose to point out another very important consequence resulting from the exportation of machinery, namely, that by raising the general value of labour in the country into which the machinery is introduced, as every thing which increases the productive power of a country must do, every other article produced in that country is raised in price, and so becomes so much more difficult of acquisition to us. Whether we would be benefited or injured in such case, would depend altogether upon whether we had a greater demand for the foreign article into the manufacture of which the machinery had been introduced, or for the other products of such country. But this applies to the exportation of all machinery; the case of which we have been speaking is of the exportation of such machinery only as we ourselves use in that department of industry in which our productiveness is greatest.

The exportation of artisans from Great Britain has now been permitted for upwards of twenty-five years, but the exportation of machinery is still subject to restriction; in the year 1841 the last committee of the House of Commons which investigated this subject, reported in favour of the total and immediate abolition of all restriction. We do not, however, find that any change has been made in the law in consequence of their report—the practice was, as appeared before that Committee, for any person who wished to export machinery, to apply to the Board of Trade for a license to do so. If the machinery was not of the prohibited class, a certificate was at once given by the Board of Trade, on which a treasury order issued on the payment of a small fee. We believe this to be the practice still. It appeared before the committee of 1841, that the description of machinery which was regarded as prohibited, was most capriciously classed, but we do conceive that this

control, if it could be rightly exercised, would be attended with advantage.

We would not advocate, as a general rule, a restriction on the exportation of machinery; far from it. We would merely suggest that there may be occasions for the exercise of a sound discretion, in controlling or directing it: and conceive that the disadvantage of restriction arises not from its direct but from its indirect results; from its diminishing industry and exertion by checking their greatest stimulant, competition: and from its inducing in the public the belief that they can have any permanent resources to depend upon, but their own energy, industry, and perseverance.

We have said that there were certain strong analogies between the exportation of machinery and the transfer of artisans from one country to another. Of such migration and their results, we have numerous instances in the volumes now before us. The encouragement to industrious foreigners to settle among them was from the earliest period, one of the most prolific sources of Dutch prosperity; thus we find—

“The Counts of Holland not only made frequent grants of protection to foreign traders desirous of settling in their dominions, but took special pains to induce them to do so, ‘encouraging and inviting them to come and trade freely in their dominions, and promising them all manner of safety upon paying the regulated duties and customs.’ So the merchant of Westphalia, Brandenburg, Portugal, and various other countries, gladly came and settled in that wise and thriving land.”

And again, when in consequence of disturbances which had broken out in Bruges, Ghent, and in Brabant, several of the fugitives brought with them to other places but chiefly to Leyden, the skill in the weaving of cloth, for which these countries had been famed; on this Mr. M'Cullagh observes—

“Although the woollen manufacture continued to exist during the remainder of the fourteenth century in Flanders and Brabant, it was no longer peculiarly there. The towns of Zealand and Guelderland henceforth share largely in its advantages. Sardam and Leyden,

Breda and Bergen-op-Zoom, begin to be reckoned among its established seats, as well as Malines, Bruges, and Louvain; and we find them named together in the English regulations of the period regarding the export of wool. But the injury self-inflicted on the Belgian trade seems never to have been wholly repaired; and a sense of this may perhaps have contributed to foment the jealousy that is betrayed in the oldest chroniclers of the rival nations."

Again, when in consequence of Alva's atrocities, 100,000 men left their country—

"Outlawry and confiscation followed as matters of course, and the loss and injury done to trade was aggravated by the emigration of the most skilful artisans of every kind, more especially those engaged in the woollen manufacture. Some of these found refuge in England; and the industry of Norwich, Sandwich, Maidstone, Colchester, and Southampton, received a valuable stimulus from the Dutch and Belgian exiles."

And again,

"Great numbers of the Flemish Protestants, as has been already observed, took refuge after the war in Holland; and under the name of Walloons, they were for several generations distinguished for their persevering and tasteful industry. To these the Dutch were probably indebted for the repute they gained in various additional branches of manufactures, such as lace and ribands, of which no particular mention is made prior to the seventeenth century; and their tolerance and hospitality to the long-persecuted Jews were now destined to have their full reward. To these the Netherlands had long been indebted for that superior skill in dyeing which sustained their early reputation for being able to endue fabrics both of silk and wool with fast colours. While chemical knowledge was denounced as little short of impiety, the children of the East were left free to experimentalise without personal molestation, and to improve and extend their practical research; and while the cabinets of kings and emperors were sore troubled by reason of 'devil's dyes and deceitful logwood,' their subjects were sending their white cloths to the Dutch to be dyed, for among them trade and science, industry and skill, were free."

It appears then, that the effect of the emigration of the industrious class-

es on a limited scale, in so far as they introduce the peculiar manufacture in which their own country excelled, is analogous to the exportation of that machinery which we employ in our most productive branches of industry. But the labouring classes further bring along with them general habits of thrift and industry which may be and will be directed towards the producing of such articles as the country in which they have settled has natural facilities for, and which will also diffuse itself through the land to which they have come, and increase the general productiveness of the industry of that people; the analogy between this effect and that of the exportation of machinery generally, to which we have adverted, is obvious. The emigration of the industrious classes on a large scale is ruin.

The infinite superiority which a nation thus enjoys, which, no matter how destitute of the material sources of wealth, is yet rich in the industry, morality, and intelligence of its people, over one which, however abounding in physical, is yet deficient in moral resources, must now be apparent—the lesson is imprinted on every page of the history of the two great commercial nations of ancient and of modern days, Athens and Holland. For this reason, then we must altogether protest against the doctrine laid down by Dr. Buckland in the following extract from a paper read by him before the Geographical Society, in 1841:—"As no more coal is in progress of formation, and our national prosperity must inevitably terminate with the exhaustion of these precious stores of mineral fuel which form the foundation of our greatest manufacturing and commercial establishments, I feel it to be my duty to entreat the attention of the legislature to two practices." And he then goes on to speak of the custom of screening and burning the small coal at the pit's mouth, at Newcastle, being one-third of the whole produce, which he says, is done in order to sell the remaining two-thirds at a greater price; and secondly, to the exportation of coals, upwards of a million and a-half tons having been exported in 1840.

Now, we know and are convinced, that the true causes of England's renown is the hardy, the industrious, the self-relying spirit of her people. We

feel, and the histories now before us warrant our belief, that on this foundation it is much more substantially, it is far more enduringly based than on any such foundation as Dr. Buckland would assign to it; and if further confirmation were needed, surely it is but too abundantly supplied by the history of our own people—rich in everything but those industrious energies, without which all the rest are valueless. Does it not seem as if Mr. McCullagh were sketching a scene which is daily presented to us in our corporations, our Conciliation-halls, and our thousand political meetings, and not one of a nation many centuries gone by, when he thus describes Athens in her decline:—

“No man any longer ventured to look the arrogant and indolent assembly in the face, and tell it the wholesome, but insufferable truth, that, in its deformed constitution, its all-absorbing usurpation of functions it was utterly unfit to fill—in its incessant meetings—rash, violent, and inconsistent votings—holer sentimentalities of patriotism, and interminable thirst for rhetorical display, lay the real obstacles to any thing like a true and thorough reformation. To the last Athens clung to the hope of empire, and with its latest breath the assembly vowed that it should be maintained. But ideas of exaction and domination had idled the Athenian heart, so that it could not bear the thought of returning to the ancient ways of industry and self-sustenance.”

Another highly valuable lesson which is taught us by Mr. McCullagh's book is the necessity for perfect freedom of trade, in order to ensure commercial prosperity. We had, in our April number, occasion to notice some important exceptions to this principle; but the general rule admits of no question—of course we speak of free trade merely in a commercial sense. The great, we may without profanation say the sacred, cause of protection to agriculture rests, or did rest, upon a totally distinct basis. It involves considerations of a social and political character, to which all economical considerations must be but subsidiary. The peculiar circumstances of Ireland form, we fear, a striking exception in an economical sense; but as, in the publication to which we have referred, we had occasion to notice these considerations, it would be out of place to repeat

them here; and the general policy of freedom of trade, in an industrial sense, is so generally acknowledged, that we may proceed now to the other publication, which we have already introduced to our readers.

Mr. Stirling's book is, as we have already intimated, one purely theoretical. His premises are not derived from the particular phenomena presented by any given country, but are the general propositions which most writers on these subjects have concurred in laying down as the basis of their reasonings, and which, with one exception to which we shall presently advert, partake so much of the nature of truisms, that we need not here dwell upon them. If this description of writing has its advantages, it is also exposed to peculiar defects. It reduces the subject on which it treats to a degree of accuracy, certainty, and simplicity, which few writers can attain to who embarrass their reasonings with the complex, interwoven, and mutually dependent phenomena of existing society; but it is liable to this defect, that an error once adopted must pervade the whole; and in the very degree in which it is clear in its propositions, and accurate in its inferences—that is, in proportion to the excellence in its style—in the same degree, if an error has insinuated itself in the commencement, must the whole be valueless. We fear that something like this is the condition of Mr. Stirling's book.

We do not mean to say that there are not many sound observations, well and forcibly expressed, upon the various topics of currency, foreign exchange, &c.; but we are bound to say that with one solitary exception—that relating to the price of bullion—we find nothing in Mr. Stirling's book upon these subjects which is not to be met in the writings of Huskisson, Thornton, Blake, Lloyd, and in short, every one who has written of late years upon commercial subjects. Even his errors are not original, although we are convinced they are his own: his theory of profits, for example, coincides in the main with that put forward by Mr. McCulloch; and although Mr. Stirling deserves credit for the clearness with which he has expressed himself, (no common quality in writings upon political economy), we yet fear that the principal utility of his book will be that of Nelson's vessels,

which went aground before Copenhagen—it will caution those who come after him against the treacherous shoals on which he struck.

The diffuseness of Mr. Stirling's style makes it impossible, within our limits, to convey his leading principles by extracts from his work; we must, therefore, put them in our own language; by this means too we shall avoid embarrassing our readers with some subsidiary errors (if we may so call them) which are constantly recurring, connected indeed with the main features of the book, but much in the same degree that the intrigues of the chambermaid are with the loves of her mistress, in a modern comedy, leaving the prominent features sufficiently independent for separate investigation.

It is in connexion with his views on profits that Mr. Stirling's opinions on the two other great branches of revenue—rent and wages—chiefly develop themselves. Mr. Stirling, then, conceives that there “must be in some department of production a *natural* rate of profits, self-regulated, and not subject to be elevated or depressed artificially or arbitrarily;” that but for the existence of such a department of industry and production, profits in a country would fall to the lowest point compatible with replacing the existing stock, and that such a natural rate is to be discovered in that department of production from which the food of the great body of the people is derived; that profits are the difference between the outgoings of the capitalist and his returns, these outgoings being almost wholly in wages, and that whatever affects the rate of wages, must affect the rate of profits—that the rate of wages is always determined by the proportion between the supply and the demand for labourers; whatsoever, then, alters this supply, while the demand remains constant, will alter the rate of wages.—p. 69.

Mr. Stirling, then, supposes that this supply of labour must continue to increase, and to force inferior soils into cultivation, in order to meet the increasing demand for food;—pp. 209, 210—and he then, with strange inconsistency, forgetting his original propositions, as to the rate of profits and the rate of wages, conceives that the whole of the loss occasioned by the dimi-

nished return which is yielded by the inferior soil, must fall upon the farmers' profits,—p. 212—consequently, that it is the recourse to inferior soils which is the cause of the fall of profits.

We assure our readers that we are not about to inflict on them a treatise on political economy, embracing, as an examination of other propositions would do, a great portion of the elementary part of that science. But we are anxious to direct their attention to that which forms the groundwork of the whole of Mr. Stirling's reasoning, and which certainly is the most important problem connected with our social condition; not that we can at present attempt to do much more than advert to it—we allude to the proportion between the supply of food and population. Mr. Stirling is, however, as we have intimated, very inconsistent on this head. The true basis of his theory is, that the people *must increase*, and that they *must always obtain the same amount of food*; but the proposition which in different forms we find most frequently recurring throughout his book is this, “that the supply of labour *will keep on a level with the supply of food*, is as certain as any law in physics”—the former assumes that food will follow population, and that population *must* expand itself; the latter that population will follow subsistence, or at least that they will be regulated one by the other, and that when provisions are scarce, the increase of population will be retarded. Now, this proposition, which would be necessarily true of any country where each individual had exactly enough to support his existence, and nothing more, but could not possibly apply to any civilized nation; nor indeed can we call to mind any people, however barbarous, who had not something to share for their rude hospitality.

But Mr. Stirling is deeply imbued with Mr. Malthus' famous doctrine. With this doctrine we presume that all our readers are now familiar. Mr. Malthus held that the human race were susceptible of increase in a geometrical ratio; while the supply of food could only be increased by simple addition, and consequently that the tendency of population, if not repressed by prudence in contracting marriages, must be to outstrip the means of subsistence. Mr. Malthus'

opinions have exercised considerable and increasing influence from the day he wrote up to the present time. They were adopted by Mr. Senior, and Mr. Twiss, the present professor at Oxford, has followed his example, and they have given a decided direction to the current of public opinion on this subject. Mr. Sadlers' theory, supported as it is by that which is in this case the most dangerous of all evidence, because the most difficult to obtain accurately—statistical information—never received any general reception, notwithstanding the worth and the abilities of its author. His opinion was, that the increase of the human race was in the inverse ratio of their density. This doctrine was too completely at variance with the obvious state of things—if it were true, the human race never could have spread from their first location, for as they grew more numerous, their rate of increase would have abated. For our part, we have great reliance on every hint that falls from Adam Smith, and we conceive that there is an observation of his which supplies a very important qualification to Mr. Malthus' theory, and which, as it occurs to us, is not generally borne in mind. He says—

“Poverty, though it no doubt discourages, does not always prevent marriage. *It seems even to be favourable to generation.* A half-starved Highland woman frequently bears more than twenty children; while a pampered, fine lady is often incapable of bearing any, and is generally exhausted by two or three. Barrenness, so frequent among women of fashion, is very rare amongst those of inferior station.”

A modern author* has written a book in development of this suggestion. Now, we cannot but feel that this proposition, “that poverty is favourable to generation,” is one which is in entire accordance with general observation, and we will add (upon physiological principles) with the strong probabilities of the case.

If we take any of the wealthy classes of society—the peerage, the baronetage, the gentry, we find a constant tendency to decay—a decay which would be much more rapid but for the frequent importations from a low-

er class, which is itself again supplied from a class beneath it, and that again from one of inferior rank, and so on through the several gradations, until we reach at last that class, which alone exhibits constantly increasing numbers, those, namely, upon whom the pressure of poverty has fallen. In the volumes now before us, we have a further and a remarkable confirmation of this truth.

In Athens and in Sparta the labouring classes were slaves; but in Athens they were well treated—laws were passed to ensure their comfort, their protection, and sufficient maintenance; they were well off, and we hear nothing of an inconvenient increase of their numbers; whereas in Sparta, where the condition of the slaves was so abject that to the present day the name *helot* is proverbial for everything that is depressed, we find the slaves increasing so rapidly as to create constant embarrassment, and excite the constant apprehension of their tyrants, so much so as to have given rise to the atrocious custom of the *Crypteia*, as it is generally believed to have existed, when armed Spartan youths used to murder the defenceless *helots* by thousands. We learn from Clinton that the Athenian slaves, compared with the freemen, were as three to one, and the Spartan as five to one. And may it not have been merely in accordance with this principle that, although the children of Israel had task-masters set over them, to afflict them with burdens, “that the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew.”

From this principle, then, of Adam Smith's, “that poverty is favourable to generation, and wealth the opposite,” we derive this very important qualification of Mr. Malthus' theory, namely, that with every increase of the wealth and general comforts of the people, the tendency to an increase of numbers is diminished, the necessity for the preventive check, of abstinence from marriage, becomes less urgent in such cases—the *tendencies* in the march of population and subsistence, as laid down by Mr. Malthus, may be received or questioned as a matter of speculation; but their *practical* ope-

* Doubleday's True Theory of Population.

ration must be almost indefinitely postponed.

But we may be asked, then, is there no connexion of any kind, although it may not be that pointed out by Mr. Stirling, between a general fall of profits in a country, and a resort to inferior soils. We answer, none whatever, beyond what exists in any other department of production. If the increasing capital of a country is obliged, in order to find employment, to resort to a soil which will only yield 90 quarters of corn, to an outlay which formerly, on a better soil, brought in a return of 100 quarters, profits will have fallen; if, on the other hand, the increasing population of the country, struggling to be employed, are obliged to resort to such inferior soils, wages will decline, and profits remain stationary. Practically both capital and labour must increase before inferior soils can be cultivated. Increasing labour could not cultivate the land without capital to it put in mo-

tion; still less could capital without labour; and whether in such case, profits rise or fall, will depend on the relative rate of the advance of capital with that of labour.

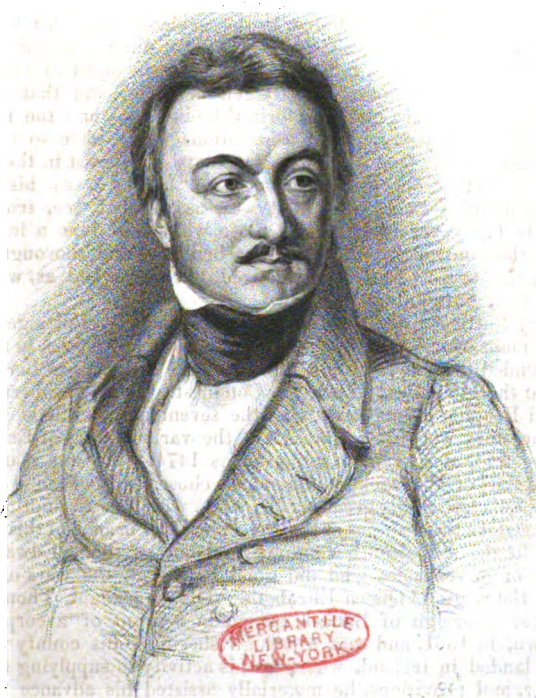
We must now conclude; but before doing so, we cannot but express our great gratification that upon this the first occasion of our encountering Mr. M'Cullagh in his literary career, he should have come forward with such unequivocal claims on our favourable notice. We do not forget that, although he never wrote a line in this magazine, that yet it in some measure owes its origin to him. We trust that he will soon come forward with fresh claims upon our notice; as his book, although entitled "*The Industrial History of Free Nations*," embraces merely the ancient Greeks and the Dutch, we would expect that he purposes a continuation of it. We are sure that when he does so, it will be no less creditable to himself than generally useful.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. XL.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY POTTINGER, BART., G.C.B.

INDIA has long been one of our great schools, as well for statesmanship as for arms; and it is often observed how very large a proportion of our eminent public men she trains for the service of the empire. This has been ascribed, and doubtless with much reason, to the experience and habits of self-reliance acquired by an early acquaintance with affairs of vast importance; but we are disposed to see a still more efficient cause in the simple fact, that nowhere is merit more singly appreciated than in the service of the East India Company. It is not that our Asiatic realm is an Utopia of purity, or our home government a model of corruption, but we believe that the need of real talents, and actual acquirements, is more directly felt in India, and that thus the true interests of its polity are more uniformly looked to, than the family connexions, or parliamentary or party considerations which have so much influence in the mother land. One of the many points of interest in the career of the illustrious subject of our present memoir is, that he owes his advancement wholly to himself. Every step of it was, as we shall see, truly and hardly earned. He has never been one of those who have done a little and gained much; on the contrary, his latest, most brilliant, and thoroughly successful service remains to this hour acknowledged, but as we, and as, we are satisfied, the public feel, unrequited.

Sir Henry Pottinger, the fifth son of Eldred Curwen Pottinger, was born at his father's mansion, Mount Pottinger, in the county of Down, in the year 1789, and is descended from an old English family, the Pottingers of Berkshire, settled there and at the Hoo, Herts, since the Conquest. Some members of this family represented Reading in parliament in the seventeenth century. Many of Sir Henry's ancestors were distinguished in the various wars of England; one of them, as we find, at so remote a period as 1471. He was married to a relative of the Earl of Warwick, commanded a chosen body of horse at the battle of Barnet, and fell close to his great leader, while with him attempting, by one bold charge, to retrieve the fortunes of the day. The elder branch of this family moved to Ireland in the seventeenth century; and one of them, Edward Pottinger, led a body of mercenaries who did good service in the wars of the north of Ireland, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. His descendant, Thomas Pottinger, was the first sovereign of Belfast, named in a grant of a corporate charter to that town, in 1661, and was also high sheriff of his county when William the Third landed in Ireland, when, by his activity in supplying the army with men, money, and provisions, he materially assisted his advance to the Boyne. Edward, the sheriff's brother, had the honour of conveying the king to Ireland, but sailing the day after he had landed his Majesty, for the purpose of intercepting certain ships which were coming from France with supplies for James, he was lost, with all his crew. This Edward's eldest son intermarried with the Lady Mary Dunlop, grand-daughter of the Earl of Dundonald; and the eldest son of their union, Thomas Pottinger, became the husband of Frances, daughter of Eldred Curwen, Esq. of Workington Hall, Cumberland, and M. P. for that county. The first child of that marriage was the Eldred Curwen Pottinger already named as the father of Sir Henry. It may be thought that the public care little for pedigree. This, however, is not the case; we all feel that we know a man better when we are acquainted with his family, and the subject is not without some interest of a psychological description. We are curious to see how far the temperament of an individual is influenced by his ancestry, and, though far from being materialists, we may add, that in consequence of constitutional peculiarities, our characters are, in truth, often more than half-formed before we are



Henry Kisseloff

born. With this view before us, we may farther observe, that the mother of Sir Henry was nearly related to that knightly soldier, Sir Robert Rolle Gillespie, well known for his services in the East; and having thus shown that the subject of our memoir comes "by," as the Gypsies say, "the four sides" of a brave and vigorous race, we close the topic of his family history.

Sir Henry Pottinger received his early education at the Belfast Academy, then conducted by the much-regarded Dr. Bruce; but a strong predilection for the navy led to his going to sea while yet very young, and in 1801, he made a voyage as a midshipman. In 1803, he went to India, having, through Lord Castlereagh, procured an appointment in the naval service there. On his arrival, some friends of the family interfered, and prevented his joining that branch of the service, while they wrote home asking his friend Lord Castlereagh to make him out a cadetship. In the mean time, he was placed at the college then existing in Bombay, to enable the military servants of the company to acquire a knowledge of the eastern languages, and there, by his energy and application, laid the foundation of the great attainments by which he was afterwards distinguished. He made such marked proficiency that he was soon selected as an assistant to teach the other cadets. In 1805, his appointment arrived from England, and in 1808, he accompanied Mr. Hankey Smith, brother of the late Sir Lionel Smith, on a mission to Scinde. The mission effected nothing worthy of notice; but the talents of Mr. Pottinger, and his great intelligence in collecting useful information, attracted much attention. About this period, the government of India became much alarmed at the prospect of Napoleon's invading India through Persia, a plan which he was long known to have entertained, and was apparently then about to put into execution. His ambassador had been received with distinguished attention at the Persian court, and his emissaries were actually engaged in gaining a knowledge of the localities. To meet those movements, Sir Hartford Jones was sent from England as ambassador to Persia, and Sir John Malcolm was deputed as envoy there from the government of India. The instructions with which the latter was provided, directed him to ascertain the nature and resources of those countries, through which an European army might march to Hindostan, and with this object, sanctioned his employing, as political agents, such officers as he thought proper. On this becoming known, Captain Charles Christie, an officer of tried intrepidity and discretion, and Mr. Pottinger, volunteered their services to explore the countries between the Indus and Persia, and their offer was accepted. Little was then known of these wide regions save that they were, for the most part, peopled by fierce and fanatic races. "The first tribe of Beloochees you meet with," said a Candahar merchant to Mr. Pottinger—and he knew them well—"are the Bezunjas, who care not for the king, the khan, God, or the prophet, but murder and plunder every person and thing they can lay hands on." This was not encouraging, but it was not likely to deter men who had undertaken a public service, and for whom, indeed, danger and adventure had their own charms.

The plan which the travellers adopted was this. There was at Bombay, a Hindoo of respectability and of some wealth, who was for many years contractor for supplying the cavalry of the Madras and Bombay Presidencies with horses. He agreed to accredit them as his agents, and it was arranged that, furnished with letters and bills by him, they should proceed to Kelat the capital of Beloochistan, as if to purchase horses. They were afterwards to pursue such a route as circumstances might point out. The Hindoo contractor also sent one of his own men to accompany them to Kelat, and thus enable them the better to support their assumed characters. They had with them, besides, two Hindoostanee servants who were bound to them by large promises, and who, in many difficulties, proved honest and true.

On the evening of the 2nd of January, 1810, disguised as horse-dealers, they embarked in a small native boat at Bombay. On the 7th, they made the coast of Guzeratt, and on the 15th that of Scinde. Entering the bay of Sonmeecanee, to the westward of Scinde, they, on the six-

teenth, anchored on the bar of the Poorally river. The bay of Sonmeanee—described as a noble sheet of water—is famed as having been the rendezvous of the fleet of Nearchus, by whom it was named the Port of Alexander, and Mr. Pottinger remarks* that the description of it given by Dr. Vincent, from Arrian, corresponds precisely with its state and bearings at the present day. Our adventurers, who at first gave themselves out as European agents of the Hindoo horse-dealer, now underwent a further metamorphosis, having their heads shaved, and adopting, in all particulars, the native costume. They had each a considerable sum in gold Venetians, to be used in case of necessity, and which they carried in belts fastened round their waists, beneath their clothes. Well as they were disguised, it is singular that they were but a few days in Beloochistan before they were found out. They were both recognized by a man who had been a water-carrier to the mission to Scinde the year before, to which mission Captain Christie, as well as Mr. Pottinger, had been attached; and this person forthwith made his discovery known, although with no malicious motive. The Jemadar, or chief man of the village, on hearing that they were British officers, came to them with the present of a goat, and they at once admitted that the water-carrier was right, but said that they had since entered into the employment of the Hindoo horse-dealer. This explanation, happily, satisfied the simple Jemadar, and prevented any ill consequences that might have followed. We have soon afterwards another proof of how little they could rely on their true characters being concealed. A native who had shown them some kindness, read them a letter he had just received from Scinde, warning him not to be accessory to the admission of the agents of the British government into the territories of his master, called the Jam, and stating that, notwithstanding their professions, the real object of the strangers was to explore the country, and that with hostile views. They, however, appealed confidently, and with success, to the papers of their friend, the Hindoo horse-dealer, authenticating them, as well as to his letters of credit, and added that the writer of that communication was influenced by personal objects, fearing that the port of Sonmeanee, and the province in which it lay, would soon share, if not monopolize, the commerce which was now flowing wholly through the near part of Scinde. They subsequently found that the Ameers of Scinde, jealous of their plans, had engaged agents to watch and frustrate them. This circumstance, in addition to the dangers incidental to their undertaking, makes it marvellous that either of them survived it.

They proceeded towards Kelat, the capital of Beloochistan, through the district of the Bezunjas, although strongly urged to take a less dangerous and more frequented route, and in this journey they made the acquaintance of Rahmut Khan, the robber chief of that tribe, who, fiercely swearing, told them "that a hare could not pass through his country if he chose to prevent it." On the 9th of February, they reached Kelat, which has since become well known, having been taken by our troops in 1839. Here they had opportunities of learning a good deal about the resources of the country, of seeing most of the various classes of its population, and of gathering from the strangers they met with—"merchants, travellers, fakeers, and fortune-hunters"—information on the nature and geography of the remoter regions through which their route might lie. One of the characters whom they thus fell in with was a moollah, or priest, from Kirman, the capital of the great province of that name in Persia. He had come to Kelat in search of a sister who had been carried off in a chapoo; or foray, and sold as a slave, and who, he found, was at that time in Kelat, in the harem of the Khan. This moollah had travelled from Kirman by Bunnipoor, in Kohistan, and Kej, the chief city of Mukran. As our adventurers contemplated making their way through these far-off and then unknown countries, they took the deepest interest in all they could hear about them. They found the moollah a good observer, and after having made some acquaintance

* Travels in Beloochistan and Scinde. By Lieut. Henry Pottinger. London. 1816.—p. 11.

with him, proposed to return in his company by the same route, and that he should be their guide until they made a purchase of horses in the Kirman market. The moment, however, that the thing was suggested to him, the priest swore "by Mohammad and the king's beard," that nothing could persuade him to venture back by the same route. "In it," said he, "a person has two alternatives, and he who must choose either of them, the Lord and the prophet have pity on him! The one is, to wander in an uninhabited waste, where neither water nor food are to be had; the other, to be among those dogs, the Nharrooes, where you are to expect to be annihilated every breath you draw." He added, with a fervent prayer and hope that the Almighty might confound the whole race, "that they had seized his horse, and plundered him of every article he was possessed of, not even sparing the clothes he wore." Neither, however, his misfortunes nor his pious wrath moved the determination of our travellers to attempt the track, by which, as we shall presently see, one of them adventured, and went alone. Kelat is situated in a very elevated region, about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the cold in winter there is so intense, that our travellers often found the water in the mushks, or leathern bags, a mass of ice, and at times, while washing their hands, saw that some of it which fell to the ground was instantaneously frozen.* On the 6th of March, they left Kelat, on their way to Nooshky, suffering much from the extreme cold, for they had neither warm clothing by day nor beds by night, and their road was through a bleak and barren mountainous district. On emerging from a narrow and deep ravine, the sides of which were of solid black rock, and nearly perpendicular, they saw before them, extending far as the eye could reach, an ocean-looking scene, which proved to be the great desert, bearing, from the reflection of the sun upon the sand, the appearance of water. This was an object of deep interest to them, not only from its sublimity, but because, at that period, even the existence of a desert in that direction was questioned in India. On reaching Nooshky, our adventurers came to the resolution of separating, and taking different routes across the desert, conceiving that a greater amount of geographical and statistical knowledge would be thus acquired, than by their going over the same ground. We must pause to praise the zeal and self-denial which led to this determination, especially as in adopting it, Captain Christie and Mr. Pottinger were acting beyond, if not against their instructions. The former took the northern route by Heerat—a place which was since made memorable by its nine months' defence against the Persian army, conducted under the directions of Major Eldred Pottinger,† brother

* *Travels in Beloochistan*, p. 1.

† Eldred Pottinger, a younger brother of Sir Henry, closed, at the early age of thirty-one, a life of such moving accident and strange adventure as might afford abundant interest for a separate notice. We can but glance at a few of the incidents of his career, and refer, for a somewhat more full account of him, to the *United Service Journal* for April, 1844, p. 637. He was born in August, 1811; was early sent to the military college at Addiscombe, and in the year 1828, proceeded to Bombay, as an artillery cadet. In 1832, he was appointed to a lucrative regimental staff situation at the Presidency, but was afterwards, at his own desire, nominated to a less profitable post, but one more to his mind, the second in command of a body of irregular horse. After being about two years in this employment, an offer, which he had repeatedly made, to explore the difficult passes in the great chain of mountains to the westward of the Indus, was accepted by the supreme government, and accordingly, in 1836, he started in disguise, and accompanied by a few followers, on an expedition with this object. After many dangers, he reached Heerat just before the Persian army commenced its celebrated siege of that place. Kamran, the infamous Vizier, at first threatened to treat him as a spy, but he soon assumed there a very distinguished position. He saw that it would not be for the interest of England that Persia should obtain possession of this fortress, and though unauthorized by his government in this particular, and even ignorant of their wishes, he offered his services to instruct the people of Heerat in the defence of their city. For the nine months during which the siege continued, he directed the construction of all the defensive works, and on many occasions was engaged hand to hand with the

to the subject of our notice. The adventure through Persia in, first a southern, and then a westerly direction, was assigned to Mr. Pottinger. Their hope was—slender it must have been—to meet again at Kirman. Captain Christie counted on reaching Heerat, by Dooshak, in thirty days, and hoped that twenty more would take him to Kirman—a calculation which shows how imperfectly he estimated the difficulties of the way. The friends had scarcely separated when Mr. Pottinger received a letter from a Hindoo whom they had left at Kelat, acquainting him that two men had arrived there, sent by the Ameers of Scinde, to seize Captain Christie and himself, and carry them off to Hyderabad; that they had assured the Khan of Kelat that these strangers were no horse-dealers, but English officers, one of whom, at least, had been with the British envoy in Scinde the year before, and that they had come for the express purpose of surveying the country; that thus the Ameers' men had obtained the Khan's permission to lay hold of them, provided they could satisfy him of the truth of what they stated, or prove them spies of any description. On reading this communication, Mr. Pottinger rejoiced that his companion had gone forward, and resolved to commence his own undertaking without delay. He accordingly set out from Nooshky on the 25th of March, going through the desert to Sarawan, and thence made his way again through a vast desert of red sand, and over mountain, and moor, and marah, and through forests and wild districts, inhabited by half-civilized tribes, to the remote city of Bunpoor, in

enemy in repulsing the attacks. The order issued by the Governor-General of India, on the occasion of the siege being raised in September, 1837, marks with his highest approval the part taken by Lieutenant Pottinger in this achievement. On his return to India he was appointed agent in the Kohistan, or hill country, and stationed at Charukur, with a Ghorka regiment, about a thousand strong, and several officers under him. While here, he discovered the seeds of the Afghan insurrection, and made instant and repeated representations to Cabul, which were wholly disregarded. When this fatal rebellion at length broke out, Lieutenant, or, as we should call him, Major, Pottinger, for he held that brevet rank, made, with his companions, a desperate defence, but they were compelled to evacuate their forts, and to attempt retreating to Cabul. "During the night," says the periodical above referred to, "the small body, enfeebled by famine and disease, were attacked by thousands of infuriated Affghans, and, after a desperate struggle, the whole were destroyed, with the exception of Major Pottinger, Lieutenant Houghton, and one poor Sepoy. Both officers had received dreadful wounds, and Lieutenant Houghton had lost his arm. In this terrible situation, surrounded on all sides by the watch-fires of the enemy, and by blood-thirsty fanatics seeking their destruction, the presence of mind and daring spirit of Major Pottinger saved himself and his companions. During their journey over fastnesses and wilds of the most fearful description, Lieutenant Houghton, overcome with agony and weakness, fell from his horse, and earnestly implored to be left to die. His companion, with a nobleness of heart which is, probably, unparalleled, dismounted, and swore never to leave him. This generous devotedness was rewarded, for in an hour or two Mr. Houghton was enabled to resume his journey, and by the most singular coolness, presence of mind, and intrepidity, in passing directly through the sentinels of the enemy, instead of endeavouring to make a detour, they arrived safely in the British camp." The disasters of Cabul immediately followed. Major Pottinger was placed at the head of the political department, but his suggestions were unattended to, and in a despatch announcing their projected retreat he says, 'Here ends the Comedy, or rather Tragedy of Errors.' It was afterwards owing, in a good part, to his exertions that he and his fellow-captives were released. The moment he obtained his freedom, he accompanied our forces to Charukur, where he was of great use from his knowledge of the country.

On his return to India, instead of obtaining the distinction to which he was entitled, Major Pottinger was unhappily overlooked, and remanded to his regiment to do duty as a lieutenant. There is much reason to fear that this unworthy treatment preyed upon his high spirit, and on a frame shattered by wounds and faithful service. A change of climate to China for a while restored his health. He died at Hong Kong, on November 15th, 1843.

Kohistan, and from that on by Nuheemabad to the capital of Kirman, and at length to Sheeraz. We have no room to tell of his numberless adventures, of the various disguises he assumed, and of the dangers from which they saved, or to which they sometimes exposed him. These may be sufficiently indicated by his own remark, that "in these regions the most familiar topics of conversation are bloodshed and rapine, and habit has brought the natives to view crimes at which human nature ought to shudder, not only with unconcerned apathy, but as subjects of amusing discussion." We may add that their cruel dispositions are never more strongly shown than when excited by their bigotry, which is extreme. On one occasion, Mr. Pottinger had, for his own protection, to pass for a holy person on a pilgrimage, and was called on to repeat a *Fœtihee*, or prayer of thanksgiving. This was unexpected, but he had the presence of mind and the skill to make so much of his slight acquaintance with the Mahomedan prayers as to pass unquestioned. At another time, he was so unfortunate as to be obliged to take part in a controversy on some nice points of the Koran, but managed not only to escape detection, but to gain credit for his learning and sound theology. Once, from the fairness of his feet, he was taken for a native prince, travelling in disguise. All Asiatics attach, he says, an idea of rank to fairness of colour, their own nobles being less dark than the commonalty, owing, perhaps, to their being brought up with greater care, and sheltered from the changes of the season. He adds, that though his feet were often blistered, he could never get them to assume the weather-beaten colour of his hands and face. On a solitary occasion he so far lost his command of countenance, as to be compelled to admit that he was an European. This was at Purah, near Bunpoor. Looking at him steadily, the Khan's brother said, "If he did not himself say he is a Peerzaduh, I would swear that he was the brother of Grant," the Firingee (or European) who was at Bunpoor last year." Mr. Pottinger said that he knew Grant, and was his friend; that he was, himself, an European, but was engaged in the service of a Hindoo, and going to Kirman on his business. The chief, who had formed a liking for Grant, said that as he was his friend, no one should molest him. An amusing part of the incident is, that his own faithful guide, who had accompanied him for a considerable time, was enraged at the disclosure, and stoutly denied its truth. Relating some instance of his sanctity, and dwelling emphatically on his polemical rencontres, he insisted that he was a Moosulman of singular piety, and on his way to the holy city of Mushed, in Khorasan.

From Sheeraz, Mr. Pottinger proceeded to Isfahan, and while there, had the great and wholly unexpected pleasure of again meeting his friend and companion, Captain Christie.

"Captain Christie," says Mr. Pottinger,† "arrived in the city unknown and unknown, and went to the governor's palace to request a lodging, which was ordered, when, by accident, one of the attendants observed that there were two Firingees in the Chihel Setoon, and that he would possibly like to join their party. He accordingly came to the palace, and sent up a man to say he wished to speak to one of us. I went down, and as it was then quite dark, I could not recognise his features; and he, fancying me a Persian from my dress, we conversed for several minutes ere we discovered each other. The moment we did so was one of the happiest of my life."

Captain Christie was directed to remain in Persia, to assist in organizing the Persian army, and was unfortunately killed in a night attack made by the Rus-

* The late Captain Grant, of the Bengal Native Infantry. This enterprising officer landed, in 1809, at Gwuttur, in Mukran, penetrated inland as high as the latitude of Bunpoor (within sixteen miles of Purah), returned by a different route, along the coast, to Bundu Abbas, and thence, by sea, to Bombay.—"Travels in Beloochistan," p. 163, note.

† Travels in Beloochistan, p. 242.

slans on the Persian camp, on the 31st of October, 1812. He appears to have been an officer of great promise, and there is a memoir of his journey from Nooshky to Heerat, and thence to Isfahan, given in the appendix to the "Travels in Beloochistan." Mr. Pottinger proceeded by Bagdad, down the Tigris, to Bussorah, and from that by sea to Bombay, where he arrived in February, 1811, after an absence of thirteen months. In his progress through Beloochistan to Sheeraz, he explored countries of which nothing was known since Alexander the Great passed through them on his return from India; and we may add, that his observations attest the accuracy of the Greek accounts of that expedition, collected by Arrian: as, for example, that the dry beds of mountain torrents served often as roads, but were subject to the danger mentioned by the Greeks, of the water rushing down so suddenly as to render escape not easy. Often, too, he found them, as noticed in Arrian, filled with jungle; and he confirms that author's account of the abundance of the asafetida plant, and of the singular love which the people there have for it, mixing it as a dainty with their food,* and their persons and the air around being scented with its effluvia. The plant grows native on the mountains in the northern parts of Beloochistan, whence it is collected and carried to market; but the asafetida which comes to India is carried from the mountains in Khorasan, and is one of the staple commodities of Heerat.

On his return to India, Mr. Pottinger was appointed to the personal staff of Sir Evan Nepean, Governor of Bombay, and was soon after sent by him as an assistant to the Hon. Mountstewart Elphinstone, the Resident at the court of the Peishwa, at Poonah. A few days before the Mahratta war of 1816 broke out, he had an escape of a singular character. Having been on leave of absence at Bombay, Mr., now Captain Pottinger, was returning to Poonah, and was bringing with him three horses which he had purchased at the Presidency. He reached Wargaoon, a village twenty-four miles from Poonah, at mid-day, and halted at the Traveller's House. There he met two young officers, brothers, of the name of Vaughan, who belonged to the Madras army, and were on their way to join their regiments. While they were all seated at luncheon, several Mahratta horsemen passed and re-passed on the road, which was about a hundred yards in front of the house. Captain Pottinger, from his knowledge of the feeling of the country at that time, and his acquaintance with the native character, suspected their intentions, and, having mentioned his strong impressions to the other officers, ordered out the best of his horses, and entreated them to do the same, offering to guide them across the country, which he assured them he knew well, as he had often hunted there. The brothers, however, declined, insisting on it that they were quite safe, and that the natives would not dare to injure them. Seeing that his appeals were unavailing, Captain Pottinger, taking an opportunity when the horsemen were at some distance from him, rode off across the country, and though pursued at once, and closely, for twenty miles, got safely into the camp at Poonah. The two young brothers, most melancholy to relate, were seized, and driven on foot four miles to Tulogaon, where they were hanged on the same tree, one brother being forced to put the rope on the other's neck! For this cruel outrage, the Peishwa's territory was seized by the British government, and a Brahmin, who was the immediate instigator of the act, was confined for life.

* "In return for our present of a slice of meat," says Mr. Pottinger, "Boodhee (a native of Seistan) brought us one evening, at dinner-time, what he prized as a much greater delicacy, and on which he expatiated with all the zeal and rapture of a professed epicure. This was a tender young asafetida plant, stewed in rancid butter; and our polite friend could hardly be persuaded that we were serious when we declared that we could not relish the gout of the dainty he had prepared for us—indeed the smell is not tolerable, for the green plant is even more rank and nauseous than the drug itself."

† The horse which, by his speed, thus saved his master's life, was then eight years' old. He lived to the year 1834, and carried his owner—no light weight—up to nearly that period.

During this Mahratta war, Captain Pottinger accompanied the Resident to the field, and had a narrow escape at the battle of Khirkee. On the termination of the campaign, Mr. Elphinstone, who soon saw his great abilities, appointed him to the important but laborious offices of judge and revenue collector of an immense tract of the newly-conquered country, known after as the Collectorate of Ahmeed-Nuggar, but which has been since divided, as being too large for the care of one functionary. The duties of these situations engaged him until the year 1825, and such were the talents, firmness, and integrity with which he discharged them, that, while the revenue exceeded all expectation, his name was venerated by the natives, and is to this day remembered by them with affection and respect. In 1825, complaints having been made to the home authorities by the civil servants of the company, that employments which of right belonged to them, were held by military officers, Mr. Elphinstone, then Governor of Bombay, fearing that Captain Pottinger might be removed to some situation where his talents would be comparatively lost, offered him the appointment of Resident in Kutch, to which province he proceeded in the May of that year. Kutch, situated about five hundred miles north-west of Bombay, is two hundred miles in its greatest length by about forty in breadth, and was at this period governed by a Regency, the Prince Rao Daisuljee being a child of only four or five years old. His father, Rao Barmaljee, had been dethroned by the British government, for reasons which it is not our province to discuss, and the country was now governed by a *Punyagat*, that is, by five persons, of whom the Resident was one. On entering on their charge, they found it labouring under the ordinary consequences of bad government—anarchy, and corruption—which evils were for a time increased by the presence of a British force of 10,000 men, stationed there to watch the Scindians; the prices of the necessaries of life being much augmented by the addition of such numbers, with their hosts of followers. The province was also harassed by armed plunderers who had fled from justice in Kutch into the adjacent deserts, and who returned with other desperate characters, to rob and oppress the industrious part of the population; there was, moreover, a disposition among many of the people to attempt the restoration of the late ruler, who had been permitted to reside in the capital of Bhooj, near his son. In this wretched state of affairs, the new Resident, who had now graduated to the rank of colonel, applied himself to redress the evils which were appearing all around him, and by a course of proceeding at once firm and conciliatory, by equal justice, and affording protection to the humble classes, who had been long oppressed by their arrogant *Rajpoot* chiefs, he changed the aspect of affairs, and, in a few years, made Kutch the most flourishing and happy of the small states of India. The young prince was placed under the care of an accomplished gentleman then serving with his regiment in the East, and now known as an able officer, Colonel John Crofton, of Her Majesty's sixth foot. Guided by him, the prince learned to attend to the affairs of his country, and became remarkable for a love of justice and devotion to his duties. It is not to be supposed that these works of peace, and labours of reform, were carried out without the obstacles which upright functionaries usually meet with. An instance may serve to show the perplexing knavery which flourished there, and which has always been of ready growth in India. A petty chief, notorious for the profligacy of his life, and the ruined condition of his exchequer, brought forward a claim to the customs and all other rights of one of the chief ports of the country. This he supported by forged documents, which, all who are acquainted with India know, are often fabricated with such dexterity as to render it difficult for the most learned natives to detect them. This chief got up his case so plausibly and so well, that he gained over the support, not only of the assistants of the Resident, but, strange to say, of the government of Bombay, who, notwithstanding the confidence which was due to the judgment and integrity of their long-tried servant, the Resident, decided against his opinion, and in favour of the claim. Colonel Pottinger, however, still supported the Rao, and the question being referred to the home authorities, was not set at rest for many years. Then, after the Resident had suffered much from the anxieties and labours he had to encounter in this strange

affair, a conspiracy remarkable for the effrontery with which it was maintained, was at length crushed by the final directions of the government in England.

In 1831, Colonel Pottinger was selected by Lord William Bentinck to undertake a mission to Scinde, the chief object of which was the opening of the river Indus to all nations. This was completely successful, although the Ameers had interposed every obstacle which double-dealing and falsehood could suggest, and the mission returned to Kutch in June, 1832. The information collected on this occasion was of the utmost importance, and proved of signal service when Lord Keane's force advanced through Scinde and by the Indus, in 1838-9. From the period of the return of this mission in 1832, to 1839, Colonel Pottinger was engaged in the great labours he had undertaken in Kutch. It was through his intervention, and owing to his firmness, that the mission under the lamented Burnes was permitted to pass up the Indus, in 1834, and great was the opposition he had to overcome, although its only stated object was to convey a present of four English dray horses from our King William IV., to Runjeet Sing, Prince of Lahore. In 1838, Colonel Pottinger again proceeded to Scinde, to negotiate terms for the passage of Sir John Keane's army, then about to advance to Cabul, on which occasion his firmness and forbearance were again and alike displayed, and the arrangement was made without recourse to hostilities, which it was most desirable, but, in the state of feeling at the time, not easy to avoid. While the treaty was pending, Sir John Keane's force lay close to Hyderabad, and one day, as Colonel Pottinger was returning from an interview with the Ameers there, he was hooted and pelted by the populace. Our troops, and all around him, enraged at the insult thus offered to their envoy, were eager to avenge it, but he steadily forbade any hostile movement, and calmly pursuing his object, gained it without a compromise of dignity. For these many, and great public services, her Majesty was, in 1839, pleased to make him a baronet, and he, at the same time, received the highest approbation, both of the supreme government of India and of the ministry at home. Climate, anxiety, and fatigue now began to tell upon his health. He had been long living in one of the most trying provinces of India, and engaged in duties which, in any country, would wear most men down. His friends, alarmed for his safety, pressed him to take some relaxation, and try the effect of change of air, but could not induce him to leave his post until our army had safely advanced to the northern frontier of Scinde; he then proceeded to Bombay, but soon returned to his station at Kutch. Sir Henry is not more remarkable for his judgment than for his untiring industry, as the following circumstance may suffice to show. When Lord Keane's force moved by the Indus and Scinde, an expenditure of a million sterling took place; and many of the staff officers, to save trouble and expedite the performance of their own duties, gave orders for sums of money, large and small, on scraps of paper, and all these items, however trifling, were to be entered in Sir Henry's public accounts. After several attempts to have these accounts made out by a native accountant, he was obliged to take them in hand himself, and, notwithstanding the enormous labour of the task, and his infirm health, closed them in so satisfactory a form as to elicit high compliments from the auditor-general. Sir Henry, we have heard, remarked to Lord Auckland, that had death, or his return to Europe from sickness, prevented his accomplishing this undertaking, his character as an honest man might have been assailed, and, perhaps, ruined for ever.

In 1840, the extremely precarious state of Sir Henry Pottinger's health made it absolutely necessary for him to return to Europe, and accordingly, early in that year, he embarked for England, intending to remain there, quietly and disengaged, for some four or five years, in order that his constitution might thus recover the shocks to which it had been exposed. Soon after he had reached England, he was seized with an attack of a most alarming character, and for some time his life was despaired of; but the natural vigour of a constitution on which he had often before relied, saved him once again. He had not quite recovered from this dangerous illness when he received a note from Lord Palmerston, requesting to see him in London as soon as possible. He left Cheltenham with, as we have heard, the impression that he was about to be

offered an appointment in Persia, and determined to decline it, but, on being informed by Lord Palmerston that his services were required in China, and that her Majesty's ministers had determined on entrusting the settlement of affairs in that country to him, he expressed his willingness to undertake the task, stipulating that he should himself be exclusively responsible, that the orders of the government should be precise, and that he should be permitted to return to England the moment an arrangement was accomplished. Sir Henry was a stranger to Lord Palmerston, and the selection of one who was so admirably qualified for a peculiar and arduous undertaking, does high honour to the judgment of that nobleman.

Sir Henry Pottinger, now our envoy and plenipotentiary to China, embarked at Southampton in June, 1841, and, making a rapid transit, reached the Canton waters on the 9th of August, having, in the interval, passed a few days at Bombay. Before entering on the subject of our negotiations with China, we must make one or two general remarks on our connexion with that country, and the state of affairs there at this period.

Since the opening of the China trade in 1833,* our relations with this great empire had been unsettled. The Chinese government, alarmed at the vast increase in the contraband importation of opium which then took place, and more concerned still at the drain of their silver currency, with which the article was paid for, resolved to put down the traffic altogether. Their right to do this was unquestioned, but in their assertion of it they committed such repeated outrages, so many violations of international law, and evinced such insulting pride, as left us, in the end, no alternative but an appeal to arms. Accordingly, in 1839, an open war commenced, the particulars of which are so well remembered, that it is not needful for us to dwell upon the topic, further than to make a few observations which appear called for; and first, as to the importance of our intercourse with the Celestial Empire, in regard to the finances of our own. It was, and to some extent may still be a prevailing impression, that all we should lose by exclusion from China, would be our tea. It has, however, been clearly shown† that not less than one-sixth of the whole united income of Great Britain and India depends on our relations with China. That, for example, in the year 1839, the revenue paid into the English exchequer on account of tea, amounted to £3,660,000, and that, adding to this the receipts from duties on imports into China, the British revenue derived from it in that year was £4,200,000. In the same year, India derived from China no less than £2,000,000, of which £1,700,000 was in specie. This, it will be observed, was before the peace with China, since which period the whole value of our commerce with that country has been increased to an extent which it would not be easy to estimate. This is enough to indicate the magnitude of the interests involved in the China war. It was further a general feeling that the Chinese could make no opposition—that there was no honour to be gained in a contest with them, no difficulty to be overcome. It is true that they were not a military people, and that we always beat them; but it is also true that our force was as nothing when compared to their empire and its vast resources; and the Chinese are such admirable learners, and were improving so much, that had the war been protracted much longer, we might have made them very formidable soldiers. The popular impression that they are deficient in physical courage, is now known to be erroneous. They have quite as much of it as most of the undrilled of Europe; and such, indeed, appears at all times to have been the opinion of able Europeans who have had opportunities of knowing them. Sir Stamford Raffles called them, from their steadiness of character, "the Scotch of the East;" and in a recent work, Captain Keppel's most interesting book on Borneo, we find his friend Mr. Brooke speaking of a body of Chinese colonists as a force

* By Lord Glenelg's act, of 1833, the East India Company were, in that year, deprived of the exclusive right of trading with China.

† See the able statement of Sir James Graham in the House of Commons, April 7, 1840.

he could rely on in an hour of need. But besides the proper subjects of "the great pure dynasty," it has whole nations to supply its armies, with men as vigorous and as bold as any in the world. There are nowhere finer men than the Tartar troops of China; never in any war were greater proofs exhibited of heroism and devotion than by them; and Sir Hugh Gough (he has been since given his well-earned coronet) describes the Kansich troops of Turkistan, who fought well at Tse-kee, as "a strong and muscular race, accustomed to border warfare." The Chinese, we may add, had long a perfect reliance on themselves. They thought their troops invincible, their defences inviolable, and were unaffected by any prestige as to the terror of our arms until we beat them into a respect for us. When, in 1834, at the Boca Tigris, the Chinese admiral, Kwan, with twenty-nine war junks, came out to menace our English frigates, the *Volage* and *Hyacinth*, the latter ran down their line under easy sail, and the wind serving, went up again with their larboard broadsides bearing, pouring in a most destructive fire; the Chinese answered with the greatest spirit, and though compelled to retire in distress to their former anchorage, they claimed the victory, and, as we are persuaded, honestly. They mistook the forbearance of the English commander in allowing them to retreat, for fear, and, as our ships sailed for Macao, for the purpose of covering the embarkation of our troops, and securing the safety of the merchant ships, they conceived that they gave up the contest. The Chinese, moreover, looking mainly to the opium question, and paying little attention to our violated rights, regarded their cause as righteous, and the English as presumptuous invaders. "They are," said their emperor, "like dogs and sheep in their dispositions. It is difficult for heaven and earth to bear any longer with the English, and both gods and men are indignant at their conduct." We ought further to bear in mind, that the Chinese, jealous of all foreigners, had good reason for viewing any extension of English power with peculiar caution. They knew that in little more than a single century—a portion of time which, in the long ages of Chinese history sounds but small—England had, from the possession of a solitary factory in India, advanced her dominion there to the Himalaya, where it touched their own. We have, at the hazard of being tedious, thought it necessary to make these general observations on the subject of the Chinese war; a war which it was fondly anticipated would be terminated in a month, but which, when Sir Henry Pottinger was sent out, was in its third year, with no prospect of a close. The Chinese had shown themselves our masters in diplomacy, and our very successes were unavailing. The influence of the personal character as well as of the talents of an envoy, was never made more conspicuous than in the case of Sir H. Pottinger in China. His judgment and decision soon changed the aspect of affairs there, and his first act showed the Chinese authorities the sort of person they had to deal with, and was not without its influence on subsequent events. The head of the local government of Canton waited on Sir Henry on his arrival, and requested an interview, which had always been granted to this functionary by his predecessors. Sir H. declined seeing him, and sent the secretary of legation, and an aid-de-camp to meet him; at the same time acquainting him that the envoy came only to treat with the highest officers of the Chinese empire, and that to them alone he would grant an interview. The war now proceeded with vigour. On the 25th of August, our squadron anchored in the harbour of Amoy, a city which has a population of 70,000, and was garrisoned by a force of 10,000 men. The Chinese regarded this place as impregnable, and its defences were, as our readers may see, skilfully prepared. We transcribe an account of them.

"From the islands at the entrance of the harbour to Cohunsoo, the island is about four miles, good anchorage all the way up for line-of-battle ships, to about four or five hundred yards from the shore. On all the islands at the entrance are placed batteries. The 'long battery' in the straight line contains seventy-six guns, forty feet between each, making it more than half a mile long; this battery is built of solid granite work, being about fifteen feet thick at the bottom, and nine at the top, and about fifteen feet high; excepting at the embrasure for the guns it is entirely faced with a coating of mud quite two feet thick; above the embrasures, is also a coating of the same; the masonry is beautiful and quite solid; and all who have seen it de-

clear they have never seen any thing so strong or so well built ; indeed, the proof is that after four hours' hard fighting, not one single breach was made in it by our guns, though placed at point-blank range. On each side of their guns several sand-bags were placed, so as to protect those while loading and firing. At the end further out from the town is built a strong granite wall, about half a mile long, with loop-holes at the top for their match locks, but no guns ; it is about ten or fifteen feet high, and was, of course, intended to protect their flank from our troops. Two semi-circular batteries are in the middle of the wall, and at the end nearest the town one larger one, which is built of granite covered with chunam ; it is supposed that several of the mandarins occupied it : they continued firing to the very last, when some of their guns were dismounted, the walls nearly knocked down, and long after our troops had landed, and hoisted the ensign at the other end of the wall."

The number of the guns in all was about five hundred. The place was taken in four hours from the firing of the first gun ; and, as Sir Henry Pottinger stated in one of his public papers at the time, "had the opposition been a hundred times greater than it was, the spirit and bearing of all employed showed that the result must have been the same." When our troops landed, a mandarin, who was second in command, rushed into the sea and drowned himself ; and another cut his throat, and fell in front of our soldiers, as they came up. The attack was witnessed by the viceroy of the provinces of Chakeang and Fokein, who, with a number of other great officials, was on the heights above. Our forces next sailed to the Chusan group of islands—re-took the city of Tinghae, where extensive fortifications had been erected since we left it in the preceding year ; and then proceeded to Chinghae, which, both from its position and works, is a city of great strength. This was at once captured, and immediately afterwards, our expedition appeared before the wealthy city of Ningpo, the walls of which are five miles in circumference, and its population about three hundred thousand souls. This place also fell into our hands ; and thus closed the operations of 1841. Early in the following year, the Chinese were repulsed, in bold attempts, to regain from us, on the same day, the two last-named places ; and were soon afterwards seen with a numerous army at Tse-kee, eleven miles westward of Ningpo. Here, after having fought well, they were again defeated. The troops brought forward on this occasion were their best ; and our officers speak of some of them with admiration—especially of a regiment, of five hundred men, of the imperial body-guard. Chapoo,* a city of great trade, and the mart of the Chinese commerce with Japan, was our next acquisition ; and sailing from that place, our squadron made for the great river, Yang-tze-kiang, being a direct approach to the imperial cities, Nankin and Peking. The preparations made to receive us here are described by Sir Henry Pottinger, in a circular, dated on board the steam-frigate, *Queen*, in the Yang-tze-kiang river (off Woosung,) 24th June. It may give our readers a further idea of Chinese engineering, and enlighten those who are still under the impression that all their defences are of bamboo, and their only munition bows and arrows:—

"After the necessary delay in destroying the batteries, magazines, foundries, barracks, and other public buildings, as well as the ordnance, arms, and ammunition, captured at Chapoo, the troops were re-embarked, and the expedition finally quitted that port on the 29th of May, and arrived on the 29th, off Rugged Islands, where it remained until the 13th of June ; on which day it crossed the bar, which had been previously surveyed and buoyed off, into the Yang-tze-kiang river, to the point where the river is joined by the Woosung. At this point the Chinese had erected immense lines of works, to defend the entrances of both rivers ; and seem to have been so confident of their ability to repel us, that they permitted a very

* The Chinese troops here numbered ten thousand men, of whom a third were Tartars. A body of the latter, amounting to three hundred, took possession of a joss-house, where they made a desperate defence, until the house fell in—when but forty of them were taken alive.

close reconnaissance to be made, in two of the small steamers, by their excellencies the naval and military commanders-in-chief, on the 14th instant; and even cheered and encouraged the boats which were sent, in the same night, to lay down buoys to guide the ships of war to their allotted positions of attack. At daylight, on the morning of the 16th, the squadron weighed anchor, and proceeded to take up their respective stations; which was scarcely done, when the batteries opened, and the cannonade was extremely heavy and unceasing for about two hours; that of the Chinese then began to slacken, and the seamen and marines were landed at once, under the fire from the ships, and drove the enemy out of the batteries, before the troops could be disembarked and formed for advancing. Two hundred and fifty-three guns (forty-two of them brass) were taken in the batteries—most of them of heavy calibre, and upwards of eleven feet long. The whole were mounted on pivot carriages, of new and efficient construction; and it was likewise observed that they were fitted with bamboo sights. The casualties in the naval arm of the expedition amounted to two killed, and twenty-five wounded; but the land forces had not a man touched. It appears almost miraculous, that the casualties should not have been much greater, considering how well the Chinese served their guns. The *Blonde* frigate had fourteen shot in her hull; the *Sesostrie* steamer, eleven; and all the ships engaged, more or less."

The Chinese, amazed at the rapidity with which their cities of wealth, and best defended stations were falling before us, and alarmed at our appearance in the Yang-tze-kiang, made an indirect attempt to retard our operations, by professing a desire to treat; and to conciliate our favour, released sixteen British subjects who had been kidnapped. But as these overtures were not grounded on the only basis which Sir Henry Pottinger was disposed to listen to, they were rejected, with an intimation to that effect. Elepeo, a commissioner, who had been before employed in negotiations with our forces at Chusan, but who was afterwards degraded for being too peaceably inclined towards us, was now directed to use his best efforts to bring hostilities to a close. His best efforts were tried; and he did, we believe, all that talent, ingenuity, and address could devise to bring about a peace on the terms his government was willing to agree to; but neither did these meet the requirement of our envoy, and his communications were, consequently, unavailing. An intercepted letter from the Chinese diplomatist to his government, sketches our plenipotentiary most graphically. After describing the plausibilities of his own statements, and the reasonableness of his proposals, he concludes by saying, that "to all his representations, the barbarian, Pottinger, only knit his brows, and said, 'No.'"

The Chinese were not only unsuccessful in their attempts to negotiate, but failed also in their endeavours to retard our operations. Our forces forthwith advanced to reduce the great cities of Chin-Keang-foo and Nankin. They appeared before the former place on the 20th day of July, and, after a desperate resistance made by the Tartar troops,* captured it. The heat of the sun was so great at this time, that many of our soldiers dropped down dead from its effects. On the 9th of August, our expedition anchored off the vast city of Nankin, and the military and naval commanders had made all their arrangements for an attack, when they were directed by our envoy to suspend it, as the Chinese had come to treat for peace. The commissioners appointed by the emperor for this purpose were the Great Minister Keying, a Tartar general belonging to the imperial family, Elepeo, named before, and Newktea, governor of the two Keang provinces. There was also another who took an active part in the negotiation; this was Hang-e, the shewei (commander, we presume) of the emperor's body-guard, who seems to have been chosen from his firmness, as well as for his talents. If so, he met, at least, his equal in our envoy. A very curious document, the report made by the great minister and these com-

* Many of the Tartar soldiers who survived the engagement committed suicide. Their dead bodies, and those of their women and children, were found in every house, and in the wells. Our troops took their station on the heights above the town, because the city, from the number of dead, had become uninhabitable.

missioners to their emperor on the subject of our requirements, is now before us ; and we find Sir Henry Pottinger described there much in the same manner as in the intercepted letter :—

“ The said shewei (Hang-e) and his colleagues again authoritatively questioned as to the difficulties ; but the said barbarian only stared at him indignantly. The shewei was not listened to.”

And again :—

“ The said shewei again represented, that from the five places (*which we required to be opened to trade*) some should be deducted ; but the said barbarian obstinately refused.”

Another paragraph of this long document is too good to be omitted. It shows at once their pride, and their desire to concede :—

“ I, your servant, have examined and found what are the unwarrantable demands of the said barbarians, which they so importunately urge, and they are deserving of the utmost hatred. But considering that they have lately attacked and laid in ruins Kingkow, and it is proved that not only the rivers, but Chinkeang it will be difficult to recover speedily ; but I am apprehensive we shall be blocked up both on the north and south, which will be the heaviest calamity, &c.”

The treaty of peace was, after many conferences, concluded on the 26th of August, 1842—relieving us from the perplexities of a distant and expensive war, and securing to us more than was expected, and all that was ever hoped for ; and this was accomplished in one year from the arrival of Sir Henry Pottinger in China. It stipulated that five ports should be opened to trade, with permission for consuls to reside there ; that Hong-Kong* should be ceded to

* We have taken some pains to make ourselves acquainted with the capabilities of Hong Kong, and with the circumstances connected with its being chosen as a British settlement. It is situated in the neighbourhood of an immense trade, and has a magnificent harbour. These two facts are indisputable, and every body can appreciate their importance. Mr. Davison, in a work of much interest, lately published, entitled “ Trade and Travel in the Far East,” and who was for twelve months at Hong Kong, says, that “ as a depot for goods intended for the Chinese market, I conceive the situation of Hong Kong to be unrivalled.” As a decisive proof of the eligibility of Hong Kong as a place of trade in the eyes of the Chinese themselves, he mentions that some of them have paid immense sums for ground on which to build stores there. In regard to climate, there can be no doubt that it has proved unfavourable, but this disadvantage is shared by Chusan, the only other place named as suitable for our settlement, and probably by any locality along the coast which could be thought of for such a purpose. Much of the unhealthiness of all these places seems referable to temporary and superficial causes—to paludal miasms, exhalations from deserted rice grounds, as well as from naturally swampy spots in the ravines, and from the brushwood growing and rotting there. This we gather from the important work of Dr. Wilson, inspector of our naval hospitals and fleets in China, lately published, and entitled “ Medical Notes on China.” The writer holds (p. 164) that accidental circumstances have helped to fix on the climate of Hong Kong, at the commencement of its colonial history, a much worse character than it will be found to deserve. One main ground of hope arises from his remark, that there appear to be in China great periodic physical movements—times of exacerbation of disease, with long intervals of remission ; and that the accumulation of the causes of endemic being now discharged, a period of comparative immunity will follow. It may thus be that our first appearance in China synchronised with a cycle of disease, and that attention being directed to the removal of exciting causes, the climate will not be found permanently unfavourable to Europeans. There appears to be no reason to blame the government for selecting Hong Kong as the site of our English colony, and none, certainly, for reflecting on our envoy in regard to that transaction. The choice rested between this place and Chusan.

England in perpetuity; that the communications between the respective governments should be on terms of perfect equality; and that the sum of 21,000,000 of dollars should be paid by the Chinese, part being to compensate for the lost opium, part for the Hong merchants' debts, and part for expenses of our expedition. When we consider the difficulties with which Sir Henry Pottinger had to contend, and that on his arrival in China all circumstances were new, all persons and things strange to him, it must, as Lord Aberdeen remarked in the House of Lords, occasion very natural surprise that, even with the assistance he had from the naval and military commanders, he should have succeeded in concluding such a peace. It is still more a matter of wonder that, by his influence with those with whom he was negotiating, he should have so far overcome their hostile feelings and wounded pride, as in re-establishing our pacific relations with China, to have gained for us their friendship and respect.

We have yet to advert to another occasion on which the judgment of Sir Henry Pottinger was exhibited in China, and one which, we think, has been but little noticed. It may be remembered that very alarming riots took place at Canton in 1842, after hostilities had ceased, and while the functionaries of the two powers were waiting for the return of the treaty from the emperor at Peking. These riots were caused by the infamous conduct of the European sailors of merchant vessels, and their officers were suspected as being by no means free from blame. Their object was to embarrass Sir Henry, defeat the ratification of the treaty, and prevent the regular commerce than about to be established, as less favourable to the smuggling interests than the old system had been. Our envoy, who was then at Hong-Kong, saw the matter in its true light, and resisted the advice of the military and naval commanders to send a force to Canton, on the grounds that it would endanger the confidence with which the Chinese people and their authorities were at that moment inspired, and which aided materially in disposing them to yield to our conditions, and that by detaining the troops then ready to return to India, a great and, he thought, an unnecessary expense would be incurred. Sir Henry issued a proclamation—a remarkable and powerful document, and which produced at the moment a great sensation—and he went in person to Canton. The riots were at once suppressed, and every dangerous consequence prevented.

Although Sir Henry Pottinger had stipulated for leave to come home immediately on the termination of hostilities, the many commercial and other details in which he was engaged did not permit him to do so until the close of 1844. In the October of that year he returned to England, and was welcomed with marked testimonies of the public gratitude. The queen was pleased to make him a member of the Privy Council. He was entertained at grand banquets by the cities of London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow; was presented with the freedom of those places. He was also entertained by the great towns of Liverpool, Manchester, and Belfast, and received services of plate from several of these cities and towns, as well as from the merchants of Bombay. We further remember that an address was presented to him, signed by many thousands of the operatives of Manchester, within three hours of the moment it was suggested. These evidences of the general feeling, and especially the honour conferred on him by the Queen, immediately on his arrival in England, were, no doubt, most gratifying to Sir Henry, as acknowledgments of his services; but it is most re-

It will be remembered what an outcry there then was against the latter place, on the ground of its unhealthiness. It ought also to be known that Hong Kong was selected by Mr. Elliot, the predecessor of Sir Henry Pottinger, and that the latter found many costly public works erected and in progress there, and large sums of money expended both publicly and privately on the island. In this state of affairs, Sir Henry Pottinger referred the choice of the place for our settlement to the ministers at home, stating the comparative advantages of the two places under consideration, Chusan and Hong Kong, and on what was, we believe, a just estimate of their merits, the government decided for Hong Kong.

markable that the government proposed for him no honours whatever—no remuneration of any kind. The news of his triumphant treaty, which caused such universal joy, and to none more than to the ministers, reached England in 1842. The remainder of that year, the whole of 1843, the whole of 1844, and great part of 1845, passed over without any honours or remuneration being recommended by the government, and without the least intimation being made to Sir Henry that they had anything of the kind in contemplation. At length, in the June of 1845, the subject of noticing the services of Sir Henry was brought before the House of Commons—not by a member of the cabinet or a supporter of the government, but by one of the opposition, Mr. Hume.* On the motion of that gentleman, Sir Robert Peel, then leading a commanding majority in the House, voted a pension of £1,500 a-year to Sir Henry Pottinger, for his own life only. This Mr. Hume had the discretion to accept as better than the nothing which had as yet been offered him; but doubtless he felt, as the public strongly feel, that, when compared to pensions for diplomatic or other services, no more important to the public than those rendered by Sir Henry, a life pension of £1,500 a-year was no sufficient reward. Lord Ashburton, Sir Henry Willock, and Sir Gore Ouseley, all received pensions—the last-named, one of £5,000 a-year. We by no means say that they were undeserved, but every one must feel, that if services are estimated by their value to the country, those of Sir Henry Pottinger entitle him to as full a remuneration, and as distinguished honours as ever were conferred on any diplomatist. In saying this, we find that we are almost adopting the language of a high authority. The Marquis of Lansdowne, on the occasion of the subject of the pension to Sir Henry Pottinger coming before the House of Lords, said, that he should not have thought the grant would be at all beyond the just measure of that reward which was fairly due to Sir Henry Pottinger, “even if it had gone to the full amount ever awarded to the most distinguished ambassador. He believed that even if that amount were reached by the vote of the minister, there would be no dissentient voice.”

It must occur to many, in explanation of this mysterious economy, that the ministry had some latent cause of dissatisfaction with Sir Henry. Sir Robert Peel admitted his services in their fullest extent, and Lord Aberdeen expressly said—“I believe I may say that I do not recollect a single instance of any one act done by Sir Henry Pottinger, which did not meet with the full approbation of her Majesty.”†

What, then, was the explanation made by ministers? None, we aver, that can be accepted as satisfactory. Sir Robert Peel said, that by an act introduced by Mr. Hume himself, ministers could not propose a pension for a diplomatist except he had been employed as such for a certain number of years. But the difficulty which this might seem to occasion in the case of Sir Henry Pottinger, he might have overcome, and did, by a mere formula of speech. He admitted that for extraordinary cases, it was at all times competent to ministers to propose an address to her Majesty, recommending a pension, adding that this was an extraordinary case, and he was ready to adopt the course. Mr. Hume's act, then, afforded the minister no defence for his delay, and it had nothing to do with the amount of the reward. In reference to the latter, Sir Robert Peel spoke of the frequent demands made for pensions by persons of merit. This argument, from our poverty, might have been reserved with advantage for other objects. It was but ill adduced by one who was at that moment the dispenser of rich resources, and in a case of unequalled services. Lord Palmerston well remarked, “that the rewards of the country did not so much depend on the merit of the indi-

* Mr. Hume, on this occasion, said that he had no communication with Sir Henry Pottinger, and had never seen him but once, and then at a public place. We may as well add, that neither have we had any communication with Sir Henry Pottinger, and that we have never seen him, or, as far as we know, any one of his name.

† Speech of Lord Aberdeen in the House of Lords, June 16, 1845.

dual, as upon the services he rendered to the public, and that ages might roll over before such services should occur again."

We further think it our duty to add, that this meagre grant, made as the reward of services of the very highest character, inferior in amount to pensions given to preceding diplomatists with less important claims, inferior in amount to the pension secured to many an obscure official, loses altogether the pure character of reward when fairly viewed in its true light, as being only compensation. It was stated in the debate on Mr. Hume's motion, that had not Sir Henry Pottinger consented to go to China, he would, undoubtedly, have been nominated to a governorship, or to the position of counsellor at one of our Presidencies in India, either of which appointments is worth from £10,000 to £12,000 a year. When we consider his rare talents, and the length of time during which they were engaged in China, we must regard this as highly probable, and at all events £1,500 a year for life is but just compensation for the advancement which so eminent a person might lose by being removed from his own proper service.

How, then, does the question of the remuneration made to Sir Henry Pottinger for his services in China stand?

First, as to the honours. Sir Henry Pottinger was, as our readers have already seen, made a baronet long before he was employed in China, for services performed in India. When the news of the peace with China reached England, he was given the honour of a Grand Cross of the Bath; but as he held in China the brevet rank of a major-general in the East India Company's service, and was present and exposed to the heaviest fire in most of the engagements there, he was entitled to this, independently of his diplomatic services. On his return to England, in 1844, he was, as we have mentioned before, made a member of her majesty's Privy Council. This was the single honour accorded to Sir Henry for his diplomatic services in China, and must be regarded as his sole remuneration—the pension of £1,500 a year being, as we have stated, compensation, and not reward.

We have been led to this subject unavoidably, by having had occasion to consider the extraordinary services of the distinguished subject of our memoir. We repeat, that we are wholly unable to account for the line of conduct pursued by the late government towards one to whom the country owes so much—their tardy notice of his services—their double parsimony in dealing with them—and in turning from the topic, can only say that it was the fate of Sir Henry Pottinger to have been appointed by one minister, and rewarded by his opponent.

Sir Henry has, we understand, a fine head and a powerful frame. He is a first-rate horseman, and has been always fond of field sports, to which circumstance he was, indeed, a good deal indebted for his life when he escaped from the Mahratta cavalry in 1816. He was married, in 1822, to Miss Cooke, the daughter of an officer in the army, and has three children, still very young. He is greatly beloved in private life, and though long engaged with heavy cares, has been at all times marked by the charm of a lively manner. "How can a person with your serious occupations," said a pompous major to him once—"how can you share in the folly of these young men?" "My grave friend," was the reply, "I have my folly for every day's use, and my wisdom for state occasions."

IRISH LANDLORDS—THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY OF IRELAND.*

As of late years the condition of Ireland has occupied much of public attention, and as it appears the now generally received opinion, that any important improvement in her social condition, must arise from the exertions of her own inhabitants, and as those inhabitants are almost exclusively engaged in agricultural pursuits, it seems an interesting question to consider, how far, and in what way, her agricultural capabilities, and the industry and talent of her people, may be made conducive to such a result.

It may be laid down as an axiom, that all great changes, to be permanent and effectual, whether those changes be of a social, political, or religious nature, must spring from within the body itself—must arise from the feeling that all is not well as it is; and in this age of increasing intelligence, and improved education, the duty of the legislature and the minister will be, to give a proper direction to the aspirations of a people, rather than attempt themselves to control or regulate the public voice. But if, on the one hand, this be claimed as the right of a people, it must be remembered on the other, that it brings its duties with it. It will not do to say, whatever is right with us we owe to ourselves; our crimes, our misfortunes, our follies, we owe to others. If awakened intelligence, and advanced knowledge, fit us to declare our wants, and the hesitating gait of childhood is to be exchanged for the firm step of man, we must, at the same time, feel, think, and act like men, confident in our own power, relying on our own exertions, looking to ourselves, and ourselves alone, for the moral regeneration of our country.

The great tendency amongst public men of all parties in Ireland, to look to parliament and the government of the day, as the source from whence relief is to be expected, must be regarded as a great evil. It evinces a want of self-dependence, it betokens a want of moral training, and until it be in some sort modified, forbids us to hope

for effectual improvement. The wisdom of the legislature and the beneficent intentions of the minister, important as it is that such wisdom and such beneficent intentions should exist, play but a secondary part in the development of the resources of a nation.

What might be here considered as the wisest code of laws, or the freest constitution, would be unsuited to a large proportion of the earth's inhabitants; nay, perhaps, might even prove a curse to them, where the tide of civilization had not yet approached, and where freedom to all would be, in effect, liberty to the stronger to tyrannize over his weaker fellow-man; and it may be cited as one of the many proofs of the sublime wisdom of the Ruler of the universe, that the necessary consequence of advancing civilization is, the sweeping before it, laws always restrictive, though at one time necessary, but now become a clog and an impediment. In the progress of events, man has become fitted for freer institutions, having passed through an ordeal, rendering him capable of properly appreciating and enjoying the benefits they are calculated to confer.

And so with respect to the mutual relations of the various classes of society, if their rights are not ascertained, and their duties not understood—if one party, afraid of invasion of their privileges, stand upon the defensive, if another, strong in their numbers and inflamed by passion or prejudice, are eager to trample under foot those placed above them in the scale of society, the result must be unhappiness to all, and poverty and destitution to those, whose minds are led away from their natural pursuits, and their senses confounded, amid the whirl and excitement of turbulent passions. It is, therefore, especially desirable, that the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland, should be placed upon a better than its present footing; the real interest of all parties, excepting the mere grievance-monger, with whom no one would sympathise, would be

* Annual Report and Transactions of the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland, for the year 1845. Dublin, 1846.

promoted by it, and the country would become prosperous from the only sure source of prosperity—confidence between man and man. In the sentiment, that “property has its duties as well as its rights,” and duties, in a country circumstanced as Ireland is, of an awfully responsible character, all good men will agree; but it should be remembered that its application is twofold, to the proprietor of the estate responsible for its management on the one hand, to the occupiers of the property, in their capacity as tenants, on the other—and he will really serve his country best, though he might easily pursue a more popular course, who, without pandering to the evil passions of one party, or flattering the pride or the prejudices of another, points out what may seem to be the peculiar province of each.

It would, unfortunately, be as useless as unpleasant, to dwell on the fact, that in a country of unparalleled natural fertility, we have an impoverished people. We cannot but be fully aware of the mortifying circumstance, that the first impressions on the mind of a stranger visiting Ireland are those of wonder and amazement, not unmixed with pity, at the wretched objects he beholds. The “circle of evils producing and re-producing one another,” have been so often treated of, the existence of such evils is so commonly acknowledged, that it would be a mere waste of time to dwell on them here. The question that concerns us is—How may the circle be broken? We needed not the evidence taken before the Land Commission to convince us, that a vast portion of the people of this country are badly housed, ill clothed, and poorly fed; though, perhaps, it may be well, that this fact should stand recorded in their report, if the prominent position of this monument of national disgrace should lead to efforts for its removal.

That latterly, the condition of the people has excited a more lively interest in their wealthier fellow-countrymen, is evidenced, amongst other proofs, by the establishment of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland. It partakes more of a popular character, than any society heretofore established in Ireland, with similar objects; a great portion of its funds are devoted to the promotion of improvement amongst the small working farmers of Ireland, and there is no

exclusion as to membership. But if we contrast the numbers contributing to it (700 for the last year) with the vast number of wealthy proprietors, and others interested in the proper cultivation of the soil, we must be struck with the paucity of subscribers, and are led to believe that even yet, the necessity for exertion is not fully felt. The benefits to be derived from such an institution must not be estimated according to the mere amount of money to be disbursed from its funds. The bringing together parties from distant parts of the country, the opportunity of hearing what is doing in other neighbourhoods than their own, the feelings of emulation excited, the creation of an agricultural *public opinion*—these are amongst the most important, though at first imperfectly seen results arising from its establishment. But not only is there an opportunity afforded by means of it, for ascertaining the improvements that may be going on in any locality, but the general management of estates must unavoidably be brought under public notice, for though, we presume, the society would wish most carefully to avoid any invidious remarks on the arrangements, or modes of management, of particular individuals, and would, no doubt, discountenance any direct allusion to them, by way of instituting comparison, on the part of those who might be appointed to inspect matters in competition for their medals or money prizes, still comparisons will be made, and each individual reading of what may seem to be able and enlightened management, will almost unconsciously be led to contrast it with some instance of neglect or abuse in his own neighbourhood, the omission of some of the duties, or the too rigid enforcement of some of the rights of the landlord.

We must confess, that we look for much more from the organisation of a sound public opinion upon the subject, than from anything that can be directly effected by the acts of the legislature with regard to money dealings between parties. It will be found very difficult to make men honest by act of parliament. The needy, grasping landlord will evade your laws, so long as the real evil remains—an undue competition for the possession of land, while you take all grace from the acts of him who, under

any circumstances, would be just, humane, and liberal. In the every-day intercourse of man with man, we find numbers who would not, for any advantage they could possibly derive from it, state what they knew to be untrue, take what did not belong to them, or "bear false witness against their neighbour," and yet we might know that the same individuals were in the constant habit of violating other obligations equally binding on them, so that it is plain their love of truth and their honesty does not proceed from any religious feeling upon the subject. But if their upright conduct in their relations to their fellow-men does not spring from religious feelings, it must have its origin in some other. And where are we to look for these? *In the fact that the commission of such acts is considered disgraceful amongst those with whom they habitually associate; they could not indulge in such misdeeds without becoming outcasts from the society they have been accustomed to live in; such practices are considered dishonourable, the author of them would lose caste, and would desire nothing more than that he might be permitted to find shelter in the shades of obscurity, and be forgotten. But the same feelings and influences would operate when the state of public opinion was sound, on those who would take advantage of the necessities of their neighbours; it would not do to plead ignorance, for ignorance where, it may be, the lives, at all events the happiness, of human beings like ourselves was at stake, would be disgraceful. We could not shelter ourselves under the excuse, that it was done through the misconduct of incompetent or unqualified persons, for to employ such would be disgraceful. In the words of Bacon—"It is no baseness for the greatest to descend and look into their own estate;" and in a short time ignorance on such matters on the part of the employer or his agent would come to be considered as a shame and a reproach.*

But much mischief has been done by parties assuming to be the friends of the tenantry of Ireland, attempting to brand the name of landlord as synonymous with tyrant, as if the whole class were alike, and that they were formed for the mere purpose of being held up to the execration of

their neighbours. The effect of this has been, to prevent the formation, to any extent, of such a sound opinion as has been spoken of. When all were blended in one common censure, wholly and totally undeserved, those who might justly be blamed found themselves screened by the character of those with whom they were classed, while the latter portion, feeling the injustice done themselves, might conceive there was equal injustice done to others, or, at all events, would treat attacks coming from so plainly a prejudiced quarter as undeserving of notice.

In speaking of the landlords of Ireland we may, perhaps not improperly, describe them by the homely three-fold division of good, bad, and indifferent: the bad, those who are guilty of acts culpable in themselves; the indifferent, who do nothing that can, perhaps, be found fault with, but are careless of the condition or comforts of their tenantry; and the good, those who concern themselves in all that can promote the welfare and comfort of those who are dependent on them. That there are many bright examples of the latter class, every unprejudiced person must admit; that there are many of the second class, cannot be denied; and we fear that some, though comparatively few, deserve the bad pre-eminence of being placed in the first. Want of means may form an excuse for some of those who may be classed as indifferent; natural indolence, and ignorance of rural affairs, more frequently will be found to be the cause; while no apology can be found for those who so far forget their duty, as to make the power intrusted to them, which might be the means of blessing to numbers, a source of injustice or oppression.

It is plainly impossible to lay down any rules of universal application in the management of Irish estates. Circumstances differ so much according to the mode in which they have been managed, the habits and feelings, the state of comparative knowledge or ignorance of the people, that no universal medicine can be prescribed, but the skill and judgment or the want of such qualifications in the practitioner, will appear from the remedies he proposes to use. In the case of estates that have been long neglected, it

will generally be found, that the subdivision of farms has proceeded to an almost incredible extent, and when, unfortunately for all parties, such a state of things exists, a grave question arises as to the proper course to be pursued.

An opinion has very generally prevailed in favour of large, that is, comparatively large farms, though, at the present time, in England, a different view is taken, to some extent, on the subject. In some cases it has been attempted to consolidate farms in Ireland; this can only be effected by the removal of the present occupiers.

We need not here inquire as to the comparative advantages generally of large or small farms; we have not to deal with the question, which is absolutely best? but which is most desirable for us in our circumstances? but it will be well to remember, that the main argument of the advocates of the larger farms is derived from the fact, that there can be greater economy of management practised, from their admitting of a better *division of labour*, the application of machinery on a large scale, and the use of more perfect implements. Now, these should scarcely be recommendations to us with a large unemployed population. It will be said, perhaps, that the holders of large farms, from the spirited way in which they carry on improvements, would expend large sums in labour, altogether independent of that required for the ordinary work of the farm; but this *presupposes the possession of large capital* on the part of those who are to be the occupiers of such farms—an article in which we are lamentably deficient; but even though it were otherwise, it is not conceivable that any amount that could be expended, would be sufficient to meet the exigencies of the case, if the class of small farmers were annihilated.

Such reasoning will carry much weight, though by no means conclusive, when the question lies, as in England and Scotland, between farms varying from two to six hundred acres, in contradistinction to farms there considered small, varying from forty to eighty acres; but the same reasoning does not hold good with respect to the small Irish farmer. In

the former case, in both instances, the farmer pays for his labour, in the latter the greater part of it is performed by the small holder and his family. The plough is, after all, but an imperfect substitute for the spade, its recommendation being, the cheapness and celerity with which a given amount of work can be performed; of great importance, where the extent of land under tillage is considerable; of no importance, when the work can be more thoroughly done by those whose labour is otherwise unemployed.

But, apart from such considerations, the question remains, if an estate be in the condition supposed, how is it to be dealt with? This question should be answered with reference to the interests of the proprietor himself, the general interests of society at large, and the peculiar interests of those individuals more immediately concerned. As regards the interest of the proprietor, much mischief may be occasioned by attempts at rapid consolidation. A tenant who is thriving on ten acres, may be ruined by an additional ten, particularly when, as will usually happen, the land so added is worn out and exhausted; his little stock may have enabled him to do well on what he had, but be totally inadequate to his new holding; this will be still more the case, if he is obliged to part with a portion of his savings, or, more commonly, to borrow, to pay something for the *good will* of the tenant going out. In this point of view the effects of such attempts are frequently most injurious, but other and weightier objections remain behind.

Those who have never known what it is to have anxieties as to a provision for themselves or their families, a want of reflection may lead to the commission of acts that their better judgment would tell them was wholly indefensible.

"The wounds I might have healed!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part.
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart!"

And so it is but too often: when it is considered, that the small holding of the poor occupier stands between him and beggary, though the possession may seem insignificant, and the provision a poor one, we cannot won-

der at the tenacity with which he clings to it; his wants are few, and easily satisfied; his patience and his natural lightheartedness make his condition bearable, insupportable as that condition must otherwise be. In the beautiful language of a young poet—

"The shelter that kept out weather and winds
Had the magical name of home;
A word that is dearer to English minds
Than palace or lordly dome.
There were garments rude, and homely food,
For a little loving band;
And a wife was there, once young and fair,
To clasp the horny hand,
And bless it—through God—that its strength could
give,
Not store for old age, but the means to live!
For the poor have hearts, and 'tis thought they know
A feeling of joy from one of woe."

Let us, for a moment, suppose ourselves in the place of the evicted tenant. We see those most dear to us—and the affection of the Irish peasant for his family is proverbial—threatened with absolute ruin, for the sake of carrying out some projected improvement; and how should we feel towards him who made the happiness of his fellow-creatures of such little account, that he prefers the improvement of his land, accompanied by our misery and wretchedness, to the attempt at the improvement of the same land, accompanied by our happiness and prosperity? We surely must regard him as heartless and tyrannical. It is humiliating to us as men, that so little value should be set upon our happiness; it is humiliating to us as Christians, living in a Christian country, that the precepts of that Gospel which we profess to believe, should be thus openly violated, and that we should so far forget one of the two commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets—"thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." But by a righteous retribution, misdeeds, even in this world, by whomsoever perpetrated, bring their own punishment along with them. The carrying out of the clearance system reacts upon the very improvement it is intended to advance, and obstructs it. The tenant who is permitted to remain must feel that it is not from any regard for himself, but probably from his being more wealthy, or having a better house than his poorer

neighbour, that he is allowed to enjoy it; and though he will not be sorry to get an increase to his farm, yet he will, and he must, feel the wrong that has been inflicted on another; he will know that the same thing may happen to himself, should, at a future time, fresh measures of improvement seem to require his removal; his exertions are paralyzed, for he knows that immutable as the truths of eternal justice are said to be, they have no existence for him. The frame of society at large is shaken by such acts, the social ties are broken, the links that bind man to man are severed, the observations of the moralist and the philosopher, on the mutual dependence of man upon his fellows, is felt to be a mockery and delusion, and the very name of improvement becomes associated with human suffering, its track marked by roofless dwellings and starving children—its history written in the tears of the widow and the orphan.

It is not, however, to be supposed, that there is any wish to underrate the immense evils arising from an over-peopled estate, and a too minute subdivision of farms. Let every care, and there cannot be too much, be taken to provide against its proceeding further. Let every fair opportunity, by emigration or immigration, be taken advantage of to lessen the present evil; but let care be, at the same time, taken, that whatever is done, be done in accordance with justice and equity. It is not attempted to deny the great hardship inflicted in many cases upon landlords, whose ancestors, or who may themselves, have granted leases of large farms to single tenants, and who may find, at the expiration of the lease, twenty, fifty, or one hundred families, upon what was originally let as one farm. There is no legal remedy that can be had against the lessee or his representatives, that is not beset with practical difficulties.

The only remedy that really is effectual, is the proceeding by ejectment, if possession of the premises is not given up, and by virtue of the "*habere*" evicting all who may be found in occupation.* This cannot be recommended; arrangements may be made,

* Since the above was written, an act has been introduced making it unnecessary to evict all persons in possession.

perhaps, to lessen the evil ; but any act of a severe or sweeping nature cannot be too strongly reprobated. If the property had been purchased when in this state of subdivision, the circumstance should have been taken into account in the amount of the purchase-money ; if it has passed by descent, there will always be a rise in the rent which will afford the means of making some better arrangement, and the disadvantages must be endured, as evils entailed by the mismanagement of those who have gone before. But even in the worst case, very much may be done to improve the condition of the people. He will serve his country best who makes the most of its materials as they exist, instead of wasting his energies in thinking how it might be, if they had been different ; and more real and lasting gratification will be derived from the increased happiness and prosperity of its people, their gratitude and their kindly feelings, than in any amount of good that could be effected through the suffering and the sorrow of even one human being.

Those whose estates have no superabundant population, should congratulate themselves heartily on their good fortune ; their time and attention, the farms being conveniently divided, can then be directed with effect to the agricultural improvement of their tenantry. The mode of effecting such improvement will depend, in some degree, on the means at the landlord's disposal, but active superintendence and steady perseverance are of infinitely more importance than any expenditure of money ; without it, no amount of money will avail, but failure will discourage others ; with judicious superintendence, a small sum will effect a great deal. It is of the utmost importance, that those who undertake the improvement of an estate should have a *practical* knowledge of the details of agriculture : no amount of mere reading on the subject will suffice, though an excellent means of improvement after fixed and definite principles are established ; but without some standard by which to measure opinions, sometimes hastily advanced, the student will be bewildered at the opposite conclusions to which he seems hastening. The possession of such knowledge on the part of the director of improvements is of

the first importance ; next, that there should be under him a person capable of carrying out his views, possessed of intelligence and *imperturbable good temper*. The knowledge of details is insisted on for both, as though, without such knowledge, a good general system may be recommended, yet, if the person advised perceives an ignorance of detail, a forgetfulness of minute particulars, that must be taken into account, he naturally places no confidence in the advice or the person giving it. The consequence is, that nothing is done, the proprietor becomes disgusted, and improvement is, for the time, *retarded*. The key to the whole mystery is, that there must be confidence in the purity of intention of the person advising, and in his ability to give advice. Great numbers of agriculturists are located in various parts of Ireland, with great advantage to the estates on which they are placed. It seems very desirable that, as far as possible, Irishmen should be employed in that capacity. Their knowledge of the country, of the character of their countrymen, of their domestic arrangements, their times of buying and selling, the sort of produce they have to dispose of, their present mode of management—all this and much more which is necessary to be known, and which a stranger takes some time to learn, he would be thoroughly acquainted with in the first instance. Other reasons will present themselves making it desirable to employ natives in the good work of improving their brethren. At first it might be necessary to send a few young men to Scotland to learn farming as practised there, but in a short time, they could be equally well instructed in particular parts of Ireland. On a large farm, they would see a great deal that would not be at all applicable to our small farmers as *to the mode in which various operations are performed* ; but the principles of the art are of universal application, and seeing these, and knowing the present system at home, their study should be, to see how the principles they saw practised could be carried out in their own country. It may be an objection, that having gone to trouble and expense in fitting a young man for such an employment, there is no certainty that he would remain with his patron, but having acquired knowledge at his expense, might

sell it in the dearest market. By a judicious selection, this objection may be obviated, as some one could always be found, who, from family circumstances, would find it desirable to remain in his own neighbourhood.

A question that has lately been a good deal before the public, in one shape or other, is, that of remuneration to tenants for improvements effected during their occupancy; this formed the subject of a bill brought into the House of Lords, last session, 1845, by Lord Stanley, and measures with such an object have, at different times, been advocated by Mr. Sharman Crawford and others. It is a question of much intricacy and difficulty, rendered more so by the extreme opinions maintained with respect to the principle involved in it. The first idea that is likely to occur to landed proprietors and other capitalists is, the hardship and injustice done by the interference of the state in the dealings between man and man with respect to a marketable commodity; and the application of free trade principles to the produce of the land, certainly does appear anomalous, if contrasted with restrictive legislation for the first time about to be applied to its ownership. It is clear that the effect of any enactment that would be likely to lessen the inducements to the investment of capital in land in Ireland, would be highly injurious. The disturbed state of a part of the country, giving an undeservedly bad character to the whole, has that effect already. In the Highlands of Scotland, parts of which are quite as miserable as any parts of Ireland, much good has been effected in many cases, by estates having been purchased from the needy ancient proprietors, by wealthy English capitalists, who set about improving eagerly and zealously. We hear of few or no such cases in Ireland; and yet, if the present state of the cultivation of its soil be considered, and contrasted with its well-known capabilities, there can be no question as to its affording vast scope for the profitable investment of capital. Why, then, has it not been hitherto so employed? Because the monied man looks chiefly to the security and the quiet enjoyment of the fruits of his industry. He will be satisfied with a less per centage for his money in a peaceable country, rather than run

any risk of losing his life or living in a state of constant anxiety in a disturbed one. And herein the case of the tenantry, as in the case of the landlords, their bad conduct recoils upon themselves; they frighten away those who could and would be of use to them, depreciating the value of property generally, and making an Irish estate a jest among the monied; that the alarm felt is often much more than there is any ground for, is certain, but that is always so;—a murder is committed in Tipperary, Tipperary is in Ireland, and the Irish are murderers! Persons at a distance reason thus, and very absurd ideas are frequently entertained by English and Scotch, as to the state in which we are living in Ireland; and hence, the wickedness, perhaps, of a few misguided wretches, in a few districts, paralyze and blast the prospects of an entire country. But if to the drawbacks already existing, enactments fettering the enjoyment of landed property in Ireland be added, while it is left free in England and Scotland, an additional reason is given to the man of thousands why he should not apply his capital under such disadvantages. It is fortunate that generally we are satisfied with a less return for money invested in land, than we should be, were it lent out at interest. This arises from several advantages that generally attend the possession of an estate, and it may be, in some degree, from an increased importance, and a certain dignity attached to its possession. But these advantages will compensate only to a certain extent, and if other circumstances intervene, either reducing the return from the land, in the shape of rent, or in any other way making its possession less desirable, the consequence is that capital seeks another vent, and the value of land is depreciated. It may be said, that if this capital be not applied to land, it will find its way to something else—some commercial or manufacturing speculation, and that therefore it matters not, as it is not unproductive or lost to the country. If we consider the question as regards the United Kingdom, this may have some plausibility, but speaking of its effects as regards Ireland, it cannot be maintained, for as we are essentially an agricultural country, and but slightly engaged in either commerce or manufactures, so

much capital is thus lost to us. If the one were, from the natural course of events, a more profitable application of capital than the other, there would be little to say; but what is argued is, that events out of the course of nature tend to deteriorate that which naturally affords an ample field for profitable investment—a fertile soil, kind even in its poverty, but faithfully promising a vastly more abundant return in the days of its riches, should they ever arrive. If these views be correct, it would follow, that if some interference on the part of the legislature be unavoidable, especial care should be taken, and it should be most jealously guarded, that while the interference be practical and efficacious, it be as little offensive as possible to those whose interests are affected.

But admitting that it is highly desirable, that the tenant making improvements should, in the event of his being dispossessed, be compensated for his outlay; yet different opinions may fairly be entertained, as to what constitutes an improvement—that is, as giving an increased value to the farm—the only ground on which a landlord can be called upon to make compensation. Suppose a tenant to have built a good house on a farm of five or six acres, and he wishes to leave it, he may say, “I have improved my holding by so much;” but the landlord will say, with truth, “the house you have built is not worth one farthing to me, although I have not wished to disturb you in the possession of your farm, yet since you wish to leave it, I will throw it into the adjoining farm, on which there is a good house already, and so far from its being of any value to me, I should feel deeply obliged by your carrying away your building altogether.” It would be most unjust to make the landlord liable for improvements of this kind, unless he had been a consenting party to the expenditure of the money, as otherwise, some authority must interfere, as the larger boy at school does with the younger, saying, “I will take care of your money for you, and direct you how to spend it, as you do not know how to make a prudent use of it yourself.”

There is one exception to be noticed, and that is, draining, when it is well and thoroughly performed. Before speaking of it, it may be as well to

notice one or two matters connected with the subject.

The distinction between the improved condition of a farm arising from good manuring and more perfect tillage, and that arising from draining, fencing, and other improvements, giving a permanently increased value to the land, must be carefully attended to. In the one case, a tenant, if not dispossessed, can reap the whole fruits of his industry in a comparatively short period, and the soil can be much more speedily exhausted than ameliorated; in the other, a longer time must elapse before the full benefit can be derived, and in case of dispossession, the tenant leaves the farm in a permanently improved condition. If it be admitted, that it is wrong to take the money of your neighbour from him by force, it must be equally wrong to take that which is money's worth, his labour. It therefore seems desirable that fraud should be prevented, and improvements promoted, though different opinions will be entertained as to the best means of accomplishing this design in itself so laudable.

It is necessary, in order to accomplish anything satisfactory, that we should proceed on plain, common-sense, commercial principles, keeping in view the solid fact, that land is a marketable commodity; that in legislating for its management we must remember the principles that for the most part regulate the actions of men in the conduct of their worldly affairs, respecting the motives that are the springs of action, without being led away by absurd and mischievous pretensions on the one hand, or startled at the assertion of an indefeasible right “to do what one likes with his own,” on the other. No such right can be claimed. The foundation of all law is found in the necessity that exists in a civilized state of society, for giving up what may be called the natural rights of man, for the sake of the protection afforded him, in their place. In the savage state, the beasts of the chase and the fruits of the field afford him the means of sustaining life; here the strength, cunning, or activity of the wild man are his natural allies; but as society improves, the unfettered exercise of these natural powers is found to be injurious to the peace and happiness of the community, and

a code of laws is framed, rude in their first existence, but becoming gradually developed as the relations of society become more complicated. In numberless cases man's personal liberty is restrained, where otherwise effects injurious to the well-being of the community might be apprehended; the principle is fully recognized in all our police regulations, whether as affecting the health, the comfort, or even the convenience of our neighbours. It cannot be conceived that there is anything in the nature of land that exempts it from the application of the same principle; and if there be anything that does so it must be regarded as a misfortune, since it places the land owner in an invidious position, and would lead to the conclusion that his interest was inconsistent with, and opposed to, the general interest of all.

Fixity of tenure has been claimed as the right of the tenantry. What is meant by fixity of tenure does not seem itself altogether *fixed*, as it would appear to be used with various meanings by different persons; but if it means what its name would imply—an absolute inherent right to retain possession of the land—a proposition more mischievous, or one more ruinous to the best interests of the tenants themselves, the ingenuity of man could not devise. On a great portion of the Church-lands of Ireland where, practically, fixity of tenure does exist, and where, for the most part, the rents are low, as much misery and as wretched cultivation is to be found, as on the most rack-rented and worst managed estates. The same may be said in cases where commons have been appropriated, and where, therefore, no rent is paid; but we cannot wonder that this should be so, when the people are in ignorance, and feel no want of the comforts of life; they have no artificial wants; content with a bare subsistence, they are perfectly satisfied; and if we wished that this should be universally so, that the plague-spot of indolence should spread throughout the length and breadth of the land, introduce fixity of tenure, and you have gone far to accomplish it!

Notice has been given of the intention of government to introduce three bills this session relating to the occupation of land in Ireland.* One to diminish the stamp duty on leases, another to alter the laws relating to distress, and a third to secure compensation to tenants for improvements, in case of their being turned out of possession of their holdings.

With respect to the first, there can be no possible objection on the part of any one, unless it be thought likely to injure the revenue; but probably its effect will be quite the reverse. The object is to remove one impediment to the granting of leases. But a great impediment, raised by the tenantry themselves, must be removed, namely, their shameless disregard of all covenants in their leases. A lease is no sooner signed, than they seem to have forgotten everything, except that they are to pay a certain rent, and if a particular stipulation be referred to, it is no uncommon thing to be told "oh, sure it's only a clause." It is most unfortunate that the morality of the tenantry, on this point, is not of a higher grade; for here, again, their want of honesty re-acts upon themselves. A landlord says, "a lease is one sided, it binds me firmly, the tenant does not consider himself bound at all," and an action for breach of covenant, even if successful, is no remedy against one from whom you can neither get damages nor costs, or if you can, it is but by reducing himself and his family to beggary, besides which, judges and juries have invariably leaned, in cases of this sort, to the tenant, from an amiable, though mistaken motive. It is in no way inconsistent with justice, that if the conditions on which a bargain is entered into be violated, the bargain itself should be considered at an end; the breach, if any, of the covenants of a lease should, therefore, be made to involve the forfeiture of the lease itself, and further defeat any claim to compensation that the legislature might otherwise provide, and this for the sake of all parties. In the present state of the *small* farmers of Ireland, a multiplicity of restrictions as to cropping, &c., would be

* Two of these bills have passed since this was written, and one—that for providing compensation for improvements—postponed until next session.

ill-judged and out of place; but it is conceived that much good may be effected, by affording easy means of regaining possession of the land where covenants, to be named by the legislature, have been violated, such as the sub-letting of the farm, or a part of it, or erecting a second dwelling-house, or permitting a second house to be inhabited without the consent, in writing, of the lessor, leaving other covenants, if inserted, to be enforced by the means at present available. The right of re-taking possession should be limited to cases named by the legislature; lest useless and vexatious restrictions should be insisted on, which a tenant might be induced to promise to comply with, from the great competition that prevails for the occupation of land. The remnants of the feudal system displayed in thirlage, the presentation of fat hens, the performance of certain works, undefined in their extent, but the obligation to perform which is retained in some leases, should all be discountenanced, letting the tenant have his land at a fair rent, but taking care that there shall be no means of oppressing him, by calling on him to provide horse labour at inconvenient and uncertain periods. The subject of the second bill, the law of distress, is also one of little difficulty, which does not seem to call for any remark; we, therefore, proceed to the consideration of the question of greatest difficulty—the compensation to be granted to tenants for improvement.

The distinction already insisted on, between improvements evanescent in their nature, and those that may be considered permanent, will be remembered; and we shall first consider how the better cultivation of the soil may in all cases be secured, and how, therefore, the means of executing permanent improvements may be created. Nineteen or twenty years is the term generally approved of in Scotland for the duration of leases; and we have the testimony of numbers of tenant-farmers of that country, to the effect that such a term is quite sufficient to reap all the benefit of ordinary outlay. In Ireland there are landlords of every class; the tenant of five or six acres may be, and frequently is, a landlord; and there is no portion of the community more in want of protection than

those who are the tenants in such a case. There are many reasons why it is not desirable that there should be any compulsion to grant leases: in many cases there is not the power, as well in the case of private individuals as in the case of public bodies and chartered companies; and for reasons already stated, as well as others, it does not seem advisable that the legislature should so far interfere. A case may occur where a tenant is of notoriously bad character, a disgrace to the estate on which he lives, and a nuisance in his neighbourhood: such a person should, at all hazards, be got rid of, while even he should be treated with strict justice, if he should—which, however, is not likely—have made any improvements; but the compelling a landlord to grant leases to such characters, would be most injurious in its consequences, and tend greatly to lessen the value of character altogether. But to promote the better cultivation of the soil, it seems not inconsistent with the principles laid down, that the legislature should declare, that every letting where there was no lease should be considered as a letting for twenty years, *in so far* that there should be no power to raise the rent until a period of twenty years had elapsed from the last letting or valuation, excepting such percentage for money expended by the landlord in the improvement of the farm, as might be agreed on between the parties. *Though the tenant might be dispossessed*, there should be no power to take an increased rent from his successor other than as before explained, until such a period of twenty years has expired, to be calculated as if the original tenant had remained in possession, with the provision that sub-letting, or the inhabiting of a second dwelling-house, should deprive him of all benefit from the statute. Thus there would be no room for the imputation, that what was, perhaps, a necessary act, had been done for the purpose of getting an increased rent, while generally there would be no inducement to substitute one tenant for another, and the knowledge that his rent could not be raised within a definite period, would be an inducement to him to proceed in his labours with zeal and industry, especially in the earlier parts of the period. This, no doubt, is an

interference; but that some interference is necessary, is generally admitted, and we believe this is not more than the occasion requires. It would be both simple and effectual, and its efficacy could be secured by making the landlord subject to a penalty for any infringement of its provisions. Such is the practice at present on some estates, and no good landlord will object to the principle, though he may dislike the interference; but it must be remembered, that the persons it is wanted to reach are those who are not of themselves inclined to deal justly and fairly with their tenantry, and who would be, perhaps, afraid to make the demand the law entitles them to, if not protected in some way.

The bill introduced last session, on the subject of compensation to tenants in Ireland, contemplated the creation of a cumbrous machinery, with a commissioner and assistant-commissioners. A law meant to promote social improvement will be valuable for that purpose, or not, according as it works smoothly and harmoniously, or the contrary; and when we remember the great jealousy generally felt towards government commissioners, as exemplified in the working of the poor law both in England and Ireland, we must see that such officials had better be dispensed with, if it is possible to do without them. If so much jealousy of control is manifested in purely public matters, how much more room is there for it where private interests and private feelings are concerned. Interference by the state is of itself but little palatable; but in the case supposed there is superadded personal interference, and the feelings excited by it. The more simple the machinery the better, and it does not appear that the creation of such a staff would be at all necessary to carry out the provisions of an act that might secure the tenant, while it did not offend the landlord.

The principle of the bill was to allow a certain fixed sum—£3 per statute acre—in the case of draining, to the tenant, if dispossessed within fourteen years. This principle appears unsound in two respects, both because a fixed sum, no matter of what amount, would work unequally—the rate of wages, and consequently the value of the work done, varying much in diffe-

rent parts of Ireland, as appears from the reports made to the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society; and because the time that may have elapsed since the completion of the work, should be considered in estimating the amount of compensation to be made.

The value of the work done being ascertained, and that sum divided by the number of years during which the improvements may be expected to be productive, the tenant's claim might be diminished by the amount of the quotient for each year he may have continued to hold the farm, since the completion of the work. Thus, if we suppose the good effects of draining to last for twenty-five years, and that one hundred pounds was expended, the deduction from the full sum would amount to four pounds for each year the tenant continued to hold, so that, in such a case, at the end of ten years the tenants, if dispossessed, should receive sixty pounds, at the end of twenty years, twenty pounds, and so for any other number of years. The return for capital invested in draining will, of course, depend much on the nature of the soil operated on, but it may be taken at an average of thirty per cent., which certainly is not above the mark.

If, as already supposed, a tenant had expended one hundred pounds, at the end of ten years he would have returned to him £300, if he were then dispossessed, he would receive £60 from the landlord, so that after replacing the one hundred pounds, and allowing interest upon it for the ten years at five per cent. the tenant would be a clear gainer of £210. Twenty-five years may be thought to be too long a time, but if twenty or any other number of years be taken as the limit, the same principle will apply, remembering that if the time be too short, the tenant turned out soon after the completion of his labours, would be at a great disadvantage, compared with him who was permitted to remain longer; that the landlord should receive some benefit from the improvement effected, even though he has in no way directly contributed to it, will be apparent, if we consider him, as he really is, in the light of the capitalist furnishing to

others the raw material, in the shape of land from which the manufactured article is to be produced, and it will be seen, from what has been already said, how unwise it would be unduly to limit the return from the landlord's capital, in a country where the value of other description of property is constantly increasing, and where other means of investment present no such obstacle.

For the purpose of ascertaining if the drains have been well and substantially made, it might be made imperative on the party seeking compensation, to have the drained fields mapped, and the lines of drains marked, so that at any time the system of drainage might be seen, and the drains themselves dug up and examined. In cases of dispute, arbitration might be employed, or the question decided at quarter sessions, but the probability is, that as knowledge on the subject is becoming more generally diffused, few, if any, disputes would arise. Neither party would like to go into a public court with a dishonest case, when the question turns not upon alleged conversations, loose promises, or the customs or usages of former times, but upon matters of fact lying open to the senses. The method to be followed being stated, and strictly laid down, there could be little difficulty in ascertaining, whether the work had been properly executed or not. Notice of the intention to execute the work should, in the first instance be given to the landlord, who should have the option of undertaking it himself, charging the tenant interest on the sum expended, at a rate not exceeding six per cent. On very many estates, no account is taken of the value of the houses on the farm, that being left free to the tenant at whose cost they have, until within the last few years, been invariably erected. In the north of Ireland, where "tenant-right" exists, the sums usually given by the incoming to the outgoing tenant are greatly more than would pay for all improvements of every kind that may have been effected, so that any compensation that might be provided by act of parliament, would not at all make up for the loss of this tenant-right, amounting, as it does in many cases, to sums equivalent to the fee-simple value of the land. Different opinions are entertained with re-

spect to the good or evil results arising from this institution; those who know it best generally approve of it, while to persons without knowledge of its working, it sounds a strange and indefensible claim. Advantages and disadvantages attend it, but the question is one of too much importance to be discussed within our limits on the present occasion, as much detail must necessarily be gone into in order to make its bearings and its workings so apparent, as to enable those who are ignorant of the custom to form an opinion as to its merits or demerits.

It may be a question whether the same principle, with proper modification, might not be applied with advantage over the whole of Ireland, though it is certain that such a proposition would excite strong opposition on the part of many benevolent and humane individuals, themselves bright examples of what a landlord should be, and scarcely believing that there are others standing in unenviable comparison with themselves. The means by which remuneration for money expended in building improvements should be secured, might be somewhat analogous to the mode pursued in the case of draining, but to meet the objection before alluded to, namely, the hardship of compelling landlords to allow for buildings, which they do not consider of any advantage to their property, the allowance should be limited in cases of *building improvements* to a stated number of *years' rent* of the farm. All parties will agree, that it is most desirable that every facility should be given to the carrying out of voluntary agreements. The reduction of the stamp duty on leases will greatly assist in this, as affording a cheap and easy means of shewing what the agreement is, together with the legal means of enforcing it when necessary; but it must not be forgotten that we cannot calculate upon any thing being done of their own accord, by those whose habits or education is not becoming the station they are called on to occupy. There may be some who would endeavour to deter a tenant from taking any of the preliminary steps necessary to enable him to obtain compensation thereafter. Cases were mentioned before the land commission, where the proportion of poor's rates to which the tenants were entitled, had been

refused to be allowed to them, telling them that if they chose to demand it they might, but that so much would in that case be added to the rent. Where this could happen, it will be plain that voluntary agreements cannot be expected, and the simple remedy seems, that every letting, where there is no lease, should be presumed, *so far as the rent of the land is concerned*, to be a letting for twenty years. If a shorter time be agreed upon, the cost of the stamp will be no bar to the execution of the lease, so that the landlord may retain the power of getting rid of any person of bad character, giving him, as at present, six months' notice, but being unable to raise his rent oftener than once in twenty years; or he may give a lease for any period however short, losing the power of dispossessing his tenant during the term, provided his rent be paid. The interests of all would be promoted by this, the tenant would have some certainty, and there would be a recognized period, when the landlord might fairly re-value and relet his land; whereas, at present, tenancy at will is often practically fixity of tenure, or if new arrangements be made at any time, the tenant feels aggrieved, and the landlord scarcely knows on what principle he ought to proceed.

Let legislation assist, and some assistance it can no doubt afford, but still we place our greatest dependence on the power of public opinion; let those who think this chimerical, recollect the excitement caused by the eviction of Mr. Gerard's tenants, and the notice taken of it in parliament. A short time since, and such an event would not have been thought worthy of record, in the columns of the county newspaper, and now we find it occupying the attention of the British senate. But at home, there is springing up a middle class of more active habits, and of marked intelligence, while amongst the actual cultivators of the soil, a knowledge of the business of their life is becoming more generally diffused, by means of instruction at the various schools in which agriculture is more or less taught, as well as by instruction in the fields, from

the numerous agriculturists scattered throughout the country. We hear the want of industrial education amongst the landed proprietors of England and Scotland frequently lamented, and yet the state of knowledge *there* is a perfect blaze of light, compared with the utter ignorance that prevails *here* on such subjects, where ignorance is less excusable, as millions suffer from its chilling influence. Circumstances contribute daily to lessen the contempt with which the business of the husbandman has been too generally regarded in Ireland. The application of science to the development of the powers of the soil, has tended to raise agriculture to the rank of a science itself, while the masses of evidence taken at various periods before committees of both houses of parliament, and the various commissions of inquiry that have been from time to time appointed, have excited public attention, besides which the numerous works that have latterly appeared, connected with the "Condition of Ireland" question, have given an interest to matters in which but little had been heretofore felt. The influence exercised by the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society, established through the exertions of one who has now passed away, must not be disregarded; nor could that society perform an act more graceful, or more consonant with its object, than by some lasting testimonial to manifest its filial duty, handing down to posterity the name of Peter Purcell as that of one, who served his country while he served himself, and taught us that honest industry and upright dealing will be rewarded, not merely by the pecuniary benefits to be derived from it, but by the respect and esteem of all whose good opinion is worth having.* That which was looked upon as a national calamity—the failure in the potato crop of last year—may, in the superintending wisdom of a gracious providence, ultimately prove a blessing, as teaching the people the use of other and more nutritious food. The various public works undertaken, and to be undertaken, will not only be a means of instruction in the best methods

* We are rejoiced to perceive that this matter has been taken up in the proper quarter.

of performing work, but will give a permanently increased value to the land, and, at the same time, a permanently increased demand for labour. Many circumstances in the aspect of the times, bid us look for brighter days for our country. Yes! if those who assume the responsible position of leaders of the people, would but lead them to that which is practicable, profitable, or useful, teach them *their duties* as well as *their rights*, treat them as rational beings, instead of insulting their judgment, by the repetition of stale fallacies and oft-refuted misstatements, long and death-like as has been our slumber, we should yet awake to a glorious resurrection, the bright and sunny morning of a brilliant summer's day. But some of our patriots wish us to suppose, that love of our own country is best displayed by abusing that of our neighbours, and that patriotism is best exhibited in the strength and pungency of the terms employed—employed too against those, the influence of whose feelings and opinions is manifested in the improved management of estates, so apparent of late years. Such a course of proceeding is puerile and foolish: it is inconsistent with that self-respect, which ought to be the foundation of the dignity of a people, making declamation stand in the place of argument, and abuse pass current for reasoning. Scotland is a proof to us, that nationality, in the fullest meaning of the term, may remain, though her judges sit in her parliament house, though her peerage be represented by sixteen, and her Commons by only fifty-three representatives; *but nationality with them takes a different direction*; it is evinced, as with ourselves, in war, in standing side by side against the common foe, with bravery unshaken, but when returning time of peace comes round, it is evinced by persevering application to the arts that soften and adorn life, distinguished as are her sons alike in science, commerce, mining, manufactures, and, above all, distinguished by their zeal and skill in agricultural improvement. Let it be our part to imitate them. With at least equal talents, with great

mineral capabilities, with vast water power, with plenty of hands seeking work, with a rich and fertile soil, with a mild and temperate climate, we cannot fail of success, if we only do ourselves justice, and let our talents find employment in something practical and useful. With increased prosperity, will come increased security, as those are naturally reckless, who have little or nothing to lose. When men have something else to think of, party spirit is softened and abated, for continued political excitement but ill accords with quiet business habits, and plodding industry.

Inestimable as is the privilege of free discussion, valuable as in some cases is agitation itself, we should yet remember the words of Burke—"We must not make the *medicine* of the constitution its *daily bread*." We cannot afford to have a perpetual revolution, unless it be in the habits of the people themselves. It is fully and wickedness to mislead them by flattery. The truth should be stated loudly and openly; they have much of their poverty to blame themselves for. It must be endeavoured to raise them above themselves. It is true, that they have not large sums to expend in agricultural improvements, but they surely might afford to *button their breeches at the knees*. It is true, that cases of hardship and oppression do sometimes occur, but still it is frequently the advantage of the tenant to improve, even though he may know that he will not be liberally dealt with; but though he may know that he will benefit himself largely, the common feeling revolts at the idea of any one else gaining. Improvement must go on from both ends until it meets in the centre; sounder views must prevail on both sides, the real interests of landlord and tenant are identical, but looking through the false medium of passion or prejudice, our vision is distorted, we think we clearly perceive in what our gain consists, when a more calm inspection in a clearer atmosphere would convince us, that in this, as in all other matters of life, honesty will eventually prove the best policy.

VISIT TO MILO—A GREEK HEROINE.

THE rocky island of Milo, with its arid plains and its picturesque little town perched on the summit of a lofty cliff, is not the least interesting of that cluster known by the name of the Cyclades, each one of which separately, from historic association or natural beauty, might claim our best attention.

To a casual observer, it might indeed seem less attractive than almost any of those wild gardens of nature, that rise one by one in quick succession on the bosom of that dark blue sea, like the varied and still beautiful changes of a dream. It does not present so fair an aspect as Naxos, the very greenest and loveliest island that ever was bathed in the light of an eastern sun; nor is this air scented by its fragrance for miles around as in the vicinity of Poros; the heavy odour of whose lemon groves is felt long before the land is in sight, startling the senses with the perfume of unseen gardens that comes stealing over the salt wave when there is only sea and sky around; but Milo possesses in its antiquities an attraction far greater than any which the mere external landscape would offer.

It has many very interesting remains—many of those traces of the past, foot-prints as it were, which the generations long departed have left on the sand as they vanished from this mortal shore; our only records now of periods so distant and so dim, that but for some famous event or immortal name, shining like a beacon light in the great darkness, they would be veiled for us in impenetrable obscurity. Milo is, however, far from being altogether devoid of beauty; some of the features of its landscape are most striking, the first approach to it is peculiarly so. This island stands directly at the mouth of the Archipelago—the vessel about to seek a refuge in its far-famed bay, skirts for some time along a range of barren and rocky heights, where there are no signs of human habitation, till suddenly passing through a narrow entrance, it glides unexpectedly into a vast and most magnificent harbour so completely land-

locked, that no rough breeze of ocean can ever ruffle its serene waters, and however tremendous may be the storm without, as soon as the ship labouring a moment before amongst raging billows, shall have passed that little opening, it is certain to find itself floating in peace, on the still bosom of that fair and quiet haven, with the faintest of waves rippling against its side, and the light wind from the shore sighing round it, so soft and balmy that it seems but the gentle breathing of the earth in its repose. This beautiful bay is thought by many, from the appearances in the island, to have been the crater of an ancient volcano. This idea, which is at least admissible, clothes it in a strange and almost fearful interest: for still and tranquil as it now lies, ever the same clear mirror reflecting the same blue sky, it must once, if this be true, long since, in the infancy of the world perhaps, have been the scene of a terrific combat between the mighty elements of fire and water; when the raging sea, uprising suddenly in a wild convulsion, set those rocky barriers at defiance, and gathering together its impetuous waters in their uncontrollable strength, rushed down into this gaping wound in the bosom of the earth, to drive back the flames to its fiery heart for ever.

As may be supposed, from its thus affording so secure an anchorage, this island is well known to all navigators, from the commander of an English man-of-war, down to the wild looking master of a "mistico," or pirate vessel; but they resort to it also, on account of its being almost exclusively peopled by pilots, with whom it supplies the whole of the Levant, and who are extremely necessary in the intricate navigation of those seas. These pilots have established among themselves a regular system of government, subsisting under certain laws, to the infringement of which various penalties are attached, and, with their wives and children, they form both a numerous and thriving population—thanks to their lucrative trade. They are quite a race apart, differing completely in character

and appearance from the natives of the adjacent islands; short, stout, bluff-looking men, with a great deal of sturdy independence of manner, and invariably speaking several languages, of which English is almost always the one most familiar to them. They inhabit only the upper part of the town, and so high and steep is the rock on which it is built, that from the sea it looks almost inaccessible; it is on this account only the more fitted to be their habitation, as, from the flat roofs of their houses, they watch with anxious eyes the first distant speck which announces the arrival of a ship in search of a pilot—a certain source of wealth to one of their number; and as it is their inviolate law that the fortunate individual who first descries the prize shall also be the one to profit by it, this occupation almost entirely engrosses their time.

At the foot of the steep and rugged hills on which the town is built, there lies a wide extensive plain, spreading down to the sea on the other side, where the inhabitants unconnected with the pilotage have established themselves for the cultivation of their lands; the vineyards, forming their sole property, having clothed it almost entirely with a refreshing verdure, which alone relieves the eye from the painful glare of the sand and white stones that every where else predominate on the island. Some parts of this plain are extremely unhealthy, notwithstanding the hot springs with which it abounds, whose medicinal qualities are highly esteemed by the natives. There lies at some distance from the shore, a whole town entirely deserted, from which the inhabitants have been driven by fever. It is of no great antiquity, having been built by the Genoese some two hundred years ago; but the buildings, for the most part large and handsome, are perfectly entire.

The epidemic which exterminated the population had probably been as sudden as it was deadly; for every thing remains in the town exactly as though the inhabitants had left it but an hour before; and nothing can be more curious than to walk through the silent streets from house to house, where the doors stand wide open, as if the inmates were just about to return, and see every thing telling so

palpably of life, where all is cold and lifeless.

It was among the stones and wild brushwood of this burning plain, that those relics of ancient times already mentioned have been found, and its rough exterior probably conceals still greater treasures, which may not see the light till the eyes of other generations have opened to it; for those already rescued from the dust have only been the result of recent discoveries. The first of these was accidental, but it brought to light one of the most exquisite gems of antiquity—the statue commonly called the Venus of Milo, now in the possession of the King of the French. It was unexpectedly discovered by a peasant who was digging out the ground for stones, and excavations have since then been made several times in the vicinity of the spot, under the idea that this admirable piece of sculpture is a statue of one of the nine muses, and that her eight sisters are still imprisoned in the jealous earth, till a similar accident shall reveal their buried beauty; or, as others have supposed, that it represents Venus at the moment when the golden apple was awarded to her, and that the three statues of Paris, Juno, and Pallas may have accompanied hers.

Close to the spot where this valuable prize was obtained, is a most beautiful amphitheatre of pure white marble, in a state of admirable preservation. It is the property of the King of Bavaria, by whom it was principally excavated. Unfortunately the money which he left for that purpose when he visited the island some years since, was expended before the work was complete, so that a considerable portion of the range of seats is still imbedded in the earth. This theatre, the workmanship of which is singularly delicate and finished, is inferior in size and beauty only to that of the ancient Hiero, the city of Esculapius, which, from its position exactly between Mycenæ and Epidaurus, as well as its unequalled magnificence, is decidedly the most interesting in Greece. That of Milo, however, has an additional charm in its lonely and desolate position. It lies in a very wilderness of rocks, and stones, and tangled brushwood, and a most singular sensation is produced by the sudden appear-

ance in this barren spot, of so striking a memorial of the past, perfect as an object of art, and speaking eloquently not only of beings whose existence is unknown, and whose very dust must long since have been whirled from their crumbling tombs by the winds of heaven, but telling of their pleasures and amusements, and, above all, of the means they, like us, devised, to speed the winged hours of their most brief existence—an existence whose redeemless space has already been for them succeeded by untold centuries! The first appearance of the theatre in this solitude is, indeed, so very unexpected, that it would almost seem as though it could scarce be more so, did it burst on the view actually alive with all the sights and sounds which must have filled it once; but instead of this a death-like stillness prevails—that solemn and mournful stillness which, from our association of ideas, seems peculiar to ruins. The serpents and lizards glide unmolested over the seats once reserved for the spectators; the arena is choked up with thorns and weeds; and at night, the fire-flies and falling stars, shedding their radiance in the midst of solitude and desolation, replace the innumerable lamps that once shone on life, and beauty, and genius—all gone down to decay.

It is very rarely that a stranger is seen in this curious island, and the good French consul, whose twenty years' residence as sole European among the natives of Milo, has completely identified him with them in ideas and habits, is quite happy to profit by any opportunity of pouring forth a small portion of the information he has amused himself by collecting respecting the antiquities. He it was who had disinterred the unrivalled Venus from the bed of dust where she had lain so long, and most enthusiastic is his account of the excitement attendant on the discovery. His description of the result of a much more recent excavation is, however, still more interesting, from the palpable verification it affords to what would otherwise have been still considered a mere romantic legend. It had long been a tradition in the island that in the days when Milo was a kingdom and Naxos a principality, there was a certain king of Milo who had one fair daughter, while the Duke of Naxos had one

brave son. Now, these two potentates were at war with each other, and so dire were the battles they fought that there was some risk of their ending the warfare by exterminating the whole populations of both their diminutive states. Moved by this fear, the Duke of Naxos finally made a grand effort, and manned a fleet, of which his son took the command, and forthwith set sail for the enemy's country, with a strong resolution to conquer or to die. Instead, however, of doing either, the prince only got married; for the first sight which met his eyes on landing was the beautiful Chrysohoë (so called from her long golden hair), standing by the side of the king, her father, and before the setting of that evening's sun, all parties had come to the decision that a marriage would be a far more pacific and agreeable termination to the long dissension than a battle. The young couple were united accordingly, and, for the space of a year, the rival states enjoyed a degree of tranquillity to which they had long been strangers. At the end of that period, the beautiful Chrysohoë suddenly died, and, short-lived as herself, the peace was broken up, to be resumed no more till both islands were reduced to submission by the Venetians, and united under their dominion. In 1840, the French consul was requested by the Greek government to superintend some excavations which were to be made in a long range of subterranean passages, extending to a considerable distance under ground in the centre of the great plain; they were of vast antiquity, and for whatever purpose they had originally been constructed, it was evident they had at one period been used as tombs, on which account it was thought likely that some valuable discoveries might be made in their dark recesses. Nothing was found, however, till the very last chamber was reached, and then scarcely had the workman dug a few feet below the surface of the earth, when they uncovered a magnificent marble sarcophagus perfectly entire, and what was yet more singular, because so rare, bearing a long inscription. The consul, absolutely trembling with eagerness, soon cleared away the dust sufficiently to render the words legible, and read, in pure Homeric Greek, a

panegyric on the beautiful Chrysohoë, daughter of Sopyrus, king of Milo, and wife to the prince of Naxos, whose mortal remains lay embalmed within. It was some time before the proper authority could be obtained for opening the sepulchre; but finally an impatient group were collected round it for that purpose, each one bearing a torch, as of course not a gleam of daylight could be visible in this hidden recess. The covering of the sarcophagus was with some difficulty removed, another lid presented itself, which was also taken off, and then to the amazed, almost awe-stricken spectators, the dead of so many centuries was disclosed to their view, to all appearance as perfect in form and features as in that ancient time when the fair Chrysohoë was laid within her grave by the sorrowing husband and father. There she lay in her gorgeous robes, every fold of which seemed entire, her long fair hair sweeping round her, and her neck and arms retaining the roundness of form which indicates extreme youth, decorated with golden ornaments. There she lay, still sleeping calm and undisturbed the deep sleep which had lulled her for some thousand years; but even as they looked on the wonderful vision, it began to melt away before their eyes, the action of the outer air produced an instantaneous effect, and in a few seconds there remained of the whole not so much light dust as the consul could scrape together in his two hands; the gold ornaments alone were found when all the rest had entirely disappeared, and their beautiful antique form renders them extremely valuable, especially a circlet for the head of solid gold, bearing the name of Chrysohoë, which was presented to the queen of Greece.

At some distance from the caverns in which the tomb of the princess was discovered, there is a very remarkable subterranean labyrinth, which would alone suffice to render this island extremely interesting, both from the singularity and ingenuity of its construction, and from its great antiquity, the extent of which it is impossible to determine, although its existence is known historically as a work already ancient shortly after the Peloponesian war, from its connexion in a very striking manner with the fate of Chrysohoë's father, Sopyrus, last king of Milo, about that period.

Even with the assistance of a correct plan of this extraordinary labyrinth, it is no easy matter to gain distinct idea of its nature, or of its admirable adaptation to the purpose for which it evidently was first contrived—that of a defence to the country. Its turnings and windings, carried down considerably below the level of the sea, are very intricate, and the means of concealment, as well as the precautions taken against attack, most cunningly devised. It is indeed a strange memento of the degradation to which the human race may fall, since they could so prey the one upon the other, that the weaker party were forced thus to burrow like moles in the earth, hunted down by their own fellow-creatures. Even now that its secrets are exposed to all curious eyes, it is hardly possible to discover the entrance to this subterranean stronghold, so cleverly has it been arranged to deceive the eye, as merely a small natural chasm in the rock. Having passed the outer cavern into which this opens, a flight of steps leads down, as it would seem, to the very depths of the earth. The darkness is of course intense, and the air, though far from cold, has that heavy, lifeless chill which is always produced by the total absence of all those warm perfumes with which it is impregnated when exposed to the influences of a living nature.

A very ingenious contrivance for defence already presents itself at this point—a solid wall of stone faces those steps, and would seem to terminate the vault altogether, but it contains two arrow holes, through which these or any other deadly missile might be directed against the persons descending the stairs, which communicate with a concealed chamber behind, only accessible by an immense circuit from the other end of the labyrinth. The workmanship of this curious place is all the more extraordinary that there is no building whatever, and the whole intricate web, as it were, of chambers and passages, is entirely hewn out of the rock. Taking an abrupt turn from the direction in which the stairs would seem to lead, a low, narrow passage, which a man can only enter on his hands and knees, branches off suddenly, and is met at some distance by a similar contrivance to that already described; it then doubles again, and after winding about somewhat as if it were a path—armed

by a gigantic serpent as it pierced its way through the earth, terminates in a second flight of steps. From these a narrow vomitory leads past two chambers, where a few men stationed unseen might do deadly execution on those attempting to penetrate further; and finally, after descending several times, and twisting round almost in a circle, it opens into a large chamber which is arranged with benches fashioned in the wall, and a fountain in the centre. It has also a communication with the upper world by means of a crevice in the rock, the work half of nature half of art, slanting upwards, so that no advantage can be taken of it from the outside even were it perceived. Beyond this again there is a little chamber yet more secret, which was the last refuge and ultimately the tomb of Sopyrus, the conquered king of Milo. It is related that he and his people had sided with the Lacedæmonians, and after the war the exasperated Athenians, determined to avenge themselves, came down upon Milo with their armies and speedily subdued the whole island. As soon as all hope was over, and the doom of the unfortunate king but too certain, he fled to these subterranean caverns, whose existence was unknown to the enemy, and concealed himself in the labyrinth. Here he lay hid, it is said, for several weeks, the peasants supplying him with food, through the opening which has been described in the large chamber; at last the men having been observed to carry provisions to that quarter, suspicion was excited, and a minute search having been made of the whole ground, his retreat was discovered—still with such means of defence as this labyrinth has been shown to possess, it was not taken without a long resistance. The Athenians had to fight their way inch by inch, and they finally drove Sopyrus with a few of his followers into the very inmost cell. Even here he made so resolute a stand, that they terminated the whole business at last in a summary and most horrible manner. They heaped up wood and straw before the one narrow inlet, to which they set fire, and soon stifled the unfortunate king, who thus died as cruel a death as could well be conceived; buried deep in the heart of the earth, with the fire all around, from which there was no escape, eating its way towards him.

But Milo can boast of heroes and heroines in the present day as well as in those ancient times, the record of whose adventures and whose sufferings may be gathered, not from the crumbling sepulchre, but from the living lips of the persons themselves, and with a far deeper interest, since instead of bidding us look through the long vista of ages at the mighty deeds of mighty men, they bring before us humble individuals who can speak to our hearts, of trials found in the natural ties and affections common to us all. There is one in particular who claims special attention. Good old Stamina certainly at first sight does not inspire the idea of a heroine—she is very short, very fat, with a homely, pleasant countenance, where a smile is always to be found; she passes the day seated on a carpet at the door of a little hut, diligently using that instrument, obsolete in England, a distaff; she dearly loves to gossip with every one who passes by, and it requires very little persuasion to induce her to take down an old tambourine from the wall, on which she accompanies herself while she sings in a cracked voice, a never ending, never changing song, about two wonderful birds who sat upon a rose tree, and dances all the time a “pas seul” of her own invention.

Nevertheless, five-and-twenty years ago, Stamina was young and handsome, and she dwelt in a beautiful little village in Attica, with her husband and her four children. Her husband cultivated his vineyard; Stamina rode fourteen miles on her donkey every day to sell the produce, and they lived on olives and bread, and were happy. But the revolution, by which this poor woman was destined to be so great a sufferer, had already broken out all over Greece, and whilst in the seat of war, the battles had more than once left the Greeks conquerors, elsewhere the Turks revenged themselves, by laying waste the country, burning and sacking the towns, and slaughtering indiscriminately all within their reach. As yet Stamina's native village had nestled so securely in the heart of a deep olive grove, that bloodshed and strife had never reached it, but its hour came at length not less terrible than it was delayed. A skirmish took place at a short distance from this spot,

between some stragglers from the main body of the Greek army, and a number of Turkish troops, hastening to the scene of action. The inhabitants of the village flew to the assistance of their countrymen—both were speedily overpowered, and as soon as the fray was over, the conquerors poured down into that peaceful home, slaying all alike, women and children, infirm and aged, without mercy.

The only chance of escape was in immediate flight, they knew while one defenceless victim yet breathed, the savage fury of their enemies would not abate; but there were villages at no great distance in the mountain as yet unmolested, which might afford a refuge till the chances of war should bring the scourge on them also. And thither those of the miserable population whose activity or ingenuity could enable them to elude their pursuers, now prepared to fly. Even this was a most precarious hope, and few attempted it but to perish, for the olive grove beneath whose shade they dwelt was on all sides surrounded by an open plain, which must be traversed, and which the hostile cavalry were scouring in all directions, for the sole purpose of wantonly putting to death the straggling fugitives. To none would the prospect of escape seem more alight than to poor Stamina: her husband had been one of the first to rush to the scene of action, and thence he had staggered home severely wounded, to announce to her that the slaughter had commenced, and that a few minutes more must place themselves and their defenceless children under the merciless sword of the conquerors; he was faint with loss of blood, and all energy seemed to have abandoned him; he sunk on the ground in utter despondency; but Stamina had a stout heart, and she would not see all she most loved, destroyed without at least an effort to save them. The nearest place of refuge was at least fifteen miles off, and she well knew that her husband, in his present condition, would never reach it; but a sudden inspiration suggested to her that there was a little church some four or five miles distant on the opposite side of the plain, which would

afford a secure concealment for that night at least, if he could drag his weakened limbs so far. There was no time to be lost; already striding on from house to house, violence and murder were at work; nearer and nearer came those awful sounds, ever the same, ever repeated on each threshold and each hearth—the mingled voices of triumph and despair, the hoarse cry of agony and death, and the wild curse of the assassin, the scoffing laugh answering the vain appeal for mercy, the shriek of terror from beings too young to know death till it was felt, and that sound the most mournful which can ever fall on human ear—the wail of the mother over the child she cannot save.

Stamina knew well that their enemies would but wait till they had exterminated the whole inhabitants before they burned the village to the ground, therefore to delay was certain death, and she almost despaired of being able to rouse her husband from the apathy into which weakness and suffering had plunged him; but there was something more powerful in her own energy than she was aware of. He was passive as a child when she told him her plans, and rose mechanically as soon as she had bound up his wounds. Of her four children, two were boys of seven and eight years of age; one, an infant a few months old, she tied on her back, thus leaving her arms free to support her tottering husband; and the third, a little creature just able to walk alone, clung to her dress and ran by her side. Thus surrounded, Stamina left her much-loved cottage, which a few minutes later was a prey to the flames, and set out on her perilous journey. A very few steps led them out of the olive grove into the open plain, and it was only here that she was made fully aware how great was the danger they incurred. The vast space seemed actually alive with horsemen, careering to and fro, and the ceaseless report of firearms, as well as the yet more ominous shrieks which resounded far and near, might well impress her with the belief that she and her family would but share the fate of many other victims; they could only proceed by concealing themselves continually among the low myrtle bushes which studded the plain, whenever a troop of the enemy passed near them in their reck-

less course; and then they generally plunged their scimitars into the brush-wood on the chance of finding some lurking victim, causing a very spasm of fear at the heart of poor Stamina, as she cowered down with her bleeding husband and terrified children; but they were wonderfully preserved, and pursued their way steadily, though slowly. Night was coming on, and the scarcely perceptible twilight of that brilliant climate offered no effectual shade; already the strong light of the full moon rendered every object distinct, and their danger was as great as in the brightest noon.

Weary and most painful was their tedious course. Often did the wounded man seem about to sink beneath his sufferings, mental and bodily; and again and again did his heroic wife nerve her weak arm to bear his weight, and spoke bold words of hope to cheer his fainting spirit. Often did sights meet her eyes which made her woman's heart grow sick, and came clothed in a deeper horror because she connected them with the actual danger of her own dear ones. Sometimes their feet stumbled among the stiffening corpses of beings full of life and hope a few hours before, or the still breathing bodies of the wounded left weltering in their blood; and sometimes poor Stamina turned away her streaming eyes that she might not see a little child lying on the lifeless breast of one who had been a mother like herself. One half of their miserable journey had been accomplished in safety; the moon was now shedding the full radiance of her mild beams, too pure and peaceful for such a sight, on the ghastly scene of carnage, and by their light Stamina could distinguish far off, like a beacon of safety, a little white speck on the purple heath, which she knew was the church they sought to reach. Just then, when her heart would have bounded with hope, the wearied child, who was clinging to her side, and for some time past had told her by his ceaseless moans, not one of which was lost upon her ear, that his feeble limbs could bear him on no further, sunk utterly exhausted on the ground. She scarcely required to look on the poor infant to be aware that he could indeed proceed no longer, and even in that hour of agony and fear she wept to see how his little feet were wounded by the

thorns and stones. What was to be done? She could not attempt to carry him, for she already bore one child on her shoulders, and all her remaining strength must be given to support her husband; she might indeed leave him there, and return for him when she had placed the rest of her family in safety; but such a risk was fearful; if he were discovered by the enemy, they would not assuredly spare what might one day become a defender of Greece, and even if he escaped all human foes, were there not hungry jackals and poisonous snakes ever haunting that beautiful plain by night? A mother called on to abandon her child in danger! It was a fearful struggle, yet to demur might be death to the whole party. Her agonized reflections were cut short by the quick tramp of horses' feet sounding in the distance. She looked down once more upon her child; he had already sunk, in his guileless ignorance of evil, into a deep sleep, as calmly as when, in her cottage home, she could lull him to rest with her cheerful songs. Stamina hesitated no longer; she lifted him up gently and laid him beneath the shade of a large myrtle bush that grew near, arranging the branches over him so that he should be entirely concealed from any casual passer by; then she made the sign of the cross over his placid brow, and, not trusting herself to look on the sweet innocent face she might never see again, she turned away to resume their toilsome march. But from that moment Stamina felt no more the sharp stones that cut her feet, nor the weariness of her exhausted limbs; and at times even the voice—growing every instant more feeble—of her dying husband, fell unheeded on her ear, when she fancied she heard, in the sighing of the breeze, the plaintive wail of her deserted babe. Their own immediate danger became less great as they proceeded; for the church, built in an isolated position, as hundreds of these beautiful little places of worship are in Greece, solely for the use of any passing traveller, was quite out of the line of road which would have been taken by the other fugitives, on their way to the mountains, and was consequently left unapproached by the active troops of the exterminators. For the last mile, the stiffening limbs of the wounded man became almost powerless, and he was seized with

a raging thirst which rendered every moment one of torture. Still they struggled on: the weary distance was traversed—the goal attained at last, and both fell almost equally exhausted on the threshold of their holy place of refuge. Stamina only waited to draw one long breath, and to remove the little infant from her aching shoulders, before, eager to relieve the torment of the wounded man, she hurried to the fountain, which was at a short distance—according to the invariable custom of that country, the site of a church being always chosen from its vicinity to a spring. She speedily returned, bearing a vase of water, and able almost to rejoice at the thought of how refreshing it would be to the parched and blackened lips of her poor husband. He was lying near the altar, over which, as usual, hung a lamp, certain at all times to be kept lighted, however isolated and deserted might be the church, as there never fails to be some pious personage willing to make a pilgrimage for that purpose.

He did not move as she approached, and when she raised his head so that the feeble rays of light fell on his ghastly features, she saw at once that he was in the agonies of death. Spartan-like, he had toiled on to the last; his wounds had probably originally been mortal, and his exertions had only hastened the termination of his sufferings. All was now forgotten, but that the husband of her youth was expiring in her arms. She pillowed his head on her knees—she called him by his name, and moistened his livid brow with the cool water; but she soon saw that nothing could be done; the death rattle was in his throat; his lips refused to form even an inarticulate sound; and his glazing eyes wandered over her face without a sign of recognition. It was, indeed, a mournful scene in that lonely, deserted chapel, illuminated by the dim rays of the little lamp. The two elder children unable, notwithstanding their extreme fatigue, to sleep on the presence of a something awful which they did not understand, crept close together, and sat with dilated eyes gazing on their dying father. His moans grew feebler, his breathing more difficult; but the death struggle is a hard one; a strong man parts not easily with life; and hour after hour glided away, before

that dark, indescribable shade, not to be mistaken, passed over his face, and Stamina, placing her trembling hand on the stony forehead, knew that she was widow.

We must not intrude on her first burst of grief—such sorrow is too sacred even for description. Some time elapsed before she moved, and the first thought unconnected with that cold corpse, which woke in her mind, was for the poor defenceless babe deserted on the dreary plain. Here was a claim stronger than any which might retain her by the lifeless form of him who could suffer no more. She was the widow of the dead, but the mother of the living, and true to the strongest tie which can bind a woman's heart, even with her husband's cold hand within her own, her thoughts flew over the moonlit heath to the child perishing, perhaps, at that very moment. She arose, and proceeded decently to arrange the limbs of the corpse, crossing the arms over the still breast, in the attitude of calm submission in which the dead in that country are always laid out. The three children for some time past had been wrapt in profound slumber, and quietly reposed by the side of the father, whose rest was so much deeper than even that sleep of innocence. She carefully trimmed the lamp, whose faint light was shed over this strange scene, and then, stern and tearless, she left the church. Day was just breaking as Stamina began to retrace her steps along the path she had trodden so painfully a few hours before, and a bitter pang shot through her breast, as she thought of him who would require her love and her support no more. Of fatigue or exhaustion she felt nothing, thus travelling between the spot which held her dead husband, and that which cradled her living child. Very rapidly was the distance accomplished this time, and long before she reached the place, the instinct of the mother had distinguished the bush where she left her babe. Her fears increased almost to torture. Would she find him at all, and if she did, might it not be as a mangled corpse? When at last she stood on the very spot itself, her hands seemed powerless to move aside the brushwood where she had laid him; with one wild effort she tore it asunder, and there, uninjured, undisturbed, calmly reposing among the

green branches which were shedding their blossoms on his innocent face, her little child lay smiling in peaceful slumber. Stamina fell on her knees, and for the first time a gush of tears relieved her over-burdened heart.

There remains little to be told of this humble heroine's adventures. She succeeded in reaching a neighbouring village in safety with her children, where she established herself for the time. Her husband was buried under the wall of the church where he had breathed his last, and many a wreath of wild flowers did poor Stamina hang on the little wooden cross which marks his lonely grave. She ultimately lost all her children—the two elder fell very young in the defence of their country, the infant never recovered

the fatigues of that dreadful night, and the fourth died of fever.

It might be supposed that the amount of misfortune which has been appointed to this poor woman, would have caused her to go mourning and in heaviness all her days; but whether it be that in a higher rank of life the feelings are educated into a degree of acuteness they would not naturally possess, or that she is gifted with a constitutional cheerfulness, certain it is that old Stamina seems always contented and happy, and half an hour after she has given the recital of these adventures in the most touching manner, and with the most expressive gestures, she will wipe her eyes, and right willingly take down the tambourine to sing her favourite song, and dance her marvellous "pas seul."

Lines suggested by an Irish Mother casting a bunch of forget-me-not
after a son going to sea.

"Take with thee these flow'rs," in wild sorrow she cried,
"Acushla machree, my fond hope and my pride;
For, although I may never behold thee more,
This heart this loved name shall for ever adore.

"When thou art exposed to the pitiless blast,
My thoughts shall fly back to the days that are past,
When I sat by thy cradle with mournful joy,
As I gazed on my fatherless orphan boy.

"And when I am mourning in sorrow's sad hour,
Remembrances shall point to that beautiful flow'r;
And thus re-assured by the solacing thought,
I shall feel thou canst ever forget me not."

"Forget thee! forget thee!" with fervour he cries—
"Forget thee! No, not till eternity dies,
When the life blood within me runs cold and chill,
Yet even in death I'll remember thee still.

"Each zephyr that ripples the ocean's calm breast,
Shall waft me a tale of this land of the west—
Shall tell me of thee—shall unfold to my gaze
The home that I loved in my boyhood's bright days.

"The orient dawn of morn's earliest light
The wild mirth of childhood recalls to my sight;
The sun's brightest beams, as he flashes on high,
Shall seem like the pleasures of seasons gone by.

"But dearer to me is the calm summer's eve,
When that sun gently sinks in the purpling wave,
For he casts back a softer splendour to prove
That absence but hallows and strengthens true love."

SAPPHO.

THE BLACK PROPHET.—A TALE OF IRISH FAMINE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONDY DALTON GOES TO PRISON.

THE scene that presented itself in Condy Dalton's miserable cabin was one, indeed, which might well harrow any heart not utterly callous to human sympathy. The unhappy old man had been sitting in the arm-chair we have alluded to, his chin resting on his breast, and his mind apparently absorbed in deep and painful reflection; when the officers of justice entered. Many of our Landlord readers, and all, probably, of our Absentee ones, will, in the simplicity of their ignorance regarding the actual state of the lower classes, most likely take it for granted that the picture we are about to draw exists nowhere but in our own imagination. Would to God that it were so! Gladly and willingly would we take to ourselves all the shame—acknowledge all the falsehood—pay the highest penalty for all the moral guilt of our misrepresentations, provided only any one acquainted with the country could prove to us that we are wrong, change our nature, or, in other words, falsify the evidence of our senses, and obliterate our experience of the truths we are describing.

Old Dalton was sitting, as we have said, in the only memorial of his former respectability now left him—the old arm-chair, when the men bearing the warrant for his arrest presented themselves. The rain was pouring down in that close, dark, and incessant fall, which gives scarcely any hope of its ending, and consequently throws the heart into that anxious and gloomy state which every one can feel, and perhaps no one describe.

The cabin in which the Daltons now lived was of the poorest description. When ejected from their large holding by Dick o' the Grange, or in other words when *auctioned out*, they were unhappily at a loss where to find a place in which they could take a temporary refuge. A kind neighbour, who happened to have the cabin in question lying unoccupied, or rather waste, upon his hands, made them an offer of

it—not, as he said, in the expectation that they could live in it for any length of time, but merely until they could provide themselves with a more comfortable and suitable abode.

"He wished," he added, "that it was better, for their sakes; and sorry he was to see such a family brought so low as to live in it at all!"

Alas! he knew not at the time how deeply the unfortunate family in question were steeped in distress and poverty. They accepted this miserable cabin; but in spite of every effort to improve their condition, days, weeks, and months passed, and still found them unable to make a change for the better.

When Darby and Sarah entered, they found young Con, who had now relapsed, lying in one corner of the cabin, on a wretched shake-down bed of damp straw; whilst on another of the same description lay his amiable and affectionate sister Nancy. The cabin stood, as we have said, in a low, moist situation, the floor of it being actually lower—which is a common case—than the ground about it outside. It served, therefore, as a receptacle for the damp and under-water which the incessant down-pouring of rain during the whole season had occasioned. It was, therefore, dangerous to tread upon the floor, it was so soft and slippery. The rain, which fell heavily, now came down through the roof in so many places that they were forced to put under it such vessels as they could spare, not even excepting the beds, over each of which were placed old clothes, doubled up under dishes, pots, and little bowls, in order, if possible, to keep them dry. The house—if such it could be called—was almost destitute of furniture, nothing but a few pots, dishes, wooden noggins, horn spoons, and some stools being their principal furniture, with the exception of one standing short-posted bed, in a corner, near the fire. There, then, in that low, damp, dark pestilential *kraal*, without chimney or

window, sat the old man, who, notwithstanding its squalid misery, could have looked upon it as a palace, had he been able only to say to his own heart—I am not a murderer. There, we say, he sat alone, surrounded by pestilence and famine in their most fearful shapes, listening to the moanings of his sick family, and the ceaseless dripping of the rain, which fell through the roof into the vessels that were placed to receive it. Mrs. Dalton was “out,” a term which was used in the bitter misery of the period, to indicate that the person to whom it applied had been driven to the last resource of mendicancy; and his other daughter, Mary, had gone to a neighbour’s house to beg a little fire.

As the old man uttered the words, no language could describe the misery which was depicted on his countenance:

“Take me,” he exclaimed; “ah, no; for then what will become of these?” pointing to his son and daughter, who were sick.

The very minions of the law felt for him; and the chief of them said, in a voice of kindness and compassion:—

“It’s a distressin’ case; but if you’ll be guided by me, you won’t say any thing that may be brought against yourself. I was never engaged,” said he, looking towards Darby and Sarah, to whom he partly addressed his discourse, “in any thing so painful as this. A man of his age, now after so many years! However—well—it can’t be helped; we must do our duty.”

“Where is the rest of your family?” asked another of them; “is this young woman a daughter of yours?”

“Not at all,” replied a third; “this is a daughter to the Black Prophet himself; and, by japers, you hardened gipsy, it’s a little too bad for you to come to see how your blasted ould father’s work gets on. It’s his evidence that’s bringin’ this dacent ould man from his family to a gaol, this miserable evenin’. Be off out o’ this, I desire you; I wondher you’re not ashamed to be present here, above all places in the world, you brazen devil.”

Sarah’s whole soul, however, in all its best and noblest sympathies, had passed into and mingled with the scene of unparalleled misery which was then before her. She went rapidly to the bed in which young Con was stretched; stooped down, and looking closely at him, perceived that he was in a broken

and painful slumber. She then passed to that in which his sister lay, and saw that she also was asleep. After a glance at each, she rubbed her hands with a kind of wild satisfaction, and going up to old Dalton, exclaimed—for she had not heard a syllable of the language used towards her by the officer of justice—

“Ay,” said she, laying her hand upon his white hairs; “you are to be pitied this night, poor ould man! but which of you, oh, which of you is to be pitied most, you or them! an’ your wife, too; an’ your other daughter, an’ your other son, too; but he’s past undherstandin’ it; oh, what will they do? At your age, too—at your age! Oh, couldn’t you die?—couldn’t you contrive, someway, to die?—couldn’t you give one great struggle, an’ then break your heart at wanst, an’ for ever!”

These words were uttered rapidly, but in a low and cautious voice, for she still feared to awaken those who slept.

The old man had also been absorbed in his own misery; for he looked at her, inquiringly, and only replied—

“Poor girl, what is it you’re sayin’?”

“I’m biddin’ you to die,” she replied, “if you can; you needn’t be afeard of God—he has punished you enough for the crime you have committed. Try an’ die, if you can—or, if you can’t—oh,” she exclaimed, “I pray God that you—that he, there—” and she ran and bent over young Con’s bed for a moment—“that you—that you may never recover, or live to see what you *must* see.”

“It’s a fact, that between hunger and this sickness,” continued he who had addressed her last, “they say, an’ I know, that there’s a great number of people silly; but I think this lady is downright mad; what do you mane, you clip?”

Sarah stared at him impatiently, but without any anger.

“He doesn’t hear me,” she added, again putting her hand in a distracted manner upon Dalton’s grey hair; “no, no; but since it can’t be so, there’s not a minute to be lost. Oh, take him away, now,” she proceeded, “take him away while they’re asleep, an’ before his wife and daughter comes home—take him away, now; and spare him—spare them—spare them all as much sufferin’ as you can.”

"There's not much madness in that, Jack," returned one of them; "I think it would be the best thing we could do. Are you ready to come now, Dalton?" asked the man.

"Who's that," said the old man, in a voice of indescribable woe and sorrow; "who's that was talkin' of a broken heart? Oh, God," he exclaimed, looking up to heaven, with a look of intense agony, "support me—support them; an' if it be your blessed will, pity us all; but above all things, pity them, oh, heavenly Father, and don't punish them for my sin!"

"It's false," exclaimed Sarah, looking on Dalton, and reasoning, apparently with herself; "he never committed a cold-blooded murder; an' the Sullivans are—are—oh—take him away," she said, still in a low, rapid voice; "take him away. Come now," she added, approaching Dalton again; "come—while they're asleep—an' you'll save them an' yourself much distress. I'm not afraid of your wife—for she can bear it, if any wife could; but I do your poor daughter, an' she so wake an' feeble after her illness; come."

Dalton looked at her, and said—"who is this girl that seems to feel so much for me? but whoever she is, may God bless her, for I feel that she's right. Take me away before they waken! oh, she is right in every word she says, for I am not afraid of my wife—her trust in God is too firm for anything to shake. I'm ready; but I fear I'll scarcely be able to walk all the way—an' sich an evenin' too. Young woman, will you break this business to these ones, and to my wife, as well as you can?"

"Oh, I will, I will," she replied; "as well as I can; you did well to say so," she added, in a low voice to herself; "an' I'll stay here with your sick family, an' I'll watch an' attend them. Whatever can be done by the like o' me for them, I'll do; I'll—I'll not leave them—I'll nurse them—I'll take care of them—I'll beg for them—oh, what would I not do for them?" and whilst speaking, she bent over young Con's bed, and clasping her hands, and wringing them several times, she repeated, "oh, what wouldn't I do for you!"

"God may bless you, best of girls, whoever you are! Come, now, I'm ready."

"Ay," said Sarah, running over to him; "that's right—I'll break the bitter news to them as well as it can be done; come, now."

The old man stood in the midst of his desolation, with his hat in his hand, and he looked towards the beds.

"Poorthings!" he exclaimed; "what a change has come over you, from what you wanst—an' that not long since, wor. Never, my darlin' childre—oh, never did one harsh or undutiful word come from your lips to your unhappy father. In my ould age and misery I'm now lavin' you—maybe for ever—never, maybe, to see you again in this world; an' oh, my God, if we are never to meet in the other—if the innocent an' the guilty is never to meet, then this is my last look at you, for everlastin', for everlastin'! I can't do it," he added, weeping bitterly; "I must take my lave of them—I must kiss their lips."

Sarah, while he spoke, had uttered two or three convulsive sobs; but she shed no tear; on the contrary, her eyes were singularly animated and brilliant. She put her arms about him, and said, in a soothing and solicitous tone—

"Oh, no, it's all thrue; but if you kiss them, you'll disturb and waken them—an' then, you know, when they see you taken away in this manner, an' hears what it's for, it may be their death."

"Thru, achors—thru; well, I will only look at them, then. Let me keep my eyes on them for a little—it is likely the last time;—maybe *they* may go first, an' maybe *I* may go first;—the last time, maybe, for everlastin' that I'll see them!"

He went over, as he spoke, Sarah still having her hand upon his arm, as if to intimate her anxiety to keep him under such control as might prevent him from awakening them, and standing first over the miserable bed where Nancy slept, he looked down upon her.

"Ay," said he, whilst the tears showered down his cheeks, "there lies the child that never vexed a parent's heart, or ruffled one of our tempers. May my blessin', if it is a blessin', or can be a blessin'—"

"It is, it is," said Sarah, with a quick short sob; "it is a blessin', an' a holy blessin'; but bless him—bless him, too!"

"May my blessin' rest upon you, or rather may the blessin' of Almighty God, rest upon you, daughter of my heart! And you, too," he proceeded, turning to the other bed, "here is him that among them all I loved the best—my youngest, an' called afther myself. May my blessin' and the blessin' of God and my Saviour rest upon you, my darlin' son; an' if I never see either of you in this unhappy world, grant, oh, merciful Father, that we may meet in the glory of heaven, when the stain will be taken away from me for that crime that I have repented for so long an' so bitterly!"

Sarah, whilst he spoke, had let go his arm, and placing her two hands over her eyes, her whole breast quivered; and the men, on looking at her, saw the tears gushing out in torrents from between her fingers. She turned round, however, for a few moments, as if to compose herself; and when she again approached the old man, there was a smile—a smile, brilliant, but agitated, in her eyes and upon her lips.

"There, now," she proceeded, "you have said all you can say; come, go with them. Ah," she exclaimed with a start of pain, "all we've done, or tried to do, is lost, I doubt. Here's his wife and daughter. Come out now," said she, addressing him, "say a word or two to them outside."

Just as she spoke, Mrs. Dalton and the poor invalid, Mary, entered the house: the one with some scanty supply of food, and the other bearing a live coal between two turf—one under, and the other over it.

"Wait," said Sarah, "I'll speak to them before they come in;" and ere the words were uttered, she met them.

"Come here, Mrs. Dalton," said she; "stop a minute, speak to this poor girl, and support her. These sogers and the constables inside is come about Sullivan's business, long ago."

"I know it," replied Mrs. Dalton; "I've just heard all about it, there beyond; but she," pointing to her daughter, "has only crossed the ditch from the commons, and joined me this minute."

"Give me these," said Sarah to the girl, "and stay here till I come out again, wet as it is. Your mother will tell you why."

She took the fire from her as she spoke, and, running in, laid it upon the hearth, placing, at the same time, two

or three turf about it in a hurried manner, but still in a way that argued great presence of mind, amidst all her distraction. On going out again, however, the first object she saw was one of the soldiers supporting the body of poor Mary, who had sunk under the intelligence. Mrs. Dalton having entered the cabin, and laid down the miserable pittance of food which she had been carrying, now waved her hand with authority and singular calmness, but at the same time with a face pallid as death itself.

"This is a solemn hour," said she, "an' a woful sight in this place of misery. Keep quiet, all of you. I know what this is about, dear Condy," she said; "I know it; but what is the value of our faith, if it doesn't teach us obedience? Kiss your child here," said she, "and go—or come, I ought to say, for I will go with you. It's not to be wondered at that she couldn't bear it, weak, and worn, and nearly heartbroken as she is. Bless her, too, before you go. An' this girl," she said, pointing to Mary, and addressing Sarah, "you willspake to her, an' support her as well as you can, an' stay with them all for an hour or two. I can't lave him."

Dalton, whilst she spoke, had taken Mary in his arms, kissed her, and, as in the case of the others, blessed her with a fervour only surpassed by his sorrow and utter despair.

"I will stay with them," said Sarah; "don't doubt that—not for an hour or two, but till they come to either life or death; so I've tould him."

"It's a bitther case," said Mrs. Dalton—"a bitther case; but then it's God's gracious will, an' them that he loves he chastises. Blessed be his name for all he does, and blessed be his name even for this!"

Mary now recovered in her father's arms; and her mother in a low but energetic voice, pointing to the beds, said:—

"Think of them, darlin'. There, now, part with him. This world, I often tould you, dear Mary, is not our place, but our passage; an' although it's painful, let us not forget that it is God himself that's guidin' an' directin' us through it. Come, Con dear—come."

A long mournful embrace, and another sorrowful but fervent blessing, and with a feeble effort at consolation,

Dalton parted with the weeping girl; and placing his hat on his white head, he gave one long look—one indescribable look—upon all that was so dear to him in this scene of unutterable misery, and departed. He had not gone far, however, when he returned a step or two towards the door; and Mary, having noticed this, went to him, and throwing her arms once more about his neck, exclaimed:—

“Oh! father, darlin’, an’ is it come to this? Oh, did we ever complain or grumble about all we suffered, while we had you with us? no we wouldn’t. What was our sufferin’, father dear? Nothing. But oh, nothing ever broke our hearts, or troubled us, but to see you in sich sorrow.”

“It’s thrue, Mary darlin’; you wor all a blessin’ to me; but I feel, threasure of my heart, that my sorrows won’t be long before your eyes; my sorrows an’ my cares will soon be over. It’s about Tom I came back. Och, sure I didn’t care what he or we might suffer, if it had pleased God to lave him in his senses; but maybe now he’s happier than we are. Tell him—if he can understand it, or when he does understand it—that I lave my blessin’ and God’s blessin’ with him for evermore—for evermore; an’ with you all; an’ with you, too, young woman—for evermore, amin! And now come; I submit myself to the will of my mar-ciful Saviour.”

He looked up to heaven as he spoke, his two hands raised aloft; after which he covered his venerable head, and, with this pious and noble instance of resignation, did the affectionate old man proceed, as well as his feeble limbs could support him, to the county prison, accompanied by his pious and truly Christian wife.

As the men were about to go, he who had addressed Sarah so rudely, approached her with as much regret on his face as its hardened and habitual indifference to human misery could express, and said, tapping her on the shoulder—

“I was rather rough to you, jist now, my purty girl—an’ by japers, it’s you that is the purty girl—I dunna, by the way, how the ould Black Prophet came by the likes o’ you; but, then, he was a handsome vagabond in his day, himself, an’ you are like him.”

“What do you want to say?” she asked, impatiently; “but stand out-

side, I won’t spake to you here—your voice would waken a corpse. Here, now,” she added, having gone out upon the causeway, “what is it?”

“Why, devil a thing,” he replied; “only that you’re a betther girl than I tuck you to be. It’s a pitiful case, this—a woful case, at his time o’ life. Be heaventhers, but I’d rather a thousand times see the Black Boy, your own precious father, swing, than this poor ould man.”

A moment’s temporary fury was visible, but she paused, and it passed away; after which she returned slowly and thoughtfully into the cabin.

It is unnecessary to say, that almost immediately the general rumour of Dalton’s arrest for the murder had gone through the whole parish, together with the fact, that it was upon the evidence of the Black Prophet and Red Rody Duncan—that the proof of it had been brought home to him. Upon the former occasion there had been nothing against him, but such circumstances of strong suspicion as justified the neighbouring magistrates in having him taken into custody. On this, however, the two men were ready to point out the identical spot where the body had been buried, and to identify it as that of Bartholomew Sullivan. Nothing remained, therefore, now that Dalton was in custody, but to hold an inquest upon the remains, and to take the usual steps for the trial of Dalton at the following assizes, which were not very far distant. Indeed, notwithstanding the desolation that prevailed throughout the country, and in spite of the care and sorrow which disease and death brought home to so many in the neighbourhood, there was a very general feeling of compassion experienced for poor old Dalton and his afflicted family. And amongst those who sympathized with them, there was scarcely one who expressed himself more strongly upon the subject than Mr. Travers, the head agent of the property on which they had lived, especially upon contrasting the extensive farm and respectable residence, from which their middleman landlord had so harshly and unjustly ejected them, with the squalid kennel in which they then endured such a painful and pitiable existence. This gentleman had come to the neighbourhood, in order to look closely into the condition of the property which had been en-

trusted to his management, in consequence of a great number of leases having expired; some of which had been held by extensive and wealthy middlemen, among the latter of whom was our friend, Dick o' the Grange. The estate was the property of an English nobleman, who derived an income of thirty-two or thirty-three thousand a-year from it; and who, though as landlords went, was not, in many respects, a bad one, yet when called upon to aid in relieving the misery of those from whose toil he drew so large an income, did actually remit back the munificent sum of one hundred pounds!* The agent, himself, was one of those men who are capable of a just, but not of a generous action. He could, for instance, sympathize with the frightful condition of the people—but to contribute to their relief was no part of his duty. Yet he was not a bad man. In his transactions with his lordship's tenantry, he was fair, impartial, and considerate. Wherever he could do a good turn, or render a service, without touching his purse, he would do it. He had, it is true, very little intercourse with the

poorer class of under-tenants; but, whenever circumstances happened to bring them before him, they found him a hard, just man, who paid attention to their complaints, but who, in a case of doubt, always preferred the interests of his employer, or his own, to theirs. He had received many complaints and statements against the middlemen who resided upon the property, and he had duly and carefully considered them. His present visit, therefore, proceeded from a determination to look closely into the state and condition of the general tenantry, by which he meant as well those who derived immediately from the head landlord, as those who held under middlemen. One virtue he possessed, which, in an agent, deserves every praise: he was inaccessible to bribery on the one hand, or flattery on the other; and he never permitted his religious or political principles to degenerate into prejudice, so far as to interfere with the impartial discharge of his duty. Such was Robert James Travers, Esq., and we only wish that every agent in the country at large would follow his example.

CHAPTER XXII.—RE-APPEARANCE OF THE BOX—FRIENDLY DIALOGUE BETWEEN JEMMY BRANIGAN AND THE PEDLAR.

THE next morning but one after the committal of Condry Dalton, the strange woman who had manifested such an anxious interest in the recovery of the Tobacco-Box, was seated at her humble fireside, in a larger and more convenient cottage than that which we have described, where she was soon joined by Charley Hanlon, who had already made it so comfortable and convenient, that she was able to contribute something towards her own support, by letting what are termed in the country parts of Ireland "Dry Lodgings." Her only lodger upon this occasion was our friend the pedlar, who had been domiciled with her ever since his arrival in the neighbourhood, and whose principal traffic, we may observe, consisted in purchasing the flowing and luxuriant heads of hair which necessity on the

one hand, and fear of fever on the other, induced the country maidens to part with. This traffic, indeed, was very general during the period we are describing, the fact being that the poor people, especially the females, had conceived a notion, and not a very unreasonable one, that a large crop of hair not only predisposed them to the fever which then prevailed, but rendered their recovery from it more difficult. These notions, to be sure, resulted naturally enough from the treatment which medical men found it necessary to adopt in dealing with it—every one being aware that in order to relieve the head, whether by blister or other application, it is necessary to remove the hair. Be this, however, as it may, it is our duty to state here that the traffic we allude to was very general, and that

* A recent fact.

many a lovely and luxuriant crop came under the shears of the pedlars who then strolled through the country.

"After all, aunt," said Hanlon, after having bidden her good morrow, "I'm afraid it was a foolish weakness to depend upon a dhrame. I see nothing clear in the business yet. Here now we have got the Box, an' what are we the nearer to the discovery?"

"Well," replied his aunt, for in that relation she stood to him, "is it nothing to get even that? Sure we know now that it was his, an' do you think that M'Gowan, or as they call him the Black Prophet, would be in such a state to get it—an' his wife, too, it seems—unless there was some reason on their part beyond the common, to come at it?"

"It's a dark business altogether; but arn't we thrown out of all trace of it in the mane time? Jist when we thought ourselves on the straight road to the discovery, it turns out to be another an' a different murder entirely—the murder of one Sullivan."

At this moment, the pedlar, who had been dressing himself in another small apartment, made his appearance, just in time to catch his concluding words.

"An' now," Hanlon added, "it appears that Sullivan's body has been found at last. The Black Prophet and Rody Duncan knows all about the murder, an' can prove the act home to Condy Dalton, and identify the body, they say, besides."

The pedlar looked at the speakers with a face of much curiosity and interest, then mused for a time, and at length took a turn or two about the floor, after which he sat down and began to drum his fingers on the little table that had been placed for breakfast.

"After I get my breakfast," he said at length, "I'll thank you to let me know what I have to pay. It's not my intention to stop undher this roof any longer; I don't think I'd be overly safe."

"Safe!—arra why so?" asked the woman.

"Why," he replied, "ever since I came here, you have done nothing but colloque—colloque an' whisper, an'

lay your heads together, an' divil a syllable can I hear that hasn't murder at the front an' rair of it—either spake out or get me my bill. If you're of that stamp, it's time for me to thravel; not that I'm so rich as to make it worth any body's while to take the mouthful of wind out o' me that's in me. What do you mane by this discoorse?"

"May God rest the souls of the dead!" replied the woman, "but it's not for nothing we talk as we do, an' if you knew but all, you wouldn't think so."

"Very likely," he replied, in a dry but dissatisfied voice; "may be, sure enough, that the more I'd know of it, the less I'd like of it—here now is a man named Sullivan—Barny, or Bill, or Bartley, or some aieh name, that has been murdered, an' it seems the murderer was sent to gaol yesterday evenin'—the villain! Get me my bill, I say, it's an unsafe neighbourhood, an' I'll take myself out of it, while I'm able."

"It's not widout reason we talk of murder, then," replied the woman.

"Faith may be so—get me my bill then I bid you, an' in the mane time, let me have my breakfast. As it is, I tell you both that I carry no money to signify about me."

"Tell him the truth, aunt," said Hanlon, "there's no use in lyin' under his suspicion wrongfully, or allowin' him to lave your little place for no reason."

"The truth is, then," she proceeded, throwing the corner of her apron over her left shoulder, and rocking herself to and fro, "that this young man had a dhrame some time ago—he dremt that a near an' dear friend of his an' of mine too, that was murdered in this neighbourhood, appeared to him, an' that he desired him to go of a sartin night, at the hour of midnight, to a stone near this, called the Grey Stone, an' that he would there get a clew to the murder."

"Well, an' did he?"

"He went—an'—but you had better tell it yourself, avillish," she added, addressing Hanlon; "you know it best."

The pedlar instantly fixed his anxious and lively eyes on the young man, intimating that he looked to him for the rest of the story.

"I went," proceeded Hanlon, "and you shall hear every thing that happened."

It is unnecessary for us, however, to go over the same ground a second time. Hanlon minutely detailed to him all that had taken place at the Grey Stone, precisely as it occurred, if we allow for aslight exaggeration occasioned by his terrors, and the impressions of supernatural manifestation which they left upon his imagination.

The pedlar heard all the circumstances with an astonishment which changed his whole bearing into that of deep awe and the most breathless attention. The previous eccentricity of his manner by degrees abandoned him; and as Hanlon proceeded, he frequently looked at him in a state of abstraction, then raised his eyes towards heaven, uttering, from time to time, "Marciful Father!"—"Heaven presarve us!"—"Saints above us!" and such like, thus accompanying him by a running comment of exclamations as he went along.

"Well," said he, when Hanlon had concluded, "surely the hand of God is in this business; you may take that for granted."

"I would fain hope as much," replied Hanlon; "but as matthers stand now, we're nearly as far from it as ever. Instead of gettin' any knowledge of the murderer we want to discover, it proves to be the murderer of Sullivan that has been found out."

"Of Sullivan!" he exclaimed; "well, to be sure—oh, ay—well, sure that same is something; but, in the meantime, will you let me look at this Box you spoke of? I feel a curoosity to see it."

Hanlon rose, and taking the Box from a small deal chest which was strongly locked, placed it in the pedlar's hands. After examining it closely for about half a minute, they could observe that he got very pale, and his hands began to tremble, as he held and turned it about in a manner that was very remarkable.

"Do you say," he asked, in an agitated voice, "that you have no manes of tracin' this murder?"

"None more than what we've told you."

"Did this Box belong to the murdered man?—I mane do you think he had it about him at the time of his death?"

"Ay, an' for some time before it," replied the woman. "It's all belongin' to him that we can find now."

"And you got it in the keeping of this McGowan, the Black Prophet, you say?"

"We did," replied the woman, "from his daughter at all events."

"Who is this Black Prophet?" he asked; "or what is he? for that comes nearer the mark. Where did he come from, where does he live, an' what way does he earn his bread?"

"The boy here," she replied, pointing to Hanlon, "can tell you that better than I can; for, although I've been at his place three or four times, I never laid eyes on him yet."

"Well," continued the pedlar, "you have both a right to be thankful that you tould me this. I now see the hand of God in the whole business. I know this Box, an' I can tell you something that will surprize you more than that. Listen—but wait—I hear somebody's foot. No matter—I'll surprize you both by-an'-bye."

"God save all here," said the voice of our friend, Jemmy Branigan, who immediately entered. "In throth, this change is for the better, at any rate," said he, looking at the house; "I gave you a lift wid the masther yesterday," he added, turning to the woman. "I think I'll get him to throw the ten shillins off—he as good as promised me he would."

"Masther!" exclaimed the pedlar, bitterly—"oh, thin, it's he that's the divil's masther, by all accounts, an' the divil's landford, too. Be me sowl, he'll get a warm corner down here;" and as he uttered the words, he very significantly stamped with his heel, to intimate the geographical position of the place alluded to.

"It would be only manners to wait till *your* opinion's axed of him," replied Jemmy; "so mind your pack, you poor sprissau, or when you do spake, endavour to know something of what you're discoursin' about. Masther, indeed! Divil take your impidence!"

"He's a scourge to the country," continued the pedlar; "a worse land-lord never faced the sun."

"That's what we call in this part of the country—a lie," replied Jemmy. "Do you undherstand what that manes?"

"No man knows what an outrageous ould blackguard he is better than yourself," proceeded the pedlar; "an' how he harrishes the poor."

"That's ditto repeated," responded Jemmy; "you're improvin'—but tell me now do you know any one that he harrished?"

This was indeed a hazardous question on the part of Jemmy, who, by the way, put it solely upon the presumption of the pedlar's ignorance of Dick's proceedings as a landlord, in consequence of his (the pedlar) being a stranger.

"Who did you ever know that he harrished, i' you please?"

"Look at the Daltons," replied the other; "what do you call his conduct to them?"

Jemmy, who, whenever he felt himself deficient in truth, always made up for the want of it by warmth of temper, now turned shortly upon his antagonist, and replied, in a spirit very wide of the argument—

"What do I call his conduct to them? What do you call the nose on your face, my codger? Devil a sich an insipid crature ever I met."

"It would be no wonder that the curse o' God would come on him for his threatment of that unfortunate and respectable family," responded the pedlar.

"The curse o' God knows where to fall best," replied Jemmy, "or it's not in the county jail ould Condy Dalton 'ud be for murder this day."

"But," returned the other, "isn't it a disgraceful thing to be, as they say he and yourself is, a pair o' scourges in the hands o' God for your fellow-cratures; an' in throth you're both fit for it, by all accounts."

"Troth," replied Jemmy, whose gall was fast rising, "it's a scourge wid nine tails to it ought to go to your back. The Daltons deserv'd all they got at his hands; an' the same pack was never any thing else than a hot-brained crew, that 'ud knock you on the head to-day, and groan over you to-morrow. He sarved them right, an' he's a liar that says to the contrary; so if you have a pocket for that, put it in it."

Jemmy, in fact, was now getting rapidly into a towering passion, for it mattered little how high in violence his own pitched battles with Dick ran,

he never suffered, nor could suffer a human being to abuse his master behind his back, but himself. So confirmed, however, by habit, was his spirit of contradiction, that had the pedlar begun to praise Dick, Jemmy would immediately have attacked him without remorse, and scarcely left a rag of his character together.

"It's a shame for you," proceeded the pedlar, "to defend an ould sinner like him; but then as there's a pair of you, that's not unnatural; every rogue will back his brother. I could name the place, any way, that'll hould you both yet."

"An' I could," replied Jemmy, "name the piece o' machinery that'll be apt to hould you, if you give the masher any more abuse. Whether you'll grow in it or not, is more than I know, but he me sowl, we'll plant you there any how. Do you know what the stocks means? Faith many a spare hour you've sarved there, I go bail, that is, when you had nothing else to do—an' by way of raycreation jist."

"Ah," said the pedlar, "listen how he sticks to the ould villain—but sure, if you put any other two blisters together, they'll do the same."

"My own opinion is," observed Hanlon's aunt, "that it's a pity of the Daltons, at any rate. Every one feels for them—but still the hand o' God an' his curse, I'm afeard, is upon them."

"An' that's more, maybe, than you know," replied Jemmy. "May be God's only punishin' them becase he loves them. It's good to have our sufferins in this world."

"Aft'er all," said the pedlar, "I'm afeard myself, too, that the wrath o' the Almighty has marked them out. Indeed, I'm sure of it."

"An', maybe that's not the only lie you're sure of," replied Jemmy. "It's a subject, any way, you don't understand. No," he proceeded, "by all accounts, Charley, it would wring any one's heart to see him taken away in his ould age from his miserable family an' childre, and then he's so humble, too, and so resigned to the will an' way o' God. He's lyin' ill in the jail. I seen him yestherday—I went to see him, an' to say whatever I could to comfort him. God pity his grey hairs! an'—hem—have compassion on him and his this day!"

The poor fellow's heart could stand the sudden contemplation of Dalton's sorrows no longer—and on uttering the last words he fairly wept.

"If I had known what it was about," he proceeded; "but that ould scoundrel of a Prophet—ay, an' that other ould scoundrel of a masher o' mine—hem—ay—whish—hut—what am I say—in'—but if I had known it, it ud go hard but I'd give him a lift—so as that he might get out o' the way, at any rate."

"Ay," said the pedlar, "at any rate, indeed—faith, you may well say it; but I say, that at any rate he'll be hanged as sure as he murdered Sullivan, and as sure as he did, that he may swing, I pray this day!"

"I'll hould no more discourse wid that circulatin' vagabone," replied Jemmy; "I'm a Christian man—a peaceable man; an' I know what my religion ordhers me to do when I meet the likes of him—an' that is when he houlds the one cheek towardst me to give him a sound Christian rap upon the other. So to the devil I pitch you, you villain, sowl and body, an' that's the worst I wish you. If you choose to be unchristian, be so; but, be me sowl, I'll not set you the example. Charley," he proceeded, addressing Hanlon, "I was sent for you in a hurry. Masher Dick wants you, and so does Red Rody—the villain! and I tell you to take care of him, for, like that vagabone, Judas, he'd kiss you this minute and betray you the next."

"I b'lieve you're purty near the truth," replied Hanlon, "an' I'll surely have my eye about me."

"Do," replied Jemmy, "but I was near forgettin'—it seems the Crowner of the county is sick, an' there can't be an inquest held till he recovers, if he ever does recover; an' if it ud sarve poor ould Dalton, that he never may, I pray God this day!—come away, you'll be killed for stayin'."

Just then, young Henderson himself called Hanlon forth, who, after some conversation with him, turned towards the garden, where he held a second conference with Red Rody, who, on leaving him appeared in excellent spirits, and kept winking and nodding, with a kind of burlesque good humour, at every one whom he knew, until he reached home.

In this state stood the incidents of

our narrative, suspended for some time by the illness of the coroner, when Mr. Travers, himself a magistrate, came to the head inn of the county town in which he always put up, and where he held his office. He had for several days previously gone over the greater portion of the estate, and inspected the actual condition of the tenantry on it. It is unnecessary to say that he was grieved at the painful consequences of the middleman system, and of subletting in general. Wherever he went, he found the soil in many places covered with hordes of pauper occupants, one holding under another in a series that diminished from bad to worse in everything but numbers, until he arrived at a state of destitution that was absolutely disgraceful to humanity. And what rendered this state of things doubly painful and anomalous was the fact, that whilst these starving wretches lived upon his employer's property, they had no claim on him as a landlord, nor could he recognize them as tenants. It is true that these miserable creatures, located upon small patches of land, were obliged to pay their rents to the little tyrant who was over them, and he again, probably, to a still more important little tyrant, and so on; but whenever it happened that the direct tenant, or any one of the series, neglected to pay his or their rent, of course the landlord had no other remedy than to levy it from off the soil, thus rendering it by no means an unfrequent case that the small occupiers who owed nothing to him or those above them, were forced to see their property applied to the payment of the head rent, in consequence of the inability, neglect, or dishonesty of the middleman, or some other subordinate individual from whom they held. This was a state of things which Mr. Travers wished to abolish, but to do so, without inflicting injury, however unintentional, or occasioning harshness to the people, was a matter not merely difficult but impossible.

As we are not, however, writing a treatise upon the management of property, we shall confine ourselves simply to the circumstances only of such of the tenants as have enacted a part in our narrative.

About a week had now elapsed since the abusive contest between Jemmy.

Branigan and the pedlar, the coroner was beginning to recover, and Charley Hanlon's aunt had disappeared altogether from the neighbourhood. Previous to her departure, however, she, her nephew, and the pedlar, had several close, and apparently interesting conferences, into which their parish priest, the Rev. Anthony Devlin, was ultimately admitted. It was clear, indeed, that whatever secret the pedlar communicated, had inspired both Hanlon and his aunt with fresh energy in their attempts to discover the murderer of their relative; and there could be little doubt that the woman's disappearance from the scene of its perpetration was in some way connected with the steps they were taking to bring everything connected with it to light.

Travers, already acquainted with the committal of old Dalton, as he was with all the circumstances of his decline and eviction from his farm, was sitting in his office, about twelve o'clock, when our friend, the pedlar, bearing a folded paper in his hand, presented himself, with a request that he might be favoured with a private interview. This, without any difficulty, was granted, and the following dialogue took place between them:—

"Well, my good friend," said the agent; "what is the nature of this private business of yours?"

"Why, please your honour, it's a petition in favour of ould Cond Dalton."

"A petition! Of what use is a petition to Dalton? Is he not now in gaol, on a charge of murder? You would not have me attempt to obstruct the course of justice, would you? The man will get a fair trial, I hope."

"I hope so, your honour; but this petition is not about the crime the unfortunate man is in for; it's an humble prayer to your honour, hopin' you might restore him—or, I ought rather to say, his poor family, to the farm that they wor so cruelly put out of. Will your honour read it, sir, and look into it; becaise, at any rate, it sets forth too common a case."

"I am partly acquainted with the circumstances, already; however, let me see the paper."

The pedlar placed it in Mr. Travers' hands, who, on looking over it, read, somewhat to his astonishment, as follows:—

"The humble Petition of Cornelius

Dalton, to his Honour, Mr. John Robert Travers, Esq., on behalf of himself, his Wife, and his afflicted Family; now lying in a state of almost superhuman Destitution—by Eugenius M'Grane, Philomath and classical Instructor in the learned Languages of Latin, English, and the Hibernian Vernacular, with an inceptive Initiation into the Rudiments of Greek, as far as the Gospel of St. John the Divine; attended with copious Disquisitions on the relative Merits of moral and physical Philosophy, as contrasted with the pusillanimous Lectures of that Ignoramus of the first Water, Phadrick M'Swagger, falsely calling himself Philomath—*cum multis aliis quos enumerare longum est* :

"HUMBLY SHEWETH—

"That Cornelius Dalton, late of Cargah, gentleman agriculturist, held a farm of sixty-six Irish acres, under the *Right Honourable* (the reverse could be proved with sound and legitimate logic) Lord Mollyborough, an absentee nobleman, and proprietor of the Tullystretchem estate. That the said Cornelius Dalton entered upon the farm of Cargah, with a handsome capital and abundant stock, as became a man bent on improving it, for both the intrinsic and external edification and comfort of himself and family. That the rent was originally very high; and, upon complaint of this, several well indited remonstrances, urged with most persuasive and enthusiastic eloquence, as the inditer hereof can testify, were most insignificantly and superciliously disregarded. That the said Mr. Cornelius Dalton persisted, notwithstanding this great act of contemptuousity and discouragement to his creditable and industrious endeavours, to expend, upon the aforesaid farm, in solid and valuable improvements, a sum of seven hundred pounds and upwards, in building, draining, enclosing, and manuring—all of which improvements transcendantly elevated the value of the farm in question, as the whole rational population of the country could depose to—*me ipso teste quoque*. That when this now highly emended tenement was brought to the best condition of excellence of which it was susceptible, the middleman landlord—*ve miseriis agricolis!*—called upon him for an elevation of rent,

which was reluctantly complied with, under the tyrannical alternative of threatened ejection, incarceration of cattle, &c., &c., and many other proceedings equally inhuman and iniquitous. That this rack-rent, being now more than the land could pay, began to paralyze the efforts, and deteriorate the condition of the said Mr. Cornelius Dalton; and which, being concatenated with successive failures in his crops, and mortality among his cattle, occasioned him, as it were, to retrograde from his former state; and in the course of a few calamitous years, to decline, by melancholy gradations and oppressive treatment from Richard Henderson, Esq., J.P., his landlord, to a state of painful struggle and poverty. That the said Richard Henderson, Esq., J.P., his unworthy landlord, having been offered a still higher rent, from a miserable disciple, named Darby Skinadre, among others, unfeelingly availed himself of Dalton's *res angustæ*—and under plea of his privileges as a landlord, levied an execution upon his property, auctioned him out, and expelled him from the farm; thus turning a respectable man and his family, hopeless and houseless, beggars upon the world, to endure misery and destitution. That the said Mr. Cornelius Dalton, now plain Corney Dalton—for vile poverty humiliates even the name—or rather his respectable family, among whom, *facile princeps*, for piety and unshaken trust in her Redeemer, stands his truly unparalleled wife, are lying in a damp wet cabin within about two hundred perches of his former residence, groaning with the agonies of hunger, destitution, dereliction, and disease, in such a state of complicated and multiform misery as rarely falls to the lot of human eyes to witness. That the burthen and *onus* of this petition is, to humbly supplicate that Mr. Cornelius Dalton, or rather his afflicted and respectable family, may be re-instated in their farm aforesaid, or if not, that Richard Henderson, Esq. senior, J. P. may be compelled to swallow such a titillating emetic from the head landlord as shall compel him to eructate to this oppressed and plundered man all the money he expended in making improvements, which remain to augment the value of the farm, but which, at the same time, were the means of ruining himself and his most respectable family; for, as the bard says,

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'sic vos non vobis,' &c. &c. Of the remainder of this appropriate quotation, your honour cannot be incognizant, or any man who has had the advantage of being college-bred, as every true gentleman, or 'homo factus ad unguem' must have, otherwise he fails to come under this category. And your petitioner will ever pray."

"Are you the Mr. Eugenius Magrane," asked the agent, "who drew up this extraordinary document?"

"No, your honour; I'm only merely a friend to the Daltons, although a stranger in the neighbourhood."

"But what means have Dalton or his family, granting that he escapes from this charge of murder that's against him, of stocking or working so large a farm? I am aware myself that the contents of this petition, with all its pedantry, are too true."

"But consider, sir, that he sunk seven hundre pounds in it, an' that, according to every thing like fair play, he ought either to get his farm again, at a reasonable rate, or the money that raised its value for the landlord, back again; sure that's but fair, your honour."

"I am not here to discuss the morality of the subject, my good friend, neither do I question the truth of your argument, simply as you put it. I only say, that what you ask, is impracticable. You probably know not Dick o' the Grange, for you say you are a stranger—if you did, you would not put yourself to the trouble of getting even a petition for such a purpose written."

"It's a hard case, your honour,"

"It is a hard case; but the truth is, I see nothing that can be done for the Daltons. To talk of putting a family, in such a state as they are now in, back again, upon such a farm, is stark nonsense—without stock or capital of any kind—the thing is ridiculous."

"But suppose they had stock and capital."

"Why, then they certainly would have the best right to the farm—but where's the use of talking about stock or capital, so far as they are concerned?"

"I wish your honour would interfere for an oppressed and ill-treated family against as great a rogue, by all accounts, as ever broke bread—I wish you would make me first sure that they'd get their farm."

"To what purpose, I say?"

"Why, sir, for a reason I have. If

your honour will make me sure that they'll get their land again, that's all I want."

"What is your reason? Have you capital, and are you willing to assist them?"

The pedlar shook his head.

"Is it the likes o' me, your honour? No, but maybe it might be made up for them some way."

"I believe," said the agent, "that your intentions are good; only that they are altogether impracticable. However, a thought strikes me. Go to Dick o' the Grange, and lay your case before him. Ask a new lease for your friends, the Daltons—of course he won't give it; but at all events, come back to me, and let me know, as nearly in his own words as you can, what answer he will give you; go now, that is all I can do for you in the matter."

"Barrin' this, your honour, that set in case the poor heartbroken Daltons wor to get capital some way."

"Perhaps," said Travers, interrupting him, "you can assist them."

"Oh, if I could!—no but set in case, as I said, that it was to be forthcomin', you persave. Me!—oh, the Lord than I was able!"

"Very well," replied the other, anxious to rid himself of the pedlar, "that will do now. You are, I perceive, one of those good-natured, speculating creatures, who are anxious to give hope and comfort to every one. The world has many like you; and it often happens, that when some good fortune does throw the means of doing good into your power, you turn out to be a poor pitiful, miserable crew, without actual heart or feeling. Good bye, now. I have no more time to spare—try Dick o' the Grange himself, and let me know his answer."

So saying, he rang the bell, and our friend the pedlar, by no means satisfied with the success of his interview, took his leave.

CHAPTER XXIII.—DARBY IN DANGER—NATURE TRIUMPHS.

THE mild and gentle Mave Sullivan, with all her natural grace and unobtrusive modesty, was yet like many of the fair daughters of her country, possessed of qualities which frequently lie dormant in the heart until some trying calamity or startling event of more than ordinary importance, awakens them into life and action. Indeed, any one in the habit of observing the world may have occasionally noticed, that even within the range of his own acquaintances, there has been many a quiet and apparently diffident girl, without pretence or affectation of any kind, who, when some unexpected and stunning blow has fallen either upon herself or upon some one within the circle of her affections, has manifested a spirit so resolute or a devotion so heroic, that she has at once constituted herself the lofty example whom all admire and endeavour to follow. The unrecorded calamities of ordinary life and the annals of human affection, as they occur from day to day around us, are full of such noble instances of courage and self-sacrifice on the part of woman for the sake of those who are dear to her. Dear, holy, and heroic woman! how frequently do we who too often sneer at your harmless vanities and foibles, forget the light by

which your love so often dispels the darkness of our affliction, and the tenderness with which your delicious sympathy charms our sorrows and our sufferings to rest, when nothing else can succeed in giving us one moment's consolation!

The situation of the Daltons, together with the awful blow which fell upon them at a period of such unexampled misery, had now become the melancholy topic of conversation among their neighbours, most, if not all, of whom were, however, so painfully absorbed in their own individual afflictions either of death, or famine, or illness, as to be able to render them no assistance. Such as had typhus in their own families were incapable of attending to the wants or distresses of others, and such as had not, acting under the general terror of contagion which prevailed, avoided the sick houses as they would a plague.

On the morning after old Dalton's removal to prison, Jerry Sullivan and his family were all assembled around a dull fire, the day being, as usual, so wet that it was impossible to go out unless upon some matter of unusual importance; there was little said, for although they had hitherto escaped the fever, still their sufferings and strug-

gles were such as banished cheerfulness from among them. Mave appeared more pale and dejected than they had ever yet seen her, and it was noticed by one or two of the family, that she had been occasionally weeping in some remote corner of the house where she thought she might do so without being observed.

"Mave dear," said her father, "what is the matter wid you? You look, darlin', to be in very low spirits to-day. Were you cryin'?"

She raised her large innocent eyes upon him, and they instantly filled with tears.

"I can't keep it back from you, father," she replied, "let me do as I will—an' oh, father dear, when we look out upon the world that's in it, an' when we see how the hand o' God is takin' away so many from among us, and when we see how the people every where is sufferin' and strugglin' with so much—how one is here this day, and in a week to come in the presence of their Judge! Oh, surely, when we see all the doings of death and distress about us, we ought to think that it's no time to harbour hatred or any other bad or unchristian feelin' in our hearts!"

"It is not indeed, darlin'; an' I hope nobody here does."

"No," she replied; and as she spoke, the vibrations of sorrow and of sympathy shook her naturally sweet voice into that tender expression which touches the heart of the hearer with such singular power—"no, father," she proceeded, "I hope not; religion teaches us a different lesson—not only to forgive our enemies, but to return good for evil."

"It does, achora machree," replied her father, whose eyes expressed a kind of melancholy pride, as he contemplated his beautiful but sorrowful looking girl, giving utterance to truths which added an impressive and elevated character to her beauty.

"Young and ould, achushla machree, is fallin' about us in every direction; but may the Father of Mercy spare you to us, my darlin' child, for if any thing was to happen you, where—oh, where, could we look upon your aquil, or find any thing that could console us for your loss?"

"If it's my fate to go, father, I'll go, an' if it isn't, God will take care of me; whatever comes, I'm resigned to his will."

"Ay, dear, an' you ever wor, too—and for the same raison, God's blessin' will be upon you; but what makes you look so low, avourneen? I trust in my Saviour, you're not unwell, Mave dear."

"Thanks be to God, no, father; but there's a thing on my mind that's distressin' me very much, an' I hope you'll allow me my way in it."

"I may say so, dear; because I know you wouldn't ax me for any thing that ud be wrong to grant you. What is it, Mave?"

"It's the unhappy an' miserable state that these poor Daltons is in," she replied. "Father dear, forgive me for what I'm about to say; for, although it may make you angry, there's nothin' farther from my heart than to give you offence."

"You needn't tell me so, Mave—you need not, indeed; but sure you know, darlin', that, unfortunately, we have nothing in our power to do for them; I wish to the Lord we had! Didn't we do all that people in our poor condition could do for them? Didn't you, yourself, achora, make us send them sich little assistance as we could spare—ay, even to sharin', I may say, our last morsel wid them; an' now, darlin', you know we haven't it."

"I know that," she replied, as she wiped away the tears; "where is there a poorer family than we are, sure enough? but, father dear, we *can* assist them—relieve them—ay, maybe save them—for all that."

"God be praised, then!" exclaimed Sullivan; "only show me how, an' we'll be glad to do it; for I can forget everything now, Mave, but their distress."

"But do you know the condition they're in at this moment?" she asked; "do you know, father, that they're stretched on the bed of sickness?—I mean Nancy, an'—an' young Con, who has got into a relapse; poor Mary is scarcely able to go about, she's so badly recovered from the fever—an' Tom, the wild, unfortunate young man, is out of his senses, they say. Then, there's nobody to look to them but Mrs. Dalton herself; an' she, you know, has to go 'out' to ask their poor bit from the neighbours. Only think," she proceeded, with a fresh burst of sorrow—"oh, only think, father, of sich a woman bein' forced to this!"

"May the Lord pity her an' them, this weoful day!" exclaimed Sullivan.

"Now, father," proceeded Mave; I know—oh, who knows better, or so well—what a good, an' a kind, an' forgivin' heart you have; an' I know, that even in spite of the feelin' that was, an' that maybe is, upon your mind against them, you'll grant me my wish in what I'm goin' to ask."

"What is it, then?—let me hear it."

"It's this: you know that here, in our own family, I can do nothing to help ourselves—that is, there is nothing for me to do—an' I feel the time hang heavy on my hands. I have been thinkin', father dear, of this miserable state the poor Daltons is in, without any one to attend them in their sickness—to say a kind word to them, or to hand them even a drink of clean water, if they wanted it. Them that hasn't got the fever yet, won't go near them, for fear of catchin' it. What, then, will become of them? There they are, without the face, or hand, or voice of kindness about them. Oh, what on God's blessed earth will become of them? They may die—an' they must die, for want of care and assistance."

"But sure that's not our fault, dear Mave; we can't help them."

"We can, father—an' we must; for if we don't, they'll die. Father," she added, laying her wasted hand on his; "it is my intention to go over to them—an' as I have nothing that I can do at home, to spend the greater part of the day with them, in takin' care of them—an'—an' in doin' what I can for them. Yes, father dear—it is my intention—for there is none but me to do it for them."

"Saviour of earth, Mave dear, is it mad you are? You, achora machree, that's dearer to us all than the apple of our eye, or the very pulse of our hearts—to let you into a plague-house—to let you near the deadly faver that's upon them—where you'd be sure to catch it; an' then—oh, blessed Father, Mave, what's come over you, to think of sich a thing?—ay, or to think that we'd let you expose yourself? But, poor girl, it's all the goodness and kindness of your affectionate heart; put it out of your head, however—don't name it, nor let us hear of it again."

"But, father, it's a duty that our religion teaches us."

"Why, what's come over you, Mave?—all at wanst, too—you, that was so much afeard of it that you wouldn't go on the windy side of a feverish house, nor walk near any one that was even recoverin' from it. Why, what's come over you?"

"Simply, father, the thought that if I don't go to them and help them, they will die. I was afeard of the fever, and I am afeard of it—but am I to let my own foolish fears prevent me from doin' the part of a Christian to them? Let us put ourselves in their place—an' who knows—although, may God forbid!—but it may be our own before the season passes—suppose it was our own case—an' that all the world was afeard to come near us, and deserted us—oh, what would we think of any one, man or woman, that, trustin' in God, would set their own fears at defiance, an' come to our relief?"

"Mave, I couldn't think of it; if anything happened you, an' that we lost you, I never would lay my head down widout the bitter thought that I had a hand in your death."

At this moment the mother, who had been in another room, came into the kitchen—and having listened for a minute to the subject of their conversation, she immediately joined her husband—but still with feelings of deep and almost tearful sympathy for the Daltons.

"It's like her, poor, affectionate girl," she exclaimed, looking tenderly at her daughter; "but it's a thing, Mave, we could never think of; so, put it out of your head."

She approached her mother, and, seizing her hands, exclaimed—

"Oh, mother, for the sake of the livin' God, make it our own case!—think of it—bring it home to you—look into the frightful state they're in. Are they to die in a Christian country for want only of some kind person to attend upon them? Is it not our duty when we know how they are sufferin'? I cannot rest, nor be at ease; an' I am not afeard of fever here. You may say I love young Condry Dalton, an' that it is on his account I am wishin' to go. May be it is; an' I will now tell you at wanst that I do love him, and that if it was the worst plague that ever silenced the noise of life in a whole country, it wouldn't prevent me from goin' to his relief, nor to

the relief of any one belonging to him."

"I knew," said her father, "that that was at the bottom of it."

"I do love him," she continued, "an' this is more than ever I had courage to tell you openly before; but, father, I feel that I am called upon here to go to their assistance, and to see that they don't die from neglect in a Christian country. I have trust an' confidence in the Almighty God. I am not afeard of fever now; and even if I take it an' die, you both know that I'll die in actin' the part of a Christian girl; an' what brighter hope could anything bring to us than the happiness that such a death would open to me? But here I feel that the strength and protection of God is upon me, and I will not die."

"That's all very well, Mave," said her mother; "but if you took it, and *did* die—oh, darlin'—"

"In God's name, then, I'll take my chance, an' do the duty that I feel myself called upon to do; and, father dear, just think for a minute—the thrue Christian doesn't merely forgive the injury, but returns good for evil; and then, above all things, let us make it our own case. As I said before, if we were as they are—lyin' racked with pain, burnin' with druth, the head splittin', the whole strength gone—not able, maybe, to spake, and hardly able to make a sign—too wake ourselves to put a drink to our lips;—suppose, I say, we wor lyin' in this state, an' that all the world had deserted us—oh, wouldn't we say that any fellow-creature that had the kindness and the courage to come and aid us—wet our lips, raise our heads, and cheer our sinkin' hearts by the sound of their voice alone—oh, wouldn't we say that it was God that in his mercy put it into their heart to come to us, and relieve us, and save us?"

The mother's feeling gave way at this picture; and she said, addressing her husband—

"Jerry, may be it's right that she should go, bekaise, afther all, what if it's God himself that *has* put it into her heart?"

He shook his head, but it was clear that his opposition began to waver.

"Think of the danger," he replied; "think of that. Still, if I thought it was God's own will that was settin' her to it——"

"Father," she replied, "let us do what is right, and lave the rest to God himself. Surely you aren't afeard to trust in *Him*? I may take the fever here at home, without goin' at all, and die; for if it's His blessed will that I should die of it, nothing can save me, let me go or stay where I please; and if it's not, it matthers little where I go: his divine grace and goodness will take care of me and protect me. It's to God himself, then, you are trustin' me, an' that ought to satisfy you."

Her parents looked at each other—then at her; and, with tears in their eyes, as if they had been parting with her as for a sacrifice, they gave a consent, in which that humble confidence in the will of God which constitutes the highest order of piety, was blended with a natural yearning and terror of the heart, lest they were allowing her to place herself rashly within the fatal reach of the contagion which prevailed. Having obtained their permission, she lost very little time in preparing for the task she had proposed to execute. A very small portion of meal, and a little milk, together with one or two jugs for gruel, whey, &c., she put under her cloak; and after getting the blessing of her parents, and kissing them and the rest of the family, she departed upon her pious—her sublime mission, followed by the tears and earnest prayers of her whole family.

How anomalous, and full of mysterious and inexplicable impulses is the human heart! Mave Sullivan, who, in volunteering to attend at the contagious beds of the unfortunate Daltons, gave singular and noble proof of the most heroic devotedness, absolutely turned from the common road, on her way to their cabin, rather than meet the funeral of a person who had died of fever, and on one or two occasions kept aloof from men whom she knew to be invalids by the fact of their having handkerchiefs about their heads—a proof, in general, that they had been shaved or blistered, whilst labouring under its severest form.

When she had gone within about a quarter of a mile of her destination, she met two individuals, whose relative position indicated anything but a state of friendly feeling between them. The persons we allude to were Thomas Dalton and the miserable object of his vengeance, Darby Skinadre. Our readers are aware that Sarah caused

Darby to accompany her, for safety, to the cabin of the Daltons, as she feared that, should young Dalton again meet him at the head of his mob, and he in such a furious and unsettled state, the hapless miser might fall a victim to his vengeance. No sooner, therefore, had the meal-monger heard Tom's name mentioned by his father, when about to proceed to prison, than he left a dark corner of the cabin, into which he had slunk, and, passing out, easily disappeared, without being noticed, in the state of excitement which prevailed.

The very name of Tom reminded him that he was then in his father's house, and that should he return, and find him there, he might expect little mercy at his hands. Tom, however, amidst the melancholy fatuity under which he laboured, never forgot that he had an account to settle with Skinadre. It ran through his unsettled understanding like a sound thread through a damaged web: for ever and anon his thought and recollection would turn to Peggy Murtagh, and the miser's refusal to give her credit for the food she asked of him. During the early part of that day he had gone about with a halter in his hand, as if seeking some particular individual; and whenever he chanced to be questioned as to his object, he always replied, with a wild and ferocious chuckle—

"The fellow that killed her!—the fellow that killed her!"

Upon the present occasion, Mave was surprised by meeting him and the miser, whom he must have met accidentally, walking side by side, but in a position which gave fearful intimation of Dalton's purpose respecting him. Around the unfortunate wretch's neck was the halter aforesaid, made into a running noose, whilst, striding beside him, went his wild and formidable companion, holding the end of it in his hand, and eyeing him from time to time with a look of stupid but determined ferocity. Skinadre's appearance and position were ludicrously and painfully helpless. His face was so pale and thin that it was difficult to see, even in those frightful times of sickness and famine, a countenance from which they were more significantly reflected. He was absolutely shrunk up with terror into half his size, his little thin, corded neck appearing as if

it were striving unsuccessfully to work its way down into his trunk, and his small ferret eyes looking about in every direction, for some one to extricate him out of the deadly thrall in which he was held. Mave, who had been aware of the enmity which his companion bore him, as well as of its cause, and fearing that the halter was intended to hang the luckless meal-man, probably upon the next tree they came to, did not, as many another female would do, avoid or run away from the madman. On the contrary, she approached him with an expression singularly winning and sweet on her countenance, and in a voice of great kindness, laid her hand upon his arm to arrest his attention, and asked him how he did. He paused a moment, and looking upon her with a dull but turbid eye, exclaimed with an insane laugh, pointing at the same time, to the miser—"This is the fellow that killed her—ha, ha, ha, but I have him now—here he is in the noose—in the noose. Ay, an' I swore it, an' there's another, too, that's to get it, but I won't rob any body, nor join in *that* at all—I'll hang *him* here, though—ha, Skinadre, I have you now."

As he spoke, poor Skinadre received a chuck of the halter which almost brought his tongue out as far as in the throttling process which we have before described.

"Mave, achora," said he, looking at her after his recovery from the powerful jerk he had just got, "for the sake of heaven, try an' save my life; if you don't, he'll never let me out of his hands a livin' man."

"Don't be alarmed, Darby," she replied, "poor Tom won't injure you; so far from that, he'll take the halter from about your neck, an' let you go. Won't you let poor Darby go, Tom?"

"I will," he replied, "after I hang him—ha, ha, ha; 'twas he that killed her; he let her die wid hunger, but now he'll swing for it, ha, ha, ha!"

These words were accompanied by another chuck, which pulled miserable Skinadre almost off his legs.

"Tom, for shame," said Mave, "why would you do sich an unmanly thing with this poor ould crature?—be a man, and let him go."

"Ay, when he's hangin', wid his tongue out, ha, ha, ha; wait till we get to the Rabbit Bank, where there's a tree to be had; I've sworn it, ay, on

her very grave too; so good-bye, Mave! Come along, Darby."

"Mave, as you hope to have the gates of heaven opened to your sowl, an' don't lave me," exclaimed the miser, with clasped hands.

Mave looked up and down the road, but could perceive no one approach who might render the unfortunate man assistance.

"Tom," said she, "I must insist upon your settin' the poor man at liberty; I insist upon it. You cannot, an' must not take his life in a Christian country; if you do, you know you'll be hanged yourself. Let him go immediately."

"Oh, ay," he replied, "you insist, Mave—but I'll tell you what,—I'll put Peggy in a coach yet, when I come into my fortune; an' so you'll insist, will you;—jist look at that wrist of yours," he replied, seizing her's, but with gentleness, "and then look at that of mine; an' now will you tell me that you'll insist? Come, Darby, we're bound for the Bank; there's not a beech there but's a hundre' feet high, and that's higher than ever I'll make you swing from. *Your heart bled for her*, didn't it! but how will you look when I lave you facin' the sun, wid your tongue out?"

"Tom," replied the wretch, "I go on my knees to you, an' as you hope, Tom —"

"Hope, you hard-hearted hound! isn't her father's curse upon me? ay an' in me? wasn't she destroyed among us? and you bid me hope; by the broken heart she died of, you'll get a double tug for that," and he was about to drag him on in a state of great violence, when Mave again placed her hand upon his arm, and said:

"I am sure, Tom, you are not ungrateful; I am sure you would not forget a kind act done to poor Peggy that's gone."

"Peggy!" he replied, "what about her? gone—Peggy gone—is she gone?"

"She is gone," replied Mave, "but not lost; an' it is most likely that she is now lookin' down with displeasure at your conduct and intentions towards this poor man; but listen."

"Are you goin' to spake about Peggy, though?"

"I am, and listen. Do you remember one evenin' in the early part of this summer, it was of a Sunday, there was a crowd about ould Brian Murtagh's

house, and the report of Peggy's shame had gone abroad, and couldn't be kept from people's eyes any longer. She was turned out of her father's house—she was beaten by her brother, who swore that he would take the life of the first person, whether man or woman, young or ould, that would give her one hour's shelter. She was turned out, poor young, misled, and mistaken crature, and no one would resave her, for no one durst. There was a young girl then passin' through the village, on her way home, much about Peggy's own age, but barring in *one* respect, neither so good nor so handsome; poor Peggy ran to that young girl, and she was goin' to throw herself into her arms, but she stopped. 'I am not worthy,' she said, cryin' bitterly—'I am not worthy; but oh, I have no roof to shelter me, for no one dare take me in. What will become of me!'

While she spoke, Dalton's mind appeared to have been stirred into something like a consciousness of his situation, and his memory to have been brought back, as it were, from the wild and turbulent images which had impaired its efficacy, to a personal recollection of circumstances that had ceased to affect him. His features, for instance, became more human, his eye more significant of his feelings, and his whole manner more quiet and restored. He looked upon the narrator with an awakened interest, surveyed Darby as if he scarcely knew how or why he came there, and then sighed deeply. Mave proceeded.

"'I am an outcast now,' said poor Peggy; 'I have neither house nor home; I have no father, no mother, no brother, an' he that I loved, an' that said he loved me, has deserted me. Oh,' said she, 'I have nothing to care for, an' no body to care for me now, an' what was dearest of all—my good name—is gone: no one will shelter me, although I thought of nothing but my love for Thomas Dalton!' She was scorned, Thomas Dalton, she was insulted and abused by women who knew her innocence and her goodness till she met him; every tongue was against her, every hand was against her, every door was closed against her; no, not every one—the young woman she spoke to, with tears in her eyes, out of compassion to one so young and unfortunate, brought Peggy Murtagh home, and cried with her, and gave her

hope, and consoled her, and pleaded with her father and mother for the poor deluded girl in such a way that they forgot her misfortune and sheltered her, till, after her brother's death, she was taken in again to her own father's house. Now, Tom, wouldn't you like to oblige that girl that was kind to poor Peggy Murtagh?"

"It was in Jerry Sullivan's—it was into your father's house she was taken."

"It was, Tom; and the young woman who befriended Peggy Murtagh, is now standin' by your side, and asks you to let Darby Skinadre go; do, then, let him go, for the sake of that young woman!"

Mave, on concluding, looked up into his face, and saw that his eyes were moist; he then smiled moodily, and placing his hand upon her head in an approving manner, said—

"You wor always good, Mave—here, set Darby free; but my mind's unsaisy; I'm not right, I doubt—nor as I ought to be; but I'll tell you what—I'll go back towards home wid you, if you'll tell me more about Peggy."

"Do so," she replied, delighted at such a proposal; "an' I will tell you many a thing about her; an' you, Darby," she added, turning round to that individual;—short, however, as the time was, the exulting, but still trembling usurer was making his way, at full speed, towards his own house; so that she was spared the trouble of advising him, as she had intended, to look

to his safety as well as he could. Such was the gentle power with which Mave softened and subdued this ferocious and unsettled young man to her wishes; and, indeed, so forcible in general was her firm but serene enthusiasm, that wherever the necessity for exerting it occurred, it was always crowned with success.

Thomas Dalton, as might be expected, swayed by the capricious impulses of his unhappy derangement, did not accompany her to his father's cabin. When within a few hundred yards of it he changed his intention, and struck across the country like one who seemed uncertain as to the course he should take. Of late, indeed, he rambled about, sometimes directing, or otherwise associating himself with, such mobs as we have described; sometimes wandering, in a solitary manner, throughout the country at large; and but seldom appearing at home. On the present occasion he looked at Mave, and said—

"I hate sick people, Mave, an' I won't go home; but, whisper, when you see Peggy Murtagh's father, tell him that I'll have her in a coach yet, please God; an' he'll take the curse off o' me, when he hears it, maybe, an' all will be right."

He then bid her good-bye, turned from the road, and bent his steps in the direction of the Rabbit Bank, on one of the beeches of which he had intended to hang the miser.

CHAPTER XXIV.—RIVALRY.

If the truth were known, the triumph which Mave Sullivan achieved over the terror of fever which she felt in common with almost every one in the country around her, was the result of such high-minded devotion, as would have won her a statue in the times of old Greece, when self-sacrifice for human good was appreciated and rewarded. In her case, indeed, the triumph was one of almost unparalleled heroism; for amongst all the difficulties which she had to overcome, by far the greatest was her own constitutional dread of contagion. It was only on reaching the miserable pesthouse in which the Daltons lived, and on witnessing, with her own eyes, the clammy atmosphere which, in the shape of

dark heavy smoke, was oozing in all directions from its roof, that she became conscious of the almost fatal step she was about to take, and the terrible test of Christian duty and exalted affection, to which she was in the act of subjecting herself.

On arriving at the door, and when about to enter, even the resolution she had come to, and the lofty principle of trust in God, on which it rested, were scarcely able to support her against the host of constitutional terrors which, for a moment, rushed upon her heart. The great act of self-sacrifice, as it may almost be termed, which she was about to perform, became so diminished in her imagination, that all sense of its virtue passed away; and instead of

gaining strength from a consciousness of the pure and unselfish motive by which she was actuated, she began to contemplate her conduct as the result of a rash and unjustifiable presumption upon the providence of God, and a wanton exposure of the life he had given her. She felt herself tremble; her heart palpitated, and for a minute or two her whole soul became filled with a tumultuous and indistinct perception of all she had proposed to do, as well as of everything about her. Gradually, however, this state of feeling cleared away—by-and-bye the purity and Christian principle that were involved in her conduct, came to her relief.

"What," she asked herself, "if they should die without assistance? In God's name, and with his strength to aid me, I will run all risks, and fulfil the task I have taken upon me to do. May he support and protect me through it!"

Thus resolved, and thus fortified, she entered the gloomy scene of sickness and contagion.

There were but four persons within: that is to say, her lover, his sister Nancy, Mary the invalid, and Sarah M'Gowan. Nancy and her brother were now awake, and poor Mary occupied her father's arm chair, in which she sat with her head reclined upon the back of it, somewhat, indeed, after his own fashion—and Sarah sat opposite young Con's bed, having her eyes fixed, with a mournful expression, on his pale, and almost death-like countenance. Mave's appearance occasioned the whole party to feel much surprise—and Mary rose from her arm chair, and greeting her affectionately, said—

"I cannot welcome you, dear Mave, to such a place as this—and indeed I am sorry you came to see us—for I needn't tell you what I'd feel—what we'd all feel," and here she looked quickly, but with the slightest possible significance, at her brother, "if anything happened you in consequence; which, may God forbid!" How are you all at home?

"We are all free from sickness, thank God," said Mave, whom the presence of Sarah caused to blush deeply; "but how are you all here? I am sorry to find that poor Nancy is ill—and that Con has got a relapse."

She turned her eyes upon him as

she spoke, and, on contemplating his languid and sickly countenance, she could only, by a great effort, repress her tears.

"Do not come near us, dear Mave," said Dalton, "and, indeed, it was wrong to come here at all."

"God bless you an' guard you, Mave," said Nancy, "an' we feel your goodness; but, as Con says, it was wrong to put yourself in the way of danger; for God's sake, and as you hope to escape this terrible sickness, lave the house at wanst. We're sensible of your kindness—but lave us—lave us—for every minute you stop may be death to you."

Sarah, who had never yet spoken to Mave, turned her black mellow eyes from her to her lover, and from him to her alternately. She then dropped them for a time on the ground, and again looked round her with something like melancholy impatience. Her complexion was high and flushed, and her eyes sparkled with unaccustomed brilliancy.

"It's not right that two people should run sich risk on our account," said Con, looking towards Sarah; "here's a young woman who has come to nurse-tend and take care of us, for which, may God bless her, and protect her!—its Sarah M'Gowan, Donnel Dhu's daughter."

"Think of Mave Sullivan," said Sarah—think only of Mave Sullivan—she's in danger—ha—but as for me—suppose I should take the faver and die?"

"May God forbid, poor girl," exclaimed Con; "it would lave us all a sad heart. Dear Mave, don't stop here—every minute is dangerous."

Sarah went over to the bed side, and putting her hand gently upon his forehead, said—

"Don't spake to pity me—I can't bear pity; anything at all but pity from you. Say you don't care what becomes of me, or whether I die or not—but don't pity me."

It is extremely difficult to describe Sarah's appearance and state of mind, as she spoke this. Her manner towards Con was replete with tenderness, and the most earnest and anxious interest; whilst at the same time there ran through her voice a tone of bitter feeling, an evident consciousness of something that pressed strongly on her heart, which gave a marked and startling character to her language.

Mave for a moment forgot everything but the interest which Sarah, and the mention of her, excited. She turned gently round from Mary, who had been speaking to her, and fixing her eyes on Sarah, examined her with pardonable curiosity, from head to foot; nor will she be blamed, we trust, if, even then and there, the scrutiny was not the less close, in consequence of its having been known to her that in point of beauty, and symmetry of figure, they had stood towards each other, for some time past, in the character of rivals. Sarah, who had on, without stockings, a pair of small slippers, a good deal the worse for wear, had risen from the bed side, and now stood near the fire, directly opposite the only little window in the house, and, consequently, in the best light it afforded. Mave's glance, though rapid, was comprehensive; but she felt it was sufficient: the generous girl, on contemplating the wild grace and natural elegance of Sarah's figure, and the singular beauty and wonderful animation of her features, instantly, in her own mind, surrendered all claim to competition, and admitted to herself that Sarah was, without exception, the most perfectly beautiful girl she had ever seen. Her last words, too, and the striking tone in which they were spoken, arrested her attention still more; so that she passed naturally from the examination of her person to the purport of her language.

We trust that our readers know enough of human nature, to understand that this examination of Sarah, upon the part of Mave Sullivan, was altogether an involuntary act, and one which occurred in less time than we have taken to write any one of the lines in which it is described.

Mave, who perceived at once that the words of Sarah were burdened by some peculiar distress, could not prevent her admiration from turning into pity, without exactly knowing why; but in consequence of what Sarah had just said, she feared to express it either by word or look, lest she might occasion her unnecessary pain. She consequently, after a slight pause, replied to her lover—

"You must not blame me, dear Con, for being here. I came to give whatever poor attendance I could to Nancy here, and to sigh of you as want it, while you're sick. I came,

indeed, to stay and nurse you all, if you will let me; an' you won't be sorry to hear it, in spite of all that has happened, that I have the consent of my father and mother for so doin'."

A faint smile of satisfaction lit up her lover's features, but this was soon overshadowed by his apprehension for her safety.

Sarah, who had for about half a minute been examining Mave, on her part, now started, and exclaimed, with flashing eyes, and we may add, a bursting and distracted heart—

"Well, Mave Sullivan, I have often seen you, but never so well as now. You have goodness an' truth in your face. Oh, it's a purty face—a lovely face. But why do you state a falsehood here?—for what you've just said is false; I know it."

Mave started, and in a moment her pale face and neck were suffused by one burning blush, at the idea of such an imputation. She looked around her, as if inquiring from all those who were present the nature of the falsehood attributed to her; and then with a calm but firm eye, she asked Sarah what she could mean by such language.

"You're afther sayin'," replied Sarah, "that you're come here to nurse Nancy there. Now, that's not true, and you know it isn't. You came here to nurse young Con Dalton; and you came to nurse him, because you love him. Now, I don't blame you for that, but I do for not sayin' so, without fear or disguise—for I hate both."

"That wouldn't be altogether true either," replied Mave, "if I said so; for I *did* come to nurse Nancy, and any others of the family that might stand in need of it. As to Con, I'm neither ashamed to love him, nor afraid to acknowledge it; and I had no notion of statin' a falsehood when I said what I did. I tell you, then, Sarah M'Gowan, that you've done me injustice. If there appeared to be a falsehood in my words, there was none in my heart."

"That's truth; I know, I feel that that's truth," replied Sarah, quickly; "but oh, how wrong I am," she exclaimed, "to mention that or anything else here that might distract him! Ay," she proceeded, addressing Mave, "I did you injustice—I feel I did; but don't be angry with me, for I acknowledge it."

"Why should I be angry with you," replied Sarah, "you only spoke what you thought, an' this, by all accounts, is what you always do."

"Let us talk as little as possible here," replied Sarah, the sole absorbing object of whose existence lay in Dalton's recovery. "I will speak to you on your way home, but not here—not here;" and whilst uttering the last words she pointed to Dalton, to intimate that further conversation might disturb him.

"Dear Mave," observed Mary, now rising from her chair, "you are stayin' too long; oh, for God's sake, don't stop; you can't dhrame of the danger you're in."

"But," replied Mave, calmly, "you know, Mary, that I came to stop and to do whatever I can do till the family comes round. You are too feeble to undertake anything, and might only get into a relapse if you attempted it."

"But then we have Sarah M'Gowan," she replied, "who came, as few would—none livin' this day, I think, barrin' yourself and her—to stay with us, and to do anything that she can do for us all. May God for ever bless her! for short as the time is, I think she has saved some of our lives—Condy's without a doubt."

Mave turned towards Sarah, and, as she looked upon her, the tears started to her eyes.

"Sarah M'Gowan" said she, "you are fond of truth, an' you are right; I can't find words to thank you for doin' what you did. God bless and reward you!"

She extended her hand as she spoke, but Sarah put it back. "No," said she, indignantly, "never from you; above all that's livin', don't you thank me. You, you, why you aren't his wife yet," she exclaimed, in a suppressed voice of deep agitation, "an' maybe you never will. You don't know what may happen—you don't know—"

She immediately seemed to recollect something that operated as a motive to restrain any exhibition of strong feeling or passion on her part, for all at once she composed herself, and sitting down, merely said:—

"Mave Sullivan, I'm glad you love truth, and I believe you do; I can't, then, reserve any thanks from you, nor I won't; an' I would tell you why any place but here."

"I don't at all understand you," replied Mave; "but for your care an' attention to him, I'm sure it's no harm to say, may God reward you! I will never forget it to you."

"While I have life," said Dalton feebly, and fixing his eyes upon Sarah's face, "I, for one, won't forget her kindness."

"Kindness!" she re-echoed—"ha-ha!—well, it's no matter—it's no matter!"

"She saved my life, Mave; I was lyin' here, and hadn't even a drink of water, and there was no one else in the house; Mary, there, was out, an' poor Nancy was ravin' an' ragin' with illness and pain; but *she*, Sarah, was here to settle us, to attend us, to get us a drink whenever we wanted it—to raise us up, an' to put it to our lips, an' to let us down with as little pain as possible. Oh, how could I forget all this? Dear, dear Sarah, how could I forget this if I was to live a thousand years?"

Con's face, whilst he spoke, became animated with the enthusiasm of the feeling to which he gave utterance, and, as his eyes were fixed on Sarah with a suitable expression, there appeared to be a warmth of emotion in his whole manner which a sanguine person might probably misinterpret into something beyond gratitude.

Sarah, after he had concluded, looked upon him with a long, earnest, but uncertain gaze; so long, indeed, and so intensely penetrating was it, that the whole energy of her character might, for a time, be read clearly in the singular expression of her eyes. It was evident that her thoughts were fluctuating between pleasure and pain, cheerfulness and gloom; but at length her countenance lost, by degrees, its earnest character, the alternate play of light and shadow over it ceased, and the gaze changed, almost imperceptibly, into one of settled abstraction.

"It might be," she said, as if thinking aloud—"it might be—but time will tell; and, in the mean time, everything must be done fairly—fairly; still, if it shouldn't come to pass—if it should *not*—it would be better if I had never been born; but it may be, an' time will tell."

Mave had watched her countenance closely, and without being able to discover the nature of the conflict

that appeared in it, she went over, and placing her hand gently upon Sarah's arm, exclaimed—

"Don't blame me for what I am goin' to say, Sarah—if you'll let me call you Sarah; but the truth is, I see that your mind is troubled. I wish to God I could remove that trouble, or that any one here could! I am sure they all would, as willingly as myself."

"She is troubled," said Mary; "I know by her manner that there's something distressin' on her mind. Any earthly thing that we could do to relieve her, we would; but I asked her and she wouldn't tell me."

It is likely that Mary's kindness, and especially Mave's, so gently but so sincerely expressed, touched her as they spoke. She made no reply, however, but approached Mave with a slight smile on her face, her lips compressed, and her eyes, which were fixed and brilliant, floating in something that looked like moisture, and which might as well have been occasioned by the glow of anger as the impulse of a softer emotion, or perhaps—and this might be nearer the truth—as a conflict between the two states of feeling. For some moments she looked into Mave's very eyes; and after a little, she seemed to regain her composure, and sat down without speaking. There was a slight pause occasioned by the expectation that she had been about to reply, during which Dalton's eyes were fixed upon her. In her evident distress, she looked upon him. Their eyes met, and the revelation that that glance of anguish, on the part of Sarah, gave to him, disclosed the secret.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, involuntarily and unconsciously, "is this possible?"

Sarah felt that the discovery had been made by him at last; and seeing that all their eyes were still upon her, she rose up, and approaching Mave, said—

"It is true, Mave Sullivan, I am troubled—Mary, I am troubled;" and as she uttered the words, a blush so deep and so beautiful spread itself over her face and neck, that the very females present were, for the moment, lost in admiration of her radiant youth and loveliness. Dalton's eyes were still upon her, and after a little time, he said—

Sarah, come to me."

She went to his bedside, and kneeling, bent her exquisite figure over him; and as her dark brilliant eyes looked into his, he felt the fragrance of her breath mingling with his own.

"What is it?" said she.

"You are too near me," said he.

"Ah, I feel I am," she said, shaking her head.

"I mane," he added, "for your own safety. Give me your hand, dear Sarah."

He took her hand, and raising himself a little on his right side, he looked upon her again; and as he did so, she felt a few warm tears falling upon it.

"Now," he said, "lay me down, dear Sarah."

A few moments of ecstatic tumult, in which Sarah was unconscious of anything about her, passed. She then rose, and sitting down on the little stool, she wept for some minutes in silence. During this quiet paroxysm no one spoke; but when Dalton turned his eyes upon Mave Sullivan, she was pale as ashes.

Mary, who had noticed nothing particular in the incidents just related, now urged Mave to depart; and the latter, on exchanging glances with Dalton, could perceive that a feeble hectic had overspread his face. She looked on him earnestly for a moment, then paused as if in thought, and going round to his bedside, knelt down, and taking his hand, said—

"Con, if there is any earthly thing that I can do to give ease and comfort to your mind, I am ready to do it. If it would relieve you, forget that you ever saw me, or ever—ever—knew me at all. Suppose I am not living—that I am dead. I say this, dear Con, to relieve you from any pain or distress of mind that you *may* feel on my account. Believe me, I feel everything for you, an' nothing now for myself. Whatever you do, I tell you that a harsh word or thought from me you will never have."

Mave, whilst she spoke, did not shed a tear; nor was her calm, sweet voice indicative of any extraordinary emotion. Sarah, who had been weeping until the other began to speak, now rose up, and approaching Mave, said—

"Go, Mave Sullivan—go out of this dangerous house; and you, Condy Dalton, heed not what she has said. Mave Sullivan, I think I understand

your words, an' they make me ashamed of myself, an' of the thoughts that has been troublin' me. Oh, what am I when compared to you!—nothing—nothing."

Mave had, on entering, deposited the little matters she had brought for their comfort; and Mary now came over, and placing her hand on her shoulder, said—

"Sarah is right, dear Mave; for God's sake, do not stay here. Oh, think—only think if you tuck this faver, an' that anything happened you."

"Come," said Sarah, "lave this dangerous place; I will see you part of the way home—you can do nothing here that I won't do, and every thing that I can do will be done."

Her lover's eyes had been fixed upon her, and with a feeble voice—for the agitation had exhausted him—he added his solicitations for her departure to theirs.

"I hope I will soon be bettther, dear Mave, and able to get up too—but may God bless you and take care of you till then!"

Mave again went round, and took his hand, on which he felt a few tears fall.

"I came, dear Con," she said, "to take care of you all, and why need I be ashamed to say so—to do all I could for yourself. Sarah here wishes me to spake the truth an' why shouldn't I? Think of my words then, Con, and don't let me or the thoughts o' me occasion you one moment's unhappiness. To see you happy is all the wish I have in this world."

She then bade him and them an affectionate farewell, and was about to take her departure, when Sarah, who had been musing for a moment, went to Dalton, and having knelt on one knee, was about to speak, and to speak, as was evident from her manner, with great earnestness, when she suddenly restrained herself, clasped her hands with a vehement action, looked distractedly from him to Mave, and then suddenly rising, took Mave's hand and said—

"Come away—it's dangerous to stop where this faver is—you ought to be careful of yourself—you have friends that loves you, and that would feel for you if you were gone. You have a kind, good father—a lovin' mother—a lovin' mother, that you could

turn to, an' may turn to, if ever you should have a sore heart—a mother—oh, that blessed word—what wouldn't I give to say that I have a mother? Many an outrage—many a wild fit of passion—many a harsh word too—oh what mightn't I be now if I had a mother! All the world thinks I have a bad heart—that I'm wicked—that I'm without feelin'; but, indeed, Mave Sullivan, I am not without feelin', an' I don't think I have a bad heart."

"You have not a bad heart," replied Mave, taking her hand; "no one, dear Sarah, could look into your face and say so; no, but I think so far from that, your heart is both kind and generous."

"I hope so," she replied, "I hope I have—now come you and lave this dangerous house; besides I have something to say to you."

Mave and she proceeded along the old causeway that led to the cabin, and having got out on the open road, Sarah stood.

"Now, Mave Sullivan," said she, "listen—you do me only justice to say that I love truth, an' hate a lie or consalement of any kind. I ax you now this—you discovered awhile ago that I love Condly Dalton? Isn't that thrue?"

"I wasn't altogether certain," replied Mave—"but I thought I did—an' I now think you do love him."

"I do love him—oh, I do—an' why, as you said, should I be ashamed of it?—ay, an' it was my intention to tell you so the first time I'd see you, an' to give you fair notice that I did, an' that I'd lave nothing undone to win him from you."

"Well," replied the other, "this is open and honest at all events."

"That was my intention," pursued Sarah; "an' I had for a short time, other thoughts—ay, an' worse thoughts; my father was persuadin' me—but I can't spake on *that*—for he has my promise not to do so. Oh, I'm nothing, dear Mave—nothing at all to you. I can't forget your words awhile ago—bekaise I knew what you meant at the time, when you said to Con, 'any earthly thing that I can do to give aise an' comfort to your mind I am ready to do it. If it would relieve you forget that you ever saw me or ever knew me.' Now, Mave, I've confessed to you that I love Con

Dalton—but I tell you not to trouble your heart by any thoughts of me, my mind's made up as to what I'll do—don't fear me, I'll never cross you here. I'm a lonely creature," she proceeded, bursting into bitter tears—"I'm without friends or relations or any one that cares at all about me—"

"Don't say so," replied Mave, "I care about you, an' it's only now that the people is beginnin' to know you—but that's not all, Sarah, if it's any consolation to you to know it—*know it*—Condy Dalton loves you—ay loves you, Sarah McGowan—you may take my word for that—I am certain this day that what I say is true."

"Loves me!" she exclaimed.

"Loves you," repeated Mave, "is the word, and I have said it."

"I didn't suspect that when I spoke," she replied.

Each looked upon the other, and both as they stood were pale as death itself. At length Mave spoke.

"I have one only thought, Sarah, an' that is, how to make *him* happy—to see him happy."

"I can scarcely spake," replied Sarah; "I wouldn't know what to say if I did. I'm all confused; Mave dear, forgive me!"

"God bless you," replied Mave, "for you are truth an' honesty itself. God bless you, an' make *him* happy! Good-bye, dear Sarah."

She put her hand into Sarah's, and felt that it trembled excessively—but Sarah was utterly passive, she did not even return the pressure which she had received, and when Mave departed, she was standing in a reverie incapable of thought, deadly pale, and perfectly motionless.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN FOSTER.*

THERE are a hundred good reasons why we should decline reviewing this book, and a hundred better which make us unwilling to allow it to move onward without our notice. Foster was for many a long day a reviewer. He formed strong opinions on a number of questions connected with Church and State;—these opinions, as might be expected from a dissenting minister, often in entire contrast with our conclusions on the same subjects. It is not easy to imagine the violent intolerance with which he regarded the Church Establishment of England, or the strength of language with which he expresses this feeling. He was, however, in this more consistent than dissenters often are, as his letters are filled up with complaints which show, that, of many classes of the dissenters, whom he knew better, he thought no less unfavourably. On most of the questions in which social or political relations are concerned, we think he was an erring and an unsafe guide. As a politician, he was violent in his antipathies to classes: all that was called aristocracy was to him tainted with evil; but it is probable that his opinions on such subjects were not, even among his friends, very influential; and in a country where every subject is freely discussed, little, after all, rests on the mere authority of an individual—so little, that we feel there will really be no mischief done by the most objectionable part of these volumes. What is good in them will live—will in its degree do great good; for few men were more pious than Foster. From his very earliest childhood, to the very advanced age at which he died, Foster's was a life singularly pure and consistent. There was exceeding manliness of mind in the way in which he dealt with all questions. There was a period in which his mind struggled with doubts, and we are not quite sure that any sect of Christians would regard his opinions as orthodox; yet he was a man, to have formed whom would have been a source of pride to any body of men. The great

central idea of Christianity—the atonement—“without which,” says Robert Hall, “an angel from heaven would, in my opinion, do no good as a minister”—he held most strenuously; and this view, at all times present to him, tended to correct or to neutralize much in his theology, which by itself would have been calculated to mislead. Of Foster's sterling honesty we would be understood to speak in the highest praise. From many of his peculiar views, both in religion and in politics, we must be understood as expressing our disagreement. He is, however, in one respect honourably distinguished from those who assail the established institutions of the country. If he uses what seems to be unmeasured and unwarranted language of abuse against what he regards as the tyranny of the Church of England, he does not hesitate to apply the same terms to the spiritual domination of many of the dissenting bodies. Personal religion, in his view of it, always implies a repudiation of every thing claiming sacerdotal authority of any kind. Foster felt the necessity of public worship; and though we think that there are serious difficulties in any theory on the subject, yet even on the lowest church views, authority must rest somewhere. But these are questions that we cannot now discuss, and our sole purpose in alluding to them is, lest our silence should be regarded as implying agreement with our author on subjects of too much moment to be incidentally discussed.

The parents of John Foster occupied, at the time of his birth, a small farmhouse in the parish of Halifax, between Wainsgate and Hebden-bridge. In addition to the business of farming, they gave part of their time to weaving. They were members of a Baptist congregation at Wainsgate. John Foster the elder, was a religious man, and took a leading part in the society of which he was a member. When, at one time, the pulpit was vacated by the death of a pastor, he for a while endeavoured to fill it. The pious

* The Life and Correspondence of John Foster. Edited by J. E. Ryland. With Notices of Mr. Foster as a Preacher and Companion. By John Sheppard. In two Volumes, 8vo. London: Jackson and Walford. 1846.

weaver, however, did not deliver his own sermons, but read aloud Gurnall's "Christian Armour," occasionally interrupting the text by a modest comment. "Author," he would exclaim emphatically, "I am of thy opinion! That is sound divinity!" A secluded spot, near Hebdenbridge, whither the good old man was accustomed to retire to prayer and meditation, is still called "John Foster's Cave." He died in 1814, long after his son had risen to great eminence, "in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and in the sixty-third year after God had fully assured him that he was one of his sons." Such is the inscription on his tomb-stone placed there by his own directions. His wife, a woman described as his counterpart in soundness of understanding, integrity, and piety, survived him a few years.

John Foster, their eldest son, was born in the year 1770. The circumstances of his early position created or nurtured strange peculiarities of character and manner.

His parents had married late in life—between their age and that of their children, there was an interval nearly as great as ordinarily separates men from their grand-children, and the habits of the old people were grave, thoughtful, and silent; with their children they were distant and unconfiding. Foster had no sisters, and his only brother was four years younger than himself. The boy grew up much alone, and the natural consequence was, that he became reserved, and his bearing was "marked by a timidity that amounted to infinite shyness." He lived within himself, with feelings so much his own, that he regarded them as absolutely incommunicable—he speaks of himself as "dissociated from the whole creation;" and of his state of mind as "a recoil from human beings into a cold interior retirement." Imagination seems to have tyrannized over him. He took up strong dislikes to books read at a time when he had done anything that awakened self-reproach. He would not sit on a stool which had belonged to a man that died suddenly. He was a reader of travels, and his dreams and day thoughts brought back scenes of Indian tortures. Skeletons started from the dark to grasp him in a room which he had to pass through to get to bed. His biographer tells us that "single words,

as *Chalchedomy*, or the names of ancient heroes, had a mighty fascination over him, simply from their sound, and other words from their meaning, as *hermit*." Milton well knew the spell which such sounds have over the mind, for in many of the passages that have most power on us, the charm consists in this almost exclusively, and we often have some dozen lines in sequence proving the delight with which the great master dwelt on these mysteries of interwoven sounds. In one of Foster's essays, he tells us of a person who was so enchanted with the legendary story of a Spanish saint, that the very word *hermit* alone was enough to create in his imagination the whole scene in which the pious man was said to live. In that essay we can easily trace a description of Foster's own youth. The romance in which he lived in boyhood is described, dream by dream. The impossibility of realizing those dreams, leads him to censure the indulgence in such visions with more severity than the habit deserves, for in them there already exists much of what in after-life reappears to animate man to exertion—to console him in distress. To imagine a world brighter and better than that which can be realized on earth, is but to express the aspirations of man's true nature. The institutions of society are never in accord with those dreams; but each successive age of the world's existence, in its career of improvement, bears witness to the truth of what was often at first but the vision of some solitary contemplative. In the dream of the boy, it is probable that intervening means will be forgotten, but surely the man is not spoiled for after exertions, because his imagination has been elevated and sustained by anticipations of improving the world in which he is to live. Foster in his "Essay on the Romantic" tells us of some few minds being subject to the "disease" of a "taste for what is grand."

"They have no pleasure in contemplating the system of things as the CREATOR has ordered it, a combination of great and little, in which the great is much more dependent on the little than the little on the great. They are constantly seeking what is animated into heroics; what is expanded into immensity; what is elevated, above the stars."—*Essays*, page 195.

That there is something of disease in

this there can be little doubt, but we are to remember that the evil is not in the vastness of the contemplations or the grandeur of their objects, but in the disregard of including in the same contemplation the subsidiary means—not merely considered as means, but as *ends*, equally with what we call results—which they must needs be in everything that comes within the notion of moral relations.

Foster was in early youth a dutiful son, and in his advanced years contributed largely to his parents' support. In his journal he speaks of his habit of submission to them, and his early respect for persons of mature age growing out of this habit, as lessening the spirit of "hardy independence" likely to distinguish boys otherwise trained. Till his fourteenth year he assisted them in weaving. "I had," says he, "the feelings of a foreigner in the place, and some of the earliest musings that kindled my passions; were in plans for abandoning it." With these feelings it is no wonder that the weaving went on badly, and that the master manufacturer often threatened to take no more of his work.

At this time, he often studied closely, but at irregular intervals, at such times as could be spared from his work. English was the only language he then knew any thing of; and we know no writer exercising the same power as Foster over the minds of readers, whose studies seem to have been so exclusively confined to English books. Indeed, we think it has led to important misconceptions in his estimate of the effect of the study of the Greek and Latin classics on the minds of boys trained in the usual discipline of schools.

We have said that Foster's parents were people of the most fervent piety. Among most classes of the Dissenters, this involves occasional meetings for religious exercises; and in their house, on the Tuesday evenings of each week, several of their neighbours assembled. These meetings were closed with a prayer by old Foster, who never omitted the petition, "O Lord bless the laze," meaning his son John, and a companion of his, Henry Horsfall. The impression made on both boys was deep and permanent.

In his seventeenth year, he formally became a member of the Baptist Church at Hebden-bridge, and shortly after, was "set apart" for the ministerial office. While engaged in receiving classical instruction, he continued to work at the loom—and the double labour gave apprehensions for his health. Foster from the first practised composition, and even at this period expressed his aversion to the conventional dialect, in which "the religious people" are fond of expressing every thought. His favourite books were voyages and travels. "In practical theology, he was very partial to Watson's 'Heaven taken by Storm,' the work mentioned by Doddridge, as having been read by Colonel Gardiner on the evening of his remarkable conversion."

Foster, soon after being "set apart," went to reside at Brearly Hall, under the care of the Rev. Dr. Fawcett.

"Brearly Hall was environed with hanging woods, except on the south, where it opened by a gentle declivity to the valley. The scenery harmonized with Foster's temperament; and lonely rambles in the surrounding woodlands formed almost his only recreation. On one occasion he persuaded a young companion to walk with him by the river's side from evening to dawn, just, as he said, that they might see how the light in its first approach affected the surrounding scenery."

"No one," an early friend remarks, "was better qualified to write on 'decision of character.'" It was from early life the habitual characteristic of his mind. He formed his purposes, and then proceeded to execute them—nothing wavering. He was always examining everything that came within the range of his observation; neither wind nor weather, night nor day, offered any obstacle; he accomplished his purpose."

To persons who think of the prolonged education of young men for orders in the Church of England, and who remember that much of that education seems to have no direct reference to their future occupations, it cannot but be surprising to find the young student all at once a preacher. Hall tells of having to deliver sermons when but eleven years of age, "to grave gentlemen, full half of whom wore wigs." He condemned the practice, as calculated to nurse va-

nity, and he quotes the strong language of Baxter, "nor should men turn preachers as the river Nilus breeds frogs (saith Herodotus), where one half *moveth* before the other is *made* and while it is yet *but plain mud*."

Foster fortunately was older when the hot-bed system was applied. His mind was one of considerable originality. While words—as words, and by a kind of charm—affected him, he yet never rested in mere words. The phraseology of his sect was thrown aside or translated into ordinary language. This perplexed and dissatisfied his hearers—"I do not know what he has been driving at all this afternoon, unless to set riddles," said an old man, the oracle of his circle—who was sadly puzzled by missing the phrases that used to set his religious feelings in motion. "He is taking us to the stars again," said another. Still the boy's sermons were remembered, and they gave promise of what he afterwards accomplished.

He passed three years at Brearley, and in his twenty-first year he was admitted to the Baptist College, Bristol. Robert Hall, the classical tutor, had just removed to Cambridge. His place was supplied by Joseph Hughes, the founder of the British and Foreign Bible Society. In the volumes before us are some exceedingly interesting letters from Foster to Hughes.

In 1792, Foster left his college, and engaged as a preacher at Newcastle-on-Tyne. A little room, not capable of holding a hundred persons, but far too large for the congregation that actually attended, had been, since

1725, occupied by the Baptists as their church. Foster, writing to Horsfall, the boy whose name was associated with his in his father's prayers, tells us of his auditory—

"I have involuntarily caught a habit of looking too much on the right hand side of the meeting. It is on account of about half-a-dozen sensible fellows who sit together there. I cannot keep myself from looking at them. Sometimes, whether you will believe it or not, I say humorous things. Some of these men instantly perceive it, and smile; I, observing, am almost betrayed into a smile myself."

Foster remained at Newcastle but three months.† He lived the life of a recluse. His habits of study were desultory, and he had no fixed plans of future life. "I feel conscious," he says, in one of his letters, "of possessing great powers, but not happily combined nor fully brought forth."

At the age of twenty-two I feel that I have still to live; I have yet in a great measure my principles to fix, my plans to form, my means to select, and habits of exertion to acquire." In 1793, Foster moved to Dublin. He found the Baptist congregation small when he commenced, and when his engagement closed it was almost nothing. Great and good as Foster was, we suspect he was one of those men whom Cecil describes as having the talent of preaching churches empty. He is remembered in Dublin as attentive to the children of an orphan school connected with the place of worship where he officiated. He went there every day to read to them

* "The only survivor of this little group, J. L. Angas, Esq. has a vivid recollection of the breathless attention with which they listened to Mr. Foster's discourses. One sermon especially, on 'This is not your rest,' made an indelible impression on his mind."

† LETTER FROM FOSTER TO MR. HORSFALL.

"Newcastle, October 2, 1792.

" I know little of the Dissenters in general. I was one evening lately a good deal amused at the Presbyterian or Scotch meeting, by the stupidity of their psalms—the grimace of the clerk—the perfect insignificance of the parson—and the silly, unmeaning attention of a numerous auditory. . . . But our meeting, for amplitude and elegance, I believe you never saw its equal. It is, to be sure, considerably larger than your lower school; but then so black, and so dark! It looks just like a conjuring-room, and accordingly the ceiling is all covered with curious antique figures, to aid the magic. That thing which they call the *pulpit* is as black as a chimney; and indeed there is a chimney-piece, and very large old fire-place behind it. Yet I like this pulpit mightily, it is so much the reverse of that odious priestly pomp which insults your eyes in so many places. I hate priestly consequence and ecclesiastical formalities. When I order a new coat, I believe it will not be black. In such a place as this it would be unnatural to speak loud."

instructive and amusing books. Of his congregation, the greater part consisted of poor people in business, imitating the show of one or two rich families belonging to the sect. Foster's few friends were for the most part persons not belonging to his congregation. After his failure as a preacher in Dublin, he went to Yorkshire, but returned in a few months to make an experiment as a classical and mathematical teacher. The school languished, and died in less than nine months.

During Foster's residence in Dublin, he waxed fierce as a politician, assisted in organizing a society called the Sons of Brutus, and narrowly escaped "chains and a dungeon." The danger was probably of something worse.

We next find him at Leeds, projecting Sunday evening lectures—"sermons without texts." This was opposed as "not preaching the Gospel." The experiment of sermons without texts was followed by one not much more successful—that of laying aside the clerical habit, and preaching in "tail and coloured clothes." With the clerical habit, however, Foster had laid aside some doctrines too. "I have discarded," he says, "the doctrine of eternal punishment, and I can avow no opinion on the peculiar points of Calvinism, for I have none, nor see the possibility of forming one." He wished "to have a chapel of his own, without even what is called the existence of a church. Churches," said he, "are useless and mischievous institutions, and the sooner they are dissolved the better."

Foster did not allow sufficiently for the social element in religion. He was from the first reserved, shy, and distrustful. The fermentation of mind, which is produced by religious meetings, appeared to him not alone a thing distinct from religion, but absolutely opposed to it; and though he assisted occasionally at such assemblies, they are seldom mentioned by him except in terms of absolute loathing. We are not surprised that he shrunk from the bustle of management, and that the details in which some good men lived seemed to him a thing to be avoided. Spiritual dissipation might appear to him almost as bad as any other of the excesses that debilitate and shatter all intellectual power. There can be but little doubt that the highest order of thinkers are not those who rule multi-

tudes. Coleridge would have been out of his proper place in the "witch-element" of an aggregate meeting; nor would Robert Hall have been audible to the thousands assembled at Mullaghmast.

As to church membership, Foster thought that there was more of appearance than of reality in the union it is supposed to imply. His wish was that "*religion* might be set free as a grand spiritual and moral element, no longer clogged, perverted, and prostituted, by corporation forms and principles." It is not wonderful that a man of Foster's real powers of mind, who, in any other mental exercise, could receive no assistance from others, should shrink from exposing his most sacred feelings to the examination of the crowds who throng platforms and public places. In all things, and at all times, Foster was shy and reserved. "I like," says he, in his journal, "all persons as subjects of speculation; few, indeed, as objects of affection. I cultivate society for some definite purpose: either, first, for animated interest or affection; or secondly, for utility—beneficent influence, even when I do not feel sentiment or complacency. For a middle state of feeling between these two (the acquaintance-feeling) I have no faculty." In politics, Foster's opinions seem to have been shaped out for himself; and indignation, which made Ebenezer Elliott a poet in his satires against the aristocracy, made Foster a Republican. The landowners in his neighbourhood were—or he regarded them as being—selfish and grasping. "I would rather," says he, "starve than receive any thing at their hands." Doctor Fawcett, his old tutor, had a horror of revolution, and there was no one of his intimates whose feelings were not engaged in the wish of preserving the settled order of things. If they did not love the Church for itself, yet it was by the Dissenters very generally, and by all Foster's friends, regarded as the best security Protestantism had against the tyrannical encroachments of Rome. Age, however, greatly modified Foster's opinions; Royalty, with its paraphernalia, he still regarded as a sad satire on the human race; but he did not hesitate to acknowledge that the faults of a vicious people are often to be attributed to other causes than the forms of government under which they live. "While

man's nature is corrupt, it will," said he, "pervert any schemes for the improvement of society; and revolutions, great discoveries, augmented science, and new forms of polity will become in effect what may be denominated the sublime mechanics of depravity." In Foster's early youth, dreams of indefinite good, which excited so many of the stirring spirits of the time, and which in so many instances ended in such melancholy disenchantment and despair, led him to construct visionary republics, and to look on all actual society with feelings of alienation.

In 1797, Foster was invited to become the minister of a general Baptist church at Chichester. He remained there for two years and a-half; but his preaching here, as elsewhere, must be described as a failure—at least, it was not of that character which could keep a congregation together. Few recollections of him survive in the neighbourhood. A walk near the town is still called by his name. His chief place of meditation was the chapel; and "the well-worn bricks of the aisles still exhibit the vestiges of his solitary paces to and fro by moonlight."

It was not for want of continued exertions to improve himself both in the composition and the delivery of his sermons, that Foster failed in the pulpit. He had, while in Dublin and at Newcastle, in general preached *extempore*; he now most frequently wrote out the outline, at least, of his discourses, and committed them to memory. He read aloud in the family with whom he resided, and yet he felt all was in vain. "Reading aloud," he says, in a letter to his parents, "is a perfect purgatory. My tongue rubs against my teeth, like Balaam's ass against the wall, and will not, cannot perform the movement which its master requires." His sermons were more evangelical, he says, than of old; but they produced no effect. Of the congregation some ceased to visit the church; some were removed by death, and their places not supplied. One old lady he describes as rich, and "one of the principal people here. She had," says Foster, "considerable sense, and was a violent democrat." She was a bigot and a miser. Foster made it a point to tell people their faults, and wasted some of his gunpowder on the old lady. It did not do. To another of his congregation, "a fine young

woman, I lectured with all my might on the value of wisdom, and the folly of dress, amusements, and trivial society." She laughed at our poor Catabaptist, and went the way of the world. It was the eventful year of 1798; a French invasion was threatened; Foster thought England grievously in the wrong, and began seriously considering what would be his duty in the event of a French army landing. Whether he adverted to such subjects in his pulpit discourses or not, we do not know; but they were the subjects of his fierce preachments in conversation and correspondence. "What is the opinion about national matters among you now?—does any one persist to dissuade you from thinking of them, and talk of leaving them to the management of those who are appointed to manage them, &c.?" In another letter: "the enormous guilt of such a war without, and of such oppression and corruption within, is chiefly chargeable on the thoughtless indifference of the people at large." He then adverts to the threatened invasion; and adds—"It seems to me the duty of each young man especially, seriously to think, and make up his mind as to what he ought to do in the approach and the reality of such an event." His parents had some cause for alarm. Had the French landed, Foster would, probably, in the fulness of time, have been hanged with his martial cloak around him. Meanwhile he continued to preach in a dress, not certainly military, and as certainly not clerical. "I have a coat," says he, "sufficiently grave—a dark brownish gray, with a black velvet collar." This was, after all, quiet enough. We have seen John Walker preach in a blue coat, and have beheld another reverend doctor in a fashionable frock, which, we believe, was called Adelaide brown. Still give us black for the pulpit; and black seems to have been the colour thought best by the religionists of Chichester. Between Foster's merits and his follies it would have been a strange thing had he succeeded in filling his chapel. He thought himself an animated preacher; but he made this out to himself rather by inference than from anything in the way of evidence. "I know," said he to himself, "my devotion is sincere—now sincere devotion is always attended with animation—just the proper

degree, too—for if the animation be greater than the devotional feeling, then it becomes hypocrisy.” Ah! dear Foster, we always thought your Rhetoric better than your Logic—without, however, being impressed with any undue measure of admiration for either. Foster divided the “serious” people of Chichester into two classes—one fond of forms and ceremonies, worshippers of gowns, and bands, and black coats above all things, in the pulpit especially; and the other, a people zealous of a peculiar phraseology. To express to these people views accordant with their own in other than the accustomed dialect, was a suspicious incident; and Foster contrived to offend all that called itself the religious world of Chichester. Think of his black velvet collar worn on all solemn occasions with no unconscious pride. And then his language—at this period, in all his more solemn exercises, a Johnsonian assemblage of swelling words. It is not surprising, when he sought to familiarize the poor people of his congregation with the higher thoughts that occupied him, that they were unwilling to enter these chambers of very cloudy imagery, and that they thought, to say the least of it, he was offering sacrifice with strange fire. We cannot agree with Foster, who seems to think that religious thought can be always translated into the language of the schools of philosophy. While there is danger, no doubt, of the kind Foster wished to guard against, there is also danger of a different kind, and not less fatal, in the avoidance of expressions appropriated to a particular subject. The habitual avoidance of Scriptural language, which was once common in the Church of England, was, we have no doubt, attended with the effect of the clergy gradually ceasing to teach the truths which that language is most fitted to convey, and the readers of Foster’s works may remember that he himself, on no other evidence than such omission in their works, almost denies the Christianity of Addison and Johnson.

The letters to Hughes give us a more distinct account of his doctrines, than those to his parents. They were such as distinguished him from the *General Baptists* with whom he was connected, and approached those of the Calvinistic or *Particular Baptists* :—

“While I cannot but condemn,” he says, “the circle and the spell of any denomination as a party of systematics, professing a monopoly of truth, I hold, I believe accurately, the leading points of the Calvinistic faith—as the corruption of human nature—the necessity of a divine power to change it—irresistible grace—the influence of the Spirit, the doctrine of the atonement, in its most extensive and emphatic sense—final perseverance,” &c.

In a letter to his parents, the following passage occurs :—

“I often contemplate, and with the due amazement, the characters of Moses, and Elijah, and St. Paul, and St. John, and the rest who have formed the first and noblest rank of mankind. I have wondered whether there is in the nature of things an impossibility of ever approaching them. But I have concluded with warmth that all things should be attempted, should be suffered, should be sacrificed, in the divine emulation of imitating them. I am happy to believe that great and unknown assistance is imparted by heaven to the zealots of such a cause.”

At Chichester, Foster lived in the house of people to whom he seems to have been greatly attached; and his letters to Mrs. Mant, in whose house he resided, are among the most valuable parts of his correspondence. Still there was in his mind a prevailing sense of loneliness. He had no persons near him of any intellectual pursuits, and though Foster loved the poor, and was not merely their “benefactor” as far as came within his power, but their “brother man” in all he said and did; yet he yearned for more suitable companionship. To his parents he often regrets that he has not, in his immediate vicinity, such a friend as Hughes; and the importance of home, in its only true sense, was becoming each day more a subject of thought—

“Nature for a moment woke the thought,
And murmured that, from all domestic joys
Estranged, he wandered o’er the world
A lonely being, far from all he loved.
Son of Hodeilah! not among thy crimes
That murmur shall be written.”

“I frequently,” he says, “form conjectures about my friends in your neighbourhood in vain. There are, indeed, no more young marriages left to be imagined—I alone am escaped.”

There are letters of this date from Foster to unknown young ladies, whom he seems to have courted at a timid

distance, with pen and ink at hand. Black Cupids smiled on his bronze ink-stand. Love-letters, however, he thought would be something the better, if they had any meaning, and even love itself he thought an insipid thing, and not very durable, if it but expressed the relation of lovers to each other. *I love my love, and my love loves me*, might do very well as the burthen of an amorous ditty for the birds of the air. Human beings could not live long in this state of feeling. Lovers, says he, were to be regarded as, in their attachments, pursuing some common object of interest. They are attracted towards each other by the real or supposed regard of each to some third object.* There is some truth in this; yet volumes of love-letters have been written, and, what is stranger, have been read, like those of the pious Mr. Newton to his wife, which seem to be written without either of the parties thinking at all—“*It is all mere I and you—you and I.*” Foster was for a moral love-letter. Listen to him. Young ladies, put no trust in that dark grey dress of his, with its black velvet collar—the best cut coat in Chichester. But read the man's letters—

“It is,” my dear young lady, “it is a most amazing thing that young people never consider they shall grow old. I would, to young women especially, renew the monition of this anticipation every hour of every day. I wish we could make all the cryers, watchmen, ballad-singers, and even parrots, repeat to them continually, ‘You will be an old woman—you will—and you.’”

In this tone and temper some two or three Carolines and Sarahs were addressed. Authorship was now our author's dream, and his love-letters were contrived a double debt to pay. They were written with the purpose of being printed as essays, if he felt that he had succeeded. Distinct subjects were, therefore, present to his mind, and the imagined presence of an attentive hearer supplied to him the place of a public. He appears to have had a fortunate escape from some of the young ladies, who, on a nearer examination, were found to be not only

mortal, but (we use Foster's word) “worthless.”

In 1799, Foster left Chichester for Battersea, where he lived for some time, in the neighbourhood of his friend Hughes. In a letter to Mrs. Mant, he gives an account of himself and his occupations. “I have preached,” says he, “several of the Sabbaths, and made a journey of, perhaps, forty miles in the country, to preach to *heathens*, at one place in a sort of coal-hole; and to plain good saints at another, in a sort of little shop. I stood behind the counter, and some of the candles hanging above touched my wig.” This was not a casual adventure. There was what was called a Mission, and preachers were employed to establish religious posts “in obscure places, where the Gospel scarcely ever went before.” A religious society had imported twenty black boys from Africa, for the benefit of European education, and they were entrusted to Foster's care. He seems to have been a kind of tutor or schoolmaster to them; most of them had already learned to speak English. Foster boarded with the black female, to whom the management of the domestic affairs of this Negro college were entrusted. The black lady had a daughter of twenty, and our readers may begin to fear for the white preacher's heart.

But his imagination we have before said, was affected rather through the ear than eye. Ardent and intellectual as he was, and with a glowing spirit that gave its own colouring to every thing he beheld, the dark lady smiled in vain. The magic of a name was the destined charm to which he was at last to yield; and Miss Maria Snooke—yes, Snooke—a good name at Camberwell—soon established sole dominion over the heart of the sober moralist. It was in vain that his constancy was tried by change of scene and place—“still the same sound was in his ears,” and echo wherever he went repeated, or seemed to repeat, that one sweet word—Snooke!—Maria Snooke!—Mary Snooke! He writes to Mrs. Mant—“I shall remove almost immediately into a quiet, retired house in the neighbourhood, inhabited by a respect-

* See also his Journal, section 517:—“How is it possible that the conversation of *that pair* can be interesting. Surely the great principle of continued interest in such a connexion cannot be to talk always into the same style of simple direct personality, but to introduce personality in the subject—to talk of topics so as to involve each other's feelings without perpetually talking at each other.”

able and agreeable widow, who has several daughters. There I meant to devote myself to retirement and reflection." Ah! John Foster!—retirement and reflection in a house with a widow and her daughters. Is Maria one of them? or are they fair tempters to try thy constancy? If so, their arts, poor things—their pardonable arts—for thy heart is well worth winning—are all in vain. In his heart he bore a talisman—

"Oneism's image swims before his sight,
His own Arabian maid."

We have said that Foster cultivated his powers of conversation. One night at an inn at Salisbury, he is recorded as having never ceased talking from five in the evening, till two o'clock of the following morning: politics, morals, literature, every thing, in short. Vain attempts were made, by strangers and townsmen, to arrest the superb stream of monologue: on it rolled till the coach by which he was to travel, carried away the mighty speaker, still uttering words, words, words. In telling the story, Foster is naturally reminded of Coleridge, whom he was, it would seem, emulous of rivalling in his great attribute. "Coleridge," he says, "is, I am told, coming from the north, to reside near London."

In 1800, Foster removed to Downend, a village five miles from Bristol, where he preached regularly at a small chapel, erected by Dr. Caleb Evans. Here he continued to reside for about four years.

In 1801, Foster visited his Yorkshire friends for the last time. It surprises us rather, that no feelings seem to have been gratified by this visit. His parents were sinking rapidly in health; he speaks of the place and visit with absolute antipathy. His early life had been unhappy, and to recall it was not a pleasant thing. On his return he became acquainted with a preacher of the name of Rowland. His fame may be great in the Baptist churches, but we know nothing of him. Foster's record of him implies more than it expresses—"He seems a respectable, a very respectable preacher, and is, for an orthodox man, of unparalleled candour."

"I was," says Foster, "two or three times in HALL's company, and heard him preach once. Everything about him, all he does or says, is instinct with power. Even a common sentence, when he utters

one, seems to tell how much more he can do. His intellect is peculiarly potential, and his imagination robes, without obscuring, the colossal form of his mind."

About this period he met Coleridge—"that prince of magicians," as he calls him:—

"His mind," says Foster, "is clearly more original and illimitable than Hall's. Coleridge is, indeed, sometimes less perspicuous and impressive by the distance at which his mental operations are carried on; Hall works his enginery close by you, so as to endanger your being caught and torn by some of the wheels, just as one has sometimes felt when environed by the noise and movements of a great mill."

In February, 1804, Foster removed to Frome. "And what kind of a place is this Frome?" Let Foster answer. "My good friend, Frome is a large and surprisingly ugly town in Somersetshire, where the greatest number of the people are employed about making woollen cloth." There seems to be no very good security to the Dissenters for perpetuating in their churches any system of doctrines. Job David was the preacher whom Foster succeeded; and Job for a long time tried their patience. They first whispered, the man is a Socinian; it was but suspected by them; still suspicion is a bad thing. The congregation fell away, and Job was angry. "Well, then, I am a Socinian," said Job David, and straightway departed, probably to preach elsewhere. The number of the congregation increased when Foster began to preach, but was still miserably small. His income was something better here than it had been at any former time. The dream of marriage did not seem absolutely impossible to be realized; and Foster commenced writing the essays, by which he was best known, in a series of letters to the lady who became afterwards his wife.

The "Essays" were published in 1805: they were at once successful. They deserved their success, and are still a popular book. The exertions of Foster's friend, Hughes, did much to bring the book into early notice. He at once circulated one-fifth of the entire edition. He sent copies to Wilberforce, Lord Teignmouth, and some others, who stood on the border between literature and religion. The book was allowed to pass the interdicted territory without any very long quarantine. Horne Tooke was also thought likely

to be a useful auxiliary, and Hughes sent him the volumes (there were two). "Let him simplify," said the grammatical purist; "let him simplify. There is a basis of good sense. If he is a young writer, he will do." We have no means of now knowing how the periodical critics dealt with the work, with the exception of Robert Hall, who wrote a brilliant paper in the *Eclectic Review*, introducing it to the public. Its immediate success—for it came to a second edition within a few months of its publication—was probably due to the exertions of Hughes and other friends. With very strong evidence of originality of thinking, the style was cumbrous and unwieldy, and was only reduced to its present clearness by successive alterations.* The ninth edition is that which first represents the book as left by the author with his final corrections. One of the important objects that will be effected by the present publication of Foster's correspondence, is the illustration of his entire sincerity, which a comparison of that work and his letters impresses. Each is often a commentary on the other; and to exhibit this may probably give a revived interest to the *Essays* in some future edition. In the Essay "On a Man's writing Memoirs of Himself," we, for instance, find the following passage, which has remained in our own recollection from the period at which we first read the *Essays*—a longer portion of our day on earth has passed since than we willingly recollect:—

"In some occasional states of the mind we can look back much more clearly than at other times. A circumstance of my early youth came suddenly to my

mind with a clearness of representation which I was not able to retain for the length of an hour, and which I could not by the strongest effort at this instant renew. I seemed almost to see the walls and windows of a particular room, with four or five persons in it who were so perfectly restored to my imagination that I could recognize not only the features, but even the momentary expression of their countenances and the tones of their voices."—*Essays*, pages 10 and 11.

In a letter to his parents from Chichester (1797), we find the following passage:—

"HONOURED PARENTS—I have just been admiring the marvellous construction of the mind, in the circumstance of its enabling me, as I sit by my candle here, in a chamber at Chichester, to view almost as distinctly as if before my eyes your house, the barn, the adjacent fields, neighbouring houses, and a multitude of other objects. I can go through each part of the house, and see the exact form of the looms, tables, maps, cakes of bread, and so on, down to my mother's thimble."

We have said that the style of the *Essays* is cumbrous: this sometimes arises from its being loaded too heavily with thought—more frequently from the thoughts not having been perfectly digested; but we must also say, we think that Foster, like other irregularly-educated men, had an early taste for dictionary words, and that he did himself great injustice, when writing for the public, in not allowing his thoughts to shape themselves into such natural expression as they almost always assume when he is writing to his familiar friends. Now and then, in the *Essays*—not, however, often—passages of exquisite beauty of language occur,

* In correcting the *Essays* for publication, Foster laboured to a degree that will surprise most of our rapid writers. "There was not a paragraph," he says, "and scarcely a sentence that did not require mending." Hughes read the manuscript, and suggested a hundred alterations. Foster listened, and balanced word after word, and rejected, and restored what he had rejected. More of this correspondence is preserved than is worth the place it occupies in these volumes. One sentence is so just that we think it important to transcribe it for the benefit of self-sufficient critics. Foster says—"I would make one remark once for all, viz.: that when a man has written so much as to have formed his style, it will have a certain *homogeneity*, from which it will result that the substitution of different forms of expression will not always be an improvement, even where they are better of themselves, since they may not be of a piece."

"How little a reader can do justice to the labours of an author, unless himself also were an author! How often I have spent the whole day in adjusting two or three sentences, amidst a perplexity about niceties which would be far too impalpable to be even comprehended, if one were to state them, by the greater number of readers. Neither is the reader aware how often, after this has been done, the sentences or paragraphs so adjusted were, after several hours' deliberation, next day all blotted out."

where the simplicity of the expression, and its perfect truthfulness, are its great charm. How beautiful are the closing sentence of the passage that follows—

"I have just been observing several children of eight or ten years old, in all the active vivacity which enjoys the plenitude of the moment 'without looking before or after,' and while observing, I attempted, but without success, to remember what I was at that age. I can, indeed, remember the principal events of the period, and the actions and projects to which my feelings impelled me; but the feelings themselves in their own pure juvenility cannot be revived so as to be described and placed in comparison with those of maturity. What is become of all those vernal fancies which had so much power to touch the heart? What a number of sentiments have lived and revelled in the soul that are now irrevocably gone! They died like the singing birds of that time which now sing no more."—*Essays*, page 9.

He continues with almost equal beauty and impressiveness—

"The life that we then had, now seems almost as if it could not have been our own. When we go back to it in thought, and endeavour to recall the interests which animated it, they will not come. We are like a man returning, after the absence of many years, to re-visit the embowered cottage where he passed the morning of his life, and finding only a relic of its ruins!"

Of the "*Essays*," that on "Decision of Character" is probably the most popular. The most original is that on "Some of the Causes of the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion." No man but Foster could have produced it. With considerable subtlety, he investigates the question of language; and, we think, makes it plain, that, to the strange peculiarities of expression by which preachers seek to establish a sort of cypher between themselves and their audience—unintelligible to those not familiar with the dialect—is in great measure to be ascribed the withdrawal from conventionalities of persons whose language is formed in a different school. Not only does this style repel them from the assemblies where it is used, but it leads them to associate (in mind) its use

with ideas of vulgarity and presumptuous ignorance. We marvel that Foster, who felt so strongly and so justly the bigotry of the sectarian spirit, which never recognizes the same truths in any but the language in which they have been accustomed to be presented, himself wars with Addison and Young. Indeed, we think his attack on them inconsistent with itself, and, on any of the grounds on which he would sustain it, untenable. They have written tragedies, and placed *Heathens* in circumstances in which they express sentiments "improper," says Foster, "to engage a Christian's full sympathy, and therefore improper for a poet admitting Christianity, to have written in order to engage that sympathy." Surely there was no one of the hearers or readers of Addison's *Cato*, who was not as likely as Foster to remember the fact of *Cato's* paganism; and how they could be mischievously affected by the lines which Foster quotes for reprobation, is not very easily conceivable. With respect to the classics themselves, there is a tone of great exaggeration in all that Foster says of the injury they are calculated to do.* From Homer and Virgil school-boys learn Greek and Latin, and little else. Much of the sentiment is, no doubt, irreconcilable with Christian feeling, but it is a mistake to suppose that such distinct sympathies are excited by it as Foster supposes. The elevation of mind exhibited by Homer's men is less likely to be mischievous, at the age at which it is read, than the covetousness "which is idolatry," of the utilitarian books which would probably supply its place. Do school-boys believe Homer's fables about men and gods more than *Æsop's*? The passion for war, it is assumed, is created and nurtured by Homer's poetry. The story of *Alexander* is for ever told, who wished for the harp to which *Achilles* sang the deeds of heroes. *Montgomery* tells us

"*Achilles* quench'd not all his wrath on Greece,
Thro' Homer's song its miseries never cease,
Like *Phœbus* shafts the bright contagion brings
Plagues on the people for the feuds of kings."

Foster thinks that the *Æneid* is not likely to make men idolaters of the god

"After considering the effect that has been produced by the *Iliad* of Homer, I was compelled to regard it with the same sentiment as I should a knife of beautiful workmanship, which had been the instrument used in murdering an innocent family. Recollect as one instance of its influence on *Alexander*, and through him, over the world."—*Life and Correspondence*, vol. i. page 172.

of war—asly hit, we suppose, at Virgil's battles not being described with proper spirit; but an opening, susceptible mind, he says, would be in danger of a depravation of its ideas concerning the other world from the picturesque scenery with which the poet clothes the regions of the dead, and—listen to this, ye founders of colleges—Dido's example might lead to suicide. Surely, it is not necessary to answer this. If there is danger in the poetry of the ancients, this is not the danger that is to be apprehended. The injury can never be that of a desire to imitate the very acts represented. We can imagine the mind being imbued by the study of the ancient poets with sentiments altogether alien to Christianity, if the lessons of Christianity are not taught; and we know no way in which they can be taught, except by the Christian scriptures. But, does Foster suppose that ambition, and violence, and the passions that lead to war, or to suicide, would not exist but for the song of the epic poet? does he suppose—can any man suppose that their real strength is increased by the fact that they are recorded, even supposing, in aid of his argument, that the record is by any one imagined to be true history, for something like this is the way in which Montgomery puts it?

‘Oh that for ever from the rolls of fame
Had perished every conqueror's name!
Then had mankind been spared in after times
Their greatest sufferings and their greatest crimes.
The hero scourges not his age alone,
His curse to late posterity is known.
He slays his thousands with his living breath,
His tens of thousands by his fame in death.’

In our opinion, had the oblivion of the hero been secured by the worthlessness of the verses in which his exploits were recorded, the world would have wanted its Homers, but would have remained pretty secure of its Alexanders, or rather of fiercer conquerors cast in a sterner mould, and the evils of war had been a more unmitigated evil. “*Is it because there is not a god in Israel, that ye have sent to Beelzebub, the god of Ekron?*” is the way in which Foster would argue the question. But listen to Keble. Nothing can be more true—nothing more beautiful than the spirit in which he replies to such views. He describes the Israelites

when they had entered the promised land:—

“And when their wondrous march was o’er,
And they had won their homes
Where Abraham fed his flock of yore,
Among their father’s tombs,
A land that drinks the rain of heaven at will,
Whose waters kiss the feet of many a vine-clad hill;

“Oft as they watched, at thoughtful eve,
A gale from bowers of balm
Sweep o’er the billowy corn and heave
The tresses of the palm,
Just as the lingering sun had touched with gold,
Far o’er the cedar shade, some tower of giants old.

“It was a fearful joy, I wot,
To trace the heathen’s toll,
The limpid wells, the orchards green
Left ready for the spoil.
The household stores untouched, the rooms bright
Wreathed o’er the cottage walls in garlands of delight.

“And now another Canaan yields
To their all-conquering ark,—
Fly from the ‘old poetic’ fields*
Ye paynim shadows deem!
Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious lays,
Lo! here the ‘unknown God’ of thy unconscious praise!

“The olive wreath, the ivied wand,
‘The sword in myrtles drest,’—
Each legend of the shadowy strand
Now wakes a vision blest,
As little children lisp and tell of heaven,
So thoughts beyond their thought to these high bards
were given!

“And these are ours; thy partial grace
The tempting treasure lends;
These relics of a guilty race
Are forfeit to thy friends;
What seemed an idol hymn now breathes of Thee,
Tuned by Faith’s ear to some celestial melody.

“There’s not a strain to Memory dear,†
Nor flower in classic grove,
There’s not a sweet note warbled here
But minds us of thy Love.
O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,
There is no light but Thine, with THEE all beauty
glows.”—*Christian Year*.

When Arnold, with his playmates, in his early childhood, amused himself with sailing rival fleets in his father’s garden, and when he and his companions took spear and shield, and acted the Homeric Fables, spouting Pope’s rhymes, is there any man who thinks, or can think, or, if he does so think, whose thoughts on this subject are worth one half-penny, that these exercises of the boy were inconsistent with the piety of his after life?

In 1806, Foster resigned his ministerial charge at Frome, and soon after engaged as a regular contributor to the *Eclectic Review*. His first review was an account of Carr’s “Stranger in Ireland.” In the Irish he justly sees a people equal to any nation on the earth in physical and intellectual

* “Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around.”—*Gray*.

† Burns’s Works. I. 293. Dr. Currie’s Edition.

capability. He speaks highly of Grattan, and of Curran with yet greater admiration:—

“We have long considered this distinguished counsellor as possessed of a higher genius than any one in his profession within the British empire. The most obvious difference between these two orators is, that Curran is more versatile, rising often to sublimity, and often descending to pleasantries, and even drollery; whereas Grattan is always grave and austere. They both possess that order of intellectual powers of which the limits cannot be assigned. No conception could be so brilliant and original, that we could confidently pronounce, that neither of these men could have uttered it. We regret to imagine how many admirable thoughts which such men must have expressed in the lapse of so many years, have been unrecorded and lost for ever. We think of them with the same feelings with which we have often read of the beautiful or sublime occasional phenomena of nature, in past times or remote regions, which amazed and delighted the beholders, but which we were destined never to see.”

The *Eclectic Review*, to which Foster was for many years a diligent contributor, combined “the advocacy of spiritual Christianity with liberal views on social and political questions.” Dissenters and Churchmen united in its support, on the understanding that the points at issue between them should not be discussed. Such neutrality does well in statement, but cannot be acted upon without ending in a sacrifice of all manly principle. Foster was, from the first, averse to it; and indignantly remonstrates in several letters on the impossibility of doing any good in the discussion of political questions under such a restriction. “If the supporters have no hope of supporting the *Eclectic Review* without a sacrifice of this free and courageous quality, let them lay down their thankless undertaking, and let some other men be sought to undertake a really bold and free work, which should, in its prospectus, declare in so many words that the Bible is to be held sacred, but nothing else on earth.”

Foster’s sole support was for some time derived from his pen. An affection in the throat interfered with his preaching, or rather with his occupying any settled post of duty as a preacher; for, after his marriage, in 1808, we find him seizing every opportunity

of usefulness in this way that presented itself. “I am become,” he says, “accustomed to desks, stools, blocks, and all sorts of pedestal elevations.” He says that preaching for nothing made his sermons more acceptable to the poor people, among whom he itinerated through a circuit of fourteen miles round his residence. “The clergy,” says he, “of the Established Church rail a little at us from their pulpits and in their convivial meetings. And in this we hear that one or two of a more serious stamp are not behind hand with the rest—disliking Dissenters, *as such*, just as much as the more profligate ones dislike the Dissenters as religionists. And indeed all over England, I believe that in general the evangelical clergy are found very great bigots, with here and there a rare exception.” The opinion which Foster and this body of the clergy had of each other was no favourable omen for the continuance of the “alliance” in supporting the *Review*.

In 1808, Foster married. There can be little doubt that this wise step saved him from sinking into absolute insanity. We have him in several of his letters for many years back expressing himself with increasing dislike of all society, and even the love of scenery, which he once enjoyed, was dying away. In spite of occasional playfulness of expression, the heart felt its own bitterness, and there was a morbid taint which would soon have consumed the whole man. We have one note jotted down in a pleasant humour enough:—

“Spent part of an hour with a handsome young woman and a friendly little cat. The young woman was ignorant and unsocial. I felt as if I could easily make society with the cat.”

But then we find, soon after, this anathema against Frome—

“I should nauseate the place if I had been habituated to it for a century. At first I felt an intense loathing. I hated every house, timber, stone and brick in the town, and almost the very trees, fields, and flowers, in the country round.”

In another letter he says—

“This last six months I have lived a little way out of the town, in a house amidst the fields. However, I hardly ever go out, because I can see them so well through my window—the window of an upper room. * * * I almost decline all visiting, and have not dined

from home six times these last seven months."

Health was beginning to fail. An affection of the throat, which at times threatened more serious danger, interfered with his habitual occupation of preaching. We have spoken of the indignant and resentful feeling with which he regarded the working of all the fixed institutions of society, as if in them was to be found the cause of all the evil on earth, and as if they could be changed for efficient and permanent good without a change in the nature of the being by whom they are administered. In short, hopelessness of good, indisposition, loathing of all things, *morbid* benevolence—for he sought anxiously to prove to his own mind, and often expressed the thought in his letters and journals, that when he saw "people good and sensible" he no longer felt any pleasure in the sight—all threatened him with the disease of Swift. Marriage came in time to save him, and it is our belief that it alone could have saved him from actual insanity. His pecuniary circumstances had rendered it impossible for some years; but in the year 1807 he seems to have screwed his courage to the desperate undertaking, in spite of the price of coals and candles, and notwithstanding his fear of the inflictions created "by the abominable vermin called *taxes*, a far more mischievous creature than the locusts of Egypt." Never was there a summer season so beautiful in Foster's imagination as that in which he took this sensible resolve:—

"I never have been more enchanted with a summer season. * * * * * A flower, a tree, a fly has been enough to give me a delightful train of ideas and emotions, and sometimes to elevate the mind to sublime conceptions. * * * One autumnal flower (the white convolvulus) excited very great interest by recalling the season I spent at Chichester, where I happened to be very attentive to this flower, and once or twice, if you recollect, endeavoured to draw it with the pencil."

Winter came, if it could be called winter while his heart was in this happy state, and the first snow-drops were witnessed in the same feeling of confiding anticipation:—

"Yes! the spring does open upon me

with a fascination which I have not felt before. This once I certainly do feel, in its first indications, a deeper charm than I did even in my youth, when I was as full of fancy and sentiment as any poet. *No doubt it is from this adventitious cause that I have felt such luxury in the beautiful days we have had for a week past.*"

The letter from which we have quoted was written March 3rd, 1808, and in the following May he married. Almost instantly his health was restored—the cloud of gloom was wholly gone—nay, even the morbid affection of the throat passed away, and Foster, happy every day and all day long, found the Sundays again bring back their old duties, and he was able to resume his preaching. Of Mrs. Foster there is little mention, but that little proves his marriage to have been singularly happy. In due time we have him telling "of the brats of boys making a great noise, and running about to keep themselves warm in the house under me." Foster rose early, lit his own fire, and paced his garret duly as morning came:—

"I have noticed the curious fact of the difference of the effect of what other people's children do and one's own. I never mind *how much* din is made by these brats, if it is not absolutely in the room where I am at work. When I am with them I am apt to make them, and join in making them make a bigger tumult and noise, so that their mother sometimes complains that we all want whipping together."

His residence was for some years at Bourton, and his chief occupation was writing reviews. He studied the book which he reviewed; and the volumes which have been, since his death, compiled from his contributions to the *Eclectic* are not without interest. He went out but little, except when on his preaching expeditions. He describes the garret which was his book-room and study, as a long room, the floor heaped and crowded with books and papers, with a lane in the middle through the accumulating and encroaching lumber, in which he walked backward and forward, hour after hour; for in his earlier days he had formed the habit of thus meditating in the fields, and now walked almost as much as in the days of old in the open air. For nine years he walked

and meditated, and declaimed against church and state—vehemently testified against all the evil which was done on the earth—disbelieved that much good was done, or ever could be done, by societies or assemblies of men, however benevolent the objects that might seem to be the bond of their union; and was never wearied in effecting such measure of good as came within his own individual power. Foster's father died in 1814. His letters from that period to his mother express increasing affection, partly, perhaps, because the feeling of affection may have itself become strengthened; and partly, no doubt, because in her lonely old age she more required the consolations which he never failed to suggest to her. The good sense, the unreserve, the love which these letters exhibit, are among the most beautiful proof of the perfect genuineness of Foster's character. We wish we could transcribe some of them entire; but our space does not permit, and we must select such passages as, in addition to exhibiting Foster's mind, will do something more. Our readers will be gratified with an extract from one of the letters to his mother, which gives an account of *Baxter's* pulpit at Kidderminster:—

“An ancient-looking inscription carved on it shows it to be nearly two hundred years old, being placed in the church many years before Baxter preached there. It is small, of oak, quite sound and firm, and is decorated with old carving, painting, and gilding, in a manner which must have been strangely gaudy; inasmuch that, unless this was common in those days, one could almost fancy Baxter must have been displeased with so showy an object every time he looked at it. It was striking to stand in this pulpit, and reflect what a saintly and apostolic man had often occupied it; what an eloquence of piety had been, with almost miraculous efficacy, poured from it; and what the state of that preacher may be now! It was impossible not to feel some emotions of sorrow at having been so little like him, and desire to be more enabled and animated to follow him as he followed Christ.”

At this period much of his correspondence connected itself with the *Eclectic Review* and its arrangements. Foster had more taste for listening to sermons than in general distinguishes

preachers. He tells of listening on the Sunday morning to a wild Wesleyan, with northern brogue and provincial grammar; at midday to a sermon from a consequential ecclesiastic—read, not declaimed—against the assumption by one class of preachers of the name *Evangelicals* as a distinctive appellation; in the evening of the same day he heard, and praises, a sermon of Mr. East's. Hall, at a late period of his life, he heard whenever he preached; and among Foster's best works are his remarks on Hall's preaching. In the year 1817, he returned to Downend. His habits of village preaching made him think it right to accept the office of stated preacher at Downend. The congregation consisted of a few highly educated people, with many rustics; and he fancied that he could, by a style of perfect simplicity, reconcile the opposing tastes of his rather anomalous congregation. He failed. The excitable went elsewhere for excitement. Habit made others come to the old place of worship; but they were listless, and might have as well been anywhere else. Foster tried them for six months, and then relapsed into writing for the *Eclectic*.

In September, 1818, he delivered a discourse at the Baptist Missionary Society, which was afterwards enlarged and published; and in 1820 was published the most remarkable of his writings—the “Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance.”

That essay was never an admired book in the same way that his first publication was; and yet we cannot but think it far more deserving of attention. It was a book, however, calculated to oppress the mind, by forcing upon the conscience of each individual the feeling that in direct proportion to the means which he had neglected of removing the ignorance of the poor—to which ignorance all the evils of society are referred, was his accountability. The evil was represented in portentous magnitude, so great, that it would seem no possible effort could avail to reach it in even the slightest degree, or have any effect whatever on it; and yet the reader was compelled to feel, by a sorcery which he could not resist, that his was the guilt—that his acts or his omissions had created this state of things, which he was utterly helpless to remedy or remove. It is said of War,

ren Hastings, that though his conscience acquitted him of the charges brought against him, yet while Sheridan stated the case of the highest trust ever committed to an individual, basely violated and betrayed, such strong and indignant sympathy was awakened in the mind of the accused, that he could not but, for the moment, believe himself the most criminal of mankind; and in reading Foster's essay, it is absolutely impossible not to be overpowered by this feeling. The "Missionary Discourse" is, in truth, a part of the same essay, or growing out of the same train of thoughts, and was probably more effective, as the particular application of the argument to the circumstances of Hindostan was calculated to fix attention more than any general statement could. The works originally published separately were, in 1821, printed by Foster in a volume. In this new edition they were greatly altered from the form in which they at first appeared. Foster at all times wrote for the public with great and painful effort. It would, antecedently, appear probable that long habit must have accustomed a man whose daily work was communicating with the public by means of pen and ink, to the easy use of his instruments; but the contrary was the case. His familiar letters flow in an easy, natural style, and the extracts from his note-books, which Mr. Ryland has given us, consist, for the most part, of aphorisms expressed very happily. Those which refer to conduct and the practical duties of life had passed probably more often through his mind than the propositions which embody doubtful speculative opinions. In the former class of aphorisms his style not unfrequently reminds us of "*The Essays in the Intervals of Business.*" Take the following instance as an example of what we mean:—

"Is not this world a proper scene for a benevolent and ardent mind? There are bodies to heal, minds to enlighten and reform, social institutions to change, children to educate. In all this, is there nothing that I can do?"—*Foster's Life*, vol. i. 199.

The fear of the public or the press appears to have acted as a

spell upon his faculties. The process of writing was slow; and his friends thought, when speaking to him of his later works, his style vicious and inadequate to do justice to his conceptions. "He is running a race for obscurity," said Hall, "and has won it;" not a very happy metaphor, but it expresses what Hall meant. Language of the same kind was addressed to him by Hughes, and the effect on Foster was such, that he rewrote great part of both essays. We suspect that his friends were wrong. His editors give some specimens of the alterations, and we think there is no very great improvement. Foster's meaning is not always very clear, but this is not, we think, his fault. His subject often compels more attention from the reader than readers will give; and it is also to be considered that it is all written, as if it had, from the first, been addressed rather to the ear than the eye—that, to render it easily understood, the comment of voice and eye are, as in all cases of *discourses*, to be supplied. As a spoken speech, or sermon, the work is to be judged, and, compared with this class of works—and with no other is the comparison quite fair—Foster's essay is one of the most remarkable works in the language. With respect to the most peculiar parts of the work—the thoughts most properly Foster's own—we are not surprised that he was gratified greatly by one of the reviews acknowledging "his exquisite precision of language," and we think the reviewer was right. The difficulties of the style arose from the direct adaptation of the language to the thoughts, and the avoidance of conventional phraseology. In these works, you had the man himself thinking aloud; in his indignation, unsparing of the lash, often because it was administered, like that of a zealous penitent, on his own shoulders. The voice uttering his burthened inculpations sounds not like the reproach of another man moralizing on his neighbour's offences, but of conscience itself, in its hour of agonized and helpless remorse.

In no writer whatever, in any language that we know, is there so continuous an effort to force upon the imagination a distinct sense of the re-

ality of a future world. Foster had his doubts—oppressive and anxious doubts—on many of the subjects which fall within the general idea of religion; but of man's immortality, and of our immediate birth into another world from the state which is called death, he never doubted. At an early period of his life, Foster gave an anxious ear to all stories of spirits and apparitions, and dwells on the possibility of the silence which separates us from the world of the dead being broken. As friend after friend is removed, the thought is again and again repeated, of the deceased at length being in a world where he knows what we long to know. On the death of his son, he says, "How many things by this time he knows, which no books can tell!" His wife's death brings thoughts and expressions of the same kind—

"Imaginings and questionings arise without end, and still, still there is no answer—no revelation. The mind comes again and again up close to the thick black veil, but there is no perforation—no glimpses. She that loved me, and, I trust, loves me still, will not, cannot, must not answer me. I can only imagine her to say, 'Come and see; serve our God, so that you shall come and share at no distant time.'"

In another letter, when other death-bells had tolled, we find him again striving, by some analogy, to render definite, and to grasp the thought of that other existence; but he feels that it eludes him, and removes into the darkness—

"It is a subject profoundly interesting to me: my own advance into the evening of life is enough to make it so, and then. . . . There are—were—*Hall*,

Anderson, Hughes—where, what are they now?—at this very instant, how existing?—how employed?"

On another occasion, the details of which we could wish more particularly specified, "he had been referring to some gloomy facts and thoughts which darken the whole horizon of life; but then added, 'there is, however, one luminary—it is the visage of death.'"[†] Among Foster's letters is one on the intermediate state, in which, with a particularity which shows how familiar the thought had become to him, he speaks of the questions which he would be desirous of asking a departed friend on his return to the earth, supposing a visit from the unseen world permitted.

The latter portion of these volumes is saddened by the successive accounts of the death of each of his earlier and more intimate friends. We think that many of the letters might have been spared, and yet the task of selection could not be an easy one. More certain we are that some further account than is given us ought to have been supplied of most of his friends. They were in general preachers in the Baptist connexion. Some belonged to other bodies of Dissenters. Foster's editor seems to assume a degree of knowledge on the part of the public which they do not possess, with respect to persons whose names are familiar in the reports of religious societies. Of Foster's own life and habits less is told than it would be desirable to know. Indeed we are never admitted to any sight of his family. Himself pacing along his garret, at his work of reviewing, we are shown very distinctly. We learn that he was fond of very expensive books and engravings, and that he

* *Life*, &c., vol. ii. p. 517.

† The death of his son and of his wife are the subject of several letters, from which we have no room for extracts. The intensity of Foster's afflictions is no where more manifested than in his communications to his friends on these occasions. One passage we must at any risk transcribe—"It has been an extremely advantageous circumstance for my wife, and for those who have the principal care of attendance on her, that the period of her illness was appointed to fall on exactly the finest, brightest, and warmest part of the year, from May to September, during which, besides the nights being so short, she had, and greatly enjoyed, the exhilaration of being drawn out about the garden and the vicinity in a Bath chair, admiring the flowers, and refreshed by the fine air and sunshine, which, I really believe, she had not enjoyed so much during several whole years before. * * * On account of the girls especially, it is a very favourable circumstance that her decease took place here (Cheltenham) instead of at home, thus averting one melancholy association, which would have fixed itself inseparably and permanently on the place."—Vol. ii. p. 208.

was charitable to the full extent of his means, which seem always to have been slender, though probably not as precarious as those of literary men in general.

He lived to the advanced age of seventy-three—generally in the enjoyment of good health. We have more than intimated our serious differences of opinion with him on many social and political questions; but these we think it unnecessary to discuss, because on such questions, whether he was right or wrong, he but expressed strong opinions and feelings, and could not be said to have reasoned at all.*

We have now related all that is necessary to be told to enable our readers to judge of the great man—for such he undoubtedly was—that has passed away. His death occurred in October, 1843. His lungs had been diseased for some years, but the disease did not confine him to his room for more than a month or six weeks before his death. The feeling which we have mentioned as forcing his mind on the secrets of the world to come was expressed strongly on the occasion of a friend's death, a short time before his own decease:—"They don't come back to tell us—but—but we shall know *some time*." During his illness, he often asked to be left alone—"I have much to think of, and it is a difficult thing to think." He spoke of

things he had not strength to perform—"But I can pray, and that is a glorious thing." His last letter was to Sir John Easthope, written a few days before his death, bidding him farewell. He would not, even when death was approaching, allow any one to sit up with him through the night. At four o'clock of the night on which he died, a servant came into the room, and heard him breathing as in sleep; at six she returned—he was no more.

"His arms were gently extended, and his countenance was as tranquil as that of a person in a peaceful sleep."

Such was the life and such the death of John Foster. To the editor of these volumes the public is indebted for the addition to his acknowledged works, of two hundred and thirty-five letters—many of them not unequal even to Cowper's, and all illustrative of a most unworldly and unselfish mind. Mr. Ryland's own part of the work has been carefully accomplished; and we only regret that he has not done more in the way of supplying us with information about Foster's friends. Let us hope that the publication of a new edition of Foster's works, with such illustrations as may be now given, will furnish the opportunity of supplying this deficiency.

A.

* Foster's distaste for churches, and all that approached the notion of church arrangements, increased with increasing years. We are told that he never administered, and his biographer believes that he never even witnessed, in mature life, the ordinance of baptism, "and was known to entertain doubts respecting its perpetuity." In 1829 he was asked to assist at the ordination of a minister for the congregation at Swift's-alley, Dublin. He refused, saying that he had been all his life ridiculing such ordination as a relic of the hierarchy. "It makes a pretension of conferring some kind of specialty of fitness, qualification, and authorization to perform the duties of a Christian minister. . . . Now, my wish would be that every notion and practice of this kind—in short, *everything sacerdotal and ceremonial were cleared out of our religious economy*. . . . Mr. Hall was never ordained, nor, as I have heard, Mr. Jay, of Bath." Foster's biographer prints a sentence from a letter of Mr. Jay's, denying the truth of the report as to himself. "As to Mr. Hall," adds Mr. Jay, "*he never was ordained; but one day, some years ago, when asked by a brother why he was not, 'because sir,' said he, 'I was a fool.'*"

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LAMAN BLANCHARD.

THE first time I saw Laman Blanchard, was in the summer of 1842, at a party at William Harrison Ainsworth's. How well do I recollect that pleasant evening—how indelibly are its varied incidents engraven on my memory! Its quaint and shining pictures—the gay circle of friends around the festive board—the illuminating wit, that, winged with laughter, ran like an electric flame from lip to lip of the assembled guests—the wild and merry quips and quiddities—the dear old jests, which are never the worse for the repetition—the new ones, fine and sparkling from the mint of mind—and the claret-crowned hilarity, unrestrained, joyous, but polite.

The sun sank softly and beautifully behind the green hills that bound the wooded slopes of Kensal, as I walked from the trellised garden of an accomplished host, and contemplated, for the first time, a crowd of new and thoughtful faces, with whose owners' names I had long been familiar in the world of letters, and whom I had often longed to see, with all the impatience of youth, fresh from golden dreams of poetry and imagination. There was our Amphytrion himself; still the same handsome fellow who had set London in a blaze of excitement, by the wonder-working romance of "Rookwood"—there was Robert Bell, the distinguished author of "The Lives of the Poets," "The History of Russia," and more recently, of "The Life of Canning," which has all the charm of a fairy tale, with all the truth of historical narration—Shirley Brookes, one of the most accomplished men in England, and the only one since Washington Irving, who has caught the exquisite beauties of Addison, the sweet and

polished style glittering all over with easy unaffected wit—and rivalled, in his own delightful essays, the choicest spirit of Roger de Coverley; others, too, of less note, but still eminent in the world of criticism, and wielders of the public opinion as it is directed by the review, the newspaper, or the magazine. The company had assembled in our host's library, and were examining the forthcoming number of the *Magazine*, then recently started, or admiring the vigorous etchings of Cruikshank, by whom it was at that time illustrated; or lounging, perchance, over the books, the casts in bronze, or the folios of elegant prints, with which the tables were thickly clustered, when a slight bustle in the hall was followed by the entrance of a servant, who announced, "Mr. Laman Blanchard." The name was well known to me; and I felt no slight curiosity to see the poet and essayist, whose writings, so oddly dashed with quaintness, humour, and worldly experience, had afforded me relaxation after many a hard hour's work, over "Aristophanes," or "Faust," or "Dante." I was conversing at the time with Ainsworth, and we both went to meet the new visitor, who was at once presented to me, and we shook hands. In figure he was slight and small, but fairly proportioned. His features were dark; but it was that soft eastern darkness

"Like the night
Of Orient climes and starry skies,"

which is, perhaps, more agreeable to the eye in a man, than the blended red and white which belongs to our northern races. Intelligence shone out of every line in his countenance like a

light; and there was a flash in his eye, which at times made him look absolutely beautiful. His hair, like his eyes and features, was also dark, and was as fine as silk, with a natural curl; and his entire appearance was characterized by a delicacy, a gentleness, a *thoroughbredness* of manner which one looks for and finds in an Arabian steed—all lightness, elegance, and ease. His hands and feet, too, were small; and his whole appearance was so entirely prepossessing, that the sternest critic might well pause before he inflicted pain on one whose entire nature seemed as soft and gentle as a woman's; but who, nevertheless, was as perfectly free from any effeminacy of look, or tone, or manner, as man can possibly be. After the usual compliments which follow an introduction between persons not wholly unknown to each other, I spoke to him in terms of high, but not overcharged praise, of some verses of his on the "Characters of Shakspeare," which I held in my hand at the time, and which I had just read out of the *Magazine*; and this at once led to a discussion, which, in ten minutes, made us as well acquainted as if we had known and regarded each other for as many years. We sat together at dinner; and I could very soon see that without possessing any of the higher, or grander, or fiercer elements of genius—that wild and turbulent spirit, which, by a close observer can be beheld as well when the soul is in repose, as when it is fully aroused; like the might and majesty of the ocean, which is discernible no less in its moments of calm, than in its hour of unbridled fury—he was by no means an ordinary individual; and that his intellectual powers were highly cultivated, and capable of achieving no mean results in the peculiar department of literature through which his fancy loved to sport. What struck me most, was that exceeding kindness, that softness and unassumingness of manner which I think characterized Blanchard more than any literary man I ever saw. Accustomed as I had always been, both from early reading, and, I fear, natural disposition; to incline more to characters of a stern, epic, and unbending nature, to *Æschylus*, to *Dante*, to *Swift*, or to *Mirabeau*; and regarding with more enthusiasm than I ought, perhaps, to boast of, spirits of this dark, and power-

ful, and gigantic order, I was the more struck by the perfect contrast which was presented to me by my friend's kind and accommodating disposition—by the sweet Shaksperian gentleness of thought, and word, and mind, which, even if he would, he could not conceal. There was about him an exuberant good nature—a tone of graceful charitableness for the errors and weaknesses of others—a distaste for satirical comment or bitter observation, or just, though perhaps severe criticism on the minds and manners of his contemporaries—a sweet and beaming benevolence of voice and gesture, which to one who had known and tried what mankind really are, and, in the bitter school of experience, learned to despise, to pity, or to loathe them, appeared to be at first a mere affectation—assumed, like a robe, for the occasion—and intended by its wearer as a dress for certain times and seasons and companions, rather than for ordinary use. But this mistaken idea gradually faded away as Blanchard became better known. There was evidently, in his case, no hypocritical assumption of a virtue which he did not really possess. If his kindness were fanatical, it was at all events sincere. The natural tenderness of his disposition made him tender, if not wholly blind to the faults and failings of others; and had he adopted criticism as his profession, he would have made it a golden age for authors, but an era of bitterness and brass for satirical readers; for never was there a gentler censor than dear Laman Blanchard; and in his case—as in every other case it is sure to be (alas! am I not in error? and has not the sentence slipped unheeded from my pen?)—virtue was its own reward. He was, perhaps, the only literary man of the present time, who was never involved in these disgusting and disgraceful squabbles which are the torment of a literary life; and he who was so forgiving a critic of the works of others, received from others in return all that a writer so genially disposed could really merit or justly claim. What literary man of the present day could say so much, or of whom else but Blanchard could it be said?

The impression which Blanchard made upon me, on this occasion, was vivid, and I continued thenceforward to feel considerable interest about him.

Our meetings were not, indeed, frequent; for our set of acquaintances was, with some exceptions, widely different, and his life was passed in constant employment. But whenever we *did* meet, our greetings were cordial in the extreme, and the friendly feelings which from the first I entertained towards him, were strengthened on a nearer and more intimate acquaintance. He was one of those generous, and quiet, and thoroughly honest individuals, with whom it is easy and agreeable to live. No affectation, no impertinent priggishness, no despicable foppery, no repulsive or pedantic vanity, no small airs of literary pretension—which we so often meet in animals vegetating on the very lowest slopes of Parnassus, and in such animals only—no vile or sneaking hypocrisy did he practise, nor any act of life unworthy of a gentleman or cavalier. Falsehood and dishonesty, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness—those base and serpent-like passions, which seem to thrive so comfortably in the hearts of the smaller creatures who crawl about Pindus; from all these he was free; by all or any of these his heart was unpolluted; and his soul was like a divine and noble temple, where truth, and candour, and white-robed virtue sat eternally enthroned.

This is high praise—a generous, perhaps an enthusiastic portrait of Blanchard's character. But who that knew him could quarrel with the warmth of the colouring, or condemn me for thus depicting this guileless, honest, kindly-tempered creature, whose heart was open as day to melting charity, and who always had a good word for every man's error, and a gentle apology for every man's foible—who, in the course of a long and most diversified career in literature, never made, and I am sure never deserved to make an enemy; and who closed his eyes upon the world with the sincere regret of all to whom his virtues were known, and the most lively sympathy of those who were acquainted with him only in his writings. Had he been a man of a loftier order of genius—for it cannot be denied that to this he had no pretension—his virtues, doubtless, would have been less, and his vices infinitely greater; for the passions which burn within the hearts of men who are impregnated with the true Olympic fire,

are of a wild, and overbearing, and unruly kind; and, as if conscious of the imperial nature with which they are associated, disdain to regulate themselves by the ordinary rules which connect society together; and hence it is that great genius never can exist independent of the great passions, but too frequently affords a subject for melancholy contemplation and solemn thought, perhaps sympathizing regret. But Blanchard, if he was without this exalted species of soul—as he confessedly was—happily, too, was without the strong passions that accompany it; and his quiet life, unchecked by any fierce or fiery outbreak of the spirit, affords a pleasing, though probably not a sublime picture. The career of the man of superior soul may be compared to the headlong rolling of the Ganges or the Danube—grand, beautiful, majestic, frequently, alas! devastating and terrible. But the life of Blanchard was like a sacred stream that flows along in summer purity and calmness, irrigating, in its course, lawns and gardens, but never bursting from the placid bed in which it has for years pursued its unvarying way. Who shall say by which of the two mankind is more benefited? Or who will deny that though that airiest and most sickening of all earthly bubbles—popular applause—may more loudly accompany the first, and echo in his ears along his dizzy but terrible career, drowning, perhaps, for a brief space, the voice of conscience—that most terrible of monitors;—who, I say, will stand forward to deny that the course of the second, though less dazzling, is not more happy; or, at all events—for happiness and life seem inconsistent—less marked by wretchedness and woe than that of the first? Great genius is almost always a curse rather than a blessing; the misery that attends it, like a shadow pursues it onward to the grave; while talent of the ordinary kind, or that which is somewhat above the ordinary standard, is most generally happy and peace-giving. It is attended by no splendid triumphs, but neither is it bowed down by miserable reverses; and the annals of English literature, at all events, prove, that to the men whose position in the republic of letters is the highest that that republic can afford, happiness was a thing entirely unknown; while to the second order, with some

exceptions, to be sure, a fair portion of the conveniences of life was providentially allotted, while discontent and discord stood glowering aloof.

But while I draw this contrast between the different fates that attend genius and mere talent, I do not wish it to be supposed that the career of Blanchard, who, without much of the first quality had a considerable quantity of the last, was one of unmixed happiness. Would, indeed, that it had been so. But his melancholy end proves, if any proof were wanting, that his life was conquered deeply with grief; and those who knew him best know that there were times when he sank under an accumulation of extreme mental misery. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? He followed that condition of life which, more than any other, in these countries, seems fated for affliction. I mean that of the professional author. "Oh for oblivion and five hundred a-year!" said poor L. E. L., herself a melancholy and heart-broken instance of this "idle trade," as Pope wisely called it, and of the envenomed slander that attends it. Is it unreasonable to suppose that Blanchard himself, notwithstanding all his proud, ambitious dreams of literary sway, more than once re-echoed the sentiment of his idolized friend? But wishing for wealth never secures it, except in fairy legends. Cast early in life upon his own resources, brought up to no profession, but with considerable natural abilities, Blanchard must have been either a man of letters, or he must have starved in the streets. Unhappily for himself he preferred the first. Had he at the outset wisely succumbed to the last, he would have spared himself some twenty years of unremitting toil and anxiety, and sunk into the grave, young, uncared for, and unknown, it is true, but uncursed also by the heart-harrowing afflictions of life. His destiny, however, required to be fulfilled. What will be, will be. An author working for his daily bread—God help him!—he was fated to become, and an author, accordingly, he became. How vividly I can now picture him before me—the soft and oriental beauty of his eye, glittering with spirit, soul, and gentleness, radiating with all the kindly emotions that arose within his honest heart—his slight, active figure—the busy but perfectly gentlemanlike air which he always

carried—the ever-ready anxiety to oblige, more willing to offer services than to delay until they were solicited—the prompt postponement of his own important business to the heedless, and perhaps futile, interruptions of others—the undeviating desire to gratify the slightest wishes of those whom he honoured with his friendship—the manly and independent, and entirely honourable, station in letters which he always maintained himself, and always wished his literary brethren to maintain likewise—the complete sincerity and truthfulness of his character, and his noble, independent spirit, in an age when literature prostitutes herself at the shrine of Mammon, and offers up her choice and virgin treasures to the golden despoiler. How vividly all these recollections rise up before me, and cloud my eyes. How strong must be the indignation of those who reflect on the present degraded state of literary men in these great countries, when they consider that it was such a man as this who was obliged from day to day, rising early and retiring late, to work for his bread with the patient, persevering toil of a dray-horse, to run about from printing-office to printing-office, subject to the vulgar rebuke of this newspaper proprietor, and that magazine maker; yet, nevertheless, working, working, working on for ever, honourably maintaining himself and his family, not by the sweat of his brow—for *that* toil is light and wholesome—but by the sweat of his mind, and memory, and soul, and heart, till all the energies of brain and body finally gave way, and were neutralized by paralysis and insanity; while around him on every side he beheld the rubbish of human nature, the base, abominable, crawling, sneaking, sycophantic villains, who make men at times almost disbelieve in a superintending Providence, winning their way on to wealth and station, enjoying not only the comforts, but the luxuries of existence, because they could command parliamentary votes, or wielded corporation influence, or juggled election tricks, or pandered to the dirty ends of some dirty red-tape senator, whose sole ambition is pelf, and whose only god is the belly, for whose impure gratifications he barter his soul. Let any man reflect on these things, and within every man's range of vision how numerous are the illustrations of what

I have just said—genius starving, and blockheadism and blackguardism revelling in turtle and champagne; let him, then, reflect on the venerable and ever-to-be-venerated patronage which even the pettiest of German principalities bestows upon its men of genius, the salaries, the pensions, the places, and the distinguished honours they receive; and then let him, if he have only the ordinary feelings of a man, curse the cold, neglectful system of this empire, which, while it enables foreign beggars and vagabonds to roll in affluence, carelessly consigns to a life of poverty, and a death of despair, the scholar, the poet, the critic, and the painter—its Maginns, its Hoods, its Blanchards, and its Haydons.

That English literature, under this cruel and detestable system, has degenerated, is degenerating, and rapidly sinking into disgrace, who will be so hardy as to deny? A cloud of novelists, twopenny-halfpenny essayists and *feuilletonists* (we had no word in English to express what we mean, though we have the men), and magazine scribblers (*quales ego et chvinius*), and literary hacks, who manufacture fiction by the hundred-weight, and clever men, who exhaust their mental wealth on newspapers and reviews—all these we have among us, because all these meet with ready pay from that great, shallow-headed patron, the “reading public.” But with which of our past literary ages could the present dare to compete? Who will write history—and starve? Who will compose an epic—and famish? Where are our great scholars and linguists? Where is our Jones, our Porson, or our Parr? Would the exquisite and myriad-volumed learning of the first, in these iron times, recommend him to even the paltriest of professorships, if he could not command a vote for one of our stupid members of parliament? Would their most perfect intimacy with the treasures of Greek erudition exalt the second or the third to any station commensurate with their deserts? Have we not, indeed, in our own times seen the best, the greatest scholar of his age starving in a miserable curacy, whilst Doctor Booby and Lawyer Pettifog drive to court in their own coaches, drawn by long-tailed, silky-coated steeds? It is a disgrace to the age that these things happen; and it is still more disgraceful that

the men of letters do not unite in decrying those who still sustain the system. How numerous are the instances we have all recently witnessed of this condition of society. All the world knows, by this time, how Maginn lived and died, how Hogg's last moments were passed, how Hood's heart was broken. It was only the other day that Haydon, after forty years' unremitting exertion in the highest walks of art, cut his throat, to escape the horrors and the degradation of a gaol. Sheridan Knowles, the honest, the kind, the generous, is struggling with the difficulties of existence. Is this system to continue for ever? The fate of Blanchard, it is to be hoped, will attract some sympathy for the victims who perish under such a studied exclusion from honour and emolument. It is mainly with this object, indeed, that I have written this paper at all. But what sympathy or support do literary men deserve from others, when they will not themselves unite in driving the system to shame, and pursuing to the death whatever minister or ministry will still continue to uphold it. But I have delayed too long from the subject more immediately before me, though the reflections in which I have indulged arise naturally out of it.

Samuel Laman Blanchard was born at Great Yarmouth, the 15th of May, 1803. Two years after his birth, his father removed to Southwark parish, in London, and there established himself in the business of a painter and glazier. The education which he gave his son was respectable. We are told something about his having been the head Latin scholar at the school to which he was first sent. He may have been so; but Blanchard's knowledge of the classics could have been comprised in a nut-shell. His Latin was small, and his Greek was still smaller; and to his credit be it spoken, he never made the least pretensions to the possession of either the one or the other. His own merits are a sufficient recommendation of his name, without adding to them the very questionable praises of a skill in classical lore. Those who knew him, and were most capable of judging, know that he could not, strictly speaking, be called a classical scholar; and there are letters of his extant which disclaim any wish to be regarded as such.

He was placed in a proctor's office at an early age; but Kirke White was not more unsuited for the desk of an attorney than Laman Blanchard for the dry, dull routine of Doctors Commons. His natural genius and the education which he had received, gave him the tone and feelings of a gentleman, and he could but little endure either the drudgery or degradation of a clerkship. He resolved to try the stage, and made his first appearance on the boards at Margate. Whether he succeeded or failed, we have no means of knowing; but he left the company in a week, and trudged back

to London on foot, like a true player or a real poet, without a farthing in his pocket. He attempted at this time to drown himself, off the steps of Westminster Bridge, in consequence of a quarrel with his father; but was prevented by his friend, Mr. Buckstone, with whom he was lodging. It was, probably, at this very period that he wrote his "Sonnet on Reading 'Werter,'" which seems so remarkably to display the morbid tendency of his thoughts to suicide, and almost to prefigure, as if prophetically, the fate by which he afterwards perished.

"How shall an earthly judge presume to call
The impulse of another's action, guilt?
That blood hath wak'd it which by it is spilt:
None—not the hoariest sage—may tell of all
The strong heart struggles with before it fall.
And if o'ermastered, who shall witness how,
Or stamp disgrace upon a martyred brow?
The judge himself should be a criminal.
O, ye of monkish hearts—cold, passionless,
Turn from these leaves, nor shed a single tear
On all the burning sorrows they express!
For me, I find my mind's strange mirror here—
The glass of my own secrets; and time's token
Must dull my brain when memory finds it broken.

"December 10th, 1824."

On the 15th of February, 1845, not twenty years after, the author of this sonnet cut his throat.

Disappointed in his histrionic dreams, Blanchard turned his thoughts to writing for the stage. He published some "Dramatic Sketches." Happily for his reputation, they are forgotten or unknown; his friends will do him no service by republishing or alluding to them. To write a great tragedy requires genius of the loftiest kind. What Addison and Johnson failed to do, Blanchard could scarcely have achieved. Every young poet, among other madnesses, thinks he can write a tragedy; but it is not every one of that godless tribe that, like Blanchard, has the good sense to discover that he is not able. To this distrust of himself, indeed, he owed much of his success. Had he been silly enough to persist in writing a tragedy, and had he found a manager insane enough to accept it, he would have been irretrievably ruined as an author. A man can retrace almost any false step but that of having been damned on the stage. That is a species of hell out of which there is no redemption; it

breaks a man's heart within him for ever. He never again has courage to adventure a voyage with the Muses. The instances are obvious, and need not be cited. Blanchard's experience of life was limited; his knowledge of the passions did not extend beyond that of knowledge of the passions as they exist in respectable port-wine drinking society in the city and suburbs of London. His imagination was not epic; he could not soar like the eagle; his mind had not fed on, and been coloured by the grandeur of the past. He probably had never read Plutarch in his life. Could such a man write tragedy? Could he who, in one of his poems, calls his pen

"But a frail and bending reed,
Plucked by a most listless hand,
In a waste and flowerless land,
By the margin of a stream,
Where the idle eddies gleam;
Even as hopes within the breast,
Dissolving as they drop to rest."

—could he, I say, hope to wing his heavenward flight into the golden realms where Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, Shirley, Webster, and Marlow had dis-

ported, and from whence they still rule us with undying sovereignty? The notion is ridiculous. Blanchard prudently desisted from his Titanic climbings; he left to the gods their palaces and thrones; and became sub-editor of *The Monthly Magazine*.

In 1828 was published a small volume of poems—eighty or ninety pages only—entitled “Lyric Offerings, by

S. Laman Blanchard,” with the following modest dedication, “To Charles Lamb, these pages are inscribed.” The principal poem in the collection is entitled “The Poet’s Bride.” As the volume is scarce, and but little known, I insert here a few specimens of the poetry. The heroine of the poem is thus described:—

“ Her hair like a fine waterfall waved down,
Bathing the pliant marble of her neck,
Whose native light streamed through without a speck;
Now flashing out in snowiness, and now
Hiding its glory in a ringlet’s crown.
Her waist, love-zoned—her waist seemed heaven’s blue,
And the light blood the sunshine that runs through;
Simple, yet robed in all that dignifies—
Gifted with beauty’s artless eloquence,
Her look fell humble, as ashamed to rise,
And her thin hand upraised its innocence
To screen (in vain) these spirit-lighted eyes.”

She falls in love with a poet, a wild, —a faint copy of Shelley’s immortal
mystical, and shadowy sort of dreamer picture of Alastor:—

“ Around his heart she hovered like a bird,
Secure of its firm nest; his faintest word
Called sudden light into her love-taught eyes,
And bound her in a chain of ecstasies.
She sent rich laden sighs from out her soul,
And caused fair smiles and dew-like tears to set
In his heart’s honeysuckles; or on the scroll
Of the vast shore his haunting image traced
And wept to see the waters razing it. . . .
His wearied feet she bathed with pleasant waters,
And with a magic care she treasured up
The dew of morning in a lily’s cup,
For the noon’s banquet not produced by slaughters
Which she did spread in such peace-haunting bowers,
That all the year seemed sown with long and happy hours.
And when Night’s wing hath skimmed the purple air
And fond hearts sleep within a breast as fair.
Hers throbb’d before him, or enthralled beside
Answered its Nature’s name—a poet’s bride.
In every season, scene, and wearying trial
Still rose she as the light in his heart’s dial,
Folding his bosom from each naked woe,
The storm above and frozen world below.”

This ethereal pair dwell in Arcadian happiness in a forest, surrounded by all sorts of imaginary blisses. There is neither plot, nor fable, nor even moral; and the poem is curious, as showing how much rhyme can be written, and how many pretty things can be said—all to no purpose in the world.

The second poem of any pretension is entitled, “The Spirit of Poesy.” The metre is smooth and silvery—but there is no strength nor muscularity in the lines, the thoughts, or the idea. The best passage is the following:—

“ Two birds, with dusky wings and breast of sun
Were circled in a gilded cage; the one
Fluttered and sang, and tried to gain my look,
And from its plume the glossiest feather shook.

The other stirred not, sung not, it had lost
 The fire of song within its prison's frost.
 It was too delicate, too proud to live,
 I feared to breathe, it seemed so sensitive;
 At last it moaned; then gazed upon the wire,
 And dropped—a thing to weep for and admire.
 The other lightened round the cage, and shewed
 No sign of sorrow in its lone abode;
 But still it sang exultingly. I sighed,
 I could not love it like the one that died."

"The Sultana preparing for the Bath," is worse than even Haynes Bayly's best things—and surely there is no lower deep than this.

"The Captive Lamb" is feminine and effeminate. The idea is taken from Wordsworth. I do not worship

the man of Rydal, myself; and I am still less disposed to venerate his imitators.

The best part of the volume is made up of sonnets. I quote two of them, which are really excellent:—

"EVENING.

"Already hath the day grown gray with age;
 And in the west, like to a conqueror crown'd
 Is faint with too much glory. On the ground
 He flings his dazzling arms, and as a sage
 Prepares him for a cloud-hung hermitage,
 Where meditation meets him at the door.
 And all around, on wall and roof and floor
 Some pensive star unfolds its silver page
 Of truth which God's own hand hath testified.
 Sweet eve, whom poets sing to as a bride,
 Queen of the quiet—Eden of Time's bright map—
 Thy look allures me from my hushed fire-side,
 And sharp leaves rustling at my casement, tap
 And beckon forth my mind to dream upon thy lap."

"ON TIME.

"To one that marks the quick and certain round
 Of year on year, and finds how every day
 Brings its grey hair, or bears a leaf away
 From the full glory with which life is crown'd.
 Ere youth becomes a shade and fame a sound;
 Surely to one that feels his feet on sand
 Unsure, the bright and ever visible hand
 Of Time points far above the lowly bound
 Of pride that perishes, and leads the eye
 To loftier objects and diviner ends,
 A tranquil strength, sublime humility,
 A knowledge of ourselves, a faith in friends,
 A sympathy for all things born to die
 With cheerful love for those whom truth attends."

There is also a song entitled "The Dominion of Pain," which is curious; and I think it embodies Blanchard's real sentiments on life, death, and happiness. His sensibility to all external impressions was most acute: his mind was so finely and delicately attuned, that sensations of the most

ordinary kind were felt by him in a higher degree than by others of a more masculine nature. It is impossible to peruse the following without deep sympathy. The thoughts evidently well forth from his own sorrow-stricken heart:—

“THE DOMINION OF PAIN.

“In all that live, endure, and die;
 In every vision of the brain;
 On Love's fond lip; in Pleasure's eye;
 The hermit's pulse, the warrior's vein;
 In hearts that pause and plunge again,
 Frail victims of the passing hour,
 We find thy far dominions, Pain,
 We trace the footprints of thy power—
 Though some are washed away by tears,
 Whilst some survive the march of years.

“Who cannot weep was never blest;
 Would all were woelless that have wept!
 Would all that heavens might be at rest!
 And sleep might come to those that slept!
 My soul hath long its vigils kept
 O'er sense of pain, and dreams of death,
 And knows not why its course hath crept
 Thus idly on for feverish breath—
 Whilst hour by hour it longs to sleep;
 I feel it doomed to watch and weep.”

Thus it is ever. The sensibility bestowed upon the bard becomes a curse instead of a blessing. The glories that appeared far off fade away into mockery when they are more nearly approached. So ever true are the words of poor dear L. E. L., so applicable to him who was destined to become her biographer, and like her, too, to die the death of suicide. The poet, she assures us,

“But dreams a dream of life and light,
 And grasps the rainbow that appears,
 Afar, all beautiful and bright,
 And finds it only formed of tears.”

No wonder that so many of them die in madhouses. They are unfit for the world, because they are not of it, but of a grander sphere; and then men slander them, and call them mad.

This volume does not appear to have been successful. It fell still-born from the press. Nothing was ever known or heard of it, till it was reviewed in 1832 in the most generous spirit, by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the then editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Some communications took place between Blanchard and Sir Edward—an acquaintance was formed, highly honourable to both parties; and Blanchard had the rare good fortune of numbering among his friends this gentleman, one of the most illustrious ornaments of literature that England possesses. By Sir Edward, he was always treated with the most marked and delicate courtesy, and when, on

the apostacy of the *Courier* newspaper, with which Blanchard was, about this period, connected, it became necessary for the latter to secede from a journal which sold itself to principles directly opposed to those which it had always, up to that moment, advocated, his claims were represented to government eloquently by Sir Edward, and energetically supported, as being those of one who had deserved well, not only of his party, but of the whole British public—so far, at least, as a mere literary man can be said to have claims! From such a character as Lord Melbourne, it need scarcely be said, no recognition of Blanchard's services could be procured. Men of a different sort were then most liberally rewarded; but the poet and man of letters was politely permitted to do as well as he could, or starve with his principles. This fact, I confess, came strangely upon me when I first heard it, after poor Blanchard's death.

Among literary men in general, it was supposed that Blanchard really *did* receive something from the Whigs in acknowledgment of his services; and I remember Doctor Maginn and Tom Campbell telling me that there could be no doubt of the fact. The world is now, however, informed of the truth.

“For the author,” says Sir Edward, in the graceful, eloquent, and touching memoir of Blanchard, prefixed to the volumes of his collected essays, “there is nothing but his pen, till that

and life are worn to the stump ; and then, with good fortune, perhaps on his death-bed, he receives a pension, and equals, it may be, for a few months, the income of a retired butler !”

And is not this a creditable fact—a dainty dish to set before the kingly British public ?—the men who send their millions to Timbuctoo, and their hundred thousands to Otaheite and the antipodes !

Contributions to the magazines became thenceforward the principal source by which he supported existence. He had married when but little more than twenty, and he had four children to support ; and heroically did he bear up against the accumulation of difficulties which beset him. All his glorious and Elysian dreams of poetic renown, no doubt, had by this time faded away ; the cold and stern realities of life were alone to be considered and wrestled with.

* It is a fearful stake the poet casts,
When he comes forth from his sweet solitude
Of hopes, and songs, and visionary things,
To ask the iron verdict of the world.
Till then his home has been in fairy land,
Sheltered in the sweet depths of his own heart ;
But the strong mood of praise impels him forth ;
For never was there poet but he craved
The golden sunshine of secure renown—
That sympathy which is the life of fame,
It is full dearly bought ; henceforth he lives
Feverish and anxious in an unkind world,
That only gives the laurel to the grave.”

So wrote and sang L. E. L., herself, too, a melancholy instance of the sad truths which she penned in the foregoing verses. It was poor Laman's lot to experience them in all their bitterness. Yet was not his heart soured by the world : the more it was crushed, the more sweetly did it give forth, like the fragrant flower of the Persian apologue, all its exquisite perfume ;—around his heart, like roses, the affections clustered.

In 1841 was published “Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L., by Laman Blanchard.” The memoir is graceful, the enthusiasm of the writer for the beloved lost one lending a nameless inexplicable charm to the portrait he draws. “When supplying me,” said he, “with some materials for a slight sketch of her life, published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, she wrote thus—‘These, I believe, are all the facts I can give you at present. Feelings are but poor substitutes in a me-

moir, else what a life would mine be. But these are for a later biography ; which I shall also entrust to you.’” Strange prophecy of genius ! Lord Byron always predicted that Moore would write his life. Why L. E. L. should have thus so long before her own death selected Blanchard for her biographer—by what vague anticipation it was revealed to her that he was indeed destined to write her memoirs—who can speculate on these things ? I have already cited Blanchard's strange sonnet on Werter—the gloomy shadowing forth, as it were, of his own fate in the distance ; for it was love, all-powerful love that drove both into despair and death. A prediction not less singular was made and published by L. E. L. long before she could have dreamed that there was any chance of its being so fearfully accomplished.

“Where my father's bones are lying,
There my bones will never lie ;

Mine shall be a lonelier ending,
Mine shall be a wilder grave.
Where the shout and shriek are sounding,
Where the tempest meets the wave ;
Or perhaps a fate more lonely,
In a drear and distant ward,
Where my weary eyes meet only
Hired nurse and rullen guard.”

Is it not strange also that these two creatures—both bright and dazzling lights of literature, both fated to perish by their own hands—should have been so very dear to each other, that their lives and fates should seem as if identified ; their career one long struggle with the world ; their deaths—the one by poison, the other by steel—originating in the same sad cause—the blight and desolation of the heart ?

From this time until his death, Blanchard's name was constantly before the public. He contributed largely to George Cruikshank's clever magazine, *The Omnibus*, of which he was editor ; to *Ainsworth's Magazine*, of which, on the merging of *The Omnibus* into it, he became sub-editor ; and to Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine*. Prose and poetry alike fell gracefully from his pen ; and the reading public began to look with impatience for those quaint monthly essays, which had much of the humour of dear Charles Lamb, but were infinitely more witty, though perhaps less true to nature and to simplicity. His labour was unremitting, but his mind began to give way ; his health and spirits sank fearfully ; and

the rapidly increasing illness of a wife whom he loved with idolatrous affection, made deep and terrible inroads on his constitution. The gaiety and cheerfulness which he had maintained even in his most severe struggles, suddenly deserted him; his eyesight too began to fail; and to such of his friends as regarded his condition with the vigilant eyes of love, it was evident that his condition needed all their sympathy, though to not a few of them he wore the visor and robe, beneath which even the most miserable contrive to veil their afflictions from the world. Country air and cessation from labour were anxiously recommended to him. His old and tried friend, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, generously offered him the use of one of his country houses for as long a period as he might desire; but London was his home and labour his income. His heart would not permit him to leave the first—dire necessity bound him like a galley-slave to the last. He had an engagement on *The Examiner* which swallowed up almost all his time—the monthly magazines craved incessantly for new “copy.” The fatal illness of his wife and her death, which, considering the pain she suffered, was indeed a blessing, fell upon his heart like a thunderbolt, and crushed him for ever. He never again recovered that shock. Congestion of the brain attacked him in the streets; his right side became insensible, as if struck by paralysis. He was confined to his bed for a time; a calm gradually stole over him, which his friends mistook for a return of tranquillity, and a philosophic resignation to the misfortunes that bowed him down. His mind, however, was not originally cast in a robust mould; his new calamity prostrated him, and left him without hope. He prayed for death, as the sole refuge from his afflictions; but death came not, and wretchedness and woe sat upon his household hearth. Fits of hysterics seized him, and shook him as if with the grasp of a giant. His feeble frame grew every day more and more feeble, more and more attenuated. With the body sank the mind. Over the sickly tenement of clay that lay in ruins, its spiritual tenant also lay down and mournfully wept. In some men of powerful genius, the mind outlives the frame; the glorious particle of divine

air shines and glitters with even celestial splendour at the very moment that the temple of flesh in which it is enshrined is crumbling into dust. With poor Blanchard it was otherwise. The mind gave way even more rapidly than the body. He was haunted by visions—scenes of oriental magnificence, phantasms of grotesque feature, dreams wherein the beautiful, the homely, and the horrible were massed together and blended into inane shapefulness. The image of his wife was constantly before his eyes—those eyes which loved to gaze with all the fondness of young poetic idolatry on the dear departed; and from his faithful heart her memory was never for a moment effaced. He used to wander about from house to house, visiting his friends, and leaving on all the sad impression, “this man is doomed.” This agony could not last; he bore up against it long, but the struggle was too great, and had been too terribly endured. He gave way. A melancholy presentiment of the grave haunted him—the churchyard was before his eyes. In the darkness of the midnight he awoke and rose—the awful horror of the hour according well with the blackness of his grief. The silent, beautiful stars that shone into his little bed-room, seemed to beckon him to some other world, where peace, and purity, and rest, and soft tranquillity were the only dwellers. O stars of heaven, never before did ye seem so sweetly, sadly beautiful to his eyes as now—never before did ye shed upon his weeping, wounded soul such blessed comfort as in that lonely hour. Earth and all its cares passed away from his thoughts—the eternal portals of the future opened wide their shadowy arms, and disclosed the light that burned within them. The stroke of a razor—a wild, unearthly shriek—a heavy fall upon the floor—a deluge of blood—and poor Laman Blanchard was no more. He passed from earth and misery on the 15th of February, 1845.

The shock produced by this calamity among the literary friends and associates of Blanchard, was followed by prompt measures for the relief of his family. With a generosity the more laudable, as it proceeded from persons themselves not the most highly favoured by fortune's gifts, provision was made for the support of his children

for three years. Mr. Colburn, ever foremost in liberality, not only gave a handsome subscription, but presented the friends of Blanchard with the copyright of his publications in the *New Monthly Magazine*; and of these, together with those which he contributed to *Ainsworth's Magazine*, an edition in three volumes has been published, the profits of which are to belong to the bereaved family of this ill-fated man of letters. An edition of his poetical pieces has also been promised; and on these, together with his essays, his character as an agreeable, accomplished, and eloquent writer, may confidently rest. Of the essays, indeed, whereof the three published volumes consist, it is impossible to speak in terms of praise too high. They are distinguished especially by a quaint and happy originality of thought, expressed in a genial style; they deal with the small follies and eccentricities of human nature, which they catch with a miraculous fidelity; they present us with curious laughable features of men and manners, which have, probably, occurred to not few readers before, and certainly never with so much distinctness as in these most vivid sketches. In the series of papers entitled "*A Quarrel with some Old Acquaintances*," wherein he wittily illustrates the fallacy of some of our most popular aphorisms, what can be better than the following comment on the good old saw, "A burnt child dreads the fire?"

"There is no such thing as burning the frailty out of the flesh. We shrink from the first tingling of the flame, but instantly advance again to the scorching point. We insist on self-roasting by slow degrees, and at regular intervals, to show our contempt for experience, and to develop our chief virtue, which is obstinacy. Man will take any thing you like, except warning. Who ever heard of a half-drowned skater dreading the ice? The oftener it breaks under him—the thinner the sheet he loves to cut his epitaph upon. Would any creature who had endured amputation of the leg by a skilful tiger, be prevailed upon to keep the other out of a jungle, if he had but a chance of hopping into it? Does the angler, who has been racked with rheumatism during a long career of no sport, shiver at the idea of catching an ague at last? Or would he who has three times dropped from the clouds in a parachute, having broken three limbs, hesitate at a

fourth venture, while he had yet about him a neck undislocated? Assuredly not? A burnt child is fond of the fire. The mariner who has been most frequently shipwrecked, is fondest of water. The adventurer who has miraculously escaped the fangs of a dozen fevers, in as many parts of the world, is the very man who resolves upon a visit to Sierra Leone; and he who has as often survived the all but deadly attacks of thirst and famine, is sure to inquire out his way to the great desert at last. A burnt child is particularly fond of the fire. Forewarned, forearmed, is sheer nonsense. Who is so indefatigable a scribbler as your abundantly damned author? Which of our orators speaks so long and so often as he whom nobody listens to? What actors are so constantly before the public as those whom the town will not go to see? Who so easy to deceive as the dupe who has been taken in all his days? The gamester is a legitimate child of that frail couple, *Flesh and Blood*. He loses a fourth of what he is worth at the first blow; esteems himself lucky if he loses less to-day than he did yesterday; goes on staking and forfeiting by the hour; and parts with his last guinea by exactly the same turn of the dice which lost him his first. Experience leaves fools as foolish as ever. The burnt child burns to undergo a course of roasting."

Again, on the theme, "Plain Dealing is a Pearl," he thus moralises, like the melancholy "Jaques":—

"The pearl, plain dealing, is the more costly by reason of its possessor's continual temptation to produce it, and to hold it up to the light, that men may gaze on and admire its lustre. Directly he does this, he is either knocked down by common consent, for an upstart, or cut by decent degrees, as an utterer of exceedingly unpleasant truths. If the pearl-holder be in a dependent position, we need not go further than Granada, or look deeper than into the history of 'Gil Blas,' to discover that he is easily reduced to pauperism, if rash enough to bring his riches into display. The archbishop is representative of clergy and laity too in this matter. Whatever the composition may be, sermon or song, it is sure, if the latest, to be the best performance of its impartial author; and the humble plain-dealer who thinks otherwise is scouted for his conceit and his calumnies. But among equals is this pearl exhibited with greater impunity? The invitation to display it is always given in the strongest terms. 'Now,

pray, my dear sir, give me your honest opinion of my house. Do you like the style? I'm not quite satisfied, I confess; and you must see something that may be altered—now, this room, for example. But tell me your mind frankly; I've entire faith in your taste.' You venture, after a burst of rapturous applause, to suggest that perhaps the cabinet might have been shifted to the other side, or that the light is too glaring on the principal ornament, or that blue is a cooler colour than crimson; or you find that the grounds have not been made the most of, or that some people might have apprehended the situation to be damp, or, in short, that a perfect paradise is a rarity in this part of the world; and then be sure, that although you pronounce the dining-room to be unexceptionable, from that hour you never set foot in it again: for your candid friend detests your envy, and despises your taste. You are lucky if he forgets to abuse you for three months, as one who would not scruple to undermine the peace of a family, or pick an innocent man's character to pieces."

The saying, "Like father like son," produces the following quaint speculations:—

"We never found the young Grimaldi much like the old one; nor was Cardinal Wolsey as he grew up remarkable for any striking likeness to his sire; nor did Claude Lorraine resemble his, nor Nero his; nor was Cleopatra in all things the image of her mother. The first son, Cain, was not a bit like the first father, Adam. Nobody can know the old chip by the blocks. The cut of the family face comprises wonderful opposites—unlikenesses that seem the work of design. The nose paternal is seldom the nose filial. The handsome aquiline has frequently a snub for its eldest born, and the meek dove's eye becomes a goggle in the next generation. The tall, hardy, fine-limbed veteran looks upon his shrimp of a son, wondering whether he will be mistaken for a man when he is bald; and the father, five feet high, looks up to his long boy, wondering when he will come to an end. With mental gifts, the rule of contradiction still obtains. Philosophy begets folly, and from fools issues wisdom. It is often the fate of genius to leave an illustrious name to a dolt, as it is the fortune of a dolt, still more apparently hopeless, to see in his offspring the enlghtener of nations—the enchanter of all ages. He who could never read a book in his life, stares to find his son

writing one, with an eager and applauding public looking on; while he who is justly reputed to have made half the world wiser, feels himself incapable of communicating a particle of his wisdom to the inheritor of his name. Other shades of difference are discernible where these fail. The son of the mathematician has an inveterate turn for poetry; the author of fairy tale and fable hails in his boy a young political economist; and the offspring of the sublime expounder of divinity goes upon the stage."

The wit is generally very neatly and delicately expressed:—

"Every proverb-maker thinks his own fallacies truths—his own folly, wisdom—very likely. But society is, nevertheless, thickly sown with self-depreciators—with people who cannot divest themselves of the uncomfortable belief that their swans are geese. We are acquainted with a gentleman, who thinks his own wife the ugliest woman alive. There are scores, at least, of such modest husbands in every city."

"A great fortune is a great slavery," is thus ridiculed:—

"These unfortunate slaves, the rich, in a free country, obtain no consideration. People stare at a man as his carriage is whirled along Pall-Mall, and turn their heads back to look, too often with a sensation of envy. They little think what it is to ride about with a coal-mine hanging about the heart;—they gaze upwards at the windows of a mansion, in which light, and music, and festivity seem to be making a paradise, and never stop to consider that the enslaved owner has three or four parks—far off in the country—pressing, with their many-acred expanse, upon his brain! They see him sauntering into his club, and never reflect that there may be a canal, forty miles long, running through his mind! or half a railroad harrowing up his whole soul! They know that he is deeply confined in the stocks, and yet deem him free! Where is the country whose bonds are not about and around him? And yet men doubt whether his condition be that of slavery—poor man!"

I close with an extract from "Some Account of the Inconsolable Society," together with a hearty recommendation of these, the most delightful ro-

lumes that have issued from the press for the last thirty years.

"The qualification for admission into this rapidly-rising society is only defined in the general provision that the candidate must be past consolation. It will not do to look merely melancholy and gentlemanlike; the society admits of no mock-miseries. No vague misanthropy or lugubrious morbidity of disposition is sufficient to ensure election. Neither will an actual calamity, however tragic to the party, at all times prevail. We can relate an instance. An acquaintance of the miserable wretch to whom we owe these particulars of the institution offered himself lately as a candidate, on the ground of having unexpectedly become a widower the week before. The loss of a wife was held not to be a sufficient qualification, and the gentleman was white-balled; for the black balls in this society are the certificates, not of rejection, but of election. It appearing afterwards, however, that a considerable annuity, which he had enjoyed in right of his wife, had ceased with her, his claim was readily reconsidered, and unanimously allowed. Among other cases, an inconsolable friend mentioned that of a highly popular author, who was labouring under a grievous attack of 'tedium vitæ,' and wished to join the Inconsolables in consequence of the remorselessness of a literary reviewer, who had infamously proved him to be a blockhead. The plea was not satisfactory, and the highly popular author would have been rejected as not thoroughly undone and brokenhearted, had not the scale been suddenly turned in his favour by the fact that his most particular and intimate friend had resolved to write a defence of him in another literary journal. This at once decided the point of qualification!"

The following letters from Blanchard are inserted, rather to prove the kindness of his nature than to astonish by their innate qualities. In a literary point of view they cannot be considered interesting; they manifest, however, the fact, that he spared no labour to oblige his friends. At the time I was engaged in writing the Memoir of Maginn (first published in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE) and collecting his stray writings, I wrote to Blanchard for assistance. Most kindly, cordially, and promptly he gave it; and I have never forgotten, from that hour, the

attention he paid to my request. Those who have read that memoir will probably accept the following letters as a pendant to it; and their most appropriate place of publication is the close of this paper, and in the magazine itself which was the medium of publication I adopted.

The last and most interesting of the five letters requires explanation. On the publication of the memoir, a variety of the most infamous slanders was circulated. Among the rest, an article appeared in the *Church and State Gazette*, accusing me of falsehood in stating that I had written to Sir Robert Peel the letter which was published in a note to the memoir. The article boldly pronounced that I had never written any such letter, and gravely stated that it was written to Sir Robert by some other person or persons whom the *Gazette* was ready to produce. This atrocious and wicked nonsense was transcribed into a respectable London paper, the *Morning Post* (to whose kind criticisms I have been more than once much indebted); and thence it went the round of all the provincial journals and periodicals.

I have made it a rule to endure any calumny, however vile, rather than contradict it; and I never, until now, took the least notice, publicly, of this abominable and flagitious falsehood. Nor should I have done so on the present occasion, only as incidental to these observations on the fifth letter. Another of the lies was, that I had vilified poor Miss Landon in the memoir. The people who circulated the story, believed that the blockheads who were likely to hear it were not the persons to give themselves the trouble of examining whether the charge was true or false. And widely, accordingly, did the slander fly. Among the rest, it reached Blanchard, and I wrote to him in relation to it. The fifth letter was his answer; a most satisfactory one, I need not add. Of poor Miss Landon I have never wished to speak or write harshly; of the nature of her acquaintance with Dr. Maginn, I shall say nothing. What Blanchard's views of that "fatal friendship" were, must be manifest from his own letter; mine are already before the world. The three are sleeping in their dark graves.

"Saturday, October 14th, [1843.]

"MY DEAR SIR—When I received your note, I felt sure of sending you a better reply than this by the time mentioned; but the illness of my wife took me to St. Leonard's, whence I have returned only for a few days, during which time I am steeped to the lips in ink; but by the end of the month, or as soon as I can touch on such a subject, and however briefly and worthlessly, I will write to you upon it.

"Yours faithfully,

"LAMAN BLANCHARD."

"DEAR SIR—I have been looking for a few scraps of letters or memoranda which might be of use, but without success. My notes from poor Maginn refer solely to societies or orders for theatres; and I much fear that I shall be unable to aid, even by a line, the promotion of a work in which a sincere respect for our friend's generosity of character, and the heartiest admiration of his many-handed genius, naturally lead me to feel the deepest interest. But my search and my anxiety on the matter are not ended. You shall, with the greatest pleasure, have the result of my labours, if of any good.

"With reference to letters relative to L. E. L. (to which I fancy you allude, although you do not mention her name), the doctor promised me some; but at our repeated conversations personally, it was thought best that nothing whatever should be said; and nothing whatever of a public nature did I see or receive from him.

"Yours faithfully,

"LAMAN BLANCHARD."

"11, Union-place, Wednesday.

"MY DEAR SIR—I have just received the inclosed, relative to the point you inquired about. Hitherto I have not been fortunate enough in fishing up anything useful; but I shall not, for my own pleasure's sake, be unmindful. I am truly sorry to hear contradicted a statement on which I had relied, that the ministerial rule of ingratitude had been broken for once, and that Mrs. Maginn had a pension.

"Yours faithfully,

"LAMAN BLANCHARD."

"I remember the doctor when writing squibs and reviews in *The True Sun* paper (Radical), when I edited it, in 1832; but I cannot get at them, and feel confident that, though extremely clever, they would not be re-publishable."

"MY DEAR SIR—It was *The True Sun* in which Maginn wrote, and which Mr. Bell and myself edited for three years, from March, 1832. The doctor began to contribute from the beginning, and continued at intervals. I remember his reviewing 'Waterloo, a Poem,' (I think) by Murdo Young, the present editor of *The Sun*. I know he did more local and timely things, both of rare humour; but I have not a file of the paper. It would be agreeable to my feelings, if acceptable to you, to add my impression of Maginn's after-dinner vagaries, and of his clear and sound judgments at other seasons, on points seriously submitted for his opinion.

"Yours truly,

"LAMAN BLANCHARD."

"Union-place, Monday Morning.

"MY DEAR SIR—I lose not a moment in replying to your frank and friendly letter, in thanking you for it heartily, and in giving greeting fit to the open and manly spirit that dictated its every word. But it is all a mistake. I never expressed 'indignation,' strong or weak, at the article, not having read it up to this moment.

Observe—a countrywoman of yours, and a friend to the late* L. E. L. (for I hate with my whole soul the name I have blotted out, and don't know how I came to write it), sent me a note saying how much she was concerned to see a statement in the article alluded to, relative to poor Letitia, and asking me if I could not, as her executor, notice it in some way. The very thought of referring again to those painful by-gones, sickened me; but I instantly inquired of friends (indeed on two occasions when several were present) what the allusion was; and the impression I received was, that the feelings of my lady friend had been a little too sensitive, and that there was nothing which could be noticed. The number was to be sent to me, and I was to judge, &c. But a heavy family illness, shutting out all literary considerations, ensued; and this was followed by a fortnight's illness to my own share. Moreover, the number never came, and the article I have never seen to this hour—being well willing to reserve it until I was in better spirits, and having a little silent dread inwardly on the score adverted to. You will see by this that indignation I never could have felt; but most unquestionably I expressed myself at the time *with much anxiety and concern*, and some friend may have mistaken my feelings on the subject. With respect to poor L. E. L., I had studiously avoided introducing even the doctor's name. After several conferences with him, we seemed to think that a certain mention of him might be required; but this idea was abandoned; and I confess, from the knowledge I have of everything relative to him and to her on several grave points of their experience, there is nothing I so much deprecate, for the sake of both memories, as bringing their names in connexion. Very sure I am that the feeling nearest the heart of Maginn was a desire to spare her at his own cost. Whatever his faults were, and however fatal his friendship to her, he was true to the very core in his devotions to her welfare. If on reading your chapters, I should see anything that calls for a postscript to this, I shall not scruple to send it in the same spirit of candour and cordiality which you have yourself shown.

“ Faithfully yours,
“ LAMAN BLANCHARD.”

* The name is crossed through in the original manuscript, as if the writer had been seized with an inward shudder of horror at his inadvertence in using the hated word.

THE BRITISH THEATRE.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

If the drama is the branch of composition which, by the common consent of man, requires the greatest effort of genius and intellectual power, still more wonderful is the blending of the mental and physical qualities which the part of the performer requires. Acting, in its highest branches, is not merely a fine art—it is the combination of them all. The soul of poetry is its very essence; it is a thorough perception not merely of the obvious meaning, but the secret spirit of the divine inspiration, which is its foundation. The mind of the actor must be sympathetic with that of the author—it must be cast in the same mould, and developed in a great degree in the same proportions. Hence the remarkable force and beauty with which nearly all distinguished actors read poetry, and the extraordinary addition which their accent and intonation make to the effect of the most beautiful and best known verses. When we hear the most familiar poetry read by a great performer, we feel as if we never understood it before, so vast is the addition made to its pathos and expression. A thorough acquaintance with the human heart, alike in its outward expression and inmost recesses, is not less indispensable; it is the knowledge of that which constitutes his chief power; it is its exhibition which gives rise to his greatest triumphs. The eye of a painter, the conceptions of a sculptor, are the basis of all that highly important part of the art which depends on the exhibition of external beauty, the arrangement of drapery, the exhibition of grace, the display of the witchery of expression and gesture. But vain is every such attempt, if nature has not given to the performer the physical advantages which are the basis on which they must all rest; if the countenance has not the beauty which the eye of man never ceases to desire in woman! if the figure have not the proportions which the common consent of nations has

stamped as the perfection of form. Even if all this marvellous combination is found in the same individual, their effect would be lost if an additional quality is wanting; for grace is the very soul of beauty on the stage, and it is its inexpressible charm—partly the gift of nature, partly the acquisition of study—which forms the chief element in the cæstus with which the fascinating actress is surrounded. The author rests on genius or intellectual power alone, and strong in their might he casts away, perhaps neglects the aid of physical qualities; but the stage, even more than oratory, requires the union of *both* for its greatest triumphs, and in its most perfect masters exhibits that rare combination of mental and bodily perfection which has ever formed the dream of ideal imagination, but is so rarely to be met with in actual life—

"The youngest of the sister arts
Where all their beauty blends:
For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time:
But by the mighty actor wrought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come;
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb."

It is the extreme rarity of such a combination, either in man or woman, which is the cause of so few really great performers ever appearing on the stage of any country. England, in her long period of intellectual activity and success, can boast only three or four; France or Italy can hardly point to a greater number. Like the other fine arts, greatness on the stage generally appears in more than one individual at the same time, or nearly so; and the lustre of this constellation is succeeded by a long night of mediocrity or decline. It would appear to be a law of nature, to which there is no exception in the mysterious regulation of the life of nations, that the highest productions of genius can only be created by them

once; that the efflorescence of the general mind in all the departments where it is destined to attain perfection, takes place at the same time; and that the fruits of autumn are invariably succeeded by the desolation of winter, not less in the moral than the physical world. It may be difficult to explain how it happens, but the most cursory acquaintance with history has impressed upon all thoughtful observers the melancholy conviction, that the corruption of taste invariably follows its perfection, and that the florid riches of the Corinthian order follow the manly proportions of the Doric, the simple grace of the Ionic, in every branch alike of literature, taste, and the fine arts. How long did the era of Pericles endure in Grecian—of Augustus, in Roman story? Where is now the immortal genius of Dante or Raphael, in Italy; of Camoens or Velasquez, in Spain? And when the present generation shall have gone to their graves, what traces will remain on the stage of Britain of the mighty genius of Garrick or Siddons; in France, of that of Talma and Mademoiselle Georges?

The thirst for novelty, the desire of change in the public, the variety of originality in artists, is the main cause of this downward progress. Like the Athenians, in the days of St. Paul, highly civilised nations spend their time in the search of something new. Change is incessantly required, even though that change is from perfection to mediocrity. Great reputations become obnoxious from their very greatness: envy criticizes, malice derides, mediocrity tires of them. Men are tired of hearing them called the Just. This prevailing disposition of human nature may be observed in the perpetual changes of dress, furniture, and architecture which are constantly going forward, apparently for no other reason but in order to make the new productions different from what the old had been. When the old were perfect, it may readily be conceived what the new must be. Variety, and the desire for praise in the artists, coincide with and foster this tendency in the public. Each one strives to strike out something new, in the hope of earning the praise of originality. Imitation of preceding greatness, or

even the inhaling of its spirit, is deemed the indication of a little mind. Hence the invention of new orders in architecture conspicuous only for their deformity; hence the overloading of former ones with meretricious ornaments; hence the extravagance of Turner's colouring, after the once spotless style of Claude; hence the fantasy and horrors of the modern French drama, after the noble models of Corneille and Racine. To other arts beside architecture, the lines of Thomson are applicable—

“—————First, unadorned
And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose:
The Ionic next, with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heaved: luxuriant last
The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wealth.”

In addition to these sources of corruption common to the stage with all works of imagination, there are others peculiar to itself, which render the downward progress of that noble art more certain and rapid than any other. These are to be found in the adventitious aids which it derives from the extraneous but far inferior charms of scenery, music, dancing, and decoration. Immense is the danger, incalculable the degradation, which originates in this source. It is only the greater from the attractive nature, especially to the multitude, of those seductive allies to the naked majesty of thought. Every one knows how strongly they act upon the imagination—how powerfully they stimulate the senses—what a whirl of delightful sensations, for the moment at least, is produced by their combination. If any one doubts it, let him go to the opera of London, Paris, or Naples; his scepticism will probably not survive five minutes after their splendid exhibitions. But though the effect of these half imaginative, half physical displays, when the eye, the ear, and the imagination are alike entranced, is for the time irresistible, they are very different, on the retrospect, from the recollection of the noble pieces of the drama represented by the great masters of the histrionic art. They partake of the fleeting nature of sensual pleasure, so closely resembling, according to the beautiful image of the poet, flakes of snow falling on a wintry stream—

“A moment white; then lost for ever.”

But the noble lines of Corneille, recited by Talma—the dignified characters of Shakspeare, personated by Siddons—the bewitching scenes of tenderness represented by Faucit, sink indelibly in the memory, for they are rested on the spiritual and immortal part of our nature :—

“Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.”

In every country, and in every age, there is a danger that music, dancing, and decoration will supplant tragedy—that the theatre will yield to the amphitheatre—the drama to the melodrama. The very composition of the words we have unconsciously used shows how the corruption takes place—the drama, the theatre, are the root, the origin; but from it a very different production grows up. In truth, it is much to be feared that it is only in *one* stage of national progress that the taste for the legitimate drama is prevalent, and that that period, like that of national greatness, genius, or purity of taste, is generally very brief. It is the period when elevated and heroic feelings have not yet lost their ascendancy, but the stern realities of war, from which they took their rise, have given place, in a numerous class, to the arts of imagination, the tastes of peace. Grandeur of thought then must have vent, for it exists in the public mind; but the period of action has passed, it finds it only in the charms of fiction or the magic of representation. The age of Pericles succeeding the struggle of the Persian war—of Augustus, following the Roman conquest of the world—of Ariosto and Tasso, consequent on the expiring exploits, but yet vivid dreams of chivalry—of Shakspeare, after the mighty heave of the Reformation—of Corneille, contemporary with the glories of Louis XIV.—of Scott and Schiller, coeval with the fervour of the French Revolution, all denote one and the same stage in the national mind. “In the infancy of a state,” says Bacon, “arms prevail; in the middle age, arms and learning, for a short season; in the decline, commerce, and the mechanical arts.” It is during this “short season,” that the drama, whether in composition or representation, rises to perfection; it is in the long period of decline, when “commerce and the mechanical arts” form the common

objects of pursuit, that it gives place to the attractions of the melodrama, because man has degenerated into a sensual being.

The romantic drama of modern times has augmented this degrading tendency, because it has at once superseded the necessity of mental power, and introduced the aid of sensual attraction. The simple and stern drama of antiquity admitted of little aid from the exhibitions of the melodrama. Where there was no change of scene, little deviation from time, no dancing, and three or four characters only in the piece, it was impossible to captivate by the mere phantasmagoria of theatrical display. The recitation of the chorus, the only aid extraneous to the genius of the poet it admitted, mainly rested for its effect on the beauty of lyrical poetry, the magic of association derived from the events referred to. Every thing depended on the poet and the actors, and on them alone. The dramatist was a naked gladiator with the sword of genius in his hand; if he could not wield it, he was lost. But the romantic drama has introduced a very different and much more easy field for exertion. The poet and the actor do not descend into it alone, but with a host of allies to sustain their sinking arms. The melody of music, the attractions of dancing, gorgeous displays of dresses, processions, and decorations, frequent changes of scene, beautiful representations of nature, the clash of arms, the rolling of drums, the clang of trumpets, the excitement of combat, are freely called in to aid the languid exertions of thought, to compensate the eloquence of passion. A long continued story is told—the interest of a romance is attempted to be awakened by the exhibition of its chief scenes on the stage—everything that painting, music, and even place furnish, are called in to interest the audience. Great, at times, is the effect of this combination; it has not been disdained by the greatest genius. Witness the last scenes of *Macbeth*, the scaffold scene in *Venice Preserved*. But such aids are dangerous, for they lead the mind to depend on something foreign to itself. They are the bladders on which mediocrity is sometimes supported on the waves; but it is on his own arm, not foreign aid, that the athletic swimmer depends.

The admission of a lower and less instructed class into the great theatres, in consequence of the increase of wealth and population, has had a powerful effect in augmenting this degrading tendency in the public mind. Even in the time of Voltaire it had become a subject of complaint to that great critic and tragedian, that the class of men who, in the time of Corneille, habitually attended the theatre, no longer did so; that the noble sentiments, the statesman-like reflections with which his writings abound were, in consequence, abandoned; that women constituted the majority every where, and gave the tone to everything, and that they would tolerate nothing but love.* But if this was true in Voltaire's time, how much more is it the case at this time, and in this country? The class of persons who frequent the theatre has entirely changed in the last half century. In the early days of George III. the king and queen went once a week to Drury Lane or Covent Garden; of course the nobility and fashionable world did the same. Garrick was the habitual and intimate friend of Burke, Johnson, and Reynolds; Mrs. Siddons, the frequent and valued guest of royalty; she first detected the mental malady which spread such a gloom at intervals over the reign of that able and upright monarch. Now Covent Garden and Drury Lane, deserted by the nobility, seldom visited, and then only for form sake, by the sovereign, have been driven, in self-defence, to exhibitions of music and dancing. The tragic muse no longer is heard within their walls; the first has become a concert room, the second an English opera house.

It is not surprising that this change has taken place. The class who frequent and support the theatres has undergone a total alteration during the last thirty years. Instead of the first in rank and the first in talent—instead of the wits and beauties of the day, the theatres are crowded by a motley assemblage of strangers, foreigners, youths, and Cyprians. Twenty thousand of the first class, who are on an average, every evening, in the metropolis, constitute the main support of the drama; their number is swelled,

when parliament is sitting, and a railway mania rages, to eighty or an hundred thousand. It is needless to say what description of ladies so prodigious an influx of young men, generally with little to do, and much money in their pockets, attracts to the saloons and boxes of the theatres. Equally clear is it that stimulants to the senses constitute the great object of desire to those classes.† Elegant women, beautiful dancing, voluptuous music, will carry the day with them before the majesty of Siddons, the dignity of Kemble, the pathos of O'Neil, the grace of Faucit. The degradation of the stage is, in great part, the consequence, it is to be feared unavoidable, of the prodigious increase in wealth and population which has taken place in the empire during the last thirty years; and of the unparalleled augmentation of private business before the legislature since the Reform Act, which has attracted so vast a multitude of strangers to the metropolis, during the most important months in the year.

In truth, the present depressed situation of the legitimate drama in Great Britain, is, it is much to be feared, in reality owing to a more general cause, inherent in the present state of society, and for which, without an entire revolution in ideas, habits, and institutions, it is hardly possible to see a remedy. This is the progressive, and now general rise of the middle and lower ranks into circumstances of comfort, and the advantages of education, which it is the deserved boast of modern civilization to have effected. The theatres are now filled with a class who, though instructed to a certain degree, have not, and cannot possess, the refined and classical education, which is necessary to a due appreciation of excellence in the productions of the drama. The very names of the persons are unknown to them. Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, Iphigenia, Achilles, Antigone, Pompey, Cassius, Hecuba, Nero, Britannicus, Junia, Bajazet, Zaire, Godfrey of Bouillon, Rinaldo, and the like, at which the heart of every scholar and really educated person of both sexes throbs, are to those men long and unknown names. They

* *Commentaires sur Corneille, Cinna, Note, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

are like the titles of Hindoo rajahs, or Persian princes, in general so tiresome and perplexing to an European reader. What the numerous inmates of the theatre require is not any incidents founded on the history of such remote, and, to them, unknown times, but something rousing to the imagination, and stimulating to the senses, which all, in consequence, can understand.

When the majority of the play-going public come to belong to this class, from its rise in affluence and importance, the last hour of the legitimate drama, in that country at least, has struck. Dancing, processions, scenery, voluptuousness, will prove more lucrative to the manager; and, therefore, speedily supersede power and sentiment in the poet, genius or versatility in the performers. The highly-educated ranks, dissatisfied with the prevalence of such meretricious aids on the boards, will gradually drop off, and leave the theatre entirely in the hands of the middle and lower classes, who, though in fact affluent and able to maintain it, are not sufficiently refined in their ideas to keep it up in its proper sphere. We see this every day in London, where, while the native theatres are almost all abandoned to the melodrama, the correct drama is nearly confined to the Italian opera and the French play, where the use of a foreign language practically confines the audience to the highly-educated classes.

The stage has one peculiar and melancholy feature, which belongs to it alone of all the fine arts. The efforts of the performer perish in the moment of creation. If they are more extraneous and overpowering than the productions of genius in any other department, they are also more evanescent; if they combine, in one enchanting form, all that taste and talent have achieved in all the other arts, they expire in the midst of the delight they have produced. Music itself is less fleeting. The genius of the composer has breathed the soul of harmony into his pieces. The mighty conceptions of Handel, the bewitching melody of Mozart, will captivate mankind to the end of the world. The skill of the vocalist, the taste of the performer, are heard no more, indeed, when their strains are over; but the music remains, and another artist, a second or-

chestra, will recall again the first divine illusions. But who is to recall, what perpetuate, the noble conceptions of the actor? The generation who have witnessed them will retain, indeed, their inimitable perfection indelibly engraven on their memory; but how is their impression to be conveyed to future ages? How is the look, the voice, the gesture, the accents of love, the step of grace, the glance of indignation, the cry of despair which thrills every heart which witnesses it, to be perpetuated? How is a conception of it ever to be conveyed to future ages? Alas! it is impossible. It is too ethereal to be seized by mortal hands; it is too spiritual to be apprehended by earthly bonds; like the ravishing sounds which steal upon the ear when the light zephyr sweeps over the chords of the Æolian harp, it sinks into the heart, but lives only in the secret cells of the memory.

Notwithstanding this difficulty, it is possible, by writing, to convey some idea of the distinctive character of great performers. It is so, because every civilized age has, and ever will have, the stage, and therefore every one has some model—inferior, perhaps, but still a model—which he has witnessed, which aids him in embodying the conceptions which the writer wishes to convey. The same difficulty exists, though in a much lesser degree, in the description of scenery. If the reader has beheld no scenes in nature of the same kind, the most glowing language, the most graphic details, will fail in conveying any distinct or correct conception of them. He will think he is conceiving new scenes, when, in fact, he is only repeating old ones. But if he has seen some objects of the same class, though inferior in magnitude or effect, he will be able, from an accurate description of the leading features of a scene, to convey some idea of what the writer intends to convey. Thus, whoever has seen the Alps will have no difficulty in forming a conception of Lebanon or the Andes from the glowing pages of Lamartine or Humboldt; and the rush of Schaffhausen will enable the imagination, even of those who have never crossed the Atlantic, to figure the thunder of Niagara. It is in the hope that similar aids may assist the feeble efforts of the pen, that the following attempt is made to

give a picture of the great tragic performers of the last and the present age.

Of GARRICK, all have heard; but none of the present generation have seen him, and it is the more advanced in years only who have received accounts of his extraordinary talents from eye-witnesses. They were, undoubtedly, however, of the very highest description. The estimation in which he was held by the greatest men of his own, not the least of any age, sufficiently proves this. The companion of Johnson and Burke, of Goldsmith and Reynolds, of Fox and Gibbon, must have been no common man, independent altogether of his theatrical abilities. Like all persons of the highest class of intellect, his talents were not confined to his own profession; they shone out in every department of thought. He was as great at the supper of the literary club, when in presence of the eloquence of Burke, or the gladiatorial powers of Johnson, as when he entranced the audience at Covent Garden or Drury-lane. Those who enjoyed his friendship, spoke in the highest terms of his conversational powers, as well as the varied subjects of information which exercised his thoughts, and the simple and amiable turn of his mind.

As an actor, his most remarkable quality was his versatility. He had few advantages from nature; his figure, though far from diminutive, was neither tall nor commanding; his countenance was far from being cast in the antique mould; his voice neither remarkably sonorous nor powerful: but all these deficiencies were supplied, and more than supplied, by the energy of his mind, and the incomparable powers of observation which he possessed. There never was such a delineation, at once of the tragic and comic passions. He united the eye of Hogarth for the ludicrous, and that of Salvator for the terrible; that of Caracci for the pathetic, and that of Velasquez for the dignified. It was this close observation of nature which constituted his great power, and enabled him to wield at will, and with such surprising power, the magic wand which swayed the feelings of his audience, alternately rousing them to the highest exaltation of the tragic,

and the utmost stretch of the comic passions. This peculiar power, however, had its disadvantages; it made him fond of stage effect, and condescend to trick. He performed *Lear on crutches*, to add to the effect of the great scene, when he threw them away. It is difficult to conceive how such a combination can exist in the same individual; and certainly experience affords very few instances of a similar union. But the examples of Shakspeare and Sir W. Scott prove that such a blending of apparently heterogeneous qualities may be found in the most highly-gifted dramatic poets. Napoleon's celebrated saying, "from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step," may possibly afford, in a certain degree, a key to the mystery. And the peculiarity was, probably, founded, in both, on the same accurate eye for the working of the human heart, and power of graphic delineation, which, alike in the poet and the performer, is the foundation of dramatic excellence.

A most competent eye-witness has left the following graphic picture of the wonderful power of imitating the expression of human passion which Garrick possessed. In the chapter in which Fielding describes the behaviour of Partridge at the theatre, he says:—

"Partridge, upon seeing the 'ghost in Hamlet,' gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a fit of trembling, that his knees knocked together. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage.

"'Oh, sir,' he exclaimed, 'I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and even if it was really a ghost, it could do no harm at such a distance and in so much company; and yet, if I was frightened, I am not the only person.'

"'Why who,' cried Jones, 'dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?'

"'Nay, you may call me a coward if you will; but if that little man on the stage there is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life.'

"He sat with his eyes partly fixed on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open. The same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet, succeeded each other also in him.

"At the end of the play, Jones asked him which of the players he liked best. To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question—

"The king, without doubt."

"Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mr. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion as the rest of the town, for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage."

"He the best player," cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer. "Why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you call it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why any man—that is, any good man—that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but although, madam, I never was at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country, and the king for my money. He spoke all his words distinctly, and half as loud again as the other. Any body may see he is an actor."

It is impossible to imagine a finer compliment to the superlative skill of the actor which personated nature so exactly, that it was mistaken by the countryman for it.

If nature had done little, comparatively speaking, for Garrick, except endowing him with these wonderful powers, the same cannot be said of the majestic actress who, after him, sustained the dignity of the British stage. Mrs. SIDDONS was born a great tragedian. Every quality, physical and mental, requisite for the formation of that character, appears to have been combined in that wonderful woman. A noble countenance, cast in the finest Roman model; dark eyes and eyebrows; a profusion of black hair; a lofty figure and majestic mien; a powerful and sonorous, but yet melodious voice; were the advantages which nature gave her to follow out her elevated destiny. Her mind corresponded with this dignified exterior. It was essentially heroic. Sir Joshua Reynolds' noble picture of her, seated in the old English arm-chair, as the muse of tragedy, embodies the finest conception of her character. She had not the quickness of Garrick's observation, the marvellous versatility of his powers. There was a certain degree of sameness in all her

representations; but it was the sameness of the Iliad or the Paradise Lost. Her mind appeared to be so elevated, that she could personate, in perfection at least, none but lofty and heroic character. Like Corneille, she could not descend to common life; the heroism was ever apparent. In private society, she was stately and unbending; her most intimate friends could scarcely approach her without awe. She had no playfulness of disposition, no abandon about her; the tragedy queen was ever apparent. But she portrayed to perfection the passions of that character. The world had never seen—perhaps it will never again see—anything comparable to her delineation of female characters of a lofty and dignified description on the British stage. Queen Constance, Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Haller, Jane Shore, and others of that description, were those which suited her best; and the softening of such characters by suffering, or their rousing by ambition, were exhibited by her with the utmost power of the tragic art.

It was not in these characters only, however, that Mrs. Siddons excelled. Nature had apparently intended her for them; but her genius caused her to embrace a wider range. Belvidera, Desdemona, Juliet, Cordelia, Ophelia, Mrs. Beverley, were also constantly acted by her, and with never-failing effect. But this effect arose from her perfect command of tragic emotion; it was in the terrible, not the winning scenes that she was supremely great. She was too dignified, too proud, too lofty to personate the attractive with entire success. None could fail to admire, but scarce any could think of loving her. The man who ventured to do so would have expected to be withered by a glance. You might as well have thought of falling in love with a queen on the throne. It was when the characters she represented were broken by suffering, that her astonishing powers shone forth in their full lustre. Thus it was not Juliet charming all the world by the grace of her movements in the masquerade, or her tenderness in the balcony scene, but Juliet contemplating with horror her resurrection amidst her ancestors' bones, or expiring in the arms of Romeo, in front of the tomb of the Capulets, which riveted every eye,

and melted every heart in the audience. It was not Belvidera persuading Jaffier to betray his comrade, by the witchery of all-powerful love, but Belvidera when she hears the fatal bells toll on the scaffold, or where she goes mad at the recital of the tragic scene which then ensued, which is indelibly imprinted on the recollection of all who witnessed it. But when she did come to the scenes of woe, Mrs. Siddons was marvellously powerful. Inaccessible to the softer, she seems to have felt the full force of the sterner passions. The thrill of horror, the wail of anguish, the maniac cry of madness were represented by her with inimitable effect. Her scream, when she fell on her knees, in *Belvidera*, and said, "I'll dig," can never be forgot by any who heard it. At the distance of five-and-thirty years, it is as present to the memory as the first moment the words were uttered.

Although Mrs. Siddons constantly acted the tragic characters in *Shakspeare*, she was not altogether *Shakspearian* in her ideas. Her mien was too dignified, her figure too commanding, her mind too lofty to embrace the *variety* of characters which floated into the mind of the bard of Avon. It would be unjust to say she was always on stilts, for she often thrilled every heart when she came off them; but she was on them sufficiently often to impress that as the general character of her mind. The Greek drama would have suited her better than the romantic. She would have made a noble *Antigone*, and personated to perfection the daughter of *Agamemnon*. Albeit born in England, and nursed from her infancy to the study of the romantic drama, she seemed to have embraced more closely the spirit of *Corneille* than of *Shakspeare* in her acting. France never produced any thing comparable to the genius with which she would have represented the heroines of *Cinna*, the *Cid*, or *Polyeucte*. She would have made a great *Zayre* or *Alzire*; but the tenderness of *Racine* would have failed in her hands. *Garrick* was superior to her in observation of nature—greatly so in versatility of genius; but he was far inferior in the delineation of passion in great and heroic minds. That she took from nature; but it was nature seen through the medium of her

own disposition, and stamped with its image and superscription.

Theatrical genius seemed to have been inherent in the Kemble blood. It is hard to say, whether *JOHN KEMBLE* was greater as an actor, or his sister, Mrs. Siddons, as an actress. His mind was cast in the same mould; but its features in some respects were different from hers. He had the same tendency to the grand and the heroic—unbending firmness, unconquerable courage, Roman magnanimity, were what he loved to represent, and in which he chiefly excelled. But he had more versatility of power than his majestic sister. *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, were performed by him with as much success as *Brutus*, *Cato*, or *Coriolanus*. *The Stranger* was one of his greatest pieces. The character of *Haller*, worn down by grief, emaciated by anguish, firm in resolution, but writhing under emotion, suited his peculiar and transcendent power. He pourtrayed to the life the idea of *Virgil*—

"Nullis ille movetur
Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabiles audit
Fata obstant, placidaque viri docet obstruit aures.
Assidue hinc atque hinc, vocibus horreo,
Tunditur et magno percutit pectore curas
Mens immota manet; lachrymæ volvantur inanes."

Kemble's figure and countenance were admirably adapted to the representation of melancholy or dignified character. Both were heroic. Cast in the Roman mould, his face had the high features, stern expression, and lofty air which spring from magnanimity of soul and conscious lustre of descent. His air, step, and manner on the stage were entirely in unison with this character; though not tall, his majestic carriage and firm step bespoke the heroic mind. He walked the boards like *Coriolanus*; his seat at the council was that of *Cato*; *Brutus* could not with more dignity have drawn his sword from his scabbard. His voice was husky, and generally in a kind of sing-song, but powerful in his burst of passion. It is probable that his style of acting would not meet with the same unqualified admiration now which it did in his time; it was better suited to an heroic than a utilitarian age. It would now be complained of as stiff and unnatural. It bespoke the period which achieved the victories of *Nelson* and *Wellington*.

tem, rather than that which raised a monument to a successful railway speculator. But it is not on that account likely to be the less elevating, or to have approached less closely to the eternal standard of ideal perfection.

Kemble was a great antiquarian. He had closely studied the dress, arms, accoutrements, architecture, and furniture of former ages, and portrayed them, with admirable fidelity, on the stage. His flowing white robes in Cato, his glittering helmet in Coriolanus, his broad short sword in Brutus, are yet present to the recollection of all who witnessed them. These adjuncts to theatrical effect are not to be despised, even by the most exalted genius. They constitute part of its charming illusion; it is no small addition to a noble performance to see the whole, still life with which it is surrounded, a complete realization of former times; to behold again revived, the exact feudal armies of Henry V. or Hotspur; to see Othello arrayed in the true garb of Venetian wealth, and Brutus or Coriolanus walking the boards, with the air and arms of Roman warriors. Immense was the attention which Kemble bestowed on this subject. So strongly did it occupy his mind, so largely did it influence his conversation, that one was sometimes almost tempted to think that nature had destined him rather for an antiquarian than a tragedian. But when he appeared on the stage in the characters he had thus arrayed with so much ease in the garb and panoply of former times, it at once was seen to what end that ancient lore had been applied. It was all brought to bear on the graphic delineation of character; it was as an adjunct of mind, that matter was to him so much the object of study. It was the combination of both which constituted the magical illusion of his performance.

"Time may again revive,
But ne'er eclipse the charm,
When Cato spoke in him alive,
Or Hotspur kindled warm.
What soul was not resigned entire
To the deep sorrows of the Moor,
What English heart was not on fire,
With him at Agincourt?
And yet a majesty possessed
His transport's most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of his breast
The Graces gave their zone.
Fair as some classic dome
Robust and richly graced,

Your Kemble's spirit was the home
Of genius and of taste;
Taste like the silent dial's power,
That when supernal light is given,
Can measure inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in heaven.
At once sensible and correct,
His mind surveyed the tragic page,
And what the actor could effect,
The scholar could prease."

Kemble's style of acting, as his cast of mind, was at bottom the same as that of Mrs. Siddons, and that circumstance rather diminished than enhanced the effect of their performing together. They were too similar in mind as well as body, they were brother and sister—they could never be lovers. As the hero and heroine are generally in the latter predicament, it may be conceived how much this similarity took away from the effect of two performers of opposite sexes, but each of such transcendent excellence, acting at the same time. Yet was the impression produced by this combination of talent great indeed, and such as amply to justify the glowing lines of the poet:—

"And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred flame,
When Siddons's auxiliary power
And sister magic came;
Together at the Muses' side
The tragic passions had grown—
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne;
And undivided favour ran
From heart to heart in their applause,
Save for the gallantry of man,
In lovelier woman's cause."

But if the similarity of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in character and style of acting marred in a certain degree the effect of their playing together, the same could not be said of the great successor of the latter on the tragic stage, with whom in his later years he not unfrequently performed. Miss O'NEILL was the worthy successor of Mrs. Siddons in her noble art, and yet she differed from her in so many particulars, that the full effect of her playing with John Kemble was brought forth. Inferior to her great predecessor in majesty of figure and grandeur of conception, to Miss Helen Faucit in winning grace and captivating playfulness, she was equal to either in the delineation of the pathetic, in the representation of the heart-rending passions which have been conceived by the great masters of the dramatic art. She was not so tall as Mrs. Siddons,

and had neither her commanding air nor majestic features. Her countenance, chiseled with a perfection which statuary could scarcely imitate, was rendered more attractive by the perfect beauty and almost pellucid clearness of her skin. Without being dark, her hair was fine: her figure, though not lofty, was cast in the finest proportions. Her disposition led her to the representation of sorrow and tenderness; and no human being ever portrayed the sufferings of woman in greater perfection. She had not the playfulness of manner which wins the heart in lighter characters, or in serious characters in their happier hours; gravity of demeanour was her general characteristic. But when the passions were roused, when woe was felt, when the terrible was to be represented, nothing could exceed the magnificence of her powers. It was not the heroine or tragedy queen relenting or broken down by suffering, like Mrs. Siddons, that appeared: it was the sensitive and affectionate woman who stood revealed in all the simplicity of genuine distress. Nothing could exceed her pathetic powers. She was conscious of them, and brought them forth, whenever the occasion would permit, in their full force. In the last scenes of *Belvidera* and *Juliet* she more continuously represented the extremity of woe than either Mrs. Siddons or Miss Helen Faucit, though she could not exceed them in the vehemence and effect of their occasional bursts of uncontrollable passion.

It is surprising how much the impression, even of the greatest acting, is enhanced by being performed along with another performer of equal powers. The extreme rarity of such a combination increases its effect: it is hardly ever seen by any one on more than a few occasions during a whole life-time; but when it is, it can never be forgotten. It was the rare good fortune of both France and England thirty years ago to possess this singular combination of genius at the same time: for Talma and Mdlle. Georges were performing at the Theatre Française at the moment that Kemble and Miss O'Neil were captivating every heart at Covent Garden. Though the great English tragedian was then ad-

vanced in years, and stooped considerably in private, the energy of his spirit threw off every physical weakness when he appeared on the stage; Coriolanus or Hotspur never trod the field of battle with more majesty than he did the boards. Miss O'Neil was then in the zenith of her charms: young, beautiful, and enchanting. The disparity of years was forgotten when they appeared together. Age seemed reluctant to invade the sanctuary of so much genius. They realized in a degree of perfection perhaps never before witnessed, the beautiful lines of Milton:

"Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed:
For valour he and contemplation furnished;
For beauty she and sweet attractive grace:
He for God only; she for God in him."

Of all the characters which these two great performers played together, the most admirable were the *Stranger* and *Mrs. Haller*. They seemed conceived by the poet for their respective excellencies. The melancholy expression, gaunt visage, and sepulchral voice of Kemble suited the *Stranger*, as well as the marble hue, plaintive voice, and pathetic manner of Miss O'Neil were adapted for *Mrs. Haller*. She was the most perfect image in that character from which a painter would have taken his conception of a lovely *Magdalene*. Nothing could exceed the impression produced when she threw herself on the ground, and said, "I am that wretch." It was the agony of repentance in the confession of crime. When Kemble, in the touching interview with her in the last act, used the expression,

"— You see it
Here in my faded form, here in my sunken cheek,"

the image of heart-stricken woe stood before you, and the look and manner added the form of reality to the words. But the crowning scene of the whole was the last, when the children were brought in. Such was the impression then produced on the audience, that two-thirds of them were invariably dissolved in tears: and when, overcome with the flood of parental tenderness, they rushed into each other's arms, the curtain fell amidst transports

which never since have been equalled on the British stage.*

Notwithstanding these high excellencies, and the magnificent exterior which nature had given her for their exhibition, Miss O'Neil had not much original genius. She struck out nothing new in her characters; she did not, like Mrs. Siddons, electrify the audience by a look or a gesture never thought of by the poet, but adding tenfold to the force of his lines, and in perfect harmony with his conceptions. She worked out with admirable effect the idea of the character presented in the drama, and brought her wonderful persuasive and pathetic powers to give it its full development. But that was the limit of her great-

ness. She did not originate: she brought out the poet's idea, and nothing more. No man could say that her acting had given him a new conception of a character: it had only realized what his had already formed. Nothing could exceed her histrionic powers; but she had not the creative soul within her. None could perform better; but she could not have composed a tragedy. She had not the awful majesty of Mrs. Siddons, nor the winning playfulness of Miss Faucit: persuasive earnestness, deep pathos, were her peculiar gifts, and her figure and countenance enabled her to represent them with the highest possible effect. In that branch of her art, she could not be exceeded.

*The greatest actress now on the stage, and whose profound reflection entitles all her opinions to the highest respect, has made a change in the close of this drama: she makes Mrs. Haller fall back in a faint as the curtain falls, and no appearance of reconciliation is presented to the audience. Her idea, apparently, is, that the fault of Mrs. Haller could not be forgiven, at least in this world; and she leaves it uncertain whether she dies or recovers. The change was in accordance with the high standard of moral feeling, which characterizes all Miss Helen Faucit's conceptions. But we own we felt something of disappointment when the well-remembered rush of the long-severed parents at the voice of their children was no longer seen, and doubt whether any but the most virtuous emotions could be produced by such a touching exhibition on the stage, especially when preceded by such deep-felt woe on both sides. The common idea of that offence being unpardonable suits rather the pride of man, than either the feelings of generosity, or the precepts of religion.

MADDEN'S UNITED IRISHMEN.—THIRD SERIES.

"*Ecce iterum crispinus.*" Dr. Madden is at his mischievous work again. The poor United Irishmen, whose memories were consigned to a charitable oblivion, he will not suffer to rest in peace, but would fain expose them to the gaze of day, and, whether designedly or not, make use of their festering remains for the purpose of inoculating the present generation with the virus of that poison which they themselves proved to be so fatal. We acquit the doctor of all moral guilt in thus scattering firebrands amongst an inflammable multitude. We regard him as nothing worse than a blinded political bigot, for whom history has been written in vain, and who cannot see his way out of the delusions and the fallacies to which the rebels of '98 fell victims. Such would not be their case had they lived to the present day. The demagogues, by whom they were lured to the foot of the gibbet, would no longer possess the power to mislead them. They had seen too many fearful crimes committed in the name of liberty, to be any longer deceived by mere words; and it is our firm persuasion that neither the Emmets, the Shears, the Wolf Tones, or the Napper Tandys, who threw themselves so recklessly into the revolutionary vortex, and by whom the very stones were stirred to rise in mutiny, during that season of political perturbation and alarm, when regicide and atheism were struggling for ascendancy with religion and constitutional order, would now be found giving countenance to the principles which they then professed, and hesitated not to propagate even at the expense of civil convulsion.

Nor can it be said that any useful purpose is to be answered by the manner in which Dr. Madden has given their memoirs to the world. Could they themselves tell their own stories, a useful lesson might be inculcated upon their readers. They would, no doubt, have laid bare the secret springs by which their conduct was influenced, and exposed the sophistry by which

they were led into those absurd and impracticable projects, by which so much calamity was brought upon the country, and which ended in such condign disgrace and misery to themselves. They would freely confess the folly of assuming to themselves the office of the great regenerators of civil society; they would acknowledge that their ignorance of the principles of constitutional government was only to be equalled by the rashness with which they entered upon measures of daring innovation; that their ardent admiration of republicanism was a fevered passion, quickened into revolutionary action by the great anti-social convulsion in France, and of which the worst of tyrannies must be the legitimate offspring; that the crudities of the philosophers by whom they were misled, were but the miserable abortions of heated and fanciful sciologists, whose concealed arrogance was in direct proportion to the emptiness of their pretensions; that the system of administration which they laboured to establish, must have been short lived and sanguinary—capricious and arbitrary in its mandates, and heady and intemperate in its course; that that which they would fain overthrow, with some defects in theory, was characterized by a moderation and a wisdom by which all the ends of good government were secured, to an extent far exceeding any that could be calculated upon by sober-minded men, who eschewed revolution, while they desired improvement; and which possessed, moreover, within itself, a principle of regenerative energy, by which apparent anomalies might be removed, and seeming inequalities adjusted; that the Established Church, which they would scatter to the winds, was but the embodiment of the purest form of primitive Christianity, the existence of which was not only compatible with the most benignant toleration, but the only sufficient security against a Romish ascendancy, by which all hope of a liberal allowance for a conscientious difference of opinion upon religious

subjects must be rendered vain ; and that while evils the most extensive and irreparable must follow the success of their efforts to overthrow the existing order of things, and build upon its ruins some system concocted by sanguinary regicides and visionary enthusiasts, the treatment which they experienced at the hands of government, when baffled and discomfited in their desperate efforts by its wisdom and its firmness, was characterized by so much moderation, that they were lost in penitential gratitude at the clemency which they experienced at its hands.

Such, it is our conviction, would be the language of all who were generous and noble minded of the rebels of 1798 and 1803, had they lived to our day, and been the recorders of their own lives and actions. Such we know to have been the acknowledgments of some whose lives were spared down to a very recent period, and who hesitated not to admit the wildness of their political projects, while they felt nothing but unfeigned disgust at the charlatan sedition-mongers who would fain propagate amongst the present generation similar delusions. "*Quere peregrinum*" was invariably their language, whenever approached by any of the noisy mountebanks who, under the guise of patriotism, would beguile a credulous multitude to their undoing. We have heard all that before, and we have heard it, too, from men who were as honest as they were mistaken—men who, whatever may have been their faults or their errors, never basely traded upon their political principles. But we lived to see that they were but sowing the wind ; and we saw the generation amongst whom their doctrines took root, reaping the whirlwind. Away, then, with the apery of a sedition which aims at the accomplishment of no one great public end ; which is an irritant by which men's minds are made discontented, rather than an instrument by which any praiseworthy object can be achieved ; and which resembles more the device of the knave who assembles a crowd, that he may the more adroitly pick their pockets, than the enterprize of a single minded enthusiast, whose disinterestedness is at all events conspicuous, no matter how great may be its folly or its danger.

But it is with no such object that Doctor Madden's book has been written. It may be described as a conservatory of treason. Whatever were the errors, the follies, the extravagances, the crimes of the zealots who figured upon the revolutionary theatre during the disastrous period of ninety-eight, he has embalmed as so many precious specimens of the virtue and patriotism by which they were distinguished ; just as he has, no doubt, during his novitiate as a medical practitioner, assisted in the preservation of various curious specimens of rare or venomous reptiles, so he now would fain exhibit those traits of character which were the least commendable or excusable in those whose actions he records, as the most entitled to respect and admiration. The objects of his panegyric were *unfortunate*, it is true—they did not *succeed* in the objects which they had at heart. Had they been successful, as their cause was as good, their fame would have been as glorious as that of Washington ; and instead of expiring as felons, or living as exiles, they would have been loaded with honours while they lived, and recognized, after death, as the greatest benefactors of their country. And the moral to be drawn from the doctor's narrative is no other than this, that all future emulators of his worthies should well "*count the cost*" of any enterprize for the upsetting of legitimate government, before they undertake it ; that their means should be abundant, before their motives are suffered to appear ; lest, haply, like the Emmets and the Russells, the Oliver Bonds and the Wolf Tones of former days, their designs should be anticipated by a strong and resolute government ; and they should be found furnishing the gibbet, or inhabiting the gaol, instead of sitting in the high places to which they aspired, as the councillors and governors of regenerated Ireland.

In all this, we praise him not. He has exhibited a pernicious industry in reviving and giving a pestilent currency to the forgotten crimes and follies of former times. It is to be hoped that the general dulness of his work will be, to a certain extent, an antidote to the mischief which representations like his are calculated to make, when urged by one whose abilities are

more formidable as a fomentor of discontent amongst the people. But there are many who will tolerate the dulness, because of the sedition of the pages before us; and from whom our author will even win the palm of ability, because of his blinded and impassioned admiration of the misguided men whom they still fondly regard as confessors and martyrs in the cause of freedom.

That any rational creature should believe that the rebellion of ninety-eight was fomented by the government, with a view to such a prostration of the energies of the country as might enable them to carry the measure of a legislative union, will be deemed, by many, incredible, who do not know the diseased state of opinion amongst the masses in Ireland. We have heard of a man who proposed to set fire to his hay stack for the purpose of banishing the rats by which it was infested. But that such an extreme of folly should be imputed to a minister like William Pitt, or, that it should be deemed credible that a cabinet of English statesmen should be industriously occupied in kindling a flame of discontent in this country, which was to blaze out into civil war exactly at that time when they were engaged in what might be called a life or death struggle with the great military genius who wielded, as one man, the collected might of revolutionary France, and was, one by one, hurling from their thrones the princes and potentates of Europe; this may well be deemed such a perilous refinement of Machiavelianism as none but the most frantic of bedlamites could entertain; and yet, the book before us is chiefly written with a view to countenance a belief so monstrous, and to fasten such an imputation upon the British government! Doctor Madden would have us believe, that whilst William Pitt was defending his house, with all his might, at one side, he was setting fire to it at the other! Ireland, he well knew, was the weak point of the British Empire. It was, as Coleridge happily expressed it—"the vulnerable heel of the British Achilles." And our author would fain impress upon his readers that the prime minister of England was industriously occupied in propagating the revolutionary doctrines, and organizing that extensive conspiracy, which would ensure a warm welcome for our enemies, the

French, at a time when threats of invasion were no idle words, and when no one could tell what a day might bring forth, if a landing in force were once effected to aid the designs of an insurgent population! The people of England may laugh at this as an absurdity too gross to be believed by any one, or to accomplish any other object than that of covering with ridicule the individual by whom it is gravely asserted. But there are hundreds and thousands in this country whose hatred of England inclines them to receive, with implicit credulity, every imputation by which she may be lowered in public estimation; and in whom the very monstrosity of the fictions resorted to with that view, only the more strongly recommend them. For such our author's work has been written; and with such his authority will possess great weight. Ireland, they will believe, was, by a series of hellish contrivances, seduced into rebellion, only for the purpose of being cursed by the cruel and sanguinary measures of retaliation to which its suppression must give rise; and they may well be asked, when such is their conviction, what should be the limit to their hatred of a system of misgovernment so atrocious, which could tempt but to betray, and make the very crimes of which it was the instigator, the excuses for severities which out-herod the misdeeds of all former tyrants!

While we deem it right thus to indicate the diseased state of the public mind in this country, to which it is Dr. Madden's good pleasure to minister, we think it but fair, to the leaders and principals in the rebellion of ninety-eight, to add, that of such a disregard of truth they were guiltless. There was a manly frankness in their disclosures which was at least in keeping with the boldness of the revolutionary projects which they entertained;—and so far from considering themselves the dupes of a government plot, they were free to acknowledge that, long after the conspiracy was known to be both extensive and formidable, so admirable were all its interior arrangements, his Majesty's ministers were utterly at a loss for any clue by which they might be led to a knowledge of its designs or its contrivers.

Nor need they have been over-san-

guine to entertain very confident hopes of success. The peculiar embarrassments of England, the general state of Europe, were such as to encourage the most confident expectations, that by an effort to throw off the English yoke, such as they were prepared to make, they must vindicate the national independence. And we believe that, of almost every one of them, we might say, they would have disdained any miserable subterfuge of lies, by which they should impute to others as diabolical guilt, what they gloried in themselves as the combined result of the purest patriotism and the most exalted reason. But Doctor Madden knows for whom he writes. He knows the market for which his wares are destined. He knows the spirit which has been at work for the last twenty years in quickening into life all that was most pernicious or pestilent in the views or the principles of the revolutionary leaders;—and that his martyrology of the rebels, who died upon the scaffold or in the field, in a cause not the less praiseworthy because unsuccessful, will only be the more acceptable to a large and an influential class of the Irish community, because of his attempt to cover with foul dishonour the government by whom they were victimized, and who, while they incurred the odium of their punishment, should bear the guilt of their imputed crimes. Legitimate history, it is true, will laugh to scorn all such crude devices, in the credence of which there must be as much of blundering folly as there is, in the concoction of them, of deliberate wickedness. But not the less, on that account, will they do the work for which they are designed.

The lives of the United Irishmen might be written in two ways. They might be written as a warning, and they might be written as an example. They might be written in a spirit of indulgence for errors which were but too natural at the period when they lived; and while the hollowness and empiricism of their views and principles was clearly shown, a generous compassion for misguided men might be suffered to temper the severity of historic justice; and that mercy which could not be extended to their persons, without compromising the safety of society, might well be extended to their memories by the bio-

grapher, in narrating their follies and their crimes. But we ask any of his readers, whether such is or is not the spirit in which Doctor Madden's records are composed? Or whether, on the contrary, the personal honesty and the social worth of these unhappy men are not made use of for the purpose of recommending the principles to which they sacrificed their lives? His pages may, indeed, guard his readers against the errors of judgment into which they were betrayed. All future vindicators of the independence of Ireland as a separate state, are warned of the evils of divided councils, the dangers which may be incurred by rashness, and the golden opportunities which are sometimes lost by a timid procrastination; but they will look in vain for any adequate exposure of the great swelling words of vanity by which the most delusive expectations were fostered, or any indignant reprehension of the machinations by which such vast numbers became involved in the guilt of treason. The impression of all who trust implicitly to his guidance in these matters is simply this: "Poor fellows! Their cause was good; what a pity they did not succeed! Well, if another effort is to be made, we trust their errors will be avoided. England may yet see that Ireland is able to vindicate her own; and when that is accomplished, some justice may be done to the memories of her brave but unfortunate defenders." If we "have read his annals true," such, and no other, is the impression which they are calculated to produce; and as there never was a time when the temperament of the masses in this country was more sensibly alive to such impressions, and as an instrumentality now exists for their production and propagation which was wanting to the leaders of the movement in ninety-eight—who had to work up-hill and single-handed in a cause which now moves upon a dead level, and to the acceleration of which a steam power has been applied,—we have deemed it a bounden duty to express ourselves with strong disapproval of the spirit and the tendency of the work before us; and although it is quite beyond our limits to enter upon any minute analysis of it as a whole, we trust to be able to present to our readers such samples of the materials of which it is

composed as may serve to show the animus of the writer, and to disabuse a thinking public of the errors into which he would fain mislead them. An ignis fatuus may sometimes be made to give an intelligent traveller light enough to see his danger.

We now proceed to a notice of the contents of these volumes; and while our readers, who are prepared to make allowance for the author's prejudices, will have reason to admire his perverted industry, we promise them they will be not a little astonished, at his credulity and his blindness.

The first worthy of whom we have a notice, is William Corbet. He was the son of a classical teacher of some eminence, and born at Bally Thomas, in the county of Cork. At the age of fifteen he entered our university; this was in the year 1794; and while there, he formed an intimate acquaintance with Thomas Addis Emmet, Hamilton Rowan, Curran, and other distinguished men, who had passed their novitiate, and entered upon public life; all professing strong opinions on subjects connected with national independence.

Young Corbet caught the prevailing epidemic, and became a flaming patriot before he was out of his teens. What power of thought, or store of wisdom, he brought to bear upon the topics which then stirred the nation's blood, we are not informed; suffice it to say, the rule which was exercised by England over Ireland was denounced as a loathsome tyranny, which should not any longer be endured; all rational hope of a practical amelioration by constitutional means, was contemptuously cast aside; and the young enthusiast fondly indulged in halcyon visions of prosperity and happiness, as the meed of liberated and regenerated Ireland.

Corbet was one of the students who, in the year 1796, proceeded, together with the provost and fellows, as far as the castle, to present an address to the Lord Lieutenant; but then separated from the procession, and made their appearance, as a body, in Francis-street chapel, where a meeting of the Roman Catholics was being held, all the leading members being, as our author observes, at that time, members of the Society of United Irishmen. The following notice of

this occurrence we give as it is presented to us by Dr. Madden from one of the publications of the day:—

“In the course of Mr. Keogh's speech, a great body of the students of the University, who had been that day to present an address to Mr. Grattan, appeared, and were received with the most enthusiastic acclamations; every man was eager to inconvenience himself for their accommodation.” “It was a most interesting spectacle, and powerfully agitated the best feelings of the heart; the members shed tears, but they were tears of rapture. When the enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, Mr. Keogh proceeded to congratulate that meeting, and the whole nation, on the glorious spectacle which then presented itself to their view, the strongest proof, the surest pledge of that spirit of union so beneficial to the Catholics, so essential to Ireland.”

We are not, therefore, surprised to find that, in 1798, he was one of the students expelled by Lord Clare, at the celebrated visitation of the university which he held at that period, for a full account of which we refer our readers to our number for May, 1846.

Our author's next notice of Mr. Corbet is as an officer in the French service, and connected with that portion of the army destined for a descent upon Ireland. The following is his own account of his motives for leaving his own country, and taking service under the government of France:—

“Included in the proscription of the friends of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, I quitted Ireland, my native country, at the age of eighteen years, and, immediately after this Irish chief had been assassinated by the agents of England, I was so happy as to escape in a ship going to Norway, from which place I travelled by land to Paris, and arrived there time enough to offer my services in the expedition ready to sail from the ports of France for Ireland.”

He was one of those who embarked with Napper Tandy, in a French brig, called the *Anacoreon*, when a descent was made at Rutland Island, in the county of Donegal, intended to co-operate with Humbert, who had previously effected a landing at Malinbeg. Upon the defeat of the latter, the force at Rutland Island hastily re-embarked, and narrowly escaped cap-

ture; having been attacked by an English vessel, from the fire of which they suffered much, and compelled to take refuge in the nearest port, which was Bergen, on the coast of Norway. As all egress by sea was prohibited—the port being strictly blockaded by the English—Tandy, Blackwell, and Corbet, resolved to proceed by land to France, but, upon their arrival at Hamburgh, were arrested by the authorities, at the instance, it is supposed, of the English ambassador, and committed to close confinement. His sufferings during his imprisonment are detailed at length by Mr. Corbet. They may have been as severe as he states; but as our readers will find we have some grounds for doubting his veracity, we require to be informed of them by some better authority than his own. In 1799, he and his fellow-prisoners were sent to England, and delivered over to the British authorities, by whom they were transmitted to Ireland, and confined in Kilmainham jail. As the account of his escape from this prison constitutes the romantic part of his story, we defer our comments upon it until we have presented it to the reader in his own words:—

“ We remained two years in this prison, from which no person had before escaped. However, I meditated a plan of escape, in which I had the happiness to succeed, as soon we shall see. Kilmainham is at the distance of about a quarter of a league from Dublin; it was built by the English government to serve as a state prison for the revolted Irish Chiefs. It is constructed of cut stone (*pierres de taille*), and carefully barred on every side. It is surrounded by a wall of forty feet, at a distance of about twenty paces from the main building; the space between the wall and the castle is divided into several yards. State prisoners were allowed to walk there and amuse themselves during the day, but at night we were shut up in the castle. Sentinels were placed all round the outer wall, so that to escape, it would be necessary, after having got out of the castle, to clear this wall, and thereby to deceive the watchfulness of the many guards. This project was of very difficult execution. The circumstances in which my country was then plunged inspired me with a desire of attempting it. England had just put in execution her pernicious project of a Union between the two countries; the Irish resolved to oppose by force a plan

which would annihilate their rights, and to implore the assistance of France. The chiefs of the party, assembled in Dublin, thought that Blackwell and I, who were at the same time Irishmen and officers in the French service, should be the persons best calculated to convey their wishes to the French government, and at the same time to solicit its aid. They communicated to us their designs, and offered us every assistance in their power to effect our escape; we accepted them, and I arranged as follows:—I agreed that six persons, well armed, should come to the foot of the wall, provided with a ladder and cord forty feet long; that they should choose the first stormy night as the most favourable opportunity, that the noise of the tempest might prevent the sentinels from hearing that which might be made in our preparations, and wait until they should be obliged by the inclemency of the weather to retire to their sentry-boxes; that we would throw a ball of pack-thread over the wall, that they might fasten their ladder to it; that we would draw it to us, and have them keep the other end. Blackwell and I, on the evening of the propitious night, seconded by the other prisoners of state, were to remain hidden in the prison yard; and when all would be quiet in the castle, throw to the other side of the wall the cord, forty feet long, by means of a piece of lead half a pound in weight placed at the end of it. We determined, after having cleared the wall, to separate from our liberators, and to enter Dublin alone, to avoid suspicion. Arrived at the top of James's-street, through which it would be necessary to pass into the city, we should meet a man who, on a signal agreed on, should go before us and knock at the door of a house prepared to receive us. We waited for a long while the favourable time; it at length arrived. We made known, by a signal from our prison, that we were prepared for the next night, and they answered from the outside, as was agreed on. Though the hail fell heavily, the prisoners walked in the yard much later than usual; several of them walked abreast, the better to conceal Blackwell and I, who were hidden at the extremity of the yard. When the guards arrived, the state prisoners, collected *en masse* in the corridors, drew on them the attention of the jailers, who closed the gates and retired without discovering our absence. On the nights of the 15th and 16th of February, at 11 o'clock, according to our agreement with our friends outside, we prepared our cord, and I began to throw with all my strength the lead which was at the end of it; but I met

with a difficulty which I did not expect, although I thought I had foreseen all I had to encounter. Notwithstanding all the efforts that Blackwell and I made, we could not throw the lead to more than sixty feet in perpendicular height, and it would be necessary to throw it eighty that it might fall to the foot of the wall at the other side. In effect, the resistance from the air, the weight of the lead, that of the cord itself, and its rubbing against the top of the wall, were so many obstacles opposed to our efforts. We had exhausted ourselves in vain attempts until morning, and not being able to succeed we were obliged to hide ourselves as on the evening before; and we had the good fortune not to be perceived by the guards, when they came to open the gates of the prison. We stole then into our chambers, without being discovered, and went to bed. Our fellow-prisoners saw, through the bars of their windows, our ill success, and did not know to what to attribute it. One of them, a respectable old man, who, in his youth, had passed for one of the strongest men in Europe, perceiving that we had not sufficient strength to throw the lead to the other side, got enraged with us, and exclaimed, 'if I were near you I would throw yourselves over the wall.' I mention this only to show how far our companions were from judging of all the difficulty we experienced. We might naturally expect the next morning their raileries and their sarcasms. They reproached us with our want of strength and dexterity. We wished in vain to justify ourselves; they obstinately maintained that the thing was not so difficult as we pretended. They engaged us that same evening to renew our attempts, and one of the strongest and most clever undertook to throw the lead himself. He took advantage of the moment in which we made a party at ball, and, when the evening was falling, he threw the lead, without being seen by the guards, thought that he had completely succeeded, and left the cord on the wall, hoping, that as it was of the same colour, it would not be perceived. We had informed our friends to be ready for the night, and we hid ourselves again in the evening, during a storm, accompanied with rain and hail, which lasted all night, and favoured our operations much; at midnight we felt that the ladder was attached to our cord, but our friends on the outside told us after that it was impossible for them at first to catch the lead. The tallest of them had felt along the wall in vain to find it, then another mounted on his shoulders, and it was only with the aid of a long cane that the latter had been

able to reach it, and could only do so by drawing the cane up and down to try to catch it, which proves that notwithstanding the strength and dexterity with which he threw it, it did not arrive to the foot of the wall, as our companions thought. I drew the cord to me, and brought the ladder along the wall, however, making more noise than I thought. As it was not difficult to hold this ladder, I gave the cord to Blackwell, and I went to my companions to take my money and papers, which I had confided to them, for fear that I might be taken, and they found on me. They gave them to me through the bars. When I returned to Blackwell, I found that he had broken the cord, and that the ladder had fell to the other side of the wall: this misfortune, which happened to me at the very moment in which I thought there was an end to my misfortunes, threw me almost into despair; I had but one effort more to make. I was furnished, through precaution, with a second cord and lead, but without my companions knowing anything of it, who would have thought this useless. I took off my coat, and after having prepared the cord, I threw it, I will not say with all the force I was able, but with that energy which despair alone can give. I owe my safety to this extraordinary effort; my friends had already drawn the ladder, and were disposing themselves to retire, when the lead fell at their feet. They took it up and fastened the cord and the ladder to it anew. I not only wished to save myself; but that the English government should be ignorant of the means I employed to attain my liberty. On that account I was obliged to draw the ladder after me, so much the more difficult as I was obliged to fix it inside the wall before I could get up, that I might be able to support myself out in descending. At some distance from the foot of the wall was an horizontal opening, barred and intended for water to run through. I passed through one of the bars a cord which fastened the ladder to it, and sufficiently long for me to hold by, after being at the other side of the wall, and in some way to serve as a counterpoise to myself, so that, when descending, it would be possible for me, by letting go this cord, to draw the ladder, which was not fastened in any other way. When all was ready, I invited Blackwell to go up first, but he represented to me that probably the ladder would shift and totter; that in the bad state of his health, it would be more difficult for him than for me to settle it, and on this account he begged of me to go up first. I then mounted, and found that the ladder

shifted as Blackwell thought. We had placed it in rather an inclined position with regard to the wall, without doing which we would have torn our hands and we could not pass our feet through. I mounted seven or eight steps tolerably well, but on account of its inclined position it turned. I was obliged to ascend with my back to the wall with much trouble; and had just reached the top when the step gave way and I fell seven or eight steps. In order to remount, I was obliged to hold by the ladder, supporting the entire weight of my body with hands only, as sailors do on board a ship. At last, arrived at the top of the wall, I stopped some minutes to rest myself and recover breath. I descended afterwards, but I had not arrived at the foot of the wall, when finding my strength completely exhausted and no longer able to support myself, I let go the ladder, and fell. The persons who were waiting for me happily received me in their arms. I remained some time senseless.*

Now can any rational reader require to be told that this is all pure fiction! Let us enumerate a few of the monstrous improbabilities which he is expected to believe:—First, that it would be practicable to elude the vigilance of the sentinels, who were to be driven into shelter by a tremendous storm, which was to last so long as to keep them all within their sentry-boxes not only while a ladder was being fixed against the wall which they were appointed to guard, but until all the preparations within were completed by which the prisoners were to effect their enlargement: second, that there should be such negligence on the part of the governor of the jail, as to permit the prisoners to remain in the yard after their fellow-prisoners had been each committed to his cell: third, that such efforts as Corbet describes could have been made without attracting the notice of some one by whom he and his companions would have been denounced and detected. The whole story bears the stamp of falsehood; nor is our incredulity lessened by his cautious avoidance of all reference to the names of the individuals by whom the apparatus for the escape was provided, and who were so conveniently in an attitude of preparation to receive him when he dropt unexpectedly from the ladder, as well as to the person into whose house he went after

spending the night walking about the city, and where he found an asylum on the following morning!

"The favourable time" for effecting the escape was, when a storm was raging, whose violence was to be such as to drive all the sentinels into their sentry boxes. Well, the favourable moment came, and what does Dr. Madden's worthy do? He makes known by a signal that he would be prepared for the next night! But how could he tell that the next night would be one of rain and storm? It would seem as if he calculated upon the gullibility of the public, quite as much as he pretends to have done upon the carelessness of his keepers!

But not only would Mr. Corbet have his readers believe that his escape was effected in the manner described, but that his disappearance from the prison remained a secret to the governor of the jail for several days! His account goes on to say, that his fellow-prisoners—"the better to deceive the watchfulness of the guards," *"unmade my bed every day, as if I had lain in it; they also asked my food, and every thing I was in the habit of making use of!"* Truly it must have been a well-governed prison, when state prisoners, for whose security the government must have been so careful to make due provision, could thus practise upon the negligent simplicity of their keepers!

Having thus, as he tells us, effected his escape, he remained several days in Dublin, *"communicating with the Irish chiefs,"* who were bent upon another struggle for the deliverance of Ireland, and receiving from them the necessary instructions for the French government. At last, by the aid of a nameless captain of a vessel, he finds his way to Liverpool, where he is concealed in the house of a friend, who is also nameless, at whose table he meets a nameless member of parliament, by whom, however, he is not known. A berth is procured for him in a Prussian vessel bound for Danvers, name not given, by a large bribe to the captain, whose name is also undivulged, as well as the reason why it was necessary to make him acquainted with the perils of the attainted traitor. The crew, by whom the secret becomes suspected, exhibit symptoms of mutiny against the captain, and refuse to take on

board an individual by whom they might be compromised. Not one of these wary mariners has been rescued from oblivion *by the mention of his name!* Escape in this way being thus rendered impossible, our hero returns in the boat to the shore. The boatmen (again a mysterious silence is observed *as to names*), tell their comrades, *also nameless*, what they witnessed, and he is on the point of being discovered, when he hurries to the house of a friend (*nameless*), who saddles for him a horse, with which he gains the country, and having travelled three or four leagues, sends it back, he does not tell *how*, or *by whom*, nor does he appear conscious that by such an act his own detection might be facilitated, and the safety of his friend seriously endangered!

He reaches Sheffield in safety, from which he travels, *by public coach*, to London, where he found Major Sirr had been looking for him, and he was obliged to lie concealed both day and night. After a sojourn of three weeks, he presents himself at the Foreign Office, disguised as a Liverpool merchant, and obtains, under that appearance, permission to embark in a neutral vessel for Embden. His safety, he tells us, was again perilled by being obliged to act as interpreter to some English vessels (*names not given*) which they met on their way. The conclusion we give in his own words:—

“Finally, we arrived at Embden; having rested there one day, I set out for the Hague, where I introduced myself to the minister Bernonville in order to obtain a passport to Paris. The joy that I felt at again finding myself in the French territory, made me forget all my past sufferings during an absence of three years.”

Now what does the reader think of the gullability of Doctor Madden, who can set forth such a narrative as veracious history? We do not, for one instant, suppose that he would knowingly deceive his readers; but that he should give credence to such a tissue of ridiculous absurdities, does indeed move our wonder; especially, as he seems to be in possession of a document by which General Corbet's escape might be much more naturally accounted for, —namely, the account of the disbursement of the secret service money dur-

ing that period; from which it would appear that one whose name bears a very suspicious resemblance to that of the worthy whose marvels he relates, and for whose fame he is so solicitous, received, at various times, from the Irish government, sums amounting, in the whole, to not less than one thousand pounds. It is easy to understand the consideration for which they were given. The information must have been deemed valuable which was thus liberally paid for—Corbet was trusted by domestic traitors and by foreign enemies; and he may have been able to make his peace with the authorities by the frankness with which he disclosed to them the designs and the machinations, both at home and abroad, which it concerned them to know, and with which he was so well acquainted.

In the second report of the committee of the House of Lords, on the state of Ireland, which was presented in 1801, we have the following statement respecting the sources of the private information which the government received, and by which they were enabled to detect and defeat the plots of foreign and domestic traitors:—

“They have already stated that much of the information which has enabled the government, from time to time, to detect and guard against these projects, is of a nature which cannot ever, without extreme inconvenience or danger, be disclosed. The safety of individuals who, resting on the faith of government, have, with great hazard to themselves, contributed, by their secret communications, to avert the public danger, would, too probably, in many instances, be sacrificed by such a disclosure. Many of the secret channels of authentic information, from which so much advantage has been derived at critical periods, would be closed for the future; and the effect intended by the legislature in renewing the suspension of the habeas corpus act, would be, in a great measure, if not wholly, defeated; while sources of intelligence would be laid open to our foreign and domestic enemies, which it is highly material to the permanent interests of the public, carefully to conceal.”

It is manifest, therefore, that Corbet was just the very person they wanted; and that neither Thomas Reynolds nor Jemmy O'Brien did better service in the witness box, than he would do in the council chamber, if

only he could be prevailed upon to make important disclosures. His arrival, just then, in Ireland, was as great a God-send to the government as that of Whittington's cat in the country where the king's palace was infested by rats. And we do not think that he was at all over-paid by the sums which he appears to have received out of the fund which was specially set apart for the reward of such services as he could render.

The "escape," we are told, took place in the February of 1801; and in the April of the same year, Napper Tandy, his fellow-prisoner, was tried, and found guilty, at Lifford, of having appeared in arms against his lawful sovereign, in the descent upon Rutland Island, where he was accompanied by Corbet. Had the latter remained in prison, it would have been impossible to avoid including him in the same indictment; and had he been publicly pardoned, his treachery to his fellow-traitors would have been made known. To connive at his gaol-breaking was, therefore, a very convenient device; and we can much more easily understand the facilities which would be afforded for enabling him to find his way out of prison, than the omnivorous credulity which could receive, as Gospel truths, the series of prodigies to which he avers that he was indebted for his miraculous enlargement.

The list to which we refer appeared in "The World," weekly newspaper, of July 16, 1842; and the copy to which we are indebted for the above information, is at present in the possession of Sir George Cockburn, of Shangana, near Bray, who would, we are sure, if properly applied to, indulge any gentleman with a perusal of it.

Having reached Paris, he resumed his place in the French service. Bonaparte was then First Consul, striding rapidly towards his imperial elevation; and the flaming Irish patriot, to whom the government of England was an unsupportable tyranny, becomes a bond-slave to the most bloody and profligate system of misrule, whether democratic or despotic, that ever existed in the world!

When Spain was invaded by Napoleon, an act of treacherous aggression which not even his most thorough-going partizans pretend to justify, Corbet was amongst the troops by whom

its liberties were to be cloven down. He was with Massena in the retreat from Torres Vedras, where cruelties the most frightful were perpetrated upon a defenceless peasantry. He was with Marmont at the battle of Salamanca, and was present at the sieges of Almeda and Ciudad Rodrigo in 1810. He was present, also, at the battles of Rutzen, Bautzen, Warschen, Dresden, and Leipsic, in Germany, and no doubt distinguished himself as a gallant soldier. But what is to be thought of the cause in which he was engaged? Was it such as to justify him in renouncing his ties of allegiance? Where was liberty then? Suppose his imperial master to have succeeded, and that the Continent was again prostrate under his power—

"And Europe like a map before him lay,
Of which he gave at will, or took away,"

what would become of the independence of nations? And suppose the British empire to have sunk under his arms, what new form of constitutional government would arise, under French protection, from the ruins of the old, to gladden the heart of the Irish philanthropist, who had been driven from his own country by his passionate desire for universal freedom? Alas!—can a doubt exist in any rational mind that a most grinding despotism would be thus established, and that a ruler would be placed over us whose little finger would be heavier than the loins of any former tyrant? And it was for this our patriot hero, *par excellence*, was fighting against his fellow-countrymen under Wellington, whose glorious deeds gave the first decisive check to the proud invincibles of France, and shed the first gleam of hope upon ravaged and desolated Europe! Nor is this the only instance in which the rebel against his lawful king has proved an instrument of tyranny the most ruthless in the hands of a more absolute and energetic despot, and thus become a traitor to the very principles which had first seduced him into treason!

The risible faculties of the intelligent reader will doubtless be moved by the naïveté with which Doctor Madden, in the following observation, would fain represent the pardoned rebel as a grievously injured man, and the country against which he fought,

justly punished for its injustice to him, by being deprived of "his glory!"

"For the following particulars respecting General Corbet, I am indebted to the surviving members of his family in Ireland, with which I close this memoir of a man, of whose glory his country was deprived by the privileged fanaticism and the protected insolence and rapacity of a contemptible faction, for whose sordid interests the country was governed which gave him birth."

We need not say, that if he were found as a rebel, in arms against the government of any other country in Europe, he would have had very little opportunity afforded him of signalizing himself by any exploits which would redound to his fame. In France, he would have been hurried to summary execution, and the guillotine, or the bullet, would have put a speedy termination to his career. In Russia, if his life was spared, the knout and Siberia would have been his portion; and in any of the German states, very good care would have been taken that he did not, while a wretched existence was suffered to remain, pass the limits of a loathsome dungeon. But in England, tyrannical England, compromised as he was, his life was spared, and his liberty was very little restricted; and he was suffered to depart, and find a domicile in another country, where, separated from his treasonable associates, it might be charitably hoped that a better spirit would take possession of him, and that what he witnessed of the treatment of similar offenders under other rulers, would serve to impress upon him a due sense of the mercy which he experienced from his own. It is not our bent to bear with any severity upon a wretched man, reduced by his own misdeeds to the deplorable alternative of pining with want, or taking service with his country's enemies. But surely the "glory" of the course which he adopted may well be left to those "who glory in their shame;" and the country of his birth, which escaped his parricidal violence, must be poor, indeed, in heroes, if she cannot well afford to relinquish any claim to the military reputation which he acquired, in favour of the country of his adoption.

Napper Tandy, who had been his fellow-prisoner, was, as we have stated,

tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, at Lifford, about one month after his reputed escape from Kilmainham; but experienced the clemency of government, which, as might have been expected, he grossly abused. When once out of the country, he scornfully refused to acknowledge any obligation to those by whom his forfeited life had been spared; and ascribed altogether to the intervention of Bonaparte, the mercy which, whether wisely or unwisely, was extended to him. But we utterly disbelieve that any foreign menace could have had the slightest effect upon the then existing British cabinet in their treatment of convicted malefactors; and while we do not entirely acquit Lord Cornwallis of a culpable neglect of the ends of justice in his desire to conciliate, by a weak liberality, the defeated faction, we utterly reject the notion that a soldier and a statesman, such as he was, could be influenced in such a matter by the impotent threat of an unprincipled enemy.

The descent upon Rutland Island was intended to co-operate with one which had been previously effected at Killala, where the forces under Humbert, who was accompanied by some of the Irish refugees, had a temporary success; but were finally defeated by Lord Lake, at Ballynamuck, and all made prisoners; the disaffected Irish who had joined their ranks, being abandoned to the fate of all traitors, who take an active part with the invader.

At Castlebar, where our troops experienced a repulse, the artillery, which was admirably served, was commanded by our respected fellow-townman, Major-General (then Captain) Shortall, who commands the Magazine Fort in the Phoenix Park. The French were advancing in line, and the captain stood observing them, and waiting for his orders to fire. "Now, Captain Shortall," said General Hutchinson, who was near him, "Now is your time; fire!" "I am perfectly ready, sir," said Shortall; "but," looking steadily at the advancing enemy, "if you wait for about a minute and a half, I think we shall have them at more advantage. At present, if I fire, I may kill a man here or there; but it will not check the advance; it would be bootless murder. But if you will cover this howit-

zer by a dozen of Lord Roden's fox-hunters, while I convey it to yonder point of the road, where I can take them in flank, something decisive may be done." The general, who saw at once that he might trust to the skill and the courage of his officer, said, "Very well, as you please." The orders were accordingly given, by which the movement thus indicated was promptly made; and as soon as ever the enemy came into a position to be commanded by a flanking fire, the gun was unmasked, and told so terribly upon their line, that they were, for a moment, thrown into complete confusion. But they quickly rallied; and having formed a column, were advancing again, when a second shot, directed with similar precision, so damaged and disconcerted them, that any further attack was on the point of being abandoned; and orders were actually given with that view, when the misconduct of some of the troops who had not been yet engaged, threw the victory, which was all but in our hands, into the hands of the rebels and the invaders. The disaster occurred on this wise:—Some militia regiments, the Kilkenny in particular, were seized with an unaccountable panic, and fired at random, and out of distance; which, being observed by the officer to whom Humbert had entrusted a flank movement, with a view to cover his own retreat, he promptly and gallantly converted the feint into a real attack, and came dashing in upon our men under the cover of their own smoke. General Hut-

chinson, seeing that all was lost (for the troops were running in all directions, notwithstanding all that their officers could do to restrain them, Lord Ormonde having broken his sword upon one of his own men, while endeavouring to rally the fugitives,) said to Shortal, "Captain, you have done your duty well; there is no use in your staying here any longer; save yourself." "Not, general," said Shortal, "until I spike this gun!" It was when he was in the act of performing this duty, that a ball from the musket of a French officer, struck him on the head. He fell senseless. But the gallant fellow who acted as his bombardier, rushed forward with a handspike, and beat out the French officer's brains; and that man, Shortal, who slowly recovered, having suffered much from his wound, never lost sight of, until he saw him a commissioned officer in his majesty's service.

We are not aware that any exact and full account of this little transaction has been given by any of the writers who have undertaken to narrate it. What we have now set down, we have had from the lips of Major-General Shortal himself, who still survives to tell the tale; to whose skill and bravery in the field his gallant enemy bore an honourable testimony; and who has lived for half a century, in the neighbourhood of this city, beloved and respected by all who know him, as the gentlest, the most modest, and the most honourable of men.*

The French are severely blamed by

* The following is the account which Sir Richard Musgrave gives of this action. Our readers will see into what serious errors he has been betrayed:—

"Captain Shortal, who commanded the artillery, took post, with two carriage guns, in front of the first line, consisting of the 6th infantry, and the Kilkenny, who were a little to his right, to support that flank; the two battalion guns attached to the Kilkenny militia being on his left, separated by the road, but parallel to him. He left the two other carriage guns in the centre of the town, in an open space, under Lieutenant Blundel of the artillery.

"They remained in this situation till near eight o'clock, when the enemy appeared in columns, advancing over the rising ground in front. When the French general viewed our line, he covered his column deep with rebels, dressed in French uniform, to draw the fire on them, and from his men. A numerous rabble, who were all plunderers, attended them also.

"When they had nearly gained the summit of the hill, a round shot from Captain Shortal's right gun struck the head of their column, and nearly divided it in two parts. This made them fall back, seemingly in confusion; but in some time advancing again, a shot from the second gun struck them with the same effect as the first, with this difference, that the part of the column on the right of where the shot entered rushed forward (about fifty yards) to the cover of a house, on which the captain found it necessary to direct his fire against the main body, and soon succeeded in driving them back. After this the enemy disappeared for a few

our author, and others of his faction, for not making terms for their rebel associates, when they themselves surrendered; as if any such proposition on their behalf would have been listened to for a single moment! These poor fellows it is impossible not to pity, as their folly was even greater than their guilt; and they suffered severely in the general route—that destruction which they would have brought upon others, being visited with an awful retribution upon themselves. But for their leaders, who seduced them into rebellion, we have not the same compassion; nor would we see justice divested of any of her terrors, in the measure of punishment which was dealt out to them, when they were made amenable to the outraged laws; grievously as humanity must deplore the sacrifices which were necessarily made, and the delusions to which so many men, in other respects upright and honourable, fell victims.

Some convictions and executions followed, of persons in a respectable station in life, who were proved to have been connected with the enemy. One would think, in reading Dr. Madden's account of them, that the repressive or retaliatory severities to which government had recourse, were so many wanton cruelties perpetrated upon an unoffending people. He declaims, pathetically, against the enforcement of martial law in the disturbed districts; but

he does not state, that before that extremity was resorted to, the country was reticulated by a network of treason, a foreign enemy had threatened invasion, and had actually accomplished a landing in force upon our shores—and a system of terrorism and of assassination had so obstructed the avenues to justice, that loyalists could find neither safety nor protection in the ordinary administration of the law. The late Lord Londonderry, then Lord Castlereagh, in justifying the measures of the Irish government, referred to places where, to his knowledge, "courts-martial were sitting, not of his majesty's forces, but of rebels in their own camp, in which they proceeded to try and to execute those whom they called traitors—that is, who did not adhere to them." Instances were adduced by various Irish members, "of the impracticability of conducting legal proceedings in the ordinary way; jurors and witnesses had been murdered by the rebels; threatening letters had been written, to keep families in alarm; in some places the jurors themselves were prejudiced in favour of the rebels; or, if honest, how could they perform their duties, when their wives and children were in tears for fear of the consequences?" Among others, Mr. Richard Martin, of Galway, a man whose sympathies were all on the side of the people, and whose humanity was

minutes, when they advanced a third time in the same direction, but endeavouring to destroy the effect of the shot by forcing some cattle into their front. In this attempt they were also frustrated, and obliged to retire under cover of the hill. In a short time they were perceived deploying from the centre, which was performed in a quick and masterly style, with the files very open. In this manner their line advanced, until it was contiguous to the place from whence their column had been previously obliged to retire. Here it was that our infantry committed a fatal mistake, in beginning to fire at so great a distance, that could produce no effect, which the enemy imputing to panic, or the want of judgment, rushed rapidly forward to some hedges immediately in our front, under cover of which they continued to advance in detached parties, and without preserving any regular line, and at the same time extending their wings with an evident design of out-flanking us. In this situation they did not resist him sufficiently with their musketry; and in a very short time after, the detachment which was posted for the sole purpose of supporting the guns, retired, leaving behind the gallant Major Alcock, of the Kilkenny, who was wounded.

"It was still hoped that they would have rallied in rear of the guns, when they perceived the execution made by the canister shot; but they ran off; and Captain Shortal had only time to fire three rounds, when the enemy rushed in on his right, and would certainly have put him and all his men to death, but that it is supposed their ammunition was expended. While Captain Shortal was at the breech of his gun, he was closed by a French officer who, having fired a pistol at him, and missed him, was on the point of drawing his sword, but the captain knocked him down with his fist, and then retreated."

This extract is from "Memoirs of the Different Rebellions in Ireland," pages 503-4.

surely as great as that of Dr. Madden, or any other pseudo-philanthropist, declared the coercive measures absolutely necessary in the then state of Ireland; and combated the amendments which aimed at the mitigation of some of the severer enactments, with his customary shrewdness:—"He thought all pains bestowed by the house on amendments, like a perpetual appropriation of that which was intended only as a temporary measure. No person," he said, "who had a term of three months, would bestow either cost or care in the repairing of a house; it was better to let the thing die as it was, than make it appear as a measure of the united parliament, to be pursued for an indefinite time."* Lord Clare stated that two of the judges, going to hold the assizes in a distant county, were attacked not many miles from the capital, by a body of rebels, and only escaped being murdered, "by the rebels neglecting their usual precaution. Their servants had not been bribed, and the postboys, turning quick about, they escaped from the snare. To disturb the administration of justice," he observed, "had been the principal object of the conspirators;" and averred that, if every criminal received, previous to his trial, a list of jurors and witnesses, before the day appointed for that, "nine-tenths of them would be murdered."†

The following brief but pithy description has been given of an attempt to grapple with the atrocities of the disturbers, by the ordinary operation of the law. During the trial of some men, indicted for murder, it is said, "the attorney-general was pale, the jurors were perjured, the assassins escaped, and the witnesses were murdered." We ask, would if, or would it not, be a mockery, in such a state of things, to deal with such culprits as ordinary offenders?

But these are prejudiced witnesses, who had an interest in misrepresenting the state of the country. Be it so. Let Dr. Madden take the full benefit of such an assumption, which, however, we by no means admit to be a just one; and let us learn something of the terrible vigour of the system of the United Irishmen, from one of the most honest as well as the most active of themselves. James Hope, of Belfast, still living,

thus describes the summary justice which was about to be visited upon him for a suspicion of having betrayed "*the cause*":—

"After having formed a society, and obtained a deputation to Belfast, I returned to the north, to report, and was again sent to Dublin to complete the organization among the workmen. I got to work on my arrival, and the circle of friends increased; societies were formed through the city and liberties, and former connexions were renewed; but the imprudence of my comrade brought us again under suspicion. He was a Protestant; I a Presbyterian. One of the Dublin societies had entrusted a secret of some importance to him, and there was a breach of confidence on his part. I was brought under suspicion unjustly, and without cause; however, it was thought most prudent to drown us both; for which purpose an appointment was made with us to attend a meeting outside of the Circular-road, by the side of the Royal Canal, where six men were appointed to meet and drown us. We kept the appointment until it grew dark, and returned to our lodging. On going to work next day, I observed my employer change colour when I appeared. I inquired what was the matter: I insisted on his candidly informing me what caused his agitation. The truth came out—I was suspected of having betrayed the secret which my comrade had divulged. I had been denounced—my doom had been pronounced—and the man who had left his home to execute his murderous commission, had been accidentally prevented from carrying it into effect; he had met a comrade on the way to the place of appointment, had accepted an invitation to drink with him, and the time of the appointment expired before he quitted the public house."

Such, we believe, to be an honest statement. Not so the comment of the old United Irishman, by which he would fain insinuate that the above, and all such atrocities, were to be traced to the machinations of government, who thus sought to bring into discredit the unoffending innocents with whom he was connected—an imputation utterly unsustained by any evidence, and whose extravagant absurdity does not need exposure.

Such, then, was the state of the country to which measures of severity were to be applied; and to complain of them as exceeding the limits of con-

* Annual Register, 1801.

† Ibid.

stitutional rule, would be to complain of them for the only circumstance by which they could be rendered efficacious. Upon a dispassionate survey of the history of this disastrous period, it is our deliberate opinion, that had any thing less of rigour characterized the proceedings of government, treason would have been, for a season at least, triumphant, and the country must have been handed over to a band of remorseless assassins, for pillage, for conflagration, and for murder. The humane men of the union might deplore this, as they did the burning at Scullabogue, and the massacre upon Wexford bridge. But they could not prevent it. The infuriated spirit which they had evoked would not be constrained down at their bidding, or restrained in its ravages by their command. The blood which they had enabled it to taste would but inflame into madness its passion for more; Ireland would become one vast charnel house of loyalty, before its sanguinary cravings for vengeance would be satisfied; and many even of those who were amongst its early instigators, would, in the end, become its victims. Thank God that Doctor Madden has had to write of the defeat and not of the successes of those whose ill-starred enterprises he narrates, and whose memories he would fain enshrine in the admiration of his readers.

But we have already exceeded our limits for this number, and must defer to the next any further notice of these volumes. That the writer, or compiler, has been industrious and active in searching for, and bringing together, the materials of which his work is composed, it would be wrong to deny. He has compassed earth and sea to make a proselyte. But that his account of the Irish Rebellion, and of the traitors who figured in it, is that of a blinded and inveterate partizan, must be manifest to every competent and candid inquirer.

Of the typographical execution of the work we cannot speak with praise; and we regret it, because, dissenting as we do from the principles, we admire the enterprise of Mr. Duffy, who has done whatever in him lay to give encouragement to Irish talent and industry in the line of politics which he has adopted. But in this instance he has been very badly served. We have already marked, in two of the volumes, nearly one hundred errors of the very grossest kind. Surely Doctor Madden should have attended to this. Not only are many of his own passages rendered doubtful or obscure, but the work, as it stands, is a disgrace to the press, and may be seriously injurious to the publishing interest in Ireland.

TO ———, ON HER BIRTH DAY.

Hail, winter's herald! bleak November, hail!
 Tho' storm and tempest mar thy sunless brow,
 Throughout thy term tho' gloom and cold prevail,
 I greet thee harbinger of winter's snow.
 Others may find thy aspect dark and chill,
 Brightest of all the twelve thou art to me;
 No sunbright season can my bosom fill
 With such delight, as comes, dark month, with thee.

II.

The balmy breath of fair and gentle spring,
 Bears not such pleasure to my lonely heart;
 The warmest hues of ardent summer bring
 No charm like thine, all cloudy tho' thou art.

Supremely favour'd over all the rest
 Of thy companions in the sun's career,
 I love the advent of thy rugged breast,
 Cold Sagittarius, dark, but ever dear.

III.

The natal day of nature's brightest gem,
 To thee awarded, by the high decree
 Of nature's author, forms the diadem
 That crowns thee king of all the year to me.
 Thus I rejoice to hail the happy day
 That ushered into life the perfect one ;
 Deep thrilling pleasures through my bosom play
 To greet thy birth-day, Beauty's paragon.

IV.

On this auspicious day kind nature tried,
 To rival all her skill had wrought before ;
 And forth to heaven with swiftest wing she hied,
 To cull materials from the immortal store.
 As sculptors from the finest living forms,
 Select the models of their god-like art,
 She chose the rarest of celestial charms,
 To form the matchless idol of my heart.

V.

With cautious skill, and nicely practised eye,
 From out that radiant galaxy she chose,
 The ornaments of immortality,
 Her master-piece of beauty to compose.
 From one she took a nobly formed head,
 She was a Grecian of the olden time ;
 On whose expansive forehead might be read,
 Commanding genius, and a mind sublime.

VI.

Beneath the finely pencilled brows she placed
 The soul's expositors, two lustrous eyes
 Of deepest brown, transcending those that graced
 The proud sultanas of far eastern skies.
 Too arched the nose of Rome's fair daughters seemed,
 Too straight were those of Greece her eye to please ;
 So mingling what of each she perfect deemed,
 She formed a feature lovelier far than these.

VII.

An angel hov'ring through the ethereal vault,
 Paused in her flight, the beauteous work to view ;
 And gazing fondly while the artist wrought,
 Applauding smiled, then spread her wings anew.
 Nature that instant caught the mouth and smile
 Beaming with heavenly tenderness and love ;
 And every witching line she moulded, while
 She stamp'd them current from the realms above.

VIII.

A form to suit a head so wondrous fair,
 Among Circassia's beauties now she sought ;
 And choosing ev'ry rounded limb with care,
 Achieved a figure with perfection fraught.
 With graceful dignity and queen-like air,
 The head was placed upon the lovely neck ;
 While rich in symmetry, and beauty rare,
 The heaving bosom rose her form to deck.

IX.

With admiration and intense delight,
 Pausing, upon her work kind nature gazed,
 And like Pygmalion, dazzled with the sight,
 Worshipped the beauty that her skill had raised.
 Then crown'd the lovely being with a mind
 Of highest excellence, where genius rare
 And brightest talents, happily combined,
 The glorious triumph of her power declare.

X.

Within the gentle breast a heart she placed,
 Full of emotions of celestial dye;
 With ev'ry high and noble feeling graced,
 Cherished by angels through eternity.
 There warm philanthropy in ample store,
 Controll'd by judgment, holds its sov'reign sway;
 There beats the pulse of pity evermore,
 And founts of charity exhaustless play.

XI.

The heav'nly choir, by St. Cecilia led,
 Had just commenced their morning hymn of praise
 To nature's author, when with bended head
 She mutely listened to the song they raised;
 Then quickly seizing the inspired soul
 Of music animating that fair band,
 Conferred it freely, and without control,
 Upon the beauteous creature of her hand.

XII.

A voice expressive of melodious thought,
 Speaking the harmony within, that flowed
 In richest tones, she from the leader caught,
 And with the precious gift her charge endowed.
 "'Tis well," she said, "my pleasing task is done—
 Behold the model of creation's power—
 Content I gaze upon the perfect one—
 Wisdom and virtue be her parting dower."

XIII.

Thus launched upon a fond admiring world,
 Thy bright career one changeless course hath been
 Of triumph over hearts, while round thee curled
 The incense offered unto Beauty's Queen.
 Foremost among thy vassals stands the bard
 Who now salutes thee with his feeble lay,
 Looking to merit as his best reward,
 One smile from thee upon thy natal day.

XIV.

Chide not the heart that offers thus its praise,
 Thou art its ruler—thine 'twill ever be.
 Thine is the power its fondest hope to raise,
 Or plunge in the abyss of misery.
 It may be madness that inflames my brain,
 Suggesting thoughts time never can remove.
 I only know that reason speaks in vain—
 I call the impulse simply, plainly, love.

ADOLPHE THIERS.

Of all living statesmen, there is none more strongly marked by peculiar individuality than M. Thiers; of all living statesmen, there is none whom it is so difficult to sketch. He resembles those portraits covered by fluted glass, which present striking features, but which totally change with the point from which you view them. M. Thiers, as a journalist, in the bureau of the *National*, or the columns of the *Constitutionnel*—M. Thiers in the tribune, assailing the ministry—M. Thiers in the same tribune, as president of the council, defending cabinet measures—M. Thiers, the historian of the consulate—M. Thiers at the head of his hospitable board, in the splendid halls of his mansion in the Place St. George, are different individuals, yet the same personage, and all marked by strongly characteristic features.

Born poor, he had wealth to make—born obscure, he had fame to acquire. Having failed at the bar, he became an *homme de lettres*; and, aspiring to distinction in political life, he enlisted in the ranks of the liberal party, more from necessity than from inclination. It was the only party then open to a parvenu and an adventurer. He commenced by some grotesque revivals of revolutionary associations, and costumed himself à la *Danton*. Like other persons of lively imagination, he was devoured with wants, and was indebted for the first means of gratifying them to the munificent spirit of M. Lafitte. His reputation, however, whatever estimate may be made of it, is the creation of his own genius, aided, certainly by opportunity, for without the occurrence of the revolution of July, M. Thiers would probably now be nothing higher than the idol of some literary coterie in a provincial town.

M. Thiers is now in his forty-ninth year, having been born at Marseilles, on the 15th April, 1797. His father was a locksmith, and belonged by family and descent to the working class; his mother gave him an origin a shade less humble, being descended from a mercantile family, whose reversed education her

condition to the level of her husband. It has, therefore, been truly observed that M. Thiers was not, "in coming into the world, cradled on the lap of a duchess." In childhood, as in youth, he had all the disadvantages of poverty and obscurity to struggle with; but, on the other hand, he had those advantages, also, which a necessity for exertion always affords to those in whom great talents are combined with insatiable ambition.

The condition of his parents would have excluded him from the advantages of education, were it not for the influence of some of his maternal connexions who had sufficient sagacity to discover in the child traces of intellectual endowments sufficiently apparent to excite an interest, by which he was placed on the foundation in the Imperial Lyceum at Marseilles. His progress there soon justified the discrimination of those to whom he owed the opportunities of education thus afforded. He was loaded with scholastic honours.

The course of education established at these institutions under the Empire, was mainly directed to military qualifications, and consequently the exact sciences held a prominent place, and distinction in these was the surest road to honour. From the first M. Thiers manifested a decided aptitude for this department of his studies, and obtained high honours in it. The traces it left on his mind are visible in all his writings and speeches. But for the events of 1814-15, his destination would, probably, have been different; but the fall of the Empire, and the Restoration, directed his talents into other channels, and at eighteen he entered himself as a student in the school of law, at the city of Aix, in Provence, not far from his native place.

Here he became the friend and inseparable companion of a youth who, like himself, sprung from the lower strata of society, had his fortune to make, and felt within him the instinct which prompted the pursuit of fame in letters and in politics. The two friends prosecuted together their pro-

fessional studies, were admitted to practice at law the same day, were competitors for the same prizes, and destined to pursue together, during the remainder of their career, a common course. They have never separated. Through poverty and wealth—in the obscurity of the garret, and the splendour of the palace, they have still been, as in boyhood, hand in hand. This friend was M. Mignet.

With little natural inclination for the dry study of the law, the two young friends obeyed a common instinct, and gave themselves up to the more fascinating pursuits of literature, philosophy, history, but more especially politics, and the ambitious and aspiring spirit of Thiers soon acknowledged a presentiment of the brilliant future which awaited him. Already he was the acknowledged leader of a party among his fellow-students. Already he engaged in debates, and harangued his comrades against the government of the restoration. Already he evoked the memory of the empire, and appealed to the glorious deeds of the republic. It will be easily believed that such a turbulent spirit was soon upon the black list of the professors, execrated by the commissary of police, worshipped by the students, and that his activity and talents were as sure to lead him to scholastic honours as his superiors were unwilling to confer them on him.

An amusing and characteristic anecdote is related of this early period of his career. A prize was offered for competition in 1819, the subject of which was an eulogy on Vauvenargues, by the Academy of Aix. Thiers determined that he would compete for this honour, and accordingly sent in his manuscript in the customary manner, accompanied by a sealed packet containing the name of the author, not to be opened except the composition was declared successful. It had, however, transpired that the author of the piece, which was beyond comparison the best of those which were tendered, was the turbulent little Jacobin, who had excited to such a degree the fears and hostility of the professors, who were chiefly royalists. It was, consequently, declared that the prize would not be granted to any of the pieces, but would be postponed to the following year. When

the next year arrived, the piece of Thiers was again offered as before, but to the infinite delight of the superiors, a composition had been transmitted from Paris, incontestably superior, to which the prize was awarded; but in order to compensate Thiers for the decision of the preceding year, they granted him an *accessit*, which is an official acknowledgment of his piece having held the second place of merit.

On opening the packet containing the name of the candidate to whom the prize itself was awarded, the astonishment and mortification of the professors may be conceived at finding that the individual on whom they must confer the honours was M. Thiers himself. In fact, he had caused the second essay to be transcribed by another hand, and more completely to blindfold the judges, had sent it to Paris, from whence it had been forwarded to them, thus impressing them with the idea that it came from a Parisian candidate. Both the prize and the *accessit* were, in spite of the hostility of the heads of the academy, conferred on Thiers.

At the bar of Aix, Thiers soon found that it was vain to struggle against the disadvantages of his birth in a place where the humbleness and obscurity of his origin were so notorious, and where the spirit of aristocracy had never been repressed even in the heat of the Revolution. Impelled by a common feeling, and full of aspirations after future fame, his friend Mignet and himself determined to seek their fortunes in Paris, where alone genius, as they thought, could surmount the difficulties which were opposed to it. They, accordingly, packed up their little all, put themselves into the banquette of the Diligence, and started, on a fine morning in July, 1821, for the capital, as rich in talents and in hopes as they were poor in cash.

During the first months of their residence in Paris, the two adventurers took a lodging which, since their arrival at wealth and distinction, has been visited with as much interest as the house in which Shakspeare lived, at Stratford-on-Avon, is viewed by the worshippers of the great dramatist, and its description is familiar to all the lovers of French literature. In a dirty, dark street, near the Palais

Reynale, called the Passage Montesquieu, in the most crowded and noisy part of Paris, you ascend by a flight of steps into a gloomy and miserable lodging-house, in the fifth floor of which a smoked door conducts you into two small rooms, opening one from the other, which was the dwelling-place of two men whose celebrity, within a few short years afterwards, filled the world. A common chest of drawers, of the cheapest wood, a bed to match, two rush-bottom chairs, a little rickety nutwood table, incapable of resting steadily on its feet, and a white curtain, formed the inventory of the furniture of the abode of two men, one of whom, in a few years, rose to the office of prime minister of France, and the other to the highest place in the historical literature of that country.

Those who have visited the two friends in their obscure attic, and have since partaken the sumptuous hospitality of M. Thiers, in his splendid mansion in the Place St. George, will find abundant food for reflection on the vicissitudes of human affairs, and will admit that

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Mignet had brought from the south introductions to M. Chatelain, then principal editor of the *Courier Français*, to which journal he immediately became a contributor. M. Thiers had found means to introduce himself to the notice of Manuel, who at that moment had been raised to the highest pitch of popularity and influence by his violent expulsion from the Representative Chamber, at the instance of the ministry of M. Villele. Manuel, in whose veins also flowed the warm blood of the south, received him with the utmost cordiality and kindness, presented him to M. Lafitte, under whose auspices he was received among the writers for the *Constitutionnel*, which at that epoch was the most influential journal on the continent of Europe. This laid the foundation of the fortune of M. Thiers. It was, in fact, all he needed; it was the opportunity which fortune placed in his path, and it cannot be denied that he turned it to good account.

The traces of his genius were soon conspicuous in the columns of the

Constitutionnel, and his name was pronounced with approbation in all the political coteries of the opposition. He soon became a constant and admired frequenter of the most brilliant salons, and was counted among the most esteemed friends of Lafitte, Casimir Perier, and Count Flahaut. The Baron Louis, the most eminent financier of that day, received him as his pupil and guest.

His natural endowments were admirably calculated to enable him to turn to profit the innumerable opportunities which were thus opened to him. Combining a memory which allowed nothing to escape it, with an astonishing fluency and quickness of apprehension, he was enabled, without neglecting those exigencies of the daily press to which he was indebted for his elevation, to pass much time in society, speaking much, hearing more, carefully depositing in his memory, as food for future meditation, the matter of his conversations with the leading actors in the great drama of the Revolution and the Empire. These he passed in review with a keen and observant eye: the aged survivors of the Constituent Assembly; members of the National Convention; of the Council of Five Hundred; of the legislative assembly; of the Tribunate, Girondists, Mountainists, generals and marshals of the empire, diplomatists, financiers, men of the pen and men of the sword, men of the head and men of the arm. He conversed with them, questioned them, and extracted from their memories of the past, and their impressions of the present, inexhaustible materials for future speculation.

As M. Thiers' relations with society became more extended, he was rendered sensible of those material inconveniences which result from straitened pecuniary resources. Fortune, however, of which he appears to have been, even from infancy, a favourite, soon came to his relief. He had become acquainted, soon after his arrival in Paris, with a poor and obscure German bookseller, named Schubart, who passed for a person of some learning, but whose knowledge, in fact, extended little beyond the mere titles of books. This individual had conceived an extraordinary predilection for M. Thiers. He acted as his secretary and his agent, sought for him the documents

which he required, found a publisher for him, and in a word, hired for him a more suitable lodging than the attic in which the two friends had installed themselves, on their arrival from the south. This humble but ardent admirer had often spoken with enthusiasm to M. Thiers of his countryman, M. Cotta, proprietor of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, or *Augsburg Gazette*, as a remarkable man who had, by honorable industry, acquired an immense fortune, of which he made a noble use. Originally a bookseller, he had become a noble, and as such was received and acknowledged by the hereditary aristocracy of his country—the proudest and most exclusive in Europe; a simple master of a printing-office, he was admitted to the intimacy of the most illustrious of the age, the kings of Prussia, Wurtemberg and Bavaria, of Goethe, Schilling, Schlegel, and the highest nobles of Saxony. By means of his journal, he became the depository of the confidential measures of all the governments which made those treaties between Northern and Southern Germany, on which the commercial prosperity of the country rested. Just at this time, it happened that a share in the property of the *Constitutionnel* was offered for sale. Schubart determined to spare no exertion to procure it for his idol Thiers. With this view, he actually started for Stuttgart; there persuaded Cotta to lend the funds necessary for the purchase, returned and realized his object. Half the revenue arising from this share (which was then considerable) was placed at the disposal of M. Thiers. This arrangement remained a secret, and M. Thiers was allowed to enjoy the reputation of being joint proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*, the most influential journal of Paris. This act of generosity was generally ascribed at the time to M. Lafitte, who was certainly quite capable of it, and with whose known munificence it was quite in keeping. The poverty of Schubart, which from day to day increased, rendered him the last individual who could have been supposed to be able to bring about such an event. One who knew this unfortunate and enthusiastic person has alleged, that after

M. Thiers had arrived at the summit of his power and greatness, he met, on a burning day in summer on the Cologne road, along the bank of the Rhine, a poor man whom affliction and fatigue had oppressed to such a degree as partially to alienate his understanding. He was then being conducted to his family at his native town. He looked at the narrator with a vacant stare without recognizing one whom he had so often seen with his favourite protégé. This wretched individual was Schubart, the most humble, the most devoted, and the most forgotten of the friends of the late prime minister of France.*

The course of life that Thiers pursued at this time, and in which he has since persevered through all the brilliancy of his successes, affords an instructive lesson to those who aspire to elevate themselves and struggle as he did against the disadvantages of birth, position, and even of person and manners. He rose at five in the morning, and from that hour till noon, applied himself to the labours of the journal, which soon in his hands quintupled its receipts. After having thus devoted six hours to hard labour, which most persons consumed in sleep or idleness, he would go to the office of the paper, and confer with his colleagues, among whom were MM. Etienne, Jay, and Everiste Desmoulin. His evenings were passed in society, where he sought not only to extend his connexions but to collect information which he well knew how to turn to account. In accomplishing this object, some struggle was necessarily maintained to subdue the disadvantages of his physical defects.

In stature he is diminutive, and although his head presents a large forehead, indicative of intellectual power, his features are common. His figure clumsy, slovenly, and vulgar. An enormous pair of spectacles, of which he never divests himself, half conceal his face. When he begins to speak, you involuntarily stop your ears, offended by the nasal twang and intolerable provincial sing-song of his voice. In his speech, there is something of the gossip—in his manner something of the lackey. He is restless and fidgety in his person, rocking his body

* M. Lœve, Viemar. *Revue des deux Mondes*. Vol. iv. p. 661.

from side to side in the most grotesque manner. At the early period of his career to which we now refer, he was altogether ignorant of the habits and convenances of society, and it may be imagined how singular a figure he presented in the elegant salons of the Faubourg Chaussée d'Antin. Yet this very strangeness of appearance, and singularity of manner, gained him attention, of which he well knew how to profit. His powers of conversation were extraordinary. No topic could be started with which he did not seem familiar. If finances were discussed, he astonished and charmed the bankers and capitalists; if war were mentioned, or victories referred to, the old marshals of the empire listened with amazement to details of which they had been eye-witnesses, better and more clearly told than they could themselves describe them. In short, in a few months, M. Thiers became the chief lion of the salons of the notables of the opposition under the restoration.

The course of study of the history of his country, during the half century just passed, which his business as a journalist rendered necessary, and the many opportunities of personal intercourse with the most prominent of the survivors of those extraordinary scenes, had unconsciously enabled him to collect a vast mass of materials, documentary and oral, connected with the great events which passed in France and in Europe, in the interval between the fall of the Bourbons and their restoration. He determined to turn those rich materials to account, and decided on undertaking his "History of the Revolution."

The progress of political events, and the tendencies manifested by the court to a retrograde policy, rendered it evident to M. Thiers, that a struggle was approaching in which a spirit of opposition would be called for, different from that which an old established journal like *The Constitutionnel* was likely to tolerate. The more youthful among the rising journalists repudiated the measured tone of the leading papers, and hailed with undissembled satisfaction the project of a new journal, which should include the fresh and young blood of the press. M. Sautet, an enterprising publisher, urged M. Thiers to take the lead in

the new opposition paper. The project of the *National* was announced. It was rumoured that several leading political characters had secretly engaged in support of it, by accepting shares. Among these were M. Lafitte and Prince Talleyrand. Those rumours, although they had no foundation, served to magnify the importance of the enterprise in the public eye. However, in truth, the only real supporter of M. Thiers, in this undertaking, was the Baron Cotta before mentioned.

For a long time, during the early part of his career, the mind of Thiers was powerfully impressed with the character and renown of Talleyrand; and he longed for the moment when an opportunity should present itself of meeting, under favourable circumstances, so remarkable a man; one who had made three governments, and who, after having pulled down two of them successively, now seemed inclined to crush the third; a man who had dared to break with Napoleon, and yet retained his head; who had, a second time, Europe against him, and still retained, over Europe, a power which no other individual living possessed. At last M. Lafitte obtained permission to present Thiers at the Hotel Talleyrand. The prince received them in the same green drawing room where, at various times, during the preceding thirty years, he had by turns, received most of the emperors, kings, and princes of Europe, all the ministers, past and present, and all that had been most distinguished by genius in the world. On one of these chairs, on which MM. Thiers and Lafitte took their seats, the Emperor Alexander had listened to the first words which had been said to him in favour of the Bourbons; there had been created the provisional government; there the Holy Alliance had been compelled to make some concessions to France; and there, at a later period, was consolidated that alliance between France and England, which had so long been a favourite project with Talleyrand, which he pursued with unrelaxing perseverance under the empire, and under the restoration, and which he accomplished on the ruins of all those regimes which had shut their ears against his advice and remonstrances.

Talleyrand received Thiers with that distinction which showed an appreciation of the future reserved for him.

It was on the 8th August, 1827, that the Martignac ministry was dissolved. The formation of a new cabinet, with the Prince Polignac at its head, removed all doubts as to the designs of the court. Retrogression, the gradual resumption of the old regime, the repression of the freedom of discussion, would ensue. M. Thiers had the sagacity to see, and the courage to declare openly, that the moment had arrived at which the battle of constitutional freedom must be fought. The rights inscribed on the charter had to be defended, inch by inch. Fortune and life must be hazarded in support of them.

Having arrived at such conclusions, he called together his colleagues and co-proprietors at the bureaux of the *Constitutionnel*. He laid before them the causes which rendered indispensable a new and more hostile spirit of opposition. The risk of their fortunes and their lives, in a course so much at variance with the measured and moderate opposition which the *Constitutionnel* had hitherto practised, startled them. The journal was commercially prosperous, and was, in fact, a considerable property. A large majority of its owners declined the hazard of the proposed course. A few, among whom were MM. Etienne and Everiste Desmoulin, were disposed to accede to the course recommended; but, in fine, it was rejected.

The project of a new opposition journal, which we have mentioned, now assumed consistency. Armand Carrel proposed to associate himself with MM. Thiers and Mignet, in establishing one which should adopt that tone in defending the liberties of the country against the encroachments of power which the crisis demanded. It was resolved to call this paper *The National*. The journal appeared in the summer of 1829, without any prospectus or formal announcement, but in the midst of high expectations. From the day of its appearance M. Thiers gave up the historical labours in which he had been engaged, and surrendered himself body and soul to the cause of the revolution, as it afterwards proved.

The basis of the tactics of the opposition carried on with so much success from this time by M. Thiers and his colleagues, was the charter of 1814. Within the circle of power there described, he continually benighted in the ministers of the crown. The public in France, unaccustomed to see it in practical operation, did not then, and scarcely even now, comprehend that principle brought so admirably into operation in England, in virtue of which the sovereign is personally withdrawn from the conflict of political parties, rendered inviolable through the completeness of ministerial responsibility. This principle, incorporated in the charter of 1814, M. Thiers urged daily on the public. The constitutional power of the chamber to withhold the supplies in case the majority considered the measures of the advisers of the crown injurious to the country, was another principle urged with admirable force and eloquence.

It was at this time that, among the many brilliant articles which appeared in *The National*, the maxim which has since acquired such celebrity, *Le Roi règne mais il ne gouverne pas*, was first put forth. In the early part of 1830, public rumour attributed to the court and cabinet the contemplation of a *coup d'état*. The limitation set by the charter, and the spirit of representative government to the royal prerogative, consequently became an anxious and exciting subject of discussion. As a fair specimen of the articles which appeared in *The National*, and which attracted universal attention, and produced a most profound impression on the public, we shall give the following extracts from one which bore the title, "The king reigns but does not govern."

"It is objected against our opposition, that respect for the royal prerogative of choosing the ministers ought to make us wait until these ministers commit some positive act.

"This prerogative, however, we answer again and again, cannot be exercised in an absolute manner. In judging of the meaning of any public act we cannot take any single clause and consider it without reference to the context—each clause must be taken as part of the whole. Now the prerogative of naming the ministers, appertaining as it does to the crown, con-

bined with the right of refusing the supplies, appertaining as it does to the chamber, the latter must, from the very conditions of these joint rights, have a virtual participation in the choice of the ministers.

"But, it will be said, that in every administration the subordinates must necessarily be nominated by the chief.

"Certainly; in matters of administration, and in war, it must necessarily be so; but the present case is an exception.

"*The king does not administer; he does not govern; HE REIGNS.* The ministers administer; the ministers govern; and consequently must have subordinates of their choice. But the king may have ministers, contrary to his wishes, because again and again, he does not administer; he does not govern; *HE REIGNS.*

"To reign is a very elevated privilege, which it is difficult to make certain princes rightly comprehend. The English sovereigns, however, understand it perfectly. An English king is the first gentleman of his kingdom. He is in the highest degree all that an Englishman of the highest condition can be. He hunts; he loves horses; he is curious to see foreign countries and visits them while he is Prince of Wales; he is even a philosopher, when it is the fashion to be so; he has British pride and British ambition in the highest degree; he desires the triumph of the British flag; no heart in Britain bounds with more joy on the arrival of the news of an Aboukir or a Trafalgar; he is, in a word, the most lofty type of British character; he is a British nobleman an hundred times exaggerated. The English nation respects and loves in him its truest impersonation. It confers a large income on him, enriches him; is pleased to see him live in a state of splendour suitable to his rank and to the wealth of the country over which he is placed. This sovereign has the sentiments, the preferences, and the antipathies of a gentleman. While an English peer has only a small fraction of the veto which the upper house is entitled to pronounce, he has a whole veto. He can dissolve the lower chamber, or reject a bill whenever it seems good to him. But he does not govern. He allows the country to govern itself. He rarely follows his mere personal predilections in the choice of his ministers; at one time he takes Fox, whom he does not retain; at another Pitt, whom he does; he takes Canning, whom he does not dismiss, but who dies in office. Cases have occurred where an English king received such answers as the following:—Chatham, dismissed by the

crown, was the statesman who enjoyed the confidence of the commons; the king sent to him his political opponent, Fox, to invite him to return to office (designing thereby to offer him an indignity).—'Return to his majesty,' said Chatham, 'and say that when he sends me a messenger more worthy of himself and of me, I will have the honour of answering him.' The more worthy messenger was in fine sent, and Chatham became the first of a series of ministers, who, though not in accordance with the royal taste, ruled the kingdom for half a century. To reign, then, is not to govern; it is to be the truest, highest, and most respected impersonation of the country. The king is the country reduced to the person of one man.

"The analogy attempted to be established between the king and the chief of the administration is, therefore, false; and it is therefore that there is nothing incompatible in a king being obliged to select ministers who are not in accordance with his wishes.

"But it is contended that from the virtual nomination of ministers thus claimed for the chamber, that body will soon also arrive at the nomination of all the subordinate officers of the state, and thus the entire administration will pass into the hands of a collective body—a thing altogether anomalous and inadmissible.

"It is true that such a body cannot and ought not administer. In the executive there ought not to be the deliberative. The deliberative is only good in the direction of the national will. To will, we must first deliberate; but having willed, and the question being to act, deliberation ceases. This is as true for a state as for an individual.

"To all this we shall make one reply. It is granted that in England the ministers are named by parliament; that is to say, under its influence. Has it resulted from this that the administration has been deficient in power, in order, or in vigour? How has it happened that confusion and anarchy have not ensued? This has happened in the most natural manner, as we hope it will with us.

"The minister once named by the influence of the majority of the Commons, wields the royal prerogative, by which the executive power is concentrated in his hands. He makes peace and war; he collects the revenues; he pays the state charges; he appoints all the functionaries of the state; he superintends the administration of justice, by the nomination of the judges: in one word, *HE GOVERNS*; and as he has the confidence of the parliament, without which

he could not continue in office, he does only the things which parliament continues to approve. But he acts with uniformity and promptitude; while the parliament, in its multitudinous character, and with its hundred eyes, watches, criticises, and judges him. Thus the King reigns, the ministers govern, and the chambers deliberate. When ill-government begins to be perceived, the minister is removed, either directly by the king, or indirectly by the parliament; and the crown must select a new minister amongst the parliamentary majority.

"Such is the manner in which, without anarchy or disorder, the minister is virtually nominated by the chambers."

This article produced a lively sensation in all the political circles. It was speedily followed by attacks upon the press. The ministerial papers now became loud in their menaces. They openly exhorted the court to violate the constitution. "If," said they, "the ministers cannot save the throne, with a majority of the representative chamber, they must do so without one."

On the 2nd March, 1830, the celebrated address against the ministers was voted by a majority of 221.

From this day the journals of the court threw off all reserve; and the *Gazette* did not hesitate to declare that there were emergencies "in which the power of the crown might be raised above the laws;" and the royalist organ published an article entitled "The Necessity of a Dictatorship."

The close of the labours of M. Thiers as a journalist, and the commencement of his career as an active statesman, took place on the 21st July, when he wrote, in *The National*, an article foreboding the approaching storm.

Reader, didst thou ever behold a bull, in the sultry days of August, worried by a gadfly—now sticking to his haunch, now to his eye—from his eye to his ear, from his ear to his nostril, stinging, in short, the animal in a thousand tender places, until, rendered furious, he plunges and rolls, and, unable to shake off his minute, but persevering and indefatigable enemy, he at last, in desperation, throws himself headlong into an abyss? Well, then, the gadfly is M. Thiers; the bull, the Polignac ministry; and the abyss, the ordonnances of July, 1830.

The ordonnances, which were the immediate cause of the fall of the dynasty of the elder branch of the Bourbons, were published in *The Monitor* on the morning of the 25th July. The first of these declared that "the liberty of the periodic press was suspended," and that no journal should be published in France without the express permission of the government, and that such permission must be renewed every third month. Paris was a scene of agitation in every quarter. In the Palais Royal, individuals harangued the people on this violation of their rights. At the Bourse, the public funds fell. At the Institute, M. Arago intermingled his scientific discourse with burning comments on the event of the day. The press took its own part. The majority of the daily papers of Paris, it is true, succumbed to the ordonnances. Neither *The Journal des Debats*, nor *The Constitutionnel*, nor *The Gazette*, nor *The Quotidienne*, nor *The Universal*, appeared. But, on the other hand, *The Globe*, *The National*, and *The Temps* were issued and circulated in enormous numbers. They contained, in a conspicuous form, the ordonnance which they violated in the very act of their publication and circulation. They were flung in hundreds through all the cafés and cabinets de lecture in Paris. Meanwhile the principal conductors and writers of the liberal section of the press assembled at the office of *The National*, to discuss the course which ought to be pursued in such an emergency. The editors of *The Tribune* advocated strong measures. They would have raised the faubourgs, unfurled the tri-colour flag, and opposed the illegality of the government, by physical force. Others, however, fearing the consequences of the unbridled fury of the excited populace, counselled a rigid observance of the spirit of the charter. Of this number was M. Thiers, who drew up a solemn protest against the illegality of the ordonnances. When the question was raised whether this protest should be issued merely in the name of the press, or should appear with the signatures of the individuals from whom it emanated, some proposed that each journal should insert a separate article against the ordonnances, expressed in such terms as the writer might select. Others agreed to a common form of

manifesto, but were against affixing any signatures to it. M. Thiers addressed his colleagues of the press, showing in a forcible manner how ineffective any anonymous protest on such an occasion would be. Much confusion and dissension was arising when M. Remusat, the principal editor of *The Globe*, entered the room. M. Thiers, confident of a community of feeling in this distinguished writer, immediately read the protest to M. Remusat, and asked him whether he would sign it? "Without any doubt I will," replied Remusat. Immediately M. Thiers addressed the assembly, declaring that he was about to propose the signing of the document to the several journalists in succession; and calling first on *The Globe*, M. Remusat signed the paper. M. Gauguier, the gerant of *The National*, next affixed his name, and was followed by Thiers, Mignet, Armand Carrel, Chambolle, and the other writers for that journal. All the other editors present, including those of *The Constitutionnel*, also signed.

On the morning of that day, the agents of the police visited the offices of the papers which disobeyed the ordonnances by publishing, and broke their presses. On arriving at the office of *The National*, attended by gens d'armes, they were met by the editors and gerant, who protested against their proceedings in the name of the law. The doors, however, were forced open, and the presses dismantled and in part broken.

It was on the 26th July, the day after the publication of the ordonnances, that these proceedings took place. Immediately after the departure of the police from the office, the presses were remounted, the parts which had been broken were repaired, and they were applied to print the protest of the journalists, which, in the afternoon, was circulated in hundreds of thousands through every quarter of Paris.

The following morning (27th) the most influential electors of Paris assembled at the office of the *National*, to discuss the best means of organizing resistance to the illegal proceedings of the government. Great confusion prevailed at this meeting. All were in favour of resistance, but none proposed any rational or practicable course. M. Thiers, who not being

then an elector, was a silent witness of this scene, saw that some decisive proceeding must be proposed, and, apologising for taking a part in a discussion which was intended to be confined to electors, suggested that a deputation from the assembly should be sent to the meeting of deputies, which was at that moment held at M. Casimir Perier's. This proposition was agreed to, and several of the electors present, accompanied by M. Thiers, proceeded immediately to the Hotel of Casimir Perier, in the Rue Neuve Luxembourg.

Arriving there, they found that the meeting of deputies had separated, and that great indecision had prevailed among those who attended it. An energetic opposition had been agreed on, but as yet nothing effectual was done. The deputation returned to the office of *The National*, where much disappointment and dissatisfaction was expressed at the inertia of the deputies, and the meeting was adjourned to the evening, when it was to be held at the house of M. Cadet Gassicourt, Rue St. Honoré, for the purpose of deciding finally on more energetic measures.

At seven o'clock in the evening, M. Thiers was there. At this meeting, means of serious resistance were organized. It was agreed that the National Guard should appear in the streets in uniform, should mingle with the people and direct them; that in each arrondissement a committee of the principal electors and citizens should direct the movements of the people. In fine, every possible means were determined on to render the resistance effective, and to secure the empire of the law.

It was on this evening of the 27th, at seven o'clock precisely, at the moment when this meeting was held, that the first collision took place between the military and the people. A child had thrown a stone at a gen d'arme in the precincts of the Palais Royale. The soldier cut at the boy with his sword. An individual who witnessed the incident shot the gen d'arme with a pistol.

When Thiers and his friends were quitting the house of M. Cadet Gassicourt, after the meeting had dissolved, they found themselves in the midst of the émeute. A squadron of the Royal Guard were driving before them the

people from the neighbourhood of the Palais Royale down the Rue St. Honoré, while a regiment of the line was descending in the contrary direction by the same street from the Faubourg du Roule. They were placed between two fires.

The people instinctively shouted *vive la ligne!* The commanding officer would not order his men to continue a fire on defenceless citizens, and allowed the crowd to disperse.

During the night of the 27th, the greatest alarm and agitation prevailed. M. Thiers and his friends remained at the office of *The National*, where the presses were incessantly employed in printing the protest of the journalists, to be distributed the next morning.

On the morning of the 28th, a meeting was appointed to be held at the house of M. Guizot, in the Rue Ville Lévêque. M. Remusat called at the office of *The National* to apprise M. Thiers of this, and they went together to attend it. This meeting consisted of the leading members of the chambers and the press. It was hoped that a legal resistance was still possible; yet whatever course presented itself appeared perilous. The consequences of a successful resistance appeared scarcely less formidable than those of defeat. It was not hoped that the unorganised and unarmed populace could succeed against the disciplined military force. General Sebastiani pronounced the victory of the Royal Guard as inevitable. It was recommended to endeavour to make terms with the government, and to stop the effusion of blood.

M. Thiers encouraged the hope of popular success. He was supported in his views by some of the most ardent and excited, but was opposed by those of most experience, and especially by General Sebastiani. In accordance with the wishes of the great majority of those present, MM. Lafitte, Manguin, Casimir Perier, Gerard, and Lobau, proceeded to Marshal Marmont, to whom the command of the troops had been committed, to entreat of him to stop the effusion of blood.

"I deplore these measures, and condemn, as much as yourselves, those direful ordonnances," replied the Marshal, "but I have no discretionary power given me; I am acting under superior orders."

"But," observed Lafitte, "no one has a right to order you to massacre the people. It is not your duty to obey such orders."

"I see no means of relief, except submission," said Marmont; "if the ordonnances are withdrawn, will you guarantee submission?"

"We cannot do so, but will use our best exertions," rejoined Lafitte.

"Well," concluded the marshal—"I am going to send to the king, and in an hour you shall have his answer."

"In an hour," exclaimed Lafitte and Manguin, "if the ordonnances be not recalled, we will throw ourselves, body and soul, into the movement."

"To-morrow," said Lafitte, "my baton will break itself on your sword. Remember the power of the people when they are aroused."

We now arrive at a part of our narrative in which an incident in the career of M. Thiers occurs, which has remained unexplained by him, until almost the moment we write, and even now the explanation which is offered has an indirect character.

M. Thiers, as we have seen, was the most active of all the public men connected with the press, in exciting the people to resistance. He wrote the protest of the journalists; at his press it was printed; from his bureaux it was circulated. It might, therefore, have been expected, and it undoubtedly was expected, that this chief instigator of the movement should have continued on the spot, to give it the benefit of his direction and superintendence. Grant that his physical character would have rendered him but an inefficient leader in the streets and on the Boulevards, his sagacity and intelligence would have been invaluable, though he did not issue from his bureaux. Yet as soon as the movement assumed a really serious aspect—as soon as it became evident that it was going to be something more than an *émeute* of the faubourgs, M. Thiers disappeared.

"Behold, at last," says a writer in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, "the tocsin has sounded, the people are roused, and rush to the conflict! Blood already flows. The cannons roll over the pavement—M. Thiers has been heard—his anathemas have taken effect—the monarchy which has broken its contract is already half overturned. A leading voice, a head is only waited

for. But where, then, is M. Thiers? Where is that boldness concealed, which promised victory to its party, and which awaited with so much impatience the event which has arrived? What has become of the popular orator, who, traced so proudly a circle round power, and defied it to pass beyond its limits? Alas! like Archilochus and Horace, M. Thiers, little used to the tumult of battles, has felt his courage give way; the feebleness of his physical organization has overcome the force of his will, and he has departed to seek refuge from the fray in the shades of Montmorency; to shelter himself at once from the dangers which precede victory, and from the proscriptions which often follow defeat. But do not charge M. Thiers with want of courage. His heart failed him, it is true, on that emergency; but the same charge may be made against many others on the same occasion. M. Thiers has proved since, in rushing with ostentation to the barricades of June, that, when necessary, he has enough of military courage. But what would you have? On this particular occasion he was not prepared for danger, and had not provided a supply of courage; possibly, also, he may reply that there was no room for the exercise of genius in a street fight. Perhaps the long study which he had made of our victories, and the admiration he entertained for our armies, rendered it impossible for him to conceive how a successful struggle against our disciplined soldiers could be made by a mob of printers' boys and shop-clerks, led on by editors of newspapers; that in short the rabble of Paris must inevitably be crushed by the regular forces. M. Thiers mingled boldly enough in the struggle, so long as the question was of legal resistance; he remained firm at his post in the bureaux of *The National*, to the last moment; he did not take his departure until the moment in which old Benjamin Constant arrived, the moment at which the beat of the drum calling to arms, and the sound of the musketry, gave him the signal to retire. The first day of this sudden revolution, M. Thiers wrote the celebrated protest of the press, while, in another quarter, M. Guizot wrote the protest of the

Chamber. There were assemblies held of every class, where deliberations were held on the means best calculated to produce the retraction of the ordinances. M. Thiers advised at these meetings, that all civil proceedings should be suspended—that lawyers should not plead, judges should not pronounce sentence, that notaries, and all other officers, should suspend their functions. He wished thus to paralyse the nation, and to compel the executive to fall on its knees. It was in this way, he said, that things passed in ancient times, when the court exiled the parliaments; it was thus that governments were formerly compelled to recal their brutal decrees. But while M. Thiers was thus underrating the importance of the crisis, and reducing it to the dimensions of a squabble between the court and the parliaments, the movement swelled into much grander proportions, and, instead of a Fronde, as M. Thiers regarded it, it became a league, and something more. It was then that M. Thiers retreated from the struggle; it exceeded his stature.

"M. Thiers returned to Paris when order was restored and tranquillity re-established. Many conjectures have been made respecting his proceedings *extra muros* during the three days; we could, if we pleased, give the history of this *petite voyage*. But to what purpose? The material fact, and the only one is; that M. Thiers returned, and that we possess him still secure."

Such is the statement of one who was an eye-witness, and an ear-witness of the revolution of the three days.

Let us now hear the narrative of another contemporary historian.

On the 28th of July, Paris was, in effect, declared in a state of siege, the Duke of Ragusa having been virtually invested with a military dictatorship. The troops which had been collected around the Tuilleries were put in motion. The artillery was heard rolling through the streets. Civil war raged in Paris. What was to be the issue of this war? The savans, the men of letters, the majority of the soldiers themselves felt compassion for the people, and for the fate apparently awaiting them. M. Thiers ran to a place of refuge, which he found

in the house of a friend, in the valley of Montmorency. In the office of *The Globe*, M. Cousin spoke of the white flag as the only ensign which the action could recognize, and reproached M. Pierre Leroux with compromising his friends by the revolutionary tone which he was giving to the journal.

Among the most conspicuous of the journalists of that day, was an individual of tall and lank figure, abrupt but noble impulses, and serious aspect. At the first report of the fire-arms, he shook his head mournfully. Then he went, unarmed except with a walking cane, through the town, indifferent to the balls which were whizzing around him, and braving death without seeking for victory. This individual, destined afterwards to play a sad but illustrious part, was then little known: his name was ARMAND CARREL. "Have you even a single battalion?" said he incessantly to his more sanguine friends. On the morning of the 28th, meeting M. Etienne Arago (the brother of the astronomer of that name) who evinced much ardour, he said to him, "Stop!" and pointing to one of the populace, who was greasing his shoes with the oil of a broken lamp, he said, "Behold the people!—such is Paris!—ever the same levity,—indifference,—the appropriation of the results of great and important actions to the most trifling uses."

When M. Thiers had reappeared in Paris on the 30th, and presented himself at Lafitte's, before receiving the commission to Neuilly (which we shall presently advert to), he expressed some annoyance that steps had been taken in reference to the Duke of Orleans without consulting him. Beranger (the poet) who had a prominent share in the transactions of these days, replied with an ironical smile, "Is it not quite natural, at such a moment, that the absent should be forgotten?"

In short, there can be no doubt, that an impression has universally prevailed, that after contributing to the utmost of his power by his writings, to raise the *emeute*, M. Thiers withdrew from its consequences, and did not reappear until the issue had become apparent.

Having thus given the account of this passage in the public life of the subject of this notice which has been hitherto universally received and credited, it is but just to give also a narrative of the matter which has just been published, and which, though not avowedly authorised by M. Thiers himself, carries with it abundant internal evidence of the source from whence it has been derived.

M. Alexandre Laya states, that on the 28th, orders had been given by the government to arrest several deputies, and that warrants (*Mandats d'arrêts*) had been issued against the principal persons who had signed the protest of the press; that M. Royer Collard gave notice to M. Thiers that he as well as MM. Mignet and Carrel, would be arrested if they did not immediately conceal themselves. This notice was given them on the evening of the 28th.

An immediate decision on their parts was necessary. They had taken a conspicuous part, which rendered them especially obnoxious. The government still retained its full power. The skirmishes between the troops and the people on the 28th seemed, according to M. Laya, only to demonstrate the feebleness of the popular resistance. MM. Thiers, Mignet, and Carrel were well known, and if they did not retire, they might easily be arrested, and if so, what would become of their influence? These circumstances, we are assured, were well considered at the bureaux by the principal journalists, and it was the opinion that they ought to withdraw from the danger which threatened them. Accordingly, at nine o'clock in the evening, in the twilight, the three menaced victims departed from the office of *the National*, and took refuge in the neighbourhood of St. Denis.

Before quitting Paris, M. Thiers ordered a confidential servant, who remained in Paris, to come to him the next morning with intelligence of the progress of the movement, having resolved to return to his post if it should appear that the popular resistance shewed any promise of success. It was on that day, Thursday the 29th, that the combat might be considered as se-

riously begun. The people had committed themselves, and the national cause offered some hopes of success. MM. Thiers and Mignet received the expected intelligence, and heard in their retreat the echoes of the cannonade. They determined to return to Paris. They attempted to enter Paris by the Barrière St. Denis, but found the streets obstructed. They accordingly passed along the outer boulevards, to the Barrière des Batignoles, and descended through the Faubourg Chaussée d'Antin, to the office of the *National*, where they did not arrive until late in the afternoon.

Thus, it appears, according to this report of the matter, which must be considered as authorized by the chief party, that the extent of M. Thiers' absence was from the evening of the 28th till the afternoon of the 29th, and that even during the early part of the day of the 29th, he was in the public streets of Paris, endeavouring to make his way through the tumult to the office of his journal, and further that MM. Armand Carrel (since dead) and Mignet (still living), were with him.

As the office of the *National* had been the centre of the legal resistance in the first instance, it had now become the head quarters of the armed insurrection. There they met MM. Bastide, Thomas, and with them one who, during the three days, directed the movements of the people with great courage and ability—M. Jourbert.

Immediately after their arrival, MM. Thiers and Mignet went to the Hotel Lafitte. The triumph of the people was now certain. MM. de Lernonville and d'Argout had been sent to Charles X. with a view to some arrangement. The Assembly of Deputies had resolved that they would listen to propositions from the king; but M. Thiers opposed this in the strongest manner. The question, he said, was no longer a change of ministry, but a change of dynasty. It was too late for any compromise.

The difficulties of the conflict were over—those of the victory were new, to begin. Two centres of discussion, two political head-quarters, had been established. At the Hotel de Ville, General Lafayette, who had taken the command of the National Guard, was surrounded by those who loudly de-

manded a republic. A few voices of the many shouted "Napoleon II."

At the Hotel Lafitte, all minds inclined favourably to the establishment of a constitutional monarchy, with representative institutions, after the pattern of those of the United Kingdom. With M. Lafitte himself, this had long been an object of favourite contemplation, and had, in fact, been anticipated. The name of the Duke of Orleans was pronounced as a person well fitted, by his character and his historical antecedents, to be elevated to the throne. The part played by the Duke was as yet one of the strictest neutrality. Although in the neighbourhood of St. Cloud, he did not show himself in the royal presence, gave no countenance to those proceedings which led to the revolution, and offered no condolence for its result.

Some of the monarchical party expressed doubts whether the Duke would lend himself to the proposed measure. He had, as yet, given no sign. M. Thiers advised M. Lafitte to assume the responsibility of committing the Duke to the revolution without waiting for his sanction. M. Lafitte hesitated. M. Thiers represented the danger of delay; that the partisans of a republic were gaining the ground which the friends of monarchical government were surrendering; that besides, there was nothing to fear; he could throw the responsibility of the measure, if necessary, on the uncontrollable ardour of those by whom he was surrounded.

In short, M. Thiers proposed to put in immediate circulation a proclamation in favour of the Duke of Orleans, which he composed on the spot.

This document was as follows:—

"Charles X. cannot return to Paris. He has caused the blood of the people to be shed.

"A republic would expose us to frightful divisions: it would embroil us with Europe.

"The Duke of Orleans is a prince devoted to the cause of the revolution.

"The Duke of Orleans has never fought against us.

"The Duke of Orleans was at Jemappes.

"The Duke of Orleans has fought under the tricolor flag. The Duke of Orleans will again do so. We desire no other.

"The Duke of Orleans has not of-

ferred himself. He awaits the expression of our will. Let us proclaim our wish, and he will accept the charter, as we have always understood and desired it. It is from the French people that he will hold the crown."

This proclamation immediately appeared in the *National*, the *Courier Français*, and the *Commerce*.

"Thus," says a contemporary writer, "to overturn one dynasty the united energies of an entire people were necessary; to establish another, a sheet of paper, issued by a deputy and three journalists, was sufficient." The object, however, was not attained without some expressions of dissent. When M. Thiers and his colleagues walked from the office of the *National* to the exchange, with this printed panegyric on the Duke in their hands, they were filled with apprehension at the surprise they excited among the public, whom they encountered in the streets, and still more by the storm of hisses with which they were saluted at the Bourse.

These circumstances occurred on the afternoon and evening of Thursday the 29th. On Friday morning, nothing had been yet heard of the Duke of Orleans. Whether or not he would lend himself to the course which had been taken, or interfere at all in the movement, no one was able to say. Delay was full of peril—a decisive step must be taken.

MM. Thiers and Sebastiani were at the Hotel Lafitte. M. Sebastiani proposed to M. Thiers to go to Neuilly, see the duke, and personally ascertain his sentiments, but M. Thiers was personally unknown to the duke. It was therefore arranged that he should take with him a letter signed by MM. Sebastiani and Lafitte, introducing him, and requesting the duke to place full confidence in the propositions with which he was commissioned. M. Scheffer, who was personally known to the Orleans family, agreed to accompany him.

The Prince of Moskwa (son-in-law of M. Lafitte), lent his saddle horses, and they departed for the chateau of the Duke of Orleans, at Neuilly, where he was supposed to be.

The passage by the direct road, through the Champs Elysées, being obstructed, they rode by the streets, St. Lazare and Clichy, to the quarter of the Batignolles. Here they were

stopped, suspected of being royalists making their escape, and were brought before the mayor of the arrondissement, who, on ascertaining their object, set them at liberty. They continued their route, and, after some further difficulties, arrived, in fine, at the chateau. The door was, however, shut in their faces! Thus were the bearers of a crown received!

When their persons were recognized by M. Oudart, one of the attendants of the family, they were admitted, and introduced to the study of the duke—where, after a few minutes, the duchess presented herself. While M. Thiers unfolded to her the tenor of the message of which they were the bearers, her look became serious and severe. And when, in fine, she learned that it proposed to place upon the brow of her husband the crown torn from the head of an old man, who had ever proved towards her family a faithful relative and generous friend, she addressed M. Scheffer with much apparent emotion—

"Sir," said she, "how could you consent to be the bearer of such a message? That this gentleman," looking towards M. Thiers, "should have dared to undertake it, I can easily conceive; for he does not know us. But you who have been received into our acquaintance, and ought to be able to appreciate our feelings—oh! we can never forgive you this offence against us."

M. Thiers, however, pressed on the duchess the necessity that he should personally confer with the duke. The duchess thereupon withdrew for a few minutes, and returned, accompanied, not by the duke, but by his sister, Madame Adelaide, and all his children, except the Duke of Chartres, who had gone to join his regiment at Joigny.

They assured M. Thiers that the Duke of Orleans was absent, at Raincy. Then ensued between M. Thiers, the duchess, and the family, one of those scenes of which the recollection can never be effaced from the minds of those who were present, and which possess true historical interest.

M. Thiers laid before them all the dangers and difficulties of the crisis which had arrived—

"The neutrality adopted by the duke, his absence from the royal presence during the existing struggle, his

previous disapproval of the measures of the court, would, in any event, identify him more or less with the revolution; that if the existing dynasty must fall, of which there seemed now no reason to doubt, and the duke declined to come forward and accept the measures now proposed, a republic would certainly be tried. Who could then foresee the consequences of such a return to the situation of 1793? Evidently the most elevated personages would be the first victims. The very name of *Bourbon* would awaken hatred and excite vengeance; and the Duke of Orleans would not be protected by a popularity which he would compromise by retiring at the moment when his presence would have seconded the efforts of the people to defend their liberty menaced and their rights violated. He would be reckoned among the enemies of popular institutions. The republic would re-erect its scaffolds, and excesses would follow. In fine, the name of the Duke of Orleans had been already proclaimed, and had been received in such a manner as to encourage him to present himself to the people.

The resolution of the duchess appeared to waver before these reasons. But it was on Madame Adelaide, the Duke's sister, that they seemed to make the deepest impression. She replied, and with great clearness shewed that she appreciated the peculiar position in which her brother and his family were placed. She was impressed, also, with the noble part which her brother would have to perform in the difficulty of the nation; to snatch the people from the consequences of revolutionary excesses, by preventing the establishment of a republic. She declared that she would answer for her brother; that she would guarantee his consent, and she authorized M. Thiers to announce this officially to those who sent him. M. Thiers thought he could not return without some more conclusive solution of the difficulty, and demanded of Madame Adelaide whether, in her brother's absence, she would consent to present herself personally to the Deputies; on which the lady, rising with much dignity, said—

"I will go, certainly. I will not hesitate to put faith in the word of a man, and it is natural that a sister should risk her life for her brother."

It was agreed that General Sebastiani should return for Madame Adelaide; and MM. Thiers and Scheffer departed for the Chamber of Deputies, where it had been arranged that they should make their report.

They had scarcely entered the Faubourg de Roule, than they found themselves obstructed by the populace, who were in a state of great excitement, some shouting "*Vive Napoleon II.!*" and others, "*Vive la République!*" The name of the Duke of Orleans was as yet in no one's mouth. No one appeared among the people even to think of the possibility of one so nearly connected with the fallen family being admissible to the vacant throne.

It was not without considerable difficulty that M. Thiers succeeded in crossing the *Place de la Concorde*, and the bridge. Having arrived at the chamber of provisional assembly, he found deputies, combatants of the streets, and journalists mingled together, and the greatest confusion prevailing. Some were for establishing a provisional government. No party knew what course to take. M. Thiers reported the result of his mission. But every one had his own project; messages were sent to and fro between the Palais Bourbon and the Chamber of Peers. M. Dupin insisted that some definitive government must be decided on. Messengers from the peers arrived with the information that all possible combinations had been suggested there, but that the members did not arrive at a settlement of the difficulty. In the midst of this confusion M. Remusat, the editor of *The Globe*, who had been the first to sign the protest of the journalists, suggested means of extrication from their embarrassment. He communicated to M. Thiers, his suggestion to nominate the Duke of Orleans lieutenant-general of the kingdom. At the instance of M. Thiers, General Sebastiani accordingly made that proposition as a step preparatory to a final and conclusive settlement of the government. The title of king, proposed suddenly, might be dangerous. That of lieutenant-general, being only temporary and provisional, would not startle the timid,

* "J'irai, mon cher M. Thiers," dit elle, "certainement, j'irai; on ne se défie pas d'une femme, et il est naturel qu'une sœur risque sa vie pour son frère."—*Études Historiques*, I, 115.

nor provoke the opposition of the anti-monarchists, and would give time for the more deliberate reconstitution of the state. This proposition was promptly and unanimously adopted.

The Duke of Orleans was accordingly invited to Paris to be invested with the new authority. A deputation of twelve deputies, with M. Gallot as president, was accordingly commissioned to bear this invitation to Neuilly.

On the morning of the 31st, M. Thiers had his first interview with the Duke of Orleans, who had arrived at the Palais Royal at midnight. In the course of that day a tumultuous meeting of the more ardent of the partisans of a republic was held at the office of *The National*, at which M. Thiers endeavoured to dissuade his friends from further recourse to force, and after much discussion proposed to conduct a deputation from them to the duke. Six were accordingly selected for this interview, and they accompanied M. Thiers to the Palais Royale that evening, where they were received by the duke in the gallery of the battle scenes, painted by Horace Vernet.

On this occasion a conversation is said to have taken place between them and the Duke on the general principles of government. The duke frankly and openly declared himself the partisan of legal resistance to the encroachments of despotic power, but firmly opposed to revolutionary excesses. He recalled the events of the past, he painted the excesses of the republic and the convention.

M. Cavaignac, interrupting him, requested him not to forget that his (Cavaignac's) father was a member of the convention.

"So was mine," promptly replied the duke, "and I do not, therefore, the less respect his memory."

M. Thiers, during this interview, observed perfect silence. The young republicans were not slow to perceive that their cause was lost.

"Well," said Thiers, after a pause—"what think you of the Duke?"

"*C'est un bon-homme*," said M. Bastide.

"*C'est un 221*!" said M. Thomas.

"*Il n'est pas franc*," said M. Cavaignac.

This was the last interview of these actors in the great drama of July, 1830. Each subsequently pursued his own course. M. Thiers rose, as we

shall see, to the highest political honours, to office, and to affluence. The others lived to descend into the dungeons of a prison, their former friend being in the plenitude of his ministerial power.

When the new royalty was established, a ministry was formed, including all shades of opinion, and composed of materials so heterogeneous that it was a political impossibility that they could long cohere. In this cabinet the Baron Louis, an early patron of M. Thiers, was minister of finance. M. Thiers was appointed a councillor of state, an office having some analogy to that of a privy councillor in England, and which, like the latter, has no very important functions; but it was arranged that without accepting the formal title of the office, M. Thiers should perform the duties of chief secretary to the ministry of finance. This office afforded him opportunities of information and experience in administrative details, under the immediate instruction of the most eminent financier of the day, which he turned to profit with his usual ability.

In the cabinet council discussions were soon manifested. It was split into two parties, one of which advocated resistance to the party of the movement, and the other advised progression. The former course was advocated by MM. Casimir Perier, Molé, Baron Louis, M. Guizot, and M. de Broglie, and the latter by MM. Dupont de l'Eure, Lafitte, and Lafayette. These differences ultimately produced the dissolution of the administration.

The movement party having prevailed, M. Lafitte became the head of the succeeding cabinet, and, as such, was appointed president of the council of ministers. Immediately after the interview of the Baron Louis with the king at the Palais Royale, at which the former resigned his office of minister of finance, M. Thiers was sent for. On entering the presence of Louis Philippe, the first words the king addressed to him were—"M. Thiers, are you ambitious?" An explanation followed, and, much to the surprise of M. Thiers, the king offered him the ministry of finance which the Baron Louis had just resigned.

M. Thiers did not affect to conceal his ambitious hopes for the future, but he begged his majesty to reserve

so high an honour, and so eminent a proof of his confidence for a future day, when more advanced age, and more mature experience would enable him to accept such an office with greater confidence in his own fitness for it, than he was then able to feel. The king, however, pressed the matter, and observed that the Baron Louis had himself expressly advised his appointment. In fine, M. Lafitte was charged with the office, with M. Thiers, as secretary, the latter assuming all the active and laborious duties.

The cabinet thus formed, and known as the ministry of the 2nd November, consisted of MM. Lafitte, Dupont de l'Eure, Sebastiani, Soult, Montalivet, de Rigny, and Merilheu.

While M. Thiers laboured in the Hotel of Finances under the practised superintendence of the Baron Louis, he had little opportunity of assuming any conspicuous position in public affairs. The baron, an experienced financier, left him only a subordinate part to play. Accustomed to regard him as an intelligent young man that he formerly patronised and admitted to a place at his table, he still addressed him by the paternal phrase, *Mon enfant*, and used to laugh heartily at the opinions which the youthful ardour of Thiers would prompt him to utter, and which only betrayed to his superior the extent of his financial inexperience. All this, however, was completely changed, when M. Lafitte took the portfolio of the finances. Being also president of the council, and having private business, to engage a portion of his attention, the whole burthen of the finance department fell upon M. Thiers, who, instead of being, as under the Baron Louis, an inconsiderable subordinate and a pupil, found himself under the title of secretary, the real head of the department, at a crisis when the country was reduced to the brink of a bankruptcy at home, and menaced with invasion from abroad! He was fully sensible of the importance of his position, and the personal advantages to be gained from it. Accordingly, before he assumed the position he saw open to him, he announced to M. Lafitte his intention to resign with Baron Louis. Lafitte, sensible how necessary his aid would be in an office in which he had just been drilled for four months by so experienced a superior, and conscious of his own complete ignorance of the

technical official details, found himself obliged to go to the king and announce the impossibility of his retaining office, unless M. Thiers could be induced to render him that assistance which he alone could, at that moment, give. The consequence of this proceeding was, that an express command was sent by the king to M. Thiers, that the interests of the state demanded that he should retain the place of under secretary of state in the department of finance.

The first impulse of a young man such as Thiers was, entertaining a profound consciousness of his own capacity and talents, and having his respect for official traditions shaken by the study of a succession of revolutions, and the personal observation of, and participation in, at least one, was to overturn all received ideas, and to establish a new system—a dangerous step, more especially in the finances. A more unfortunate moment for experiments of the kind could scarcely have been selected. The country was shaken to its centre. Emutes were everywhere menacing. The south hesitated to submit to the laws of 1830. La Vendée had already again taken up arms. The city of Lyons showed symptoms of revolt. Still M. Thiers was not deterred from his innovations on the sensitive ground of taxation. What Napoleon in the plenitude of his power, or the Bourbons, in the security of profound national tranquillity, had not dared to attempt, M. Thiers did not hesitate to propose, amid the storms which gathered round the throne of the Barracades. The system of taxation which had not been attempted to be disturbed, in all the vicissitudes of administration, since 1791, when it was settled by the constituent assembly, was now to be overthrown, not for the relief of the tax-payer, but to enable the government to plunge its hand deeper into the pockets of the people, and augment the gross amount of the finances. "The more the taxes are varied," said M. Thiers, "the more properties they will reach, and this principle must be applied in every variety of form." "Taxation is an art," said he, "which is in a state of progressive improvement, and which, it is to be hoped, will soon attain the highest degree of perfection! By the new law a million of individuals will be liable to contribution who were

exempt under the old system!" Such was the character of the first measures projected by the prime instigator of the revolution of July!

At this time M. Thiers made his *début* in the chamber, not as a deputy but as the royal commissioner, authorized to defend the projects of law, on the subject of finance, which were submitted to the chamber. It is a curious incident in the life of this parliamentary orator, in these his first attempts he excited so much disgust on the part of the chamber, that M. Lafitte was compelled by the majority to engage that the bills which were to be subsequently introduced, should be supported by himself, and that he would not continue to inflict upon the members his most intolerable under-secretary! Yet this man has since proved to be incontestibly the most powerful orator in the French chambers. What, it will naturally be asked, was the cause of the invincible repugnancy which he excited? We are told by those who were witnesses of these proceedings that the tone of carelessness (*insouciance*) and levity which he assumed gave offence; that his long speeches, in which facts were loosely and inexactly cited; figures given with flippancy, so erroneous that they were often exposed on the spot, were too much like lectures, or articles read from one of the journals. In fine, the house regarded M. Thiers as an adventurer, who came to retail his gatherings of history and literature from the tribune. Such were the first essays of M. Thiers as a parliamentary speaker, and the result was so unpromising that his friends began to despair of his political prospects.

Meanwhile difficulties continued to multiply around the cabinet from other causes. Its intrinsic feebleness was such that it was evident it could not long subsist. It was discovered by M. Lafitte, that the king himself was interfering, without his knowledge, in the business of the state, and justly considering such interference not consistent with the principle of ministerial responsibility, he resolved to resign.

Having foreseen the approaching dissolution of the cabinet, M. Thiers anticipated it, and resigned his office before the retirement of his friend and patron. "Swallows," says a contemporary writer, who noticed this step, "are endowed with an instinctive pre-

sentiment of the falling of buildings in which they have fixed themselves, and fly away betimes."

A more respectable construction, however, has been put on this proceeding of M. Thiers, by some who are not generally too favourable to him. The circumstances which have been mentioned as the cause of this resignation are as follows:—

During this short administration, while M. Thiers virtually held the ministry of finances, circumstances occurred and reports became prevalent in public, and were, without much affectation of reserve, repeated by the press, which greatly embittered the life of this statesman, and have entailed on his reputation injurious consequences, which will probably never be effaced. These attacks assumed a form so definite, that nothing but a public and explicit refutation of the charges brought against M. Thiers could by possibility deprive them of their most mischievous effects upon him, and unfortunately that public refutation was never offered. In short, he was accused of sharing in the improper gains derived from *donations*, received for appointments to offices in the ministry of finances. That the nominees did pay the *donations* has not, we believe, been disputed. But it was not proved that M. Thiers was the receiver of them.

A writer, who appears to have been well informed, states that one of the oldest and most attached friends of M. Thiers, with tears in his eyes and his front suffused with a blush of honest shame, informed him of this deplorable circumstance. He affirms that the traffic referred to was carried on in the name of M. Thiers by one whom it was impossible that he could denounce; that M. Thiers was deeply affected at it; and that he instantly, on being made acquainted with it, renouncing all his ambitious hopes, and looking down with grief from the elevation to which he had raised himself to his original position, determined to descend to his former station, and withdraw into the ranks of private life; that he went to M. Lafitte, confided to him the bitter misfortune of his situation, with a tone of simplicity and frankness of rare occurrence. He had resolved, he said, to quit the ministry, to return to those labours which he had pursued before the revolution

of July, and feeling the impossibility of offering the only refutation of the injurious reports which would be conclusive, he hoped at least to silence them by his retreat. On this occasion M. Lafitte displayed towards him all the affection and sympathy of a parent, consoled him, and enabled him to stop the further progress of the discreditable traffic. The king, informed of the circumstances, joined M. Lafitte in reassuring M. Thiers, and in effacing from his mind the painful impressions which remained upon it.

It gives us pleasure to quote this authority in refutation of injurious rumours, which even still continue to be credited. It unfortunately happens with public men in every country, that charges against them once getting into circulation, can never be entirely neutralised, no matter how conclusive their refutation may be. An hundred persons will hear the slander for one that will listen to its refutation; and unhappily the public takes greater pleasure in believing ill of those who have risen to eminence than in crediting their vindication.

In fact, M. Lafitte retired from the ministry on the 13th March, 1831, and the under secretary having previously resigned, Casimir Perier succeeded to the presidency of the council and ministry of the interior. M. Thiers made a voyage to the south to canvass the electors of Aix, whose suffrages he hoped for at the next election, and in this canvass he was supported by the new ministry, notwithstanding his connexion with the outgoing cabinet, and his resignation of office. In fact, it was known to those in power that he would support their measures and oppose his late colleagues. Under the ministry of Lafitte, M. Thiers was the soul of the movement party; he spoke only of crossing the Rhine; of raising again in Italy the old flag of Napoleon's victories. On his return from the south, however, his tone was totally changed. The country, he declared, could only be saved by peace, and as Lafitte's zeal in favour of the movement was surpassed by that of his under secretary, Casimir Perier found himself equally surpassed by the same person in his advocacy of the pacification of Europe, and the strengthening the foreign alliances.

M. Thiers, however, or his friends speaking for him, defend him against this charge of inconsistency. They say that he differed from M. Lafitte before the dissolution of his cabinet; that in his private conversations with him he adjured him not to allow himself to be allured by the mere attraction of a hollow popularity, but to adopt the conservative policy, and protect the new monarchical institutions from the factions which threatened them. He declared that although he would resign with M. Lafitte, he would nevertheless defend the principles of order and of resistance against the enemies of the new government. Such conversations, it is said, took place in the presence of several members of Lafitte's family, who are living witnesses of them.

All this may be perfectly true, and yet the inconsistency charged against M. Thiers remains unexplained. M. Thiers knew of the approaching changes in the government long before they occurred, and nothing could be more natural than to smoothe the way to his future course by such conferences. It rendered the transition less abrupt.

Be this as it may, M. Thiers and his former friend and patron were thenceforward mutually estranged, and it was evident that the former suffered from an uneasy consciousness of the awkwardness of his new position towards the late president of the council. After his election, and his opening speech in favour of the new cabinet and against his friends, M. Thiers could not conceal his efforts to avoid personal communication with his former friend. An amusing example of his want of tact in permitting this feeling to be visible in the chamber, is related. There are two doors leading into the chamber. The habitual seat of M. Lafitte was at the extremity of the lowest bench on the left next to one of these doors, and in the position most remote from the other. Before the dissolution of the Lafitte cabinet, Thiers invariably entered the chamber by the door on the left next the seat of Lafitte, stopping, as he passed, to chat with his friend. After its dissolution, he just as invariably entered at the right hand door, to avoid the necessity of such a conversation!

THE CHILD OF THE RHINE.

[The following Poem relates (with what power and simplicity we shall gladly leave to our readers' judgment) a real and most touching fact. The blind Boy's earliest longing for the gift he had been deluded into expecting, and the utter and heart-broken prostration of his disappointment, were well known to many at Coblentz, where he resided.—Ed.]

I.

He dwelleth where the waters shine,
Of that broad stream, the German's boast;
Where, night and day, the lordly Rhine
Goes singing by his castled coast.

Though on his ear the murmurs fall,
He cannot *see* the blue waves glide;
By Ehrenbreitstein's storied wall,
To meet the Mosel's silver tide.

On garden green, and vineclad hill,
Round Coblentz fair, the sunlight streams,
Through all his frame he feels the thrill,
Of warmth and gladness, in its beams.

But not for him the shadows fade,
And deepen on the mountain grey;
He never watched the ripple made
By the light oars, sink slow away.

All real things of shape and size,
In his child's spirit have no place;
For never on his sealed eyes
Hath outward object left a trace.

Still Nature wears a form and hue
By his own thoughtful soul imprest;
He walks with things he never knew,
In darkness; yet the child is blest.

The quiet soul so gentle, frames
No wish for that great good unknown,
He treasures up men's words, and names,
And gives them colours of his own.

He laugheth loud in childish glee;
His Mother singeth some old strain;
He creepeth softly to her knee,
And makes her sing it o'er again.

He feeleth with his little hand,
O'er all the face he loves so well;
And listening, doth not understand
The tales he wins her still to tell.

Tis sad to watch those eyes uplift
 Their fair lids fringed with golden hair ;
 Yet know that God's most precious gift,
 Bright power of vision, dwells not there.

But underneath God's glorious heaven,
 I ween there is a sadder sight—
 It is when His good gifts are given,
 And men misuse the precious right.

The earth is green, the Rhine is blue,
 Yet here are *eyes* that stream, or flower,
 Hath never charmed ; and God is true,
 Yet here are *hearts* that mock His power.

The blind of soul, the blind of sense,
 They dwell beneath the same roof-tree ;
 She darker of intelligence,
 Than, in his natural blindness, He.

For dull, and dim, as mists that fold
 The Drachenfels' broad summit bare,
 To her, bright Truth, the strong, and bold,
 Doth veils, and clouds, and shadows wear.

Poor earth's inventions—tales, and dreams,
 These to her blind child she has taught ;
 And he, cut off from sights, and gleams,
 And pictured forms—nor knowing aught

Of images that minister
 Unto her wandering fancy's need ;
 Perchance, doth not so widely err,
 And holds in thought a purer creed.

She leads him to the old church pile,
 What time they sing the solemn mass ;
 He stands within the pillared aisle,
 He feels the glowing incense pass.

He sees no gorgeous windows dim,
 No vested priests around him bend ;
 He only hears the chanted hymn,
 The prayer he doth not comprehend.

To " Father, Spirit, Son," they sung,
 Those strains that lingering swell, and faint ;
 He cannot tell that foreign tongue,
 He kneeleth to his Mother's saint.

Seldom he speaks to Him, who erst
 Himself, to mortal needs drew near ;
 Nor sent the little children, first,
 To servant loved, or Mother dear.

Yet leave the Child his simple thought
 Of One Great Being, throned above ;
 His sense of power that bows to nought,
 His faith in all-pervading love.

Leave him his own dream-haunted night,
 His meek content, his thoughtless bliss—
 Nor tell him that strange power of Sight,
 Unknown, unsought, may yet be his.

Go tread to-day the rose in dust,
 To-morrow brings a flower as fair,
 But he that tramples childhood's trust,
 Shall find no second blossom there!

II.

The vines are bending to the ground,
 Beneath their summer burden bright,
 Through all the Rhine-land goes a sound,
 The murmur of a strange delight.

Full fifty years the "Holy Vest"
 Has lain in sacred mystery sealed;
 Come forth, ye troubled, and find rest,
 Come forth, ye sickly, and be healed!

The Mother whispers of strange things,
 And wonders wrought for faithful men;
 In the Child's soul a dream upsprings,
 Of the bright world beyond his ken.

A voice from old imperial Trèves,
 Responsive thousands catch the cry,
 Long pilgrim hosts, like swelling waves,
 Pour on, to that cathedral high.

From many a vine-wreathed hut, and hall,
 Where Danube's troubled waters ride;
 From shores that hear the murmuring fall,
 Of that fair sea without a tide.

From citron groves where Spaniards roam,
 That weary pilgrimage they take;
 And Gaul's gay peasants leave their home,
 And Erin's island echoes wake.

The church is crowded, choir and nave,
 From altar screen to open door;
 Fresh thousands still a blessing crave,
 Fresh thousands thronging, still adore.

Within the Lady Chapel fair,
 Aloft the awful Relic stands,
 The grey old Bishop sitteth there,
 And blesseth all with lifted hands.

Round the High Altar slow they came,
 To kiss that honoured vest Divine;
 Where was His honour, to whose Name
 Men reared of old that costly shrine?

Round the High Altar, two by two,
 They passed without a word or strain,
 Then turning round in order due,
 They passed it silent back again.

Yet here the sick man came for health,
And here the sinner came for aid,
And here the rich man brought his wealth,
And here the earnest-minded prayed.

Not unto Him of old who wore
Such humble garb in Jewish land;
The prayers, the vows, the tears they pour
To mouldering work of human hand.

III.

She leaves behind the murmuring waves,
Fair Coblenz, round thy pleasant homes;
With lingering step, to lordly Treves,
The Mother, with her blind child comes.

His little hands across his breast,
The Child has folded piously;
And ever cries, "O, Holy Vest,
O, Vest most holy, pity me."

A sunbeam breaking through the trees,
Falls on his cheek, so warm and bright,
The poor child almost thinks he sees
And knows the ecstasy of light.

"O, Mother, Mother, linger not,"
He strains her weary hand, and cries,
"I die to kneel on that blest spot,
And learn to know thee with mine eyes.

"I yearn to see this pleasant heat,
To watch old Father Rhine ride by;
I hear the trampling of his feet,
I know his hoarse and hollow cry.

"How could he bear our little boat?
I felt no arms encircling me;
O, holy Coat, most holy Coat,
Make me to know what others see!"

They wander on, by hill and bower,
He hears no voices whispering round;
One strange bright hope absorbs all power,
Of grateful scent, or pleasant sound.

And still across his little breast,
His hands are folded; piteously,
He crieth out, "O, holy vest,
Have mercy on my misery."

There's many an angel carved in white,
On the tall pillars' chapters,
And blue-eyed boys as fair as light
Are singing with the choristers.

But not one form of sculptured grace,
Nor breathing boy in that fair choir,
Is beautiful as he, whose face
Pales with its own intense desire.

She leads him round the altar high,
 With trembling limb, with quivering throat,
 And upraised face, and straining eye,
 He kneeleth to the Holy Coat.

IV.

The Rhine runs gladly as before,
 By castled crag, and vine-wreathed cot;
 The child, beside his low-roofed door
 Sits once again—and sees him not!

The stream is broad, and bright as ever,
 But the child's soul is glad no more;
 His short, sweet laughter minglcth never,
 Now, with the water's sullen roar.

The sleep that was so full of dreams,
 His wakeful, joyous, tranquil night,
 Is clouded over; and it seems
 No more its fancied forms are bright.

One glorious gleam flashed through his brain,
 Wherein each other light waxed dim;
 'Tis vanish'd now; but ne'er again
 His own old stars shall shine for him.

He loved so much, in forest bowers,
 The rustle of the soft green leaves;
 He loved to listen when, long hours,
 The home-birds twitter'd in the eaves.

The music of the murmuring wave,
 The wild-bee's hum, the whispering rain;
 Tones that yet dearer transport gave,
 Sing as of old—but sing in vain.

With lagging, lingering footstep, creeps
 The listless child, and meekly tries
 To hide the silent tear that weeps
 His woe from those still sightless eyes.

Nay, sore perplexed, the frightened heart
 Beats quick at each familiar tone,
 He hears even *her* step but to start,
 And turns to bear his grief alone!

Then, bitterer feelings wring the breast,
 Whom should he love, or whom believe,
 If all who said they loved, caressed
 His weakness, only to deceive?

The torturing dread—the chilling doubt—
 The hollow hopelessness—begin;
 Worse—worse than changeless night without,
 The gathering vacancy within!

And that fond faith of childish years,
 That meekly trusted, and obeyed;
 That held no doubts, that had no fears,
 How is its simpleness betrayed?

O, Mother, was it meet to guide
The heart thou could'st have taught to cling
Close to his own Redeemer's side,
And leave it with that powerless thing ?

And when thy false words urged him on,
And lured him down the devious track,
Was there no deeper, dearer tone,
To call the cheated wanderer back ?

Where was Her warning, sweet and stern,
The Mother of his *second* birth ?
Ah! she has stained her own pure urn,
With the polluted streams of earth.

In many an old religious land,
Her once true notes are false and vain ;
And she has forged with her own hand,
And rivets still her children's chain.

Dear Church, along *our English* dells,
Still pure as in thine earliest years,
Thy sweet voice echoed by church bells,
Comes floating down to peasant ears !

Still round thy shrines, thy poor bereaved,
In Christ's own presence meet to pray ;
And none rejected, none deceived,
Bear all His choicest gifts away.

O, if one wandering from thy fold,
Hath, in her pictured paths, found pleasure ;
Who singeth the good strains of old,
But sings them to another measure.

If he have touched enchanted ground,
And love to roam and linger there,
O, lure him back with the sweet sound,
Of thy pure creed, and simple prayer.

And with the spirit stern and strong,
That filled thy Martyrs' souls undaunted,
And with the sympathies that throng
Round thine old Churches angel-haunted.

And if thy pleas in vain be said,
Then show the doubt, the grief, the gloom ;
The soul untrained, the heart misled,
The Blind Child's solitary doom.

C. F. H.

THE BLACK PROPHET.—A TALE OF IRISH FAMINE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER XXV.—SARAH WITHOUT HOPE.

How Sarah returned to Dalton's cabin she herself knew not. Such was the tumult which the communication then made to her by Mave had occasioned in her mind, that the scene which had just taken place altogether appeared to her excited spirit like a troubled dream, whose impressions were too unreal and deceptive to be depended on for a moment. The reaction from the passive state in which Mave had left her, was, to a temperament like her's, perfectly overwhelming. Her pulse beat high, her cheek burned, and her eye flashed with more than its usual fire and overpowering brilliancy, and, with the exception of one impression alone, all her thoughts were so rapid and indistinct as to resemble the careering clouds which fly in tumult and confusion along the troubled sky, with nothing stationary but the sun far above, and which, in this case, might be said to resemble the bright conviction of Dalton's love for her, that Mave's assurance had left behind it. On re-entering the cabin, without being properly conscious of what she either did or said, she once more knelt by the side of Dalton's bed, and hastily taking his unresisting hand, was about to speak; but a difficulty how to shape her language held her in a painful and troubled suspense for some moments, during which Dalton could plainly perceive the excitement or rather rapture by which she was actuated. At length, a gush of hot and burning tears enabled her to speak, and she said—

"Con Dalton—dear Con, is it true?—can it be true?—oh, no—no—but then *she* says it—is it true that you like me—like me!—no, no—that word is too wake—is it true that you *love* me?—but no—it can't be—there never was so much happiness intended for me; and then, if it should be true—oh, if it was possible, how will I bear it?—what will I do?—what—what is to be the consequence? for my love

for you is beyond all belief—beyond all that tongue could tell. I can't stand this struggle—my head is giddy—I scarcely know what I'm sayin'—or is it a dhrame?—is it a dhrame that I'll waken from, and find it false—false?"

Dalton pressed her hand, and looking tenderly upon her face, replied—

"Dear Sarah, forgive me; your dhrame is both true and false. It is true that I like you—that I pity you; but you forbid me to say that—well, it is true, I say, that I like you—but I can't say more. The only girl I love, in the sense you name, is Mave Sullivan. I could not tell you an untruth, Sarah; nor don't deavee yourself. I *like* you, but I *love* her."

She started up, and in an instant dashed the tears from her cheeks; after which she said—

"I am glad I know it—you have said the truth—the bitter truth—ay, bitter it will prove, Condy Dalton, to more than me. My happiness in this world is now over for ever. I never was happy; an' it's clear that the doom is against me—I never will be happy. I am now free to act as I like. No matter what I do, it cannot make me feel more than I feel now. I might take a life—ay, twenty, an' I couldn't feel more miserable than I am. Then, what is there to prevent me from workin' out my own will, an' doin' what my father wishes? I may make myself worse an' guiltier; but unhappier I cannot be. That poor, weak hope was all I had in this world; but that is gone, an' I have no other hope now."

"Compose yourself, dear Sarah; calm yourself," said Dalton.

"Don't call me *dear* Sarah," she replied; "you were wrong ever to do so. Oh, why was I born! an' what has this world an' this life been to me but hardship an' sorrow? But ~~still~~ she added, drawing herself up, "I will let you all see what pride can do."

I now know my fate, an' what I must suffer; an' if one tear would gain your love, I wouldn't shed it—never, never."

"Sarah," said Mary, in a soothing voice, "I hope you won't blame poor Con. You don't know, maybe, that himself an' Mave Sullivan has loved one another ever since they were ——"

"No more about Mave Sullivan," she replied, almost fiercely; "lave her to me. As for me, I'll not brake my word, either for good or evil; I was never the one to do an ungenerous—~~an ungenerous~~—no—" she paused, however, as if struck by some latent conviction that pressed upon her conscience, and in a panting voice, she added, "I must lave you for awhile, but I will be back in an hour or two—oh, yes, I will—an' in the meantime, Mary, any thing that is to be done, you can do it for me till I come agin. Mave Sullivan!—Mave Sullivan!—lave Mave Sullivan to me!"

She then threw an humble garment about her, and in a few minutes was on her way to have an interview with her father. On reaching home she found that he had arrived only a few minutes before her—and to her surprise he expressed something like good humour, or, perhaps, gratification at her presence there. On looking into her face more closely, however, he had little trouble in perceiving that something extraordinary had disturbed her. He then glanced at Nelly, who, as usual, sat gloomily by the fire, knitting her brows and groaning with suppressed ill-temper, as she had been in the habit of doing ever since she suspected that Donnel had made a certain disclosure, connected with her, to Sarah.

"Well," said he, "has there been another battle?—have you been *ding dast* at it as usual? What's wrong, Sally?—eh? Did it go to blows wid you, for you look raised?"

"You're all out of it," replied Nelly, "her blood's up now—an' I'm not prepared for a sudden death. She's dangerous this minute—an' I'll take care of her. Blessed man, look at her eyes."

She repeated these words with that kind of low, dogged ridicule and scorn which so frequently accompany stupid and wanton brutality; and which are, besides, provoking almost beyond endurance, when the mind is chafed by considerations of an exciting nature.

Sarah flew like lightning to the old knife, which we have already mentioned, and snatching it from the shelf of the dresser on which it lay, exclaimed—

"I have now no earthly thought, nor any hope of good in this world, to keep my hand from evil; an' for all ever you made me suffer, take this—"

Her father had not yet sat down, and it was indeed well that he had not—for it required all his activity and strength united, to intercept the meditated blow, by seizing his daughter's arm.

"Sarah," said he, "what is this?—are you mad, you murdering jade, to attempt the vagabond's life?—for she is a vagabond, and an ill-tongued vagabond. Why do you provoke the girl, by sich language, you double-distilled ould sthrap?—you do nothing but growl, an' snarl, an' curse, an' pray—ay, pray, from mornin' to night, in sich a way, that the very devil himself couldn't bear you, or live with you. Begone out o' this, or I'll let her at you—an' I'll engage she'll give you what'll settle you."

Nelly rose, and putting on her cloak, went out.

"I'm goin'," she replied, looking at and addressing the Prophet; "an' praise God, before long I'll have the best wiah o' my heart fulfilled, by seein' you hanged; but, until then, may my curse, an' the curse o' God light on you and pursue you. I know you have tould her every thing, or she wouldn't act towards me as she has done of late."

Sarah stood like the Pythoness, in a kind of savage beauty, with the knife firmly grasped in her hand.

"I'm glad she's gone," she said; "but it is not her, father, that I ought to rise my hand against."

"Who, then, Sarah?" he asked with something like surprise.

"You asked me," she proceeded, "to assist in a plan to have Mave Sullivan carried off by young Dick o' the Grange—I'm now ready for anything, an' I'll do it. This world, father, has nothing good or happy in it for me—now I'll be aqil to it; if it gives me nothing good, it'll get nothing good out of me. I'll give it blow for blow; kindness, good fortune, if it was to happen—but it can't now—would soften me; but I know, an' I feel that ill-treatment, crosses, disappointments, an' want of all hope in this life, has made, an' wil

make me a devil—ay, an' oh! what a different girl I might be this day!"

"What has vexed you?" asked the father; "for I see that something has."

"Isn't it a cruel thing," she proceeded, without seeming to have attended to him; "isn't it a cruel thing to think that every one you see about you has *some* happiness except yourself; an' that your heart is burstin', an' your brain burnin', and no relief for you; no one point to turn to, for consolation—but everything dark and dismal, and fiery about you!"

"I felt all this, myself," said the Prophet; "so, don't be disheartened, Sarah; in the coarse o' time your heart will get so hardened that you'll laugh at the world—ay, at all that's either bad or good in it, as I do."

"I never wish to come to that state," she replied; "an' you never felt what I feel—you never had that much of what was *good* in your heart. No," she proceeded, "sooner than come to that state—that is, to your state—I'd put this knife into my heart. You, father, never loved one of your own kind yet."

"Didn't I?" he replied, whilst his eyes lightened into a glare like those of a provoked tiger; "ay, I loved *one* of our kind—of *your* kind; loved her—ay, an' was happy wid her—oh, how happy. Ay, Sarah M'Gowan, an' I loved my fellow-creatures *then*, too, like a fool as I was: loved, ay, loved; an' she that I so loved, proved false to me—proved an adulteress; an' I tell you now, that it may harden your heart against the world, that that woman—my wife—that I so loved, an' that so disgraced me, was your mother."

"It's a lie—it's as false as the devil himself," she replied, turning round quickly, and looking him with frantic vehemence of manner in the face. "*My* mother never did what you say. She's now in her grave, an' can't spake for or defend herself; but if I was to stand here till judgment day, I'd say it was false. You were misled or mistaken, or your own bad, suspicious nature made you do her wrong; an' even if it was *thru*—which it is *not*, but false as hell—why would you crush and wring her daughter's heart by a knowledge of it? Couldn't you let me get through the short but bitter passage of life that's before me,

without addin' this to the other thoughts that's distractin' me?"

"I did it, as I said," he replied, "to make you harden your heart, an' to prevent you from puttin' any trust in the world, or expectin' anything either of thruth or goodness from it."

She started, as if some new light had broken in upon her, and turning to him, said—

"Maybe I undherstand you, father—I hope I do. Oh, could it be that you wor want a—a a better man—a man that had a heart for your fellow-creatures, and cared for them? I'm lookin' into my own heart now, and I don't doubt but I might be brought to the same state yet. Ha, that's terrible to think of; but again, I can't believe it. Father, you can stoop to lies an' falsity—that I could not do; but no matter; you wor want a good man, maybe. Am I right?"

The prophet turned round, and fixing his eyes upon his daughter, they stood each gazing upon the other for some time. He then looked for a moment into the ground, after which he sat down upon a stool, and covering his face with both his hands, remained in that position for two or three minutes.

"Am I right, father?" she repeated.

He raised his eyes, and looking upon her with his usual composure, replied—

"No—you are wrong—you are *very* wrong. When I was an innocent child I was a villain. When I was a light-hearted, affectionate boy, playing with my brothers and sisters, I was a villain. When I grew into youth, Sarah, an' thought every one full of honesty an' truth, an' the world all kindness, an' nothing about me but goodness, an' generosity, an' affection, I was, of coorse, a villain. When I loved the risin' sun—when I looked upon the stars of heaven with a wonderin' and happy heart—when the dawn of mornin' and the last light of the summer evening filled me with joy, and made me love every one and everything about me—the trees, the runnin' rivers, the green fields, and all that God—ha, what am I sayin'?—I was a villain. When I loved an' married

your mother, an' when she—but no matter—when all these things happened, I was, I say, a villain; but now that things is changed for the better, I am an honest man!"

"Father, there is good in you yet," she said, as her eye sparkled in the very depth of her excitement, with a hopeful animation that had its source in a noble and exalted benevolence, "you're not lost."

"Don't I say," he replied, with a cold and bitter sneer, "that I am an honest man."

"Ah," she replied, "that's gone too, then—look where I will, everything's dark—no hope—no hope of any kind; but no matter now; since I can't do better, I'll make them think o' me, aye, an' feel me too. Come, then, what have you to say to me?"

"Let us have a walk, then," replied her father. "There is a weeny glimpse of sunshine, for a wondher. You look heated—your face is flushed too, very much, an' the walk will cool you a little."

"I know my face is flushed," she replied, "for I feel it burnin', an' so is my head; I have a pain in it, and a pain in the small o' my back too."

"Well, come," he continued, "and a walk will be of service to you."

They then went out in the direction of the Rabbit Bank, the Prophet, during their walk, availing himself of her evident excitement to draw from her the history of its origin. Such a task, indeed, was easily accomplished, for this singular creature, in whom love of truth, as well as a detestation of all falsehood and subterfuge, seemed to have been a moral instinct, at once disclosed to him the state of her affections, and, indeed, all that the reader already knows of her love for Dalton, and her rivalry with Mave Sullivan. These circumstances were such precisely as he could have wished for, and our readers need scarcely be told that he failed not to aggravate her jealousy of Mave, nor to suggest to her the necessity on her part, if she possessed either pride or spirit, to prevent her union with Dalton by every means in her power.

"I'll do it," she replied, "I'll do it; to be sure I feel that it's not right, an' if I had one single hope in this world I'd scorn it; but I'm now des-

perate; I tried to be good, but I'm only a cobweb before the wind—everything is against me, an' I think I'm like some one that never had a guardian angel to take care of them."

The Prophet then gave her a detailed account of their plan for carrying away Mave Sullivan, and of his own subsequent intentions in life—

"We have more than one iron in the fire," he proceeded, "an' as soon as everything comes off right, and to our wishes, we'll not lose a single hour in going to America."

"I didn't think," said Sarah, "that Dalton ever murdered Sullivan till I heard himself confess it; but I can well understand it now. He was hasty, father, and did it in a passion, but so itself, he has and had a good heart. Father, don't blame me for what I say, but I'd rather be that pious, affectionate ould man, wid his murder on his head, than you in the state you're in. An' that's thrue, I must turn back and go to them—I'm too long away; still, something ails me—I'm all sickish, my head and back especially."

"Go home to our own place," he replied; "may be it's the sickness you're takin'."

"Oh, no," she replied, "I felt this way wanst or twice before, an' I know it'll go off me—good bye."

"Good bye, Sarah, an' remember, honour bresy and saicresy."

"Saicresy, father, I grant you, but never honour bright for me again. It's the world makes me do it—the wicked, dark, cruel world, that has me as I am, widout a livin' heart to love me—that's what makes me do it."

They then separated, he to pursue his way to Dick o' the Grange's, and she to the miserable cabin of the Daltons. They had not gone far, however, when she returned, and calling after him, said—

"I have thought it over again, and won't promise altogether till I see you again."

"Are you goin' back o' your word so soon?" he asked, with a kind of sarcastic sneer. "I thought you never broke your word, Sarah."

She paused, and after looking about her as if in perplexity, she turned on her heel, and proceeded in silence.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE PEDLAR RUNS A CLOSE RISK OF THE STOCKS.

NELLY'S suspicions, apparently well founded as they had been, were removed from the Prophet, not so much by the disclosure to her and Sarah, of his having been so long cognizant of Sullivan's murder by old Dalton, as by that unhappy man's own confession of the crime. Still, in spite of all that had yet happened, she could not divest herself of an impression that something dark and guilty was associated with the Tobacco-Box—an impression which was strengthened by her own recollections of certain incidents that occurred upon a particular night, much about the time of Sullivan's disappearance. Her memory, however, being better as to facts than to time, was such as prevented her from determining whether the incidents alluded to had occurred previous to Sullivan's murder, or afterwards. There remained, however, just enough of suspicion to torment her own mind, without enabling her to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to Donnel's positive guilt, arising from the mysterious incidents in question. A kind of awakened conscience, too, resulting not from any principle of true repentance, but from superstitious alarm and a conviction that the Prophet had communicated to Sarah a certain secret connected with her, which she dreaded so much to have known, had for some time past rendered her whole life a singular compound of weak terror, ill-temper, gloom, and a kind of conditional repentance, which depended altogether upon the fact of her secret being known. In this mood it was that she left the cabin as we have described.

"I'm not fit to die," she said to herself, after she had gone—"an' that's the *second* offer for my life she has made. Any way, it's the best of my play to lave them; an' above all, to keep away from *her*. That's the *second* attempt; and I know to a sartin'ty, that if she makes a *third* one, it'll do for me. Oh, no doubt of that—the third time's always the charm!—an' into my heart that unlucky knife 'ill go, if she ever tries it a third time! They tell me," she proceeded, soliloquizing, as she was in the habit of doing, "that the inquest is to be held

in a day or two, an' that the crowner was only unwell a thrife, and hadn't the sickness aafter all. No matter—not all the wather in the say 'ud clear my mind that there's not villany joined wid that Tobacco-Box, though where it could go, or what could come of it (barrin the devil himself or the fairies tuck it), I don't know."

So far as concerned the coroner, the rumour of his having caught the prevailing typhus was not founded on fact. A short indisposition, arising from cold caught by a severe wetting, but by no means of a serious or alarming nature, was his only malady; and when the day to which the inquest had been postponed had arrived, he was sufficiently recovered to conduct that important investigation. A very large crowd was assembled upon the occasion, and a deep interest prevailed throughout that part of the country. The circumstances, however, did not, as it happened, admit of any particular difficulty. Jerry Sullivan and his friends attended, as was their duty, in order to give evidence touching the identity of the body. This, however, was a matter of peculiar difficulty. On disinterring the remains, it was found that the clothes worn at the time of the murder had not been buried with them—in other words, that the body had been stripped of all but the under garment, previous to its interment. The evidence, nevertheless, of the Black Prophet and of Red Roddy was conclusive. The truth, however, of *most* if not of all of the details, but not of the fact itself, was denied by old Dalton, who had sufficiently recovered from his illness, to be present at the investigation. The circumstances deposed to by the two witnesses were sufficiently strong and home to establish the fact against him, although he impugned the details as we have stated, but admitted that after a hard battle with weighty sticks, he did kill Sullivan by an unlucky blow, and left him dead in a corner of the field for a short time, near the Grey Stone. He said that he did not bury the body, but that he carried it soon afterwards from

the field in which the unhappy crime had been committed, to the roadside, where he laid it for a time, in order to procure assistance. He said he then changed his mind, and having become afraid to communicate the unhappy accident to any of the neighbours, he fled in great terror across the adjoining mountains, where he wandered nearly frantic until the approach of day-break the next morning. He then felt himself seized with an uncontrollable anxiety to return to the scene of conflict, which he did, and found, not much to his surprise indeed, that the body had been removed, for he supposed at the time that Sullivan's friends must have brought it home. This he declared was the truth, neither more nor less, and he concluded by solemnly stating, that he knew no more than the child unborn of what had become of the body, or how it disappeared. He also acknowledged that he was very much intoxicated at the time of the quarrel, and that were it not for the shock he received by perceiving that the man was dead, he thought he would not have had any thing beyond a confused and indistinct recollection of the circumstances at all. He admitted also that he had threatened Sullivan in the market, and followed him closely for the purpose of beating him, but maintained that the fatal blow was not given with an intention of taking his life.

The fact, on the contrary, that the body had been privately buried and stripped before interment, was corroborated by the circumstance of Sullivan's body-coat having been found the next morning in a torn and bloody state, together with his great coat and hat; but, indeed, the impression upon the minds of many was, that Dalton's version of the circumstances was got up for the purpose of giving to what was looked upon as a deliberate assassination, the character of simple homicide or manslaughter, so as that he might escape the capital felony, and come off triumphantly by a short imprisonment. The feeling against him too was strengthened and exasperated by the impetuous resentment with which he addressed himself to the Prophet and Rody Duncan, whilst giving their evidence, for it was not unreasonable to sup-

pose that the man, who at his years, and in such awful circumstances, could threaten the lives of the witnesses against him, as he did, would not hesitate to commit, in a fit of that ungovernable passion that had made him remarkable through life, the very crime with which he stood charged through a similar act of blind and ferocious vengeance. Others, on the contrary, held different opinions; and thought that the old man's account of the matter was both simple and natural, and bore the stamp of sincerity and truth upon the very face of it. Jerry Sullivan only swore that to the best of his opinion the skeleton found was much about the size of what his brother's would be; but as the proof of his private interment by Dalton had been clearly established by the evidence of the Prophet and Rody, constituting, as it did, an unbroken chain of circumstances which nothing could resist, the jury had no hesitation in returning the following verdict:—

"We find a verdict of wilful murder against Cornelius Dalton, Senior, for that he on or about the night of the fourteenth of December, in the year of grace 1798, did follow and waylay Bartholomew Sullivan, and deprive him of his life by blows and violence, having threatened him to the same effect in the early part of the aforesaid day."

During the progress of the investigation our friend the pedlar and Charley Hanlon were anxious and deeply attentive spectators. The former never kept his eyes off the Prophet, but surveyed him with a face in which it was difficult to say whether the expression was one of calm conviction or astonishment. When the investigation had come to a close, he drew Hanlon aside, and said—

"That swearin, Charley, was too clear, an' if I was on the jury myself I would find the same verdict. May the Lord support the poor ould man in the mane time! for in spite of all that happened, one can't help pityin' him, or at any rate his unfortunate family. However, see what comes by not havin' a curb over one's passions when the blood's up."

"God's a just God," replied Hanlon—"the murderer deserves his punishment, an' I hope will meet it."

"There is little doubt of it," said the pedlar. The hand of God is in it all."

"That's more than I see, or can at the present time, then," replied Hanlon. "Why should my aunt stay away so long?—but I dare say the truth is, she is either sick or dead, an' if that's the case, what's all you have said or done worth? You see it's but a chance still."

"Trust in God," replied the pedlar; "that's all either of us can do or say now. There's the coffin. I'm tould they're goin' to bury him, and to have the greatest funeral that ever was in the country; but, God knows, there's funerals enough in the neighbourhood widout their making a show of themselves wid this."

"There's no truth in that report either," said Hanlon. "I was spakin' to Jerry Sullivan this mornin', an' I have it from him that they intend to bury him as quietly as they can. He's much changed from what he was—Jerry is—an' doesn't wish to have the ould man hanged at all, if he can prevent it."

"Hanged or not, Charley, I must go on with my petition to Dick o' the Grange. Of coorse I have no chance, but maybe the Lord put something good into Travers's heart, when he bid me bring it to him; at any rate it can do no harm."

"Nor any earthly good," replied the other. "The farm is this minute the property of Darby Skinadre, an' to my own knowledge Masther Dick has a good hundre pounds in his pocket for befriendin' the meal monger."

"Still an' all, Charley, I'll go to the father, if it was only because the agent wishes it; I promised I would, an' who knows at any rate but he may do something for the poor Daltons himself, when he finds that the villain that robbed and ruined them wont."

"So far you may be right," said Hanlon, "an' as you say, if it does no good it can do no harm; but for my part, I can scarcely think of any thing but my poor aunt. What, in God's name, except sickness or death, can keep her away, I don't know."

"Put your trust in God, man—that's my advice to you."

"And a good one it is," replied the other, "if we could only folly it up as we ought. Every one here wondhers

at the change that's come over me—I that was so light and airy, and so fond of every divarsion that was to be had, am now as grave as a parson; but indeed no wondher, for ever since that awful night at the Grey Stone—since both nights indeed—I'm not the same man, an' I feel as if there was a weight over me that nothing will remove, unless we trace the murder, an' I hardly know what to say about it, now that my aunt isn't forthcomin'."

"Trust in God, I tell you, for as sure as you live, truth will come to light yet."

The conversation then took various changes as they proceeded, until they reached the Grange, where the first person they met was Jemmy Branigan, who addressed his old enemy, the pedlar, in that peculiarly dry and ironical tone which he was often in the habit of using when he wished to disguise a friendly act in an ungracious garb—a method of granting favours, by the way, to which he was proverbially addicted. In fact, a surly answer from Jemmy was as frequently indicative of his intention to serve you with his master as it was otherwise; but so adroitly did he disguise his sentiments, that no earthly penetration could develop them until proved by the result. Jemmy, besides, liked the pedlar at heart for his open, honest scurrility—a quality which he latterly found extremely beneficial to himself, inasmuch as now that increasing infirmity had incapacitated his master from delivering much of the alternate abuse that took place between them, he experienced great relief every morning from a fresh breathing with his rather eccentric opponent.

"Jemmy," said Hanlon, "is the master in the office?"

"Is he in the office?—Who wants him?" and as he put the query he accompanied it by a look of ineffable contempt at the pedlar.

"Your friend, the pedlar, wants him; and so now," added Hanlon, "I leave you both to fight it out between you."

"You're comin' wid your petition, an' a purty object you are, goin' to look afther a farm for a man that'll be hanged (may God forbid—this day, amin!)" he exclaimed in an earnest undertone which the other could not hear; "an' what can you expect but to

get kicked out or put in the stocks for attemptin' to take a farm over another man's head."

"What other man's head?—nobody has it yet."

"Ay has there—a very daicent, respectable man has it; by name one Darby Skinadre. (May he never warm his hungry nose in the same farm, the miserable *keout* that he is this day," he added in another soliloquy, which escaped the pedlar;) "a very honest man is Darby Skinadre, so you may save yourself the trouble, I say."

"At any rate there's no harm in tryin'—worse than fail we cant, an' if we succeed it'll be good to come in for any thing from the ould scoundrel, before the devil get's him."

Jemmy gave him a look.

"Why what have you to say against the ould boy? Sure it's not castin' reflections on your own mather you'd be."

"Oh not at all," replied the pedlar, "especially when I'm expectin' a favour from one of his sarvints. Throth he'll soon by all accounts have his hook in the ould Clip o' the Grange—an' afther that some of his friends will soon folly him. I wouldn't be manin' one Jemmy Branigan. Oh dear no—but it's a sure case that it's the Black Boy's intention to take the whole family by instalments, an' wid respect to the sarvints to place them in their ould situations. Faith you'll have a warm berth of it, Jemmy, an' well you deserve it."

"Why then you circulatin' vagabone," replied Jemmy; "if you wern't a close friend to him, you'd not know his intentions so well. Don't let out on yourself, man alive; unless you have the face to be proud of your acquaintances, which in throth is more than any one barrin' the *same set* could be of you."

"Well, well," retorted the pedlar, "sure blood alive, as we're all of the same connexion, let us not quarrel now, but sarve another if we can. Go an' tell the ould blackguard I want to see him about business."

"Will I tell him you're itchy about the houghs?—eh? However, the thruth is, that they"—and he pointed to the stocks—"might be justice, but no novelty to you. The iron garters is an ornament you often wore, an' will agin, please goodness."

"Throth an' your ornament is one you'll never wear a second time—the hemp collar will grace your neck yet; but never mind, you're leadin' the life to deserve it. See now if I can spake a word wid your mather for a poor family."

"Why, then, to avoid your tongue, I may as well tell you, that himself, Mather Richard, and Darby Skinadre's in the office; an' if you can use the same blackguard tongue as well in a good cause, as you can in a bad one, it would be well for the poor craythers. Go in now, an'," he added in another soliloquy, "may the Lord prosper his virtuous endayvours, the vagabone; altho' all hope o' that's past, I doubt; for hasn't Skinadre the promise, and Mather Richard the bribe. However, who can tell; so God prosper the vagabone I say agin!"

The pedlar, on entering, found old Henderson sitting in an arm-chair, with one of his legs, as usual, bandaged and stretched out before him on another chair. He seemed much worn and debilitated, and altogether had the appearance of a man whose life was not worth a single week's purchase. Skinadre was about taking leave of his patron, the son, who had been speaking to him as the pedlar entered.

"Don't be uneasy, Darby," he said; "we can't give you a lease for about a week or fortnight; but the agent is now here, an' we must first take out new leases ourselves. As soon as we do, you shall have yours."

"If you only knew, your honour, the scrapin' I had, in these hard times, to get together that hundre—"

"Hush—there," said the other, clapping his hand, with an air of ridicule and contempt, upon the miser's mouth; "that will do now; be off, and depend upon — mum, you understand me! Ha, ha, ha—that's not a bad move, father," he added; "however, I think we must give him the farm."

The pedlar had been standing in the middle of the floor, when young Dick, turning round suddenly, asked him, with a frown, occasioned by the fact of his having overheard this short dialogue, what he wanted.

"God save your honours, gentlemen," said the pedlar, in a loud, straightforward voice. "I'm glad to see your honour looking so well," he

added, turning to the father; "it's fresh an' young you're gettin', sir, glory be to God!"

"Who is this fellow, Dick? Do you think I look better, my man?"

"Says Jemmy Brannigan to me afore I came in," proceeded the pedlar—"he's a thrue friend o' mine, your honour, Jemmy is, an' 'ud go to the well o' the world's end to serve me—says he, you'll be delighted, Harry, to see the mather look so fresh and well."

"And the cursed old hypocrite is just after telling me, Dick, to prepare for a long journey, adding, for my consolation, that it won't be a trouble—some one, inasmuch as it will be all down hill."

"Why," replied the son, "he has given you that information for the ten thousandth time, to my own knowledge. What does this man want? What's your business, my good fellow?"

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," replied the pedlar, "will you allow me to ax you one question—were you ever in the forty-seventh foot? Oh, begad, it must be him to a sartinty," he added, as if to himself.

"No," replied Dick; "why so?"

"Take care, your honour," said the pedlar, smiling roguishly; "take care now. If it wasn't you——"

"What are you speaking about?—what do you mean?" asked the young man.

The pedlar went over to him, and said, in a low voice, looking cautiously at the father, as if he didn't wish that he should hear him—

"It was surely your honour took away Lord Handicap's daughter when you wor an ensign—the handsome ensign, as they called you in the forty-seventh? Eh? faix I knew you the minute I looked at you."

"Ha, ha, ha—do you know what, father? He says I'm the handsome ensign of the forty-seventh, that took away Lord Handicap's daughter."

"The greatest beauty in all England," added the pedlar; "an' I knew him at wanst, your honour."

"Well, Dick, that's a compliment at any rate," replied the father.

"Were you ever in the forty-seventh?" asked the son, smiling.

"Ah, ha," returned the pedlar, with a knowing wink, "behave yourself,

captain; I'm not so soft as all that comes to; but sure as I have a favour to ax from his honour, your father, I'm glad to have your assistance. Faix, by all accounts, you pleaded your own cause well, at any rate; an' I hope you'll give me a lift now wid his honour here."

Dick the younger laughed heartily, but really had not ready virtue enough about him to disclaim the compliment.

"Come, then," he added, "let us hear what your favour is."

"Oh, thin, thank you, an' God bless you, captain! It's this; only to know if you'd be good enough to grant a new lease of Cragga farm to young Condy Dalton; for the ould man, by all accounts, isn't long for this world."

Both turned their eyes upon him with a look of singular astonishment.

"Who are you at, all, my good fellow?" asked the father; "or what devil drove you here on such an impudent message? A lease to the son of that old murderer and his crew of beggars! That's good, Dick!—well done, soger!—will you back him in that, Captain? Ha, ha, ha! D—n me, if ever I heard the like of it!"

"I hope you will back me, Captain," said the pedlar.

"Upon what grounds, conculle? Ha, ha, ha! Go on! Let us hear you!"

"Why, your honour, because he's best entitled to it. Think of what it was when he got it, an' think of what it is now, and then ax yourselves—'Who raised it in value, an' made it worth twice what it was worth?' Wasn't it the Doctors? Didn't they lay out near eight hundred pounds upon it? An' didn't you, at every renewal, screw them up—beggin' your pardon, gentlemen—until they found that the more they improved it the poorer they were gettin'? An' now that it lies there, worth double its value, and they that made it so (to put money into your pockets) beggars—widin a few hundred yards of it—wouldn't it be rather hard to let them die an' starve in destitution, and them within to get it back at a reasonable rint?"

"In this country, brother soldier," replied Dick, ironically, "we generally starve first an' die afterwards."

"You may well say so, your honour; an' God knows, there's not upon the

face of the earth a counthry where starvation is so much practised, or so well undherstood. Faith, unfortunately, it's the national divaraion wid us. However, is what I'm sayin' reasonable, gentlemen?"

"Exceedingly so," said Dick; "go on."

"Well, then, I wish to know, will you give them a new lease of their farm?"

"You do!—do you?"

"Throth I do, your honour."

"Well, then," replied the son, "I beg to inform you that we will not."

"Why so, your honour?"

"Simply, you knave," exclaimed the father, in a passion, "because we don't wish it. Kick him out, Dick!"

"My good friend and brother soldier," said Dick, "the fact is, that we are about to introduce a new system altogether upon our property. We are determined to manage it upon a perfectly new principle. It has been too much sublet under us, and we have resolved to rectify this evil. That is our answer. You get no lease. Provide for yourself, and your friends, the Daltons, as best you can, but on this property you get no lease. That is your answer."

"Begone, now, you scoundrel," said the father, "and not a word more out of your head."

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" exclaimed the pedlar, "have you no consciences? Is there no justice in the world? The misery, and sorrow, and sufferings of this unfortunate family will be upon you, I doubt, if you don't do them justice."

"Touch the bell, Dick! Here, some one! Jemmy Branigan! Harry Lowry! Jack Clinton!—where are you all, you scoundrels? Here, put this rascal in the stocks, immediately!—in with him!"

Jemmy, who, from an adjoining room, had been listening to every word that passed, now entered.

"Here, you, sir: clap this vagabond in the stocks for his insolence. He has come here purposely to insult myself and my son—to the stocks with him, at once!"

"No!" replied Jemmy; "the devil rescue the stock will go on him this day. Didn't I hear every word that passed? An' what did he say but the

thruth, an' what every one knows to be the thruth?"

"Put him in the stocks, I desire you, this instant!"

"Throth, if you wor to look at your mug in the glass, you'd feel that you'll soon be in a worse stocks yourself than ever you put any poor craythur into," replied the redoubtable Jemmy. "Do you be off about your business, in the mane time, you good-natured vagabone, or this ould firebrand will get some one wid less conscience than I have, that 'ill clap you in them."

"Never mind, father," observed the son: "let the fellow go about his business—he's not worth your resentment."

The pedlar took the hint, and withdrew, accompanied by Jemmy, on whose face there was a grin of triumph that he could not conceal.

"I tould you," he added, as they went down the steps, "that the same stocks was afore you; an' in the mane time, God pardon me for the injustice I did in keepin' you out o' them."

"Go on," replied the other; "devil a harsh word ever I'll say to you again."

"Throth will you," said Jemmy; "an' both of us will be as fresh as a daisy at it in the mornin, plaise goodness. I have scarcely any one to abuse me, or to abuse either, now that the ould mather is so feeble."

Jemmy extended his hand as he spoke, and gave the pedlar a squeeze, the cordiality of which was strongly at variance with the abuse he had given him.

"God bless you!" said the pedlar, returning the pressure; "your bark is worse than your bite. I'm off now to mention the reception they gave me and the answers I got, to a man that will, maybe, bring themselves to their marrowbones afore long."

"Ay, but don't abuse them for all that," replied Jemmy, "for I won't bear it."

"Throth," returned the other, "you're a quare Jemmy—an' so God bless you!"

Having uttered these words in an amicable and grateful spirit, our friend the pedlar bent his steps to the head inn of the next town—being that of the assizes—where Mr. Travers, the agent, kept his office.

CHAPTER XXVII.—SARAH ILL—MAVE AGAIN HEROIC.

YOUNG Henderson, whose passion for Mave Sullivan was neither virtuous nor honourable, would not have lent himself, notwithstanding, to the unprincipled projects of the Prophet, had not that worthy personage gradually and dishonestly drawn him into a false position. In other words, he led the vain and credulous young man to believe that Mave had been seized with a secret affection for him, and was willing, provided every thing was properly managed, to consent to an elopement. For this purpose it was necessary that the plan should be executed without violence, as the Prophet well knew, because, on sounding young Dick upon that subject in an early stage of the business, he had ascertained that the proposal of any thing bordering upon outrage or force, would instantly cause him to withdraw from the project altogether. For this reason then he found it necessary, if possible, to embark Sarah as an accomplice, otherwise he could not effect his design without violence, and he felt that her co-operation was required to sustain the falsehood of his assertions to Henderson with regard to Mave's consent to place herself under his protection. This was to be brought about so as to hoodwink Henderson, in the following manner. The Prophet proposed that Sarah should, by his own or her ingenuity, contrive to domicile herself in Jerry Sullivan's house for a few days previous to the execution of their design; not only for the purpose of using her influence, such as it was, to sway the young creature's mind and principles from the path of rectitude and virtue, by dwelling upon the luxury and grandeur of her future life with Henderson, whose intentions were to be represented as honourable, but if necessary, to leave a free ingress to the house, so as that under any circumstances, and even with a *little* violence, Mave should be placed in Henderson's hands. Should the Prophet, by his management, effect this, he was to receive a certain sum of money from his employer the moment he or his party had her in their possession—for such were the terms of the agreement—otherwise Donnel Dhu reserved to himself the alternative of disclosing the matter to her friends, and acquaint-

ing them with her situation. This, at all events, was readily consented to by Henderson, whose natural vanity and extraordinary opinion of his own merits in the eyes of the sex, prevented him from apprehending any want of success with Mave, provided he had an opportunity of bringing the influence of his person, and his wonderful powers of persuasion, to bear upon such a simple country girl as he considered her to be. So far, then, he had taken certain steps to secure himself, whilst he left Henderson to run the risk of such contingencies as might in all probability arise from the transaction.

This, however, was but an underplot of the Prophet, whose object was indeed far beyond that of becoming the paltry instrument in a rustic intrigue. It was a custom with Dick o' the Grange, for a few years previous to the date of our story, to sleep, during the assizes, in the head inn of the town, attended by Jemmy Branigan. This was rendered in some degree necessary, by the condition of his bad leg, and his extraordinary devotion to convivial indulgence—a propensity to which he gave full stretch during the social license of the grand jury dinners. Now the general opinion was, that Henderson always kept large sums of money in the house—an opinion which we believe to have been correct, and which seemed to have been confirmed by the fact, that on no occasion were both father and son ever known to sleep out of the house at the same time, to which we may also add another—viz., that the whole family were well provided with fire-arms, which were freshly primed and loaded every night.

The Prophet, therefore, had so contrived it, that young Dick's design upon Mave Sullivan, or in other words, the Prophet's own design upon the money coffers of the Grange, should render his absence from home necessary whilst his father was swilling at the assizes, by which arrangement, added to others that will soon appear, the house must, to a certain degree, be left unprotected, or altogether under the care of dissolute servants, whose habits, caught from those of the establishment, were remarkable for dissipation and neglect.

The Prophet, indeed, was naturally a plotter. It is not likely, however, that he would ever have thought of projecting the robbery of the Grange, had he not found himself, as he imagined, foiled in his designs upon Mave Sullivan, by the instinctive honour and love of truth which shone so brilliantly in the neglected character of his extraordinary daughter. Having first entrapped her into a promise of secrecy—a promise which he knew death itself would scarcely induce her to violate, he disclosed to her the whole plan in the most plausible and mitigated language. Effort after effort was made to work upon her principles, but in vain. Once or twice, it is true, she entertained the matter for a time—but a momentary deliberation soon raised her naturally noble and generous spirit above the turpitude of so vile a project.

It was, then, in this state of things that the failure of the one, and the lesser plan, through the incorruptible honour of his daughter, drove him upon the larger and more tempting one of the burglary. In this latter he took unto himself as his principal accomplice, Red Rody Duncan, whose anxiety to procure the driver's situation arose from the necessity that existed, to have a friend in the house, who might aid them in effecting a quiet entrance, and by unloading or wetting the fire-arms, neutralize the resistance which they might otherwise expect.

Sarah's excitement and distraction, however, resulting from her last interview with young Dalton, giving as it did, a fatal blow to her passion and her hopes, vehement and extraordinary as they were, threw her across her father's path at the precise moment when her great but unregulated spirit, inflamed by jealousy and reckless from despair, rendered her most accessible to the wily and aggravating arguments with which he tempted and overcame her. Thus did he, so far as human means could devise, or foresight calculate, provide for the completion of two plots instead of one.

It is true, Mave Sullivan was not left altogether without having been forewarned. Nobody, however, had made her acquainted with the peculiar nature of the danger that was before her. A Uy McGowan, as she was called, had strongly cautioned

her against both Donnel and Sarah, but then Nelly herself was completely in the dark as to the character of the injury against which she warned her, so that her friendly precautions were founded more upon the general and unscrupulous profligacy of Donnel's principles, and his daughter's violence, than upon any particular knowledge she possessed of their intentions towards her. Mave's own serene and innocent disposition was such in fact as to render her not easily impressed by suspicion, and our readers may have perceived, by the interview which took place between her and Sarah, that from the latter, at all events, she apprehended no injury.

It was on the following day after that interview, about two o'clock, that whilst she was spreading some clothes upon the garden hedge, during a sickly gleam of sunshine, our friend the pedlar made his appearance, and entered her father's house. Mave having laid her washing before the sun, went in and found him busily engaged in showing his wares, which consisted principally of cutlery and trimmings. The pedlar, as she entered, threw a hasty glance at her, and perceived that she shook down her luxuriant hair, which had been distrained by a branch of thorn that was caught in it while stretching over the hedge. She at once recognised him, and blushed deeply; but he seemed altogether to have forgotten her.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "well, that I may be blest but it's many a long day since I seen such a head o' hair as that! Holy St. Countryman, but it's a beauty. Musha, a *Gra Gal*, maybe you'll dispose of it, fer, in troth, if ever a face livin' could afford to part wid its best ornament, an' your's is that one."

Mave smiled and blushed at the compliment, and the pedlar eyed her apparently with a mixed feeling of admiration and compassion.

"No," she replied, "I haven't any desire to part with it."

"You had the sickness, may be?"

"Thanks be to the mercy of God," she fervently exclaimed, "no one in this family has had it yet."

"Well, achora," he continued, "if you take my advice you'll dispose of it, in regard that if the sickness—"

which may God prevint—should come, it will be well for you to have it off you. If you sell it, I'll give you either money or value for it; for, indeed an' truth it flogs all I've seen this many a day."

"They say," observed her mother, "that it's not lucky to sell one's hair, and whether it's thrue or not I don't know; but I'm tould for a sartinty, that there's not a girl that ever sould it but was sure to catch the sickness."

"I know that there's truth in that," said Jerry himself. "There's Sally Hacket, and Mary Geoghegan, and Katty Dowdall, all sould it, and not one of them escaped the sickness. And moreover, didn't I hear Mither Cooper, the bleedin' docthor, say, myself, in the market, on Saturday, that the people couldn't do a worse thing than cut their hair close, as it lets the sickness in by the head, and makes it tin times as hard upon them when it comes."

"Well, well, there's no arguin' wid you," said the pedlar, "all I say is, that you ought to part wid it, aenshla—by all manner o' manes you ought."

"Never mind him, Mave darlin'," said her mother, whose motive in saying so was altogether dictated by affectionate apprehension for her health.

"No," replied her daughter, "it is not my intention, mother, to part with what God has given me. I have no notion of it."

At this stage of the dialogue, her eldest brother, who had been getting a horse shod at the next forge, entered the house, and threw himself carelessly on a chair. His appearance occasioned a slight pause in the conversation.

"Well, Denny," said the father, "what's the news?"

"Bad news wid the Daltons," replied the boy.

"With the Daltons!" exclaimed Mave, trembling, and getting paler, if possible, than she was, "for God's mercy, Dennis, what has happened among them?"

"Imet Mrs. Dalton a while ago," he replied, "and she tould me that they ead no one now to take care o' them. emmah Mc'Gowan, the Black Prophet's had hter, has catshed the sickness, were a lyin' in a shed there beyant, otherwisoor thravellin' family was in himself week ago. Mrs. Dalton says the matteamilly isn't worse wid the sick-

ness, but betther, she thinks; but she was cryin', the daistent crayther, and she says they'll die wid neglect and starvation, for she must be out, and there's no one to attend to them, and they have nothing but the black wather, God help them!

Whilst he spoke, Mave's eyes were fastened upon him, as if the sentence of her own life or death was about to issue from his lips. Gradually, however, she breathed more freely; a pale red tinged her cheek for a moment, after which, a greater paleness settled upon it again.

The pedlar shook his head—

"Ah," he exclaimed, "they are hard times, sure enough; may the Lord bring us all safe through them! Well, I see I'm not likely to make my fortune among you," he added, smiling, "so I must tramp on, but any way, I thank you for your house-room and your civility."

"I'd offer something to sit," said Mrs. Sullivan, with evident pain, "but the truth is—"

"Not a morsel," replied the other, "if the house was overflowin'. God bless you all—God bless you."

Mave, almost immediately after her brother had concluded, passed to another room, and returned just as the old pedlar had gone out. She instantly followed him with a hasty step; whilst he, on hearing her foot, turned round.

"You tould me that you admired my hair," she said, on coming up with him. "Now, supposin' I'm willin' to sell it to you, what ought I to get for it?"

"Don't be alarmed by what they say inside," replied the pedlar; "any regular docthor would tell you that, in these times, it's safer to part wid it—that I may be happy but I'm tellin' you thruth. What is it worth? What are you axin'?"

"I don't know; but for God's sake out it off, an' give me the money you can afford for it. Oh! believe me, it's not on account of the mere value of it, but the money may save lives."

"Why, achora, what do you intend doin' wid the money, if it's a fair question to ask?"

"It's not a fair question for a stranger—it's enough for me to tell you that I'll do nothing with it without my father and mother's knowledge. Here, Denny," she said, addressing her brother, who was on his way to the stable,

"slip a stool through the windy, an' stay with me in the barn—I want to send you of a message in a few minutes."

It is only necessary to say that the compensation was a more liberal one than Mave had at all expected, and that the pedlar disencumbered her of so rich and abundant a mass of hair as ever ornamented a female head. This he did, however, in such a way as to render the absence of it as little perceptible as might be; the side locks he did not disturb, and Mave, when she put on a clean night cap, looked as if she had not undergone any such operation.

As the pedlar was going away, he called her aside, so as that her brother might not hear.

"Did you ever see me afore?" he asked.

"I did," she replied, blushing.

"Well, achora," he proceeded, "if ever you happen to be hard set, either for yourself or your friends, send to me, in Widow Haulon's house at the Grange, an' maybe I may befriend either you or them; that is, as far as I can—which, dear knows, is not far; but, still an' all, send. I'm known as the Cannie Sugah, or Merry Pedlar, an' that'll do. God mark you, ahagur!"

Her brother's intelligence respecting the situation of the Daltons, as well as of Sarah M'Gowan, saved Mave a longer explanation to her parents for the act of having parted with her hair.

"We are able to live—barely able to live," she exclaimed; "an' thanks be to God we have our health; but the Daltons—oh! they'll never get through what they're sufferin'; an' that girl—oh! mother, such a girl as that is—how little does the world know of the heart that beautiful craythur has. May the mercy of God rest upon her! This money is for the poor Daltons an' her; we can do without it—an', mother dear, my hair will grow again. Oh! father dear, think of it—lyin' in a 'ould shed by the road side, an' no one to help or assist her—to hand her a drink—to ease her on her hard bed—bed!—on the cold earth, I suppose! Oh! think if I was in that desolate state. May God support me, but she's the first I'll see; an' while I have life an' strength, she musn't want attendance; an' thank God that her shed's on my way to the Daltons!"

She then hastily sent her brother

into Ballynafail for such comforts as she deemed necessary for both parties; and in the mean time, putting a bonnet over her clean nightcap, she proceeded to the shed in which Sarah M'Gowan lay.

On looking at it, ere she entered, she could not help shuddering. It was not such a place as the poorest pauper in the poorest cabin would willingly place an animal in for shelter. It simply consisted of a few sticks laid up against the side of a ditch; over these sticks were thrown a few scraps—that is, the sward of the earth cut thin; in the inside was the remnant of some loose straw, the greater part having been taken away either for bedding or for firing.

When Mave entered, she started at the singular appearance of Sarah. From the first moment her person had been known to her until the present she had never seen her look half so beautiful. She literally lay stretched upon a little straw, with no other pillow than a sod of earth under that rich and glowing cheek, whilst her raven hair had fallen down, and added to the milk-white purity of her shining neck and bosom.

"Father of Mercy!" exclaimed Mave, mentally, "how will she live—how can she live here? An' what will become of her? Is she to die in this miserable way in a Christian land?"

Sarah lay groaning with pain, and starting from time to time with the pangs of its feverish inflictions. Mave spoke not when she entered the shed, being ignorant whether Sarah was asleep or awake; but a very few moments soon satisfied her that the unhappy and deserted girl was under the influence of delirium.

"I won't break my promise, father, but I'll break my heart; an' I can't even give her warnin'. Ah! but it's treacherous—an' I hate that. No, no—I'll have no hand in it—manage it your own way—it's treacherous. She has crossed my happiness, you say—ay, an' there you're right—so she has—only for her I might—amn't I as handsome, you say, an' as well shaped—havn't I as white a skin?—as beautiful hair, an' as good eyes?—people say betther—an' if I have, wouldn't he come to love me in time?—only for her—or if there wasn't that bar put between us. You're right, you're right. She's the cause of all my suf-

—an' an' sorrow—she is—I agree—I agree—down with her—down with her—out o' my way with her—I hate her—I hate the thoughts of her—an' I'll join it—for mark me, father, wickeder I may be, but more miserable I can't—so I'll join you in it. What need I care now?"

Mave felt her heart sink, and her whole being disturbed with a heavy sense of terror, as Sarah uttered the incoherent rhapsody which we have just repeated. The vague, but strongly expressed warnings which she had previously heard from Nelly, and the earnest admonitions which that person had given her to beware of evil designs on the part of Donnel Dhu and his daughter, now rushed upon her mind; and she stood looking upon the desolate girl with feelings that it is difficult to describe. She also remembered that Sarah herself had told her in their very last interview, that she had other thoughts, and worse thoughts than the fair battle of rivalry between them would justify; and it was only now, too, that the unconscious allusion to the Prophet struck her with full force.

Her sweet and gentle magnanimity, however, rose over every consideration, but the frightfully desolate state of her unhappy rival. Even in this case, also, her own fears of contagion yielded to the benevolent sense of duty by which she was actuated.

"Come what will," she said to her own heart; "we ought to return good for evil; an' there's no use in knowin' what is right, unless we strive to put it in practice. At any rate, poor girl—poor, generous Sarah, I'm afeard that you're never likely to do harm to me, or any one else, in this world. May God, in his mercy, pity and relieve you—and restore you wanst more to health!"

Mave, unconsciously, repeated the last words aloud; and Sarah, who had been lying with her back to the unprotected opening of the shed, having had a slight mitigation, and but a slight one, of the paroxysm under which she had uttered the previous incoherencies, now turned round, and fixing her eyes upon Mave, kept sharply, but steadily, gazing at her for some time. It was quite evident, however, that consciousness had not returned, for, after she had surveyed Mave for a minute or two, she proceeded—

"The devil was there a while ago,

but I wasn't afeared of him, because I knew that God was stronger than him; and then there came an angel—another angel, not you—an' put him away; but it wasn't my guardian angel, for I never had a guardian angel—oh, never, never—no, nor any one to take care o' me, or make me love them."

She uttered the last words in a tone of such deep and distressing sorrow, that Mave's eyes filled with tears, and she replied—

"Dear Sarah, let me be your guardian angel; I will do what I can for you; do you not know me?"

"No, I don't; arn't you one o' the angels that come about me?—the place is full o' them."

"Unhappy girl—or, maybe, happy girl," exclaimed Mave, with a fresh gush of tears, "who knows hut the Almighty has your could and deserted—bed I can't call it—surrounded with beings that may comfort you, an' take care that no evil thing will harm you. Oh, no, dear Sarah, I am far from that—I'm a wake, sinful mortal."

"Because they're about me continually; an'—let me see—who are you? I know you. One o' them said, a while ago, 'may God relieve you, and restore you wanst more to health'; I heard the voice."

"Dear Sarah, don't you know me?" reiterated Mave; "look at me—don't you know Mave Sullivan—your friend, Mave Sullivan, that knows your value, and loves you."

"Who?" she asked, starting a little; "who—what name is that?—who is it?—say it again."

"Don't you know Mave Sullivan—I am Mave Sullivan, that loves you, an' feels for your miserable situation, my dear Sarah."

"I never had a guardian angel, nor any one to take care o' me—nor a mother, many a time—often—often—the whole world—jist to look at her face—and to know—feel—love me. Oh, a dhrink, a dhrink—is there no one to get me a dhrink! I'm burnin', I'm burnin'—is there no one to get me a dhrink? Mave Sullivan, Mave Sullivan, have pity on me! I heard some one name her—I heard her voice—I'll die without a dhrink."

Mave looked about the desolate shed, and to her delight spied a tin porringer, which Sarah's unhappy predecessors had left behind them; seizing this, she flew to a little stream that

ran by the place, and filling the vessel, returned and placed it to Sarah's lips. She drank it eagerly, and looking piteously and painfully up into Mave's face, she laid back her head, and appeared to breathe more freely. Mave hoped that the drink of cold water would have cooled her fever and assuaged her thirst, so as to have brought her to a rational state—such a state as would have enabled the poor girl to give some account of the extraordinary situation in which she found herself, and of the circumstances which occasioned her to take shelter in such a place. In this, however, she was disappointed. Sarah having drank the cold water, once more shut her eyes, and fell into that broken and oppressive slumber which characterizes the terrible malady which had stricken her down. For some time she waited with this benign expectation, but perceiving that there was no likelihood of her restoration to consciousness, she again filled the tin vessel, and placing it upon a stone by her bed-side, composed the poor girl's dress about her, and turned her steps toward a scene in which she expected to find equal misery.

It is not our intention, however, to dwell upon it. It is sufficient to say, that she found the Daltons—who, by the way, had a pretty long visit from the pedlar—as her brother had said, beginning to recover, and so far this was consolatory; but there was not within the walls of the house earthly comfort, or food or nourishment of any kind. Poor Mary was literally gasping for want of sustenance, and a few hours more might have been fatal to them all. There was no drink, no fire—no gruel, milk, or any thing that could in the slightest possible degree afford them relief. Her brother Denny, however, who had been desired by her to fetch his purchases directly to their cabin, soon returned, and almost at a moment that might be called the crisis, not of their malady, for that had passed, but of their fate itself, his voice was heard, shouting from a distance that he had discharged his commission; for we may observe that no possible inducement could tempt him to enter that, or any other house where fever was at work. Mave lost little time in administering to their wants and weaknesses. With busy and affectionate hands she did all that could be done for them at that particular juncture.

She prepared food for Mary, made whey and gruel, and left as much of her little purse as she thought could be spared from the wants of Sarah McGowan.

In the course of two or three days afterwards, however, Sarah's situation was very much changed for the better; but until that change was effected, Mave devoted as much time to the poor girl as she possibly could spare. Nor was the force of her example without its beneficial effects in the neighbourhood, especially as regarded Sarah herself. The courage she displayed, despite her constitutional timidity, communicated similar courage to others, in consequence of which Sarah was scarcely ever without some one in her bleak shed to watch and take care of her. Her father, however, on hearing of her situation, availed himself of what some of the neighbours considered a mitigation of her symptoms, and with as much care and caution as possible, she was conveyed home on a kind of litter, and nursed by an old woman from the next village, Nelly having disappeared from the neighbourhood.

The attendance of this old woman, by the way, surprised the Prophet exceedingly. He had not engaged her to attend on Sarah, nor could he ascertain who had. Upon this subject she was perfectly inscrutable. All he could know or get out of her was, that she *had* been engaged; and he could perceive also that she was able to procure for her many general comforts, not usually to be had about the sick-bed of a person in her condition of life.

Mave, during all her attendance upon Sarah, was never able to ascertain whether, in the pauses of delirium, she had been able to recognize her. At one period, while giving her a drink of whey, she looked up into her eyes with something like a glance of consciousness, mingled with wonder, and appeared about to speak, but in a moment it was gone, and she relapsed into her former state.

This, however, was not the only circumstance that astonished Mave. The course of a single week also made a very singular change in the condition of the Daltons. Their miserable cabin began to exhibit an abundance of wholesome food, such as fresh meat, soup, tea, sugar, white bread, and

even wine, to strengthen the invalids. These things were to Mave equally a relief and a wonder; nor were the neighbours less puzzled at such an unaccountable improvement in the circumstances of this pitiable and suffering family. As in the case of Sarah, however, all these comforts, and the source from whence they proceeded, were shrouded in mystery. It is true, Mrs. Dalton smiled in a melancholy way when any inquiries were made about the matter, and shaking her head, declared, that although *she* knew, it was out of her power to break the seal of secrecy, or

violate the promise she had made to their unknown benefactor.

Sarah's fever was dreadfully severe, and for some time after her removal from the shed, there was little hope of her recovery. Our friend, the pedlar, paid her a visit in the very height of her malady, and without permission given or asked, took the liberty in her father's absence, of completely restoring her auburn hair, with the exception, as in May's case, of those locks which adorn the face and forehead, and to his shame and dishonesty be it told, without the slightest offer of remuneration.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—DOUBLE TREASON.

THE state of the country at this period of our narrative was, indeed, singularly gloomy and miserable. Some improvement, however, had taken place in the statistics of disease; but the destitution was still so sharp and terrible, that there was very little diminution in the character and violence of the tumults which still prevailed. Indeed the rioting, in some districts, had risen to a frightful extent. The cry of the people was, for either bread or work; and to still, if possible, this woeful clamour, local committees, by large subscriptions, aided, in some cases, by loans from government, contrived to find them employment on useful public works. Previous to this, nothing could surpass the prostration and abject subserviency with which the miserable crowds solicited food or labour. Only give them labour at any rate—say sixpence a day—and they did not wish to beg or violate the laws. No, no; only give them peaceable employment, and they would rest not only perfectly contented, but deeply grateful. In the meantime, the employment they sought for was provided, not at sixpence, but one and sixpence a day; so that for a time they appeared to feel satisfied, and matters went on peaceably enough. This, however, was too good to last. There are ever, amongst such masses of people, unprincipled knaves, known as “politicians”—idle vagabonds, who hate all honest employment themselves, and ask no better than to mislead and fleece the ignorant and unreflecting people, however or whenever they can. These fellows read and expound the papers on Sundays and holidays; rail not

only against every government, no matter what its principles are, but, in general, attack all constituted authority, without feeling one single spark of true national principle, or independent love of liberty. It is such corrupt scoundrels that always swell the executive of the country, and at the same time supply the official staff of spies and informers with their blackest perjuries and traitorings. In truth, they are always the first to conspire, and the first to betray. You may hear these men denouncing government this week, and see them insinuating about the Castle, its palaces, and its appointments, and insolent with its patronage, the next. If there be a strike, conspiracy, or cabal of any kind, these “patriots” are at the bottom of it; and wherever ribbonism and other secret societies do not exist, there they are certain to set them a-going.

For only a short time were those who had procured industrial employment permitted to rest satisfied with the efforts which had been made on their behalf. The “patriots” soon commenced operations.

“Eighteen pence a day was nothing; the government had plenty of money, and if the people wished to hear a truth, it could be told them by those who knew—listen hether”—as the Munster man say—“the country gentlemen and the committees are putting half the money into their own pockets”—this being precisely what the knaves would do themselves if they were in their places—and for that reason we'll strike for higher wages.”

In this manner were the people led

first into folly, and ultimately into rioting and crime; for it is not, in point of fact, those who are suffering most severely that take a prominent part in these senseless tumults, or who are the first to trample upon law and order. The evil example is set to those who do suffer by these factious vagabonds; and, under such circumstances, and betrayed by such delusions, the poor people join the crowd, and find themselves engaged in the outrage, before they have time to reflect upon their conduct.

At the time of which we write, however, the government did not consider it any part of its duty to take a deep interest in the domestic or social improvement of the people. The laws of the country, at that period, had but one aspect—that of terror; for it was evident that the legislature of the day had forgotten that neither an individual nor a people can both love and fear the same object at the same time. The laws checked insubordination, and punished crime; and having done this, the great end and object of all law was considered to have been attained. We hope, however, the day has come when education, progress, improvement, and reward, will shed their mild and peaceful lustre upon our statute-books, and banish from them those Draconian enactments, that engender only fear and hatred, breathe of cruelty, and have their origin in a tyrannical love of blood.

We have said that the aspect of the country was depressing and gloomy; but we may add here, that these words convey but a vague and feeble idea of the state to which the people at large were reduced. The general destitution, the famine, sickness, and death, which had poured such misery and desolation over the land, left, as might be expected, their terrible traces behind them. Indeed the sufferings which a year of famine and disease—and they usually either accompany or immediately succeed each other—inflicts upon the multitudes of poor, are such as no human pen could at all describe, so as to portray a picture sufficiently faithful to the dreary and death-like spirit which should breathe in it. Upon the occasion we write of, nothing met you, go where you might, but sorrow, and suffering, and death,

to which we may add, tumult, and crime, and bloodshed. Scarcely a family but had lost one or more. Every face you met was an index of calamity, and bore on it the unquestionable impressions of struggle and hardship. Cheerfulness and mirth had gone, and were forgotten; all the customary amusements of the people had died away. Almost every house had a lonely and deserted look; for it was known that one or more beloved beings had gone out of it to the grave. A dark, heartless spirit was abroad. The whole land, in fact, mourned, and nothing on which the eye could rest bore a green or thriving look, or any symptom of activity, but the churchyards, and here the digging and the delving were incessant—at the early twilight, during the gloomy noon, the dreary dusk, and the still more funereal-looking light of the midnight taper.*

The first day of the assizes was now near, and among all those who awaited them there was none whose fate excited so profound an interest as that of old Condy Dalton. His family had now recovered from their terrible sufferings, and were able to visit him in his prison—a privilege which was awarded to them as a mark of respect for their many virtues, and of sympathy for their extraordinary calamities and trials. They found him resigned to his fate, but stunned with wonder at the testimony on which he was likely to be convicted. The pedlar, who appeared to take so singular an interest in the fortunes of his family, sought and obtained a short interview with him, in which he requested him to state, as accurately as he could remember, the circumstances on which the prosecution was founded, precisely as they occurred. This he did, closing his account by the usual burthen of all his conversation ever since he went to gaol.

“I know I must suffer; but I think nothing of myself, only for the shame it will bring upon my family.”

Sarah's unexpected illness disconcerted at least one of the projects of Donnel Dhu. There were now only two days until the assizes, and she was as yet incapable of leaving her bed, although in a state of convalescence. This mortified the prophet very much, but his subtlety and invention never

* A fact—the sextons were frequently obliged to dig graves by candlelight.

abandoned him. It struck him that the most effectual plan now would be was Sarah's part in aiding to take away Mave was out of the question—to merge the violence to which he felt they must resort, into that of the famine riots; and under the character of one of these tumults, to succeed, if possible, in removing Mave from her father's house, ere her family could understand the true cause of her removal. Those who were to be engaged in this were, besides, principally strangers, to whom neither Mave nor any of her family were personally known; and as a female cousin of her's—an orphan—had come to reside with them until better times should arrive, it would be necessary to have some one among the party who knew Mave sufficiently to make no mistake as to her person. For this purpose he judiciously fixed upon Thomas Dalton, as the most appropriate individual to execute an act of violence against the very family who were likely to be the means of bringing his father to a shameful death. This young man had not yet recovered the use of his reason, so as to be considered sane. He still roved about as before, sometimes joining the mobs, and leading them on to outrage, and sometimes sauntering in a solitary mood, without seeming altogether conscious of what he did or said. To secure his co-operation was a matter of little or no difficulty, and the less so as he heard, with infinite satisfaction, that Dalton was perpetually threatening every description of vengeance against the Sullivans, ever since he had come to understand that his father was about to be tried, and likely to suffer, for the murder.

It was now the day but one previous to the commencement of the assizes, and our readers will be kind enough to accompany us to the Grange, or rather to the garden of the Grange, at the gate of which our acquaintance Red Rody is knocking. He has knocked two or three times, and sent, on each occasion, Hanlon, old Dick, young Dick, together with all the component parts of the establishment, to a certain territory, where so far as its legitimate historians assure us, the coldness of the climate has never been known to give any particular offence.

"I know he's inside, for didn't I

see him goin' in—well, may all the devils—hem—oh good mornin' Charley—throth you'd make a good messenger for death. I'm knocking here till I have lost the use of my arm wid down right fatigue."

"Never mind, Rody, you'll recover it before you're twist mangled—come in."

They then entered.

"Well, Rody, what's the news?"

"What's the news is it? Why then is any thing in the shape of news—of good news I mane—to be had in sich a counthry as this? Throth it's a shame for any one that has health an' limbs to remain in it. An' now that you're answered, what's the news you self, Charley? I hope the Drivership's safe at last. I thought I was to sleep at home in my comfortable berth last night."

"Not now till afther the sime, Rody."

"The mather's goin' to them this? bekaise I hard he wasn't able."

"He's goin, he says, happen what may; he thinks it's his last visit to them, an' I agree wid him—he'll soon have a greater size and a different judge to meet."

"Ay, Charley, think of that now; an' tell me, he sleeps in Ballynafu as usual; eh, now?"

"He does of course."

"An' Jemmy Brannigan goes along wid him?"

"Are you foolish, Rody? do you think he could live widout him?"

"Well I b'lieve not, Troth, whenever the ould fellow goes in the next world, there'll be no keepin' Jemmy from him. Howandever, to dhrap that. Isn't these poor times, Charley, an' isn't this a poor counthry to live in—or it would be nearer the truth to say starve in?"

"No, but it would be the thruth itself," replied the other: "What is there over the whole counthry but starvation and misery?"

"Any dhrames about America, since, Charley? eh, now?"

"May be ay, an' may be no, Rody. Is it thrue that Tom Dalton threatens all kind o' vengeance on the Sullivans?"

"Ay is it, an' the whole counthry says, that he's as ready to knock one o' them on the head as ever the father before him was. They don't think the better of the ould fellow

for it; but what do you mane by
‘may be ay, an’ may be no,’ Charley?”

“What do you mane by axin me?”

Each looked keenly for some time
at the other as he spoke, and after
this there was a pause. At length,
Hanlon placing his hand upon Rody’s
shoulder, replied—

“Rody, it won’t do, I knew the
design—and I tell you now that one
word from my lips could have you
brought up at the assizes—tried—
and—I won’t say the rest. You’re
betrayed!”

The ruffian’s lip fell, his voice fal-
tered, and he became pale.

“Ay!” proceeded the other, “you
may well look astonished—but listen,
you talk about goin’ to America—
do you *wish* to go?”

“Of coorse I do,” replied Rody,
“of coorse—not a doubt of it.”

“Well,” proceeded Hanlon again,
“listen still; your plan’s discovered,
you’re betrayed—but I can’t tell you
who betrayed you, I’m not at liberty.
Now, listen I say, come this way.
Couldn’t you an’ I ourselves do the
thing—couldn’t we make the haul,
and couldn’t we cut off to America
widout any danger to signify, that is
if you can be *faithful!*”

“Faithful!” he exclaimed. “By
all the books that ever was opened,
an’ shut I’m thruth an’ honesty it-
self so I am—howandiver you said I
was betrayed?”

“But I can’t tell you the man
that told me. Whether you’re able
to guess at him or not I don’t know;
but the thruth is, Rody, I’ve taken a
likin’ to you—an’ if you’ll jist stand
the thril, I’m goin’ to put you to,
I’ll be a friend to you—the best you
ever had too.”

“Well, Charley,” said the other,
plucking up courage a little, for the
fellow was a thorough coward, “what
is the thril?”

“The man,” continued Hanlon,
“that betrayed you gave me *one* ac-
count of what you’re about; but whe-
ther he told me thruth or not I don’t
know till I hear *another*, an’ that’s
yours. Now, you see clearly, Rody,
that I’m up to all, as it is, so that you
needn’t be a bit backward in tellin’ the
whole thruth. I say you’re in danger,
an’ it’s only by trustin’ to me—mark
that—by trustin’ faithfully to me that
you’ll get out of it; an’, please the
fates, I hope that, before three months

is over, we’ll be both safe an’ comfort-
able in America. Do you understand
that? I *had* my dhrammes, Rody; but
if I had, there must be nobody but
yourself and me to know them.”

“It wasn’t I that first thought of
it, but Donnel Dhu,” replied Rody;
“I never dreamt he’d turn thraitor
though.”

“Don’t be sayin’ to-morrow or next
day that I said he did,” replied Han-
lon. “Do you mind me now? A nod’s
as good as a wink to a blind horse.”

Rody, though cowardly and treach-
erous, was extremely cunning, and
upon turning the matter over in his
mind, he began to dread, or rather to
feel, that Hanlon had so far over-
reached him. Still it might be possi-
ble, he thought, that the prophet *had*
betrayed him, and he resolved to put a
query to his companion that would test
his veracity; after which he would
leave himself at liberty to play a dou-
ble game, if matters should so fall out
as to render it necessary.

“Did the man that told you every
thing,” he asked, “tell you the *night*
that was *appointed* for this business?”

Hanlon felt that this was a puzzler,
and that he might possibly commit
himself by replying in the affirmative.

“No,” he replied, “he didn’t tell
me *that*.”

“Ah, ha!” thought his companion,
“I see whereabouts you are.”

He disclosed, however, the whole
plot, with the single exception of the
night appointed for the robbery, which,
in point of date, he placed in his nar-
rative exactly a week *after* the real
time.

“Now,” he said to himself, “so far
I’m on the safe side; still, if he has
humbugged me, I’ve paid him in his
own coin. Maybe the whole haul, as
he calls it, may be secured before *they*
begin to prepare for it.”

Hanlon, however, had other designs.
After musing a little, they sauntered
along the garden walks, during which
he proposed a plan of their own for the
robbery of Henderson; and so admir-
ably was it connected, and so tempting
to the villainous cupidity of Duncan,
that he expressed himself delighted
from the commencement of its fancied
execution until their ultimate settle-
ment in America.

“It was a threacherous thing, I
grant, to betray you, Rody,” said Han-
lon; “an’ if I was in your place, I’d

give him tit for tat. An', by the way, talkin' of the prophet—not that I say it was he betrayed you—for indeed now it wasn't—bad cess to me if it was—I think you wanst said you knew more about him than I thought."

"Ah, ha!" again thought Rody, "I think I see what you're after at last; but no matter, I'll keep my eye on you. Hwt, ay did I," he replied; "but I forget now what's this it was. However, I'll chry if I can remember it; if I do I'll tell you."

"You an he will hang that murderin' villain, Dalton."

"I'm afeared o' that," replied the other; "an' for my part, I'd as soon be out of the thing altogether; however, it can't be helped now."

"Isn't it strange, Rody, how murder comes out at last?" observed Hanlon; "now there's that ould man, an' see, afther twenty years or more, how it comes against him. However, it's not a very pleasant subject, so let it drop. Here's Master Richard comin' through the private gate," he added; "but if you slip down to my aunt's to-night, we'll have a glass of something that'll do us no harm at any rate, an' we can talk more about the other business."

"Very well," replied Rody; "I'll be down, so good-bye; an' whisper, Charley," he added, putting on a broad grin, "don't be too sure that I could you a single word o' thruth about the rob—hem—ha, ha, ha! take care of yourself—good people is scarce you know—ha, ha, ha!"

He then left Hanlon in a state of considerable doubt as to the discovery he had made touching the apprehended burglary; and his uncertainty was the greater, inasmuch as he had frequently lavished upon Duncan's extraordinary powers of invention and humbug.

Young Henderson, on hearing these circumstances, did not seriously question their truth; neither did they in the slightest degree shake his confidence in the intentions of the Prophet with respect to Mave Sullivan. Indeed, he argued very reasonably and correctly, that the man who was capable of the one act, would have little hesitation to commit the other. This train of reflection, however, he kept to himself, for it is necessary to state here that Hanlon was not at all in the secret of the plot against Mave. Hen-

derson had on an earlier occasion sounded him upon it, but perceived at once that his scruples could not be overcome, and that of course it would be dangerous to repose confidence in him.

The next evening was that immediately preceding the assizes, and it was known that Dalton's trial was either the second or third on the list, and must consequently come on on the following day. The pedlar and Hanlon sat in a depressed and melancholy mood at the fire; an old crone belonging to the village, who had been engaged to take care of the house during the absence of Hanlon's aunt, sat at the other side, occasionally putting an empty *duddee* into her mouth, drawing it hopelessly, and immediately knocking the bowl of it in a fretful manner against the nail of her left thumb.

"What's the matter, Ailse?" asked the pedlar—"are you out o' to-bacey?"

"Throth its time for you to at—ay am I; since I ate my dinner, some puff I had."

"Here then," he replied, suiting the word to the action, and throwing a few halfpence into her lap—"go to Peggy Finigan's, an' buy yourself a couple of ounces, an' smoke right round you; an' listen to me, go down before you come back to Barney Keeran's, an' see whether he has my shoes done or not, an' tell him from me, that if they're not ready for me to-morrow mornin', I'll get him exterminated!"

When the crone had gone out, the pedlar proceeded—

"Don't be cast down yet, I tell you; there's still time enough; an' they may be here still."

"Be here still!—why, good God! isn't the trial to come on to-morrow, they say?"

"So itself; you may take my word for it, that even if he's found guilty, they won't hang him, or any man of his years."

"Don't be too sure o' that," replied Hanlon; "but indeed what could I expect afther dependin' upon a foolish dhrame?"

"Never mind; I'm still of opinion that every thing may come about yet. The Prophet's wife was with Father Hauratty, tellin' him something, an' he's to call here early in the mornin'; he bid me tell you so."

"When did you see him?"

"To-day, at the cross roads, as he was goin' to a sick call."

"But where's the use o' that when they're not here? My own opinion is, that she's either sick, or if God hasn't said it, maybe dead. How can we tell if ever she seen or found the man you sent her for? Sure if she didn't, all's lost."

"Throth I allow," replied the pedlar, "that things is in a distressin' state with us; however, while there's life there's hope, as the docthor says. There must be something extraordinary wrong to keep them away so long. I grant—or herself at any rate; still I say again, trust in God. You have secured Duncan, you say; but can you depend on the ruffian?"

"If it was on his honesty, I could not ease second, but I do upon his villainy and love of money. I have promised him enough, and it all depends on whether he'll believe me or not."

"Well, well," observed the other, "I wish things had a brighter look-up. If we fail, I won't know what to say. We must only thry an' do the best we can ourselves."

"Have you seen the agint since you gave him the petition?" asked Hanlon.

"I did, but he had no discourse with the Hendhersons; and he bid me call on him again."

"I dunna what does he intend to do?"

"Hut, nothing. What 'id he do? I'll go bail, he'll never trouble his head about it more; at any rate, I told him a thing."

"Very likely he won't," replied Hanlon; "but what I'm thinkin' of now, is the poor Daltons. May God in his mercy pity an' support them this night!"

The pedlar clasped his hands tightly as he looked up, and said, Amen!

"Ay," said he, "it's now, Charley, when I think of *them*, that I get frightened about our disappointment, and the way that everything has failed with us. God pity them, I say too!"

The situation of this much-tried family was, indeed, on the night in question, pitiable in the extreme. It is true, they had now recovered, or nearly so, the full-enjoyment of their health, and were—owing, as we have already said, to the bounty of some unknown friend—in circumstances of considerable comfort. Dalton's confession of the murder had taken away from them

every principle upon which they could rely, with one only exception. Until the moment of that confession, they had never absolutely been in possession of the secret cause of his remorse—although, it must be admitted that, on some occasions, the strength of his language and the melancholy depth of his sorrow, filled them with something like suspicion. Still, such they knew to be the natural affection and tenderness of his heart, his benevolence and generosity, in spite of his occasional bursts of passion, that they could not reconcile to themselves the notion that he had ever murdered a fellow-creature. Every one knows how slow the heart of a wife or child is to entertain such a terrible suspicion against a husband or a parent, and that the discovery of their guilt comes upon the spirit with a weight of distress and agony that is great in proportion to the confidence felt in them.

The affectionate family in question had just concluded their simple act of evening worship, and were seated around a dull fire, looking forward in deep dejection to the awful event of the following day. The silence that prevailed was only broken by an occasional sob from the girls, or a deep sigh from young Con, who, with his mother, had not been long returned from Ballynassail, where they had gone to make preparations for the old man's defence. His chair stood by the fire in its usual place, and as they looked upon it from time to time, they could not prevent their grief from bursting out afresh. The mother, on this occasion, found the usual grounds for comfort taken away from both herself and them—we mean, the husband's innocence. She consequently had but one principle to rely on—that of simple dependence upon God, and obedience to his sovereign will, however bitter the task might be, and so she told them.

"It's a great thrial to us, children," she observed; "and it's only natural we should feel it. I do not bid you to stop cryin', my poor girls, because it would be very strange if you didn't cry. Still, let us not forget that it's our duty to bow down humbly before whatever misfortune—an' this is, indeed, a woful one—that it pleases God, in his wisdom (or, may be, in his mercy) to lay in our way. That's all we can do now, God help us—an' a hard trial it is—for when we think of what

he was to us—of his kindness—his affection!—”

Her own voice became infirm, and instead of proceeding, she paused a moment, and then giving one long convulsive sob, that rushed up from her very heart, she wept out long and bitterly. The grief now became a wail; and were it not for the presence of Con, who, however, could scarcely maintain a firm voice himself, the sorrow-worn mother and her unhappy daughters would have scarcely known when to cease.

“Mother, dear!” he exclaimed—“what use is in this? You began with givin’ us a good advice, an’ you ended with settin’ us a bad example: a bad example! Oh, mother, darlin’, forgive me the word—never, never since we remember anything, did you ever set us a bad example.”

“Con, dear, I bore up as long as I could,” she replied, wiping her eyes; “but you know, after all, nature’s nature, an’ will have its way. You know, too, that this is the first tear I shed since he left us.”

“I know,” replied her son, laying her care-worn cheek over upon his bosom; “that you are the best mother that ever breathed—an’ that I would lay down my life to save your heart from bein’ crushed as it is, an’ as it has been.”

She felt a few warm tears fall upon her face as he spoke; and the only reply she made was, to press him affectionately to her heart.

“God’s merciful, if we’re obedient,” she added, in a few moments; “don’t you remember, that when Abraham was commanded to kill his only son, he was ready to obey God, and do it; and don’t you remember that it wasn’t until his very hand was raised, with the knife in it, that God interfered. Whisht,” she continued, “I hear a step—who is it? Oh, poor Tom!”

The poor young man entered as she spoke; and after looking about him for some time, placed himself in the arm-chair.

“Tom, darlin’,” said his sister Peggy, “don’t sit in that—that’s our poor father’s chair; an’ until he sits in it again, none of us ever will.”

“Nobody has sich a right to sit in it as I have,” he replied; “I’m a murderer.”

His words, his wild figure, and the manner in which he uttered them, filled them with alarm and horror.

“Tom dear,” said his brother, approaching him; “why do you spake that way?—you’re not a murderer.”

“I am,” he replied; “but I haven’t done wid the Sullivans yet, for what they’re goin’ to do—ha, ha, ha—oh, no. It’s all planned; an’ they’ll suffer, never doubt it.”

“Tom,” said Mary, who began to fear that he might, in some wild paroxysm, have taken the life of the unfortunate miser, or of some one else; “if you murdered any one, who was it?”

“Who was it?” he replied; “if you go up to Curraghbeg churchyard, you’ll find her there; the child’s wid her—but I didn’t murder the child, did I?”

On finding that he alluded only to the unfortunate Peggy Murtagh, they recovered from the shock into which his words had thrown them. Tom, however, appeared exceedingly exhausted and feeble, as was evident from his inability to keep himself awake. His head gradually sank upon his breast, and in a few minutes he fell into a slumber.

“I’ll put him to bed,” said Con; “help me to raise him.”

They lifted him up, and a melancholy sight it was to see that face, which had once been such a noble specimen of manly beauty, now shrunk away into an expression of gaunt and haggard wildness, that was painful to contemplate. His sisters could not restrain their tears, on looking at the wreck which was before them; and his mother, with a voice of deep anguish, exclaimed—

“My brave, my beautiful boy, what, oh, what has become of you? Oh, Tom, Tom,” she added—“maybe it’s well for you that you don’t know the breaking hearts that’s about you this night—or the bitter fate that’s over him that loved you so well.”

As they turned him about to take off his cravat, he suddenly raised his head, and looking about him, asked—

“Where’s my father gone?—I see you all about me but him—where’s my father?—where’s my fath—”

Ere the words were pronounced, however, he was once more asleep, and free for a time from the wild and moody malady which oppressed him.

Such was the night, and such were the circumstances and feelings that ushered in the fearful day of Condy Dalton’s trial.

IRISH RIVERS.—NO. III.

THE UPPER SHANNON—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XIV.

" November steals from May,
And May from her doth borrow.
Griefs, joys—in Time's strange dance,
Interchangeably advance.
The sweetest joys that come to us,
Come sweetest for past sorrow."

AUBREY DE VERE.

Our second visit to CLONMACNOISE was far more interesting than that previously alluded to. Where erst some hundreds were assembled among the graves, and noise and tumult mingled incongruously with penitence and prayer, all was now lone and comparatively deserted.—There is something of another world—something sobering, sanctuous, sacred, that we love, in the little quiet lone Churchyard of the country—something in its plain, unpretending simplicity telling that here, at least, the "dull cold ear of death" is soothed by no lofty yet unmeaning flattery:—the little turf mounds, each with its silent tale—the quiet gravestones, presenting no goodly array of virtues, but graven with mystic shapes and dates of yesterday—the weeping trees—the soft whisperings of the breeze stirring among the graves—the crumbling fragments of bones, once instruments of the soul wise and wondrous. Yes! many and peaceful thoughts press on the contemplative mind amid these spectral monitors—many thoughts syllabled in the dust from that other world of mystic shadows. Thus musing we crossed the little stile, and found ourselves again within the precincts of the old ruins.

It is too much the fashion, perhaps, at present to look upon Christianity as a sort of beautiful Mythos. This is not the lesson of the shroud and mattock; still lingers round each humble grave a hope more perdurable far than any which even the fablings of the Imagination can body forth. Pondering thus we spent many delightful hours among the ruins of the "Seven Churches." No cathedral, "all musical in its immensities," meets the eye, with nave, and choir, and tran-

sept perfect, and aisles with arches bending on high, and corbels and crypt of modern date; but traces of an architecture of which our annals give very imperfect accounts; and then those lofty towers of which we have no account at all, round which alone the ivy twines its thousand rootlets.

The round towers of Ireland have long been a kind of antiquarian puzzle, something like a reel in a bottle, or that other ancient difficulty, "Who built the Pyramids?" Like all such matters, however, the thing is wonderfully transparent when seen through, and much of the mystery dissolves away as we get down on the truth. The grounds of debate, indeed, have gradually narrowed themselves of late, and we have got into a corner, two parties—one doing battle for their Pagan origin, the other taking the ground from under their opponents, and asserting their Christian origin. Much interesting discussion has ensued, and were we inclined to offer a new theory of their use, as every writer is expected to do, we would say they were intended for the debating societies of our modern archaeologists!

In the discussion as to their Pagan origin, General VALLANCEY first led the way, storming the redoubts of the enemy with no little vigour, and establishing very much to his own satisfaction that they are of Phœnician origin, and were used for celestial observations, belonging to the wise men of Chaldea! In this view of the matter he was ably reinforced by Lanigan; and the trenches stormed by O'Brien, Moore, D'Alton, and the graceful but vigorous pen of Miss Beaufort. On the other side Ledwich and Petrie have stood almost alone; and notwith-

standing the very overwhelming evidence of "cremated bones and urns," the towers of the Guebres, and the towers in the bottom of Lough Neagh, as urged by their opponents, have set the matter at rest as to their Christian or mediæval origin, being simply places of *defence* and *BELFRIES* in those troublous times.

One of the towers at Clonmacnoise was erected so late, indeed, as the twelfth century, the entrance of which is even placed *inside* the chancel of the adjoining temple. Standing within this singularly interesting ruin, the conclusion is quite irresistible that its use was in some way connected with the several churches crumbling at its base. And the other magnificent tower Mr. Petrie would lead us to suppose was built as early as the year 908, when the cathedral near it was also erected. It is quite evident, indeed, from the concurrent testimony of history, that many of these buildings are of Christian origin, several similar edifices of stone and lime cement, in a rude shape, being not uncommon in several parts of Ireland, synchronising very remarkably with these apparently older structures. It is not improbable, we are also inclined to think, that at some subsequent period they were used as *burying places*; at least Colonel Jones acquaints us that in some of his operations on the Shannon here, he found the remains of two skeletons in these towers, and similar traces of sepulture have been discovered in other parts of the country. Following the steps of the old guide at Clonmacnoise, we made out the several points of interest mentioned by Mr. Petrie. Indeed each wall and ruin, each grave and inscription, seemed to our very amusing friend, as we stumbled among the ruins, matters of every day familiarity—each legend, and story, and fignment though fresh from the very bottom of the "well of truth."

In the chief temple one inscription has escaped the destroying finger of time, acquainting us of the restoration of this venerable pile, possibly after its destruction and plunder, when, we are told, "the large bells were taken from the cloithteach, and not a bell, or image, or altar, or book, or gem was left."

"CAROLUS COCHLANUS VICARIUS GENERALIS
CLUENMACNOISE PROPRIIS
IMPENDIIS NUNC DIRUTAM ECCLESIAM RES-
TAURAVIT. A.D. 1647. (1690.)"

Our friend "Old Mortality" seemed quite puzzled at both sets of figures; one being quite in character, and not different from the rest of the inscription, it being quite clear that the real date is the thirteenth century, no indistinct traces of 1350 remaining. The crumbling relics of the different other temples are also full of historic interest, more especially *Mitchell's* "So called in the pristine annals" according to our Clonmac, "but from the perplexity of modern languages now termed O'Loonagh's."

"Here, glia, is St. Francis' cross," continued our friend, in his usual rapid but very dignified style, "fabricated of Portland stone, on which you may perceive several mystical allegories; here are the cardinal virtues, there the several orders of the *Agile*, and here the *five bleeding wounds*."

"All wonderfully clear, no doubt, if we could only perceive them."

"Here is St. Kieran's chair, a perfect remedy for rheumatism; hundreds come here every year, and burn their crutches leaving them, sir, there's St. Kieran's *turn-stone*, on which you make a circle before going a long journey; and there is St. Kieran's cross, look down here in the grass, and you will perceive the *chariot sports*."

"Oh! *chariot sports*, what they? a little the worse of their time, unlike the *cardinal virtues*—"

"Yes, sir, *chariot sports*; the *chariot* of Finian's, well, the *haint dream* of the spring there is a *long story*, and after dreaming *that beautiful legend* of the *round tower* of *other days* in the wave beneath him *whining*, and next you see St. Kieran's *chariot*—it's what is called an *octagon*."

"Belonged once to the *Franks* of Copmanhurst, perhaps to is that the meaning of octagon?"

"I don't exactly recollect; but this country, if we are to believe some of the *archæological writers*, belonged, at one period, to a race of people designated by the name and title of *Phœnicians*. One of their most obligated forms of *atria*, or *worship* was fire; hence these towers were called *Cloith-theachs*. Others discover them to be '*Anchorite towers*,' which means '*celestial indexes*.'"

"Yes, precisely."

The sequence here was not, perhaps, the most evident possible; however, it seemed a matter of irresistible clear-

ness to our antiquarian friend, who, talking away and gliding from tomb to tomb, opened up the subject after the most private fashion. Resting at last at St. Kieran's grave, we were favoured with a history of that great personage, and the many virtues supposed to be possessed by the earth taken from his grave; but the long shadows of evening at length falling among the graves, we were obliged unwillingly to part from our very erudite acquaintance. Before doing so, however, we were favoured with sundry benedictions, and a few glimpses of his own small labour in the literary way, in which he recited some verses composed at his leisure. To say they were unpolished, were perhaps some little compromise of truth; still there was a beautiful non sequitur in almost every other line quite original, and a compensating mode of making up for a short line by a very long one quite wonderful. Our friend, however, caring little for any little overgrowth of dactyls or spondee, seemed quite happy, more, perhaps, than we can say for the genus *irritable* in general.

On the verge of the river, bubbling bright and beautiful, is *Saint Finian's Well*. We still lingered here for a short time before joining our boat, watching the great Bay of Lord going down behind the western hills; the scene every moment becoming more intensely beautiful. Not far from where we stood one or two fervent penitents were bent in prayer at the foot of one of the stone crosses, offering up their evening orisons. We were alone, as it were, with the great embodying of the Past and the Past—the great orb chronicleing the passing sands of the eons, the crumbling ruins telling of the other. The entire aspect of the place, indeed, was one of very peculiar and religious grandeur; and as we gazed on the old walls, and pondered on the dust beneath our feet, and watched the gold and purple of the heavens, the sun gradually disappeared;—the little spring, quietly murmuring, still gushing up, and shading

flowers alone breathing at length among the deserted tombs—

"Wreathing
Succumbingly these untought garlands
Round the low graves of the beloved poor."

ATHLONE, the second city of the Shannon, not far from the "Seven Churches," is a place of very considerable extent, possessing no little evidence of its former greatness. An abbey, dedicated to St. Peter so early as 1216, was founded here, according to Ware; to which King John subsequently gave certain carucates of land, with a stipulation of a somewhat singular character—that the cloisters were to be metamorphosed into batteries! Indeed, so important was the castle erected on the peaceful site of the monastic walls, that we find Henry the Third, though granting the entire of Ireland to his son, expressly reserving for himself this magnificent fortress; and in the reign of Elizabeth it was further strengthened, the fortifications rendered more formidable, and the castle occupied by the Earl of Essex. Not till the time of William, however, do we find it forming any really prominent part in the eventful history of those times. Towards the midsummer of 1691, we are told his army was led to the assault by De Ginkle, who, making himself master of the opposite side of the town, commenced a destructive cannonade on the castle, till not a vestige of it remained. Several new works were thrown up by the army under St. Ruth, with but little avail, as a few days after the besiegers resolved to storm the town, when, after a fearful conflict, they became complete masters of it. The old castle, with its bristling cannon, still frowns over the waters of the river. The old bridge, erected in the time of Elizabeth, however, is no more—its crumbling arches and old ruins being amongst the things of the past. The Battle of Athlone, however, and that of Aughrim, are too familiar to the general reader to deserve more than a passing notice. Indeed the crowding memories of such achievements are sufficient to make the thoughtful shudder, wishing for those happier days fast approaching, when such direful feuds shall be unknown, and "wars shall cease;" when peace shall everywhere reign—

"Its glass cold dew upon the evening air,"

till, round it as well as amongst the ruins, the gloom of the grey twilight settled down, and the stars came out "one after one," the closing herbs and

CHAPTER XV.

"Great men have been among us; hands that panned
And tongues that uttered wisdom."

WORDSWORTH.

It was a bright and cheery morning as we left, some days after, for LOUGH REE. The freshness of the breeze playing on the waters, the quiet beauty of all around, with the bright glimpses of blue overhead, augured well for our pull up the lake. The sun was just up above the hills. Everything, indeed, seemed gilded with the glowing alchemy of the East—

"dónde el Sol Infante,
Sus montes con primeras luces began."

The more philosophic of our party predicted we should get a thorough wetting; but the Hyads not in the ascendant favoured us more than we had expected. For some short distance the river possesses little interest, nothing but batteries and barracks being visible. Indeed the good people of Athlone seem about the best guarded on the Shannon, as over its silver waters here the most bristling of redoubts and fortifications not at all to be questioned, intimate pretty roundly feeble purposes of defence. At "Dead Man's Island"—a name, by the bye, wonderfully in character—the lake opens up, and a magnificent sheet of water, with the beautifully wooded shore of "Yew Point," with the "Yellow Islands," "Carbery," and "Inchmore," lie before us. *Hare Island*, with its exquisite plantations, stretching away on the opposite side.

Dotted up and down on the calm surface of the lake are twenty islands, of which the largest is the "Isle of the Seven Churches,"—many beautifully planted, others containing vestiges of old and ivied ruins.

Here, as on other points of the river we had visited, are sundry traces of old ecclesiastical institutions—the abbey in ruins, the crumbling cloisters, the monastic walls, where once existed so much of life and activity. Roundling "Carbery Point," the deep shelter of the island renders the surface of the lake as smooth as a mirror. Glittering in the early sun, the graceful foliage scarce stirred among the branches. The birds were hymning their sweet-

est songs, and morning was abroad, with its several melodies. The view was perfectly beautiful, and as we rested on our oars, and the little boat shot along, the quiet loveliness of all around spoke to the heart louder than a thousand homilies. We pulled round and round again, and ultimately effecting a landing, wandered on shore. The island is of very considerable extent; the glimpses of the different points of the lake through vistas in the trees being very fine; indeed so beautiful, that owner of the island has erected a residence in which to spend the summer months. Opposite it is "Hare Island," the residence of Lord Castlemaine, also beautifully planted, and exhibiting traces of elegance and taste quite enchanting.

The scenery of Lough Ree about Hare Island is as fine as anything in Lough Derg. The several islands, with their dark shadowy foliage reflected in the still waters—the soft swelling lawns—the sweet banks, with their light tremulous shrubs dipping in the lake, remind one of Killarney, or, still better, of some of the more picturesque points of the Scottish lakes. Turning round Carbery we thought of the gentle Innisfallen, while Hare Island brought before us some of the bolder views of Loch Lomond or Katrine.

After leaving Hare Island, you get across to Innismore, sailing round which you meet Innisturk, both celebrated in the earliest ecclesiastical annals. Opposite "St. John's" Lough Ree branches along up to Ballymahon, assuming the name of "Killymore Lough." Not far from this, among these sequestered solitudes, a spot hallowed by genius, with which the pen of OLIVER GOLDSMITH has entwined a thousand uneffaceable recollections, cannot fail to excite the utmost interest. Here meet we

"Sweet ABBURN, loveliest village of the plain."

No feudal pomp or kingly fray, no turreted battlements or palace mighty, even in ruins, has rendered it illustrious; yet lives it in the imagination

with a vividness time cannot disturb. Yes! how wonderfully contrasted the things of stone and iron with those of thought and genius. Much has the destroyer effected in the way of alteration in the chief features of the scenery. The residence of its presiding spirit is now in ruins, the venerable "thorn" has been carried away piecemeal, still the "Deserted Village" bears yet in its neglected aspect a deeper moral than when first described by the poet. It was a labour of no little interest to trace—the "never-failing brook," the copse where rose the "preacher's modest mansion," the "school-house," the spot

"Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,"

with the other "*membra disjecta poete*." Many are, however, among the things of the past; yet it was something amidst the "tangling walks" and ruined grounds to think of those loveable pictures the poet has drawn.

A local tradition acquaints us that, in his younger days, he was of a reserved and thoughtful manner, delighting in solitary rambles among the rocks and wooded islands of the several tributaries of this part of Lough Ree, more especially the little river "Inny," which here falls into the Shannon.

It is curious, indeed, in his many wanderings how his affections continually turn to this lonely but lovely spot of our *Irish Rivers*. After wishing, in one of his letters from London, "from his heart that all his friends here would fairly make a migration to Middlesex," he fears that is a consummation not to be entertained, and then resolves that "Mahomet should go to the Mountain," and delights himself with a hope—not afterwards realized—of spending the succeeding summer between Ballymahon and Auburn; and how does the same wish still haunt him in his beautiful poem—

"In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs, and God has given my share"—

Yes! such as would utterly prostrate any mind but that which conceived the "Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Traveller"—

"I still had hope, my latest hour to crown,
> Aught these humble flowers to lay me down;

To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hope, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last."

He sleeps, however, in a distant grave; and in old Westminster we have often tarried to think over the truthfulness of those beautiful Latin lines there inscribed by his friend Samuel Johnson.

In 1744, we find GOLDSMITH entering our *University*, where he was a cotemporary of EDMUND BURKE! and three years afterwards obtaining his only premium. About this time also the records of the college tell of his signalizing himself in the somewhat ignoble proceeding of "pumping a bailiff," who happened to prove a little *de trop* within the precincts of Alma Mater!—indeed little other notice is taken of his acquirements or doings. Such, however, is often the fate of genius!

In 1749, he was admitted A.B. Four years after we find him at Edinburgh, deep in the beautiful and ennobling studies of the medical profession; but in the following year, from unforeseen circumstances, setting out on his solitary and unfriended travels!

The life of Goldsmith was one, indeed, of very peculiar interest; and straying along the little river "Inny," which here empties itself into Lough Ree, we thought of the thousand leaden ills that will ever and anon weigh down the finest minds; but through which the soul, making to itself wings, will still, if properly directed, ever effect its escape. We thought of that other wonderful genius rescuing from oblivion the manuscript pages of that inimitable tale, which the world "will not willingly let die." There is little to be seen at Auburn, and the traveller will possibly feel disappointed; so true are the beautiful words of William Wordsworth—

"Communities are lost, and empires die,
And things of holy use unhallowed lie;
They perish—but the Intellect can raise
From airy words alone a File that ne'er decays."

Yes! Auburn and Goldsmith shall live for ever, though one travelled about penniless, and the other is now but a name—so lasting are those purer thoughts and finer teachings that strike their fibres in the human heart—so fresh the gushings of that deep fountain, purified by the many sanctities of the imagination, and refreshed and renovated by the healing dews of religion.

CHAPTER XVI.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."
—*As You Like It*.

Yes! there is a teachableness implanted in all around—a beautiful optimism in nature which we wot not of. Approaching the source of our mighty stream we still find food for contemplation, though dwindled to a size of little significance above Lough Ree: like the soft playfulness of infancy, it has lost little of its beauty, and even here have we—thinking of Ardenne, and Jacques, and Rosalind, and poring on the pages of the great enchanter—oft

"Laid us down within the shade
Of waving trees, and dreamed uncounted hours."

Even here, amid the quiet loneliness of Lough *Ferba*, and *Balldarig*, and *Bogfin*, there is not a little to engage the attention. Is there no delight, indeed, to mark the soft windings of the infant river, as here released from the depths of Lough Allen, it first flows forth on its giant course—no delight to watch its silver ripplings. It irketh us, indeed, to think how many, amid all the gayest profusion of nature, give themselves up to gloom. True, ever and anon, the "giant Despair" looms portentously in the distance, yet shines many a ray of gladness in the darkest obnubilation of the soul, could we but perceive it; still, through the "dark obscure," not dimly gleams a world of life, and light, and loveliness. Have we, indeed, no resources deep as the soul itself—the great world of nature spread at our feet. Have we not books—those glad some companions of a summer's day—

"Within whose silent chamber treasure lies
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems, which for a day of need
The Sultan hoards in his ancestral tomb."

Have we not blossoms, buds, and trees, and twinkling leaves, and peeping flowers—the crimson and purple playing on the mountains—yes! how beautiful are they; the insect sporting in the sunbeam, how perfect; what a quiet, soul-felt sanctity in those pure deep glimpses of heaven overhead; the hills,

the springs, the rivers!—Yet why still ever are our thoughts bent towards the common places of every-day existence—"getting and spending, we lay waste our powers." Still circle around us every thing once pronounced "very good." The sun is at the first dawn of creation—the moon's still lamp on high—the firmament with its uncounted stars—nothing of nature is lost. 'Tis we who change, and grudgingly look on, envy kind nature one sympathizing smile; the heart is cold, therefore is every thing common place.

Passing along up the narrower parts of Lough Ree, and the little lakes above it, several old ruins, as on other parts of the Shannon, attract the attention of the antiquarian. At Leshmore the name of "St. Libanus" is held in much veneration, though little traces of the priory once existing here are discernible; his memory, indeed, seems to have survived his good work. At "St. John's" another establishment was founded, in the reign of King Cath, by the "Knights Hospitalers," and some inklings of their warlike intentions may be gathered from the catted keep and fortified wall that jut into the river; the calm waters of the lake, however, still sleep at their feet, though crusades and crusaders never had any existence! Unremembering nature has no thoughts for such lost doughty chivalry! Between the mouth of the Imy, where the lake is some seven miles wide, and the narrower part, near Lanesborough, we meet the island of the "Seven Churches," several ecclesiastical ruins existing yet on its southern point—these ancient relics of the "golden orient" we alluded to before. Mystical and sacred the number seven, at a period of which our records bear very indistinct mention, was consecrated to religion; it is found, we need scarcely say, among the earliest observances of the Jews, Brahmins, and Egyptians, and even in the Christian Church various "septenaries," of which this seems to be one, were instituted.

Not far from the head of Lough Ree

is the sweet little village of *Edgeworthstown*. One glance is sufficient to assure the passing traveller of some superior mind here at work, and that the writings of the gifted authoress which have rendered this spot, we may say, illustrious, have been of an eminently practical character. To say we were delighted and entertained, and forced to admire the little church and chapel, and the various schools, were to repeat the experience of every tourist. We thought, of the rich glimpses of country life of the Roman poet, and the prattling of his neighbour Cerrinus on rural things—

"Rurales vides ubi nunc repens at hortibus horis,
Diserte sollicito incumbens obliquo rite."

Many and wistful thoughts of some such secluded retreat occurring to our own very charmed but otiose imagination—many thoughts of peacefulness and joy.

The road from Edgeworthstown to Longford presents little to interest the traveller, if we except the beautiful residence of Baron Lefroy, about five miles from the former. At Longford we meet the terminus of the "Royal Canal," and the pretty river *Camlin*, which discharges its waters into the Shannon, a few miles below the town. A little above *Boosky*, some miles from Longford, the Shannon again breaks into several promontories and bays of very peculiar beauty; and *Loughs Raffin* and *Bodderig* afford a striking contrast to the last few miles we have passed. At *Drumsna*, indeed, the view is perfectly beautiful; the plantations of the late Admiral Sir J. Rowley exhibiting many striking evidences of superior taste and elegance. Crossing the river here you get into the County Roscommon, which has accompanied us from a little above Banagher; and a road of no very particular interest affords occasional glimpses of the very singular windings of the infant Shannon. At *Jamestown* and *Carrick-on-Shannon*, sundry traces of ancient fortifications defend the passes of the river between Leitrim and Roscommon; but now dwindling into a shallow rivulet, an artificial cut has been made to complete the communication with Lough Allen. Along the upper part of the river here, as on the other points of its course, the "Commissioners for the Improvement of the Shannon"

have been very busily at work. On the principle *nil de mortuis*, we wish not to say much of what has been done; but to our unassisted fancy the improvements are not a little problematical. Much employment has been given, and the condition of the working classes in the immediate vicinity of the river considerably improved; but we cannot hide from us the fact, that many of the proceedings of our irresponsible friends have been found very general fault with. We are ready, indeed, to concede that they had much to contend with, in introducing their very inflexible arrangements amongst a class of people of a proverbially *sans souci* way of thinking; yet we think they might have given more general satisfaction.

The lover of the picturesque, also, has little to thank them for, as several old rocks of singular beauty, and ivied castles, and antiquated bridges, have been blown up in parts of the river that never can be rendered navigable. Indeed one or two bridges, hallowed by old and venerable associations, present a patchwork style of architecture of a somewhat anonymous order, rather puzzling to future archaeologists—perhaps we may call it the "Modern Gothic." On the whole, however, the river, especially in the vicinity of Athlone, has been much improved. Near Limerick, however, several immense rocks still impede the navigation.

Along the upper part of the Shannon are the traces of sundry old monastic establishments. At *Clontuskert* an abbey once existed, founded by St. Faithleg for Augustinian canons. Very little of it now, however, remains except the cemetery. At *Moycannon*, county Roscommon, once existed the Church of St. Cairech Dergain, belonging to a very early age of Christianity. At *Gloompatrik*, near Athlone, another old ruin tells of days gone by, and a stone exhibiting the impression of St. Patrick's knee, is held in very peculiar veneration. At *Knockmoy*, in the choir of the abbey, the monument of one of the chieftains, King of the "Hy Many," is still in existence. Among the curiosities preserved by one of his descendants some short time since was an autograph letter of Queen Elizabeth, "written in a very cramp hand on a small piece of greenish coloured paper." There is much to interest the mind connected

with these and several other old ruins here along the river—many recollections of a former state of things; for,

“Even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.”

Yet are such thoughts, perhaps, not unmingled with many grave and impressive associations of years long spent in undue mortifications—of withered hearts—of separation from the world—

that bright, and beaming, and laughing world, in which many can see indeed much of excellence and good! Grim and ghostly lie the shadows on those old walls, cast from that world of joy and sunshine, from those silvery stars that wake their silent minstrelsy at night, that tell of life, and love, and joy. Yet such, however, has been the history of man in all times.

CHAPTER XVII.

“There’s something in that ancient superstition
Which, erring as it is, our fancy loves.
The spring that, with its thousand crystal bubbles,
Bursts from the bosom of some desert rock
In secret solitude, may well be deemed
The haunt of something purer, more refined,
And mightier than ourselves.”

ANON.

On the borders of LOUGH ALLEN is little, perhaps, to engage the attention of the lover of the picturesque—much, however, the soberer views of the utilitarian. Reflected in the dark waters, those wild and barren acclivities offer little apparently to the imagination; yet here the infant springs of the Shannon first see the light. Here, standing at the source of our mighty stream, mid these dark rocks and silent fountains, where sweep the lightning and the blast, and the first beams of earliest morn are shed, we bate at length.

The mountains surrounding Lough Allen form part of what geologists term the Connaught coal-field. On one side we have the lofty “Slieve Nierin” and “Ben Croy,” nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea; on the other, the wild chain of the “Braulieve” ridge stretching away towards the western coast at Sligo. The lake itself is some seven or eight miles in length, and excepting one or two little islands, presents little in common with other parts of the Shannon. The hills, composed chiefly of sandstone and clay, present an appearance of barrenness not often met with; yet, under an aspect so uninviting, the revelations of the geologist acquaint us with the existence of immense beds of limestone and coal—of the elements of industrial enterprise almost unlimited in extent.

The little river ARIGNA, not unknown in the annals of litigation and law, divides the coal district into two portions; and at the base of Braulieve, iron-works of no inconsiderable extent have been worked. One of the chief seams of coal, on an average three feet

thick, may be traced, according to Mr. Griffith, along the northern face of this hill for four miles and a half; and in the other portion of the district, about half this amount of coal exists. A few wretched collieries have been very ineffectually worked, the entire aspect of the place presenting an opportunity of active enterprise, but too long neglected. Some two or three thousand tons of coal per annum, it is true, have been raised; yet, according to the most accurate observations, as we took occasion before to mention (page 404, vol. xxvii.), and we would here again and again repeat, between *twenty and thirty millions* of tons of coal still remain untouched! At the eastern side of Lough Allen, at the foot of the hills in that position, more especially “Slieve Nierin” (the Iron Mountain), large quantities of iron ore occur. From the effects of the weather, the rock becomes decomposed, and various specimens of no little value are found on the borders of the lake. At *Drumshambo*, at the outlet of the lake, this ore was at one period smelted, and all the most favouring circumstances seem still to point to the resumption of the undertaking in that locality. At *Sweedfinbar*, also, as its name is said to imply, a similar trade was once carried on.

The area of Lough Allen is about 9,000 acres; and we trust, now that the communication with this part of the Shannon has been, to a certain extent, opened up, it will no longer remain unknown and unvisited. The commissioners, after a somewhat pedetentous fashion, have done a good deal between *Drumshambo* and *Battle*

Bridge, and lower down near Athlone. Of the old bridge here, so long a feature in this part of the river, nothing now remains, and a beautiful new structure spans the stream. The river is not very navigable, but a new lock, fast approaching completeness, is expected to obviate every disadvantage. Very considerable water-power (1100 horsepower) may be calculated on when the improvements of the river shall have been completed. At Meelick, nearly double that amount will be available; while from the head of Lough Allen to Carrick, about twenty feet of fall may be economized.

The Shannon, at Lough Allen, is one hundred and forty-six feet above the level of the sea, and delivering, as it does, into this mighty reservoir, the rain collected from an area of not less than 3613 square miles of country above Killaloe alone, and spreading into immense sheets of water, like Lough Derg and Lough Ree, and falling not less than ninety-seven feet, in fifteen miles, below the outlet of the former, it requires little commentary to point out the very integral part it should form in the industrial economy of this country. Then, at the head of this noble stream, a few miles of canal would suffice to bring the southern and western parts of the island into communication with that magnificent piece of water that bisects the island from *Ballyshannon*, on the Donegal coast (through Lough Erne, the Ulster Canal, Lough Neagh, Lisburn) to the great northern capital, *Belfast*. But even at present, stretching away along the shores of not less than ten counties, and watering some of the most luxuriant plains and valleys in Ireland, its importance is not readily estimated.

Though apparently taking its rise in Lough Allen, the source of this magnificent stream may be traced to a wild and solitary district, termed "*Glen-gavahin*," at the foot of "*Cuilcagh*," one of the mountains of Cavan. Here, in a lone and unfrequented valley, we meet the great spring of the Shannon—*LEIGHMONSHENA*—of immense depth, fifty feet in diameter, boiling up continuously! A beautiful limpid stream flows from it, and, taking a sinuous course along the side of *Cuilcagh*, assumes the name of *Shannon*. In rainy weather (and here among these magnificent hills *Aquarius* appears with

his most pluvius treasures), the crystal waters of *Leighmonshena* rush forth with tremendous force. No "*Brontes*, *Sterope*, or *Pyrcmon* working under *Mongibello*," but the all perfect and beautiful arrangement of nature. Two miles from its source it meets another stream, the "*Owenmore*," or *Big* river, so called, perhaps, because it happens to be very small—indeed such as one of the aforesaid giants might easily play with;—then bounding along, and leaping from rock to rock, it ultimately bends through a little valley bounding the lake; and having received a thousand tributary rivulets on its way, after a course of some eight or nine miles, falls into Lough Allen. This little streamlet may be considered, perhaps, as part and parcel of the Shannon.

Among these quiet solitudes—these silent hills, then, have we at length reached the infant fountains whence issue the mighty waters of the chiefest of our British rivers. Here bubble forth the elfin springs from the depths of the hills, shed in a thousand showers from the clouds, and gathered from the lone wastes of the ocean, flowing again towards the mighty deep, bearing onward life, and loveliness, and beauty. Yes! here amid these barren rocks, one link in that all perfect circulation is observable:—the spring sending its many tributaries to form the brook—the brook merging into the river. Troublous and turbid rush the waters into the lake at the foot of the hills, yet spreading out into that immense expanse like other gifts of heaven;—visions of perfectness, sweetest calm, and gentlest beauty, seemed mirrored in its tranquil bosom; or liker still, perhaps, the cradlings of infancy—the dreams of childhood succeeding the first moments of earliest existence—softest sleep and sweetest dreams seem pictured in its deep blue waters. The scenery of Lough Allen is of the most lone and sombre character. Here, indeed, in the words of one of the old novelists,

"Diana might have loved
To take her noontide rest; and when she stops,
Hot from the chase, to drink, well pleased might
view
Her own bright crescent."

Like the explorer of many-mouthed Nile, standing at its source, and thinking of the Tweed, and Clyde, and Anan, rising in one hill, and pondering

on the infant springs of the Rhine and Rhône, let us delay at the foot of Cuilcagh. True, our lesser stream washes not the ruins of Thebes, nor reflects in its depths the eternal pyramids; yet are there mightier interests to think of, dearer and more lasting associations awakened. Apart from its numerous beauties, how full of deepest interest its many historic recollections, its wild traditionary tales, its ruins and castles. Spenser tells us of the birth of many of our Irish rivers in his own very imaginative way, from the embraces of a certain giant *Blonius*, and the beautiful nymph *Ranissa*. Without vouching for any such paternity for our giant stream, or incurring any sponsorial responsibility, perhaps we may, with a considerable share of accuracy, consider the mighty Cuilcagh as the mother of the "Spacious Shenan." Many mystic legends and witching tales still haunt its gushing springs; and we are told that here the old hereditary chiefs of the district were erst accustomed to invest their kings with supreme command. Homer gives the river *Xanthus* a voice, and in our less classic prelections we recollect the very German story of *Undine*, daughter of the Mediterranean, born of some very fluvial parents, and who, amongst her various cousins and relatives, counts divers brooks and rivers, and a certain waterfall eternally plying its spargifications. We have no such wonders, however, to tell of our mighty stream, and if our friend of the "*Burschenschaft*" will forgive us, would fain prefer our Irish flesh and blood to such *aspersions* on the female character. Yet, in some remote manner, is thus figured forth perhaps that hidden and wonderful arrangement of the internal springs of the mountains that give rise to our many rivers, and, in the figure of *Plutarch*, as "grapes on a vine are shadowed by the leaves, so under such pleasing narrations and fictions are shadowed forth divinest truths." The entire course of our river, indeed, is haunted by traditionary tales, many of which we have glanced at; and even outside its mouth, as well as in the depths of the *Leitrim* and *Cavan* hills, such fictions are not wanting. At the mouth of the river many and wondrous stories existed at one time of a lost city, long sunk under the swelling waves!—part of that traditionary, *HY BRAZIL*, or "Island of the

Blest," with which our fathers were wont to mingle their soberer visions, "a country of perpetual sunshine, abounding in broad havens and noble rivers, in forests, mountains, and lakes, castles, and palaces, and fields ever fresh with perpetual verdure." Some of the older chronicles, indeed, tell us that here at one time the poet *Osian*, "seated on the banks of the *Shannon*, was suddenly hurried away to *Tinnage*," where he remained for some time, and on his return he was not a little astounded to find everything wonderfully changed; indeed so happy does he seem to have been, that he mistook two days for so many centuries. Then mingled with this remarkable legend is that beautiful one of *Clannabruide*, not unconnected with the *Shannon*—the "*Isola Vincenta*," or "Island of the Undying." "Often people are afflicted with disease in it," says the old chronicler, "and are almost in the agonies of death; yet such is denied them. When all hope is at an end, however, and the sick wish not for a longer life of misery, they are put into a little boat, and wafted over to the land, in order that they may expire!" What a fine moral in this beautiful fiction, let those say whose thoughts "fixed on high," lingering for weeks and months under some incurable disease—let those say to whom death is a welcome yet wished-for friend! There is much, indeed, to interest the imagination in many of those old tales with which the *Shannon* everywhere abounds—much, also, to carry back the meditation to the history of the past.

It is not easy to bring the mind to conceive, where once and at no very distant epoch there existed so much of wealth, and chivalry, and grandeur, as still haunt our old palaces and castles—so much intellectual superiority as our ancient schools evince—so much religious feeling as intimated in our early annals, of which the many crumbling ruins scattered through the country are so many speaking memorials—where at one period the elements of so much excellence existed, it may not again be brought into action, but not by the "splendid phantom" which, for the last half century, has flitted across the country from one end to the other, and the unreal nature of which all sensible men are at length beginning to understand.

To many, the revelations of *Irish his-*

toys are devoid of interest; but gleanings of richest value, and facts of wonderful interest, and fables and fictions shadowing forth sublimest truths, meet us at every step. In our discursive moments we have lingered to point to a few, and if, in looking back at the ruined walls of Scattery, Mungret, Inniscarra, Olinthianise, we are reminded of former greatness—if, at the palace of Donald O'Brien and at Kincora, we have thought only of slaughter and devastation; we find in one as in the other matter for deep and thoughtful consideration.

The present, indeed, is pregnant with such thoughts. We have arrived at a very eventful epoch, need we say, in the history of our country—such, indeed, as our past experience can throw little light upon—such, indeed, as the most sagacious of our political economy spirits could not have vaticinated. By one of those mysterious, yet all-wise dispensations of Providence, many millions of our people are left without means of support, for which an immense sum of money must be expended. We are threatened with an exigency of the most appalling kind, yet one from which we would fain entertain many auguries of good. Several millions of money must be laid out, whether in reproductive labour or not seems a problem not a little puzzling to the wisdom of our rulers.

Crude and ill-digested measures may for a while retard our best endeavours; but the principle of profitable employment must ultimately turn out the true one. The property of the country is threatened with all but confiscation; yet are we to encumber it with many additional burdens, or set our people to work in the thousand remunerative modes that lie open to us? The Irish executive are, for the first time, entrusted with powers unprecedented, for the opening up of our industrial resources. The great principle of Adam Smith is at stake. One step raises us to a level such as our most flattering annals afford no parallel to, or plunges us into irremediable debt and ruin. Of the millions of acres of undrained and unreclaimed land it were idle to speak; of the advantages of the Shannon let us hear Sir Robert Kane:—

“Let us conceive that river, forming, at its source, two hundred and fifty miles from the sea, an extensive lake

surrounded with coal and turf, and the richest ironstone; then cutting through a district containing some of the most fertile land in Ireland, capable of producing the largest return of flax, of corn, and cattle; presenting an alternation of lake and river, fitted for steam navigation from end to end; and in one locality, within a distance of four miles, affording water-power for mechanical manufacture on the greatest scale. In the hills, a few miles only from this seat of mechanical power, are mines of lead, of copper, and of sulphur, of slate and marbles, and finally possessing a capacious port, and estuary superior to that of the Thames, and roadsteads capable of giving certain accommodation to the most extensive navy.”

Yes, here is an “*embarras des richesses*” put forward by our esteemed friend, painful for its truthfulness. We are inclined to ask, for the hundredth time, when shall our many social and political feuds be forgotten in a unanimous effort to take advantage of such resources?

“These natural facilities,” continues Sir Robert, “of which no such combination exists in any other part of the country, promise to render, at some future time, the SHANNON the (chief) line of industrial activity in Ireland. Of that line, Limerick may be the key. It is a future upon which every Irishman must look with deepfelt interest, and with a hope that the people may, by morality, by steadiness, and intelligence, show themselves worthy of the benefits thus placed within their grasp.”

We have witnessed, indeed, since last we wrote, with no little joy, sundry evidences of our noble stream beginning to be better known. The official reports of more than one set of commissioners, appointed by parliament, have done much to keep the matters under the public eye. The poetic imagery of another writer, who delights to date from the lofty eyrie of the “O’Connell Mountains,” has also not been without their use; and imping our less aspiring wing within the soberer regions of everyday existence, our journey has been undertaken with a similar purpose; satisfied, indeed, that the magnificent resources of which we have spoken, require but to be more generally known to be thoroughly appreciated. Within the past month, a

sum of £50,000 has been granted for the construction of docks at Limerick ; a subject which has, for a long period, engaged the anxious attention of those wishing for the improvements of our great western port ; and, as if in mockery of our channel navigation, a steamer, worth about double the sum, need we say, has been lost on the Irish coast, a circumstance which could not have occurred had she originally sailed from an Irish harbour. More than one of our naval armament, and an amount of steam vessels, such as we could not have, in the remotest manner, prophesied a few months since, at present afloat in the Shannon, also tell of its increasing traffic. There is a something of sadness, however, in the recollection, that the present condition of the country has brought all this about ; yet let us hope, out of such seeming evil, much good will arise. The water power, of which we have more than once spoken, has also, we are happy to

find, attracted a considerable share of attention ; and quite satisfied are we, an increase of confidence alone is necessary to render the Shannon the great centre of industrial enterprise in this country.

Here, however, we part, in the earnest hope, that sunnier times are yet in store for our devoted land. Our task is ended. A hope, not unreal, yet haunts us, that these bright visions will one day be realized. We have lingered, perhaps not too long, to point out a few of the resources of our glorious river, with an earnest hope that they may be taken advantage of. We have long wandered together by its silver margin, long taken sweet counsel by its "shallow falls." Our journey is ended ; if aught of pleasurable recollection of our beautiful stream still flits through your memory—aught of esteem for its unnumbered resources, our chiefest wish is realized.

C. K.

A SCAMPER IN THE LONG VACATION.

BY GEOFFREY BRIEFLESS, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE—ANTWERP—LEGEND OF COUNT BRABON—ORIGIN OF THE NAME—THE PIOUS DYM-
PANA—BRUGES—GHEENT—STORY OF THE STOUT OLD BURGER—PROCESSION OF DOMINICANS
—MECHLIN—BRUSSELS.

It was towards the close of the "leafy month of June;" the weather had become intolerably hot; a breath of air was not to be had for love or money. If you ventured out, a hot, fiery wind blew right in your face.

"What the deuce is to be done?" we exclaimed, as we sate at our solitary breakfast, glancing listlessly upon "the frigid Saunders." No news, except that several very respectable people dropped down yesterday in fainting fits, in consequence of the extreme heat. We yawned fearfully. What was to become of us? Dressing one's self was a nuisance—conversation a bore. We were sick to death of dinners and routes. The "eternal turbot and saddle of mutton," varied by the lamb and salmon, had palled upon our taste. The sparkle had vanished from the champagne; and the claret had become nauseous. Even the Wenhams lake ice had lost its charm. The bland attentions of dinner-givers and lion-hunters—the inane politeness of town majors, and the sickly smile of fading beauties, had alike ceased to interest us. There were only two houses in or near Dublin where we could dine with any degree of comfort (of course, excepting our own, for, like Lord Melbourne, we are too pleasant a fellow ever to require a cook): one was in that of a friend, who had a good ice house, and sundry big-bellied flasks of rare old Steinberger; and the other was the editor's, where some of the coolest buttermilk we ever tasted was to be had. In short, the dog days were approaching. In the squares but a few solitary, seedy stragglers were to be seen lounging round the bands, whose music had so lately attracted the hosts of fashion. The promenade was deserted; the ball-rooms had grown thin; the Dublin beauties did not look quite so well by the grey

daylight, which would occasionally penetrate the windows, as they did by the blaze of chandeliers; old maids were beginning to migrate towards Sandymount, Kingstown, and Dalkey; and stout apoplectic gentlemen were beginning to think the country air would suit them better. We strolled down our wonted path to Court. The hall had waxed considerably thinner; the basket-women who deftly ply their traffic in that region of law and noise, had substituted strawberries for their cakes, which, which, which, greenish-hued legal practitioners were devouring with singular avidity; the library was nearly deserted; Delany's snuff-box was empty; the Chancellor had got almost through his list, and seemed to take a fiendish satisfaction in snapshishly refusing motions with costs; the Master of the Rolls was up; the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas was listening with the air of a martyr to a protracted and wearisome cross-examination by Counsellor O'Snapshimup, and though too well bred to interrupt the volubility of counsel, was evidently longing for the "hour of six;" the Exchequer was desolate—we had seen one of the barons that morning cantering along the beach at Sandymount—the Queen's Bench was so crowded, that a policeman (we being in mufti) wanted to put us out. As we wended our weary way homewards, we pondered much upon what was to become of us. To remain any longer in town was impossible. It grew hotter than ever. "We will go and lounge along the Rhine, or the Moselle, or the Danube, or some other cool place," said we, in desperation. "Think of circuit," whispered Prudence. "Of what?—of circuit?—circuit be ——" True, we held a brief last spring in the cause of *Lessee v. Tobit v. Tadpole*, where a new

trial has been granted. We opened the proceedings, and were snubbed by our senior. There's no use in going on the strength of that. Let's see. Three guineas bagged—thirty-two spent. No, we won't go circuit; they must get on as well as they can without us this time.

"Hurrah for the Rhine."

Next morning, as we lounged into the little back parlour at D'Olier-street, where "Maga"—she who is familiar to all the lands of the earth—is hatched, there was the grave, intelligent-looking man, with the sharp, black eye, who presides over her destinies, looking as cool as ever.

"Good morning, Herr Irlander!"—for somehow, we can't for the life of us tell why, that is the Editor's pet name for us.

"Good morning," said we, sulkily enough.

"Dine with me to-day at six; I've a 'lion' for dinner."

"Should be delighted, but we are going out of town; besides, your 'lion' might eat us."

"Going out of town!—where?" said Anster, who had just entered the room with Waller.

"Up the Rhine," we replied; "to that land whose poesy you have contrived to render intelligible in making yourself immortal."

"You infernal humbug!" said the translator of *Faust*.

"Nonsense," said the Editor; "he's going to dine with me."

"Is the buttermilk in ice?" we inquired, maliciously.

"Buttermilk! I wish to heaven, when you do favour me with your company, you'd confine yourself to that, and then you wouldn't get so drunk as you do."

"Drunk!" said we, dreamily; "we don't get drunk."

"As Bacchus," replied the Editor.

"Well, all the better reason for 'going up' the Rhine; we can't well get drunk there."

"I think," said Anster, "some of the Rhine going down you, may have that tendency."

"Sprechen sic deutsch?" said we, contemptuously.

"Pooh, 'tis easy enough to jabber a language; but I should like to know where you learned German?"

"We were in the German ocean at all events, which is more than some of our friends can say."

"Of course; didn't I know you'd be at sea, in German," said the doctor, triumphantly, rubbing his hands.

"Well, we shall soon be 'half seas over' to Rotterdam. Any commands to Lorrquerr?" replied we, moving towards the door.

"You're not serious?"

"Quite," we gravely replied. "The devil himself could not stand this weather. Good bye, my boys; heaven send you better manners."

"Stop!" shouted the Editor, catching at our coat-tail—"where's the paper you promised to finish for me?"

"Hallo!" said Waller, "give me back the young lady's article. I sent you to look at."

"We lit our meerschaum with that last night. For the other, we can't come it at any price."

"Oh, you base deceiver!" shouted Waller.

"I'll pay you off for that," sung out the Editor.

"Leben sie wohl, old boy," said we, edging ourselves out of the apartment.

Having sprang upon a "jarvey," we reached our abode, packed up our portmanteau, and by five o'clock were steaming away to Liverpool with a fresh sea breeze blowing in our face, and a "heavy sea on," leaving dust, smoke, noise, law, literature, editors, printers' devils, and judges, far behind us. Our *compagnons de voyage*, a leathern conveniency, which had already been half round the globe, and a favourite black poodle we bought some years ago at Heppenheim.

We tarried not long in London, for it has somehow lost its charm, and wandering about these places which in "greener" days were fraught with interest, we found them, or to our eyes at least they appeared, sadly changed. Though parliament was sitting, and the season still at its height, the park did not seem to us the place it used to be. The crowd was neither so great nor so brilliant, nor were the equipages so well appointed as before. We missed many "a turn out" with which we had formerly been familiar. Beaufort and Chesterfield were there no longer, and D'Orsay had vanished. Discouraged, we wandered down Grosvenor-

place, where we passed "the Duke" with a lady on his arm. Age seemed to have improved him; we never saw him looking half so well; he was sprucely and handsomely attired in a blue frock coat, white trousers, "white tie," and a glossy hat; and save that his step had become a little more feeble, he did not look a whit the worse for wear. We passed him by, and gaining a crossing over which we knew his way would lie, stopped to have a good look. Ay, there he was, the glorious duke—that grey-haired, fresh-coloured, plain-looking, shaggy old gentleman. Can that be he upon whose breath hung the issues of life and death for thousands? Was it that broken voice, whose accents we could scarcely catch; that thundered in the earthquake tones of victory, the memorable "Up guards, and at them?" Was it he who overthrew, one after another, the picked marshals of Napoleon; and at last the great chief himself? We wonder does he ever muse alone, and at night, of the scenes through which he has passed. Do the dead come back to him in dreams? Does he ever think of the thousands of brave, and chivalrous, and high-spirited men who have fallen at his very side? Does he think of the slaughtered thousands of Badajos, of the summits of Barossa, or of the fiery struggle of Waterloo? Has the flush of pride which he used to feel in the hour of victory faded as much from his brow as the eagle glance has vanished from his eye? Are the scenes through which he has borne him so gloriously, mellowed by the hand of time, still painted on the eye of memory? or are all those brave spirits forgotten in the misty haze of the past, in the chaos of battles and sieges, of which, it may be, he does not now remember even the very names? Each succeeding anniversary of Waterloo finds that band of veterans who fought beside him grown thinner.

"They will soon be blotted from the things that be."

and the man of iron frame, he who led them on to victory, survives still. He has seen more of the horrors, and shared more of the glories of war than any man alive. He has had his fill of all the honours this world could bestow; unbounded wealth, unrivalled

glory, titles, fame, riches—all the blessings with which the poet's fancy could adorn old age—

"Love, honour, obedience, troops of friends

are his, but we would give a trifle to know if he feels any satisfaction now at the possession of them all, or if the knowledge taught by the experience of the wise man of old has come to him at last—that all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Filled by musings such as these we strolled across the Green-park and down to the House of Commons; that, at least, was not changed. It was a night of great excitement. Peel's statement of the causes of his resignation was expected. There was the same crowd as usual of riderless horses, led by belted grooms, of well-appointed cabs, with diminutive tigers peering out from under their covers, and of unwashed spectators.

We met a senator with whom we had acquaintance, hurrying out with a most disconsolate expression of countenance. We asked him what was going on. Oh! Peel is on his legs, announcing his resignation, and outbidding Lord John in everything, but especially with regard to Ireland. And so, thought we, our dear country is still destined to be the cock-pit of political strife—the lever by which one party is ejected from, or another hopes to retain office.

The sultry glare of a July sun had mellowed into the softer beauty of a most lovely evening as we arrived at London-bridge, wherelay the Antwerp "Pakaidge" as Mrs. Gamp used to call it, and as the "drat you, I wish you was in Jonas's belly" of that worthy lady arose to our recollection, we could not help thinking of the pleasant fancy of a negro preacher whom a friend of ours once heard in the West Indies. He had selected for his text the history of Jonah; but instead of making the whale swallow Jonah, he made him swallow the whale; and it having at length dawned upon him that he had got himself as well as the whale into the wrong box, he concluded his discourse by saying, "Massa Jonah very fond of fish, gentlemen—very fond of fish, devil of a fellow for fish, he."

The smoke of London soon lay be-

kind us; the forests of masts were sparkling in the evening sun as we moved slowly down the river, the surface of which was just curled by a gentle breeze.

"Heavenly evening, sir," said an elderly Cockney, attired in a full suit of shepherd's plaid, "we shall have a beautiful passage."

Alas! his anticipations did not prove correct, for ere night fell the light wind freshened into a stiff gale, and almost before we were clear of the river, the "Pakaidge" was pitching awfully. We remained on deck as long as it was possible to enjoy the view. At last old England began to fade in the distance, the dim lights burning on the shore gleamed faint and fainter; at length they disappeared, and the broad heaving sea lay spread out before us.

The commencement of a voyage, we have always thought, is by far the pleasantest part of it—the bustle of the sailors—the arrival of breathless passengers, nearly too late—the stowing away of portmanteaus, and the diving down after missing hat-cases and band-boxes—the red-faced captain standing on the paddle-box, and shouting in a voice, whose tones rise far above all the hubbub; these little varieties possess no slight degree of interest for us; and then when we are actually in motion, when waving hands and fluttering handkerchiefs have vanished, the sparkling sea, the cool and refreshing breeze, the happy and comfortable looks of people mutually congratulating each other upon the fineness of the weather, the probable length of their passage, and the respective merits of their sailing capacity, have all a certain charm for us, but, alas, should the wind rise, what a miserable metamorphosis! Sallow, cadaverous, wretched objects are all that remain of the jolly revellers of the previous evening, men who astonished you by their feats at the supper-table, who smoked unknown quantities of cigars, and imbibed tumblers of grog, which were not to be counted—all share the common lot.

During the night, the gale increased, and various uncomfortable noises issued from the adjacent berths—and the last sounds we heard as we sunk to sleep, were the ceaseless pattering of feet upon the deck overhead, (how

strange it is that there are some people who always will walk right above one's berth!) and the shrill call by some suffering passenger of "steward."

We awoke at five in the morning, having dreamed that we were shut up in a wicker basket, which bright idea, we found, was caused by the creaking of the timbers of the vessel.

"Steward, whereabouts are you?"

"Not in sight of land yet, sir."

We tried to go to sleep again, but found it impossible, the noise was so tremendous. We were aggravated too, past all endurance, by the sight of a barometer, which, hanging in a sort of stand, right opposite our berth, kept swinging to and fro; first it would turn on one side, then it was nearly at right angles, then it was upside down; swearing at it was not of the slightest use, if we shut our eyes, it was still before us, and our head would at last have got quite light, had not our attention been attracted by an object of mere interest in the person of a stout, elderly gentleman, who was making an attempt to shave himself—no easy task in a rolling sea.

He commenced his preparations on a most extensive scale, calling for hot water; he produced from an antiquated leather case his razor and brush, and having lathered his face with great vigour, he proceeded to operate; the vessel gave a lurch and over went the little tin can which held the water, scalding the stout gentleman's legs very considerably; nothing daunted, however, to it he went again, and having caught hold of his nose by the way of steadying himself, turned up his chin, and looked fiercely in the glass. Just as he had applied the razor, another roll, and he staggered backwards, swearing awfully; up, however, he got again, and with a look of great determination made another attempt, which proved equally unsuccessful—a tremendous lurch sent us right on the side, and the stout gentleman, after staggering about in a state of hopelessness, at length subsided into his cot, with the razor in such a position that it was a mercy he did not cut his throat.

Shortly after this, we subsided into a gentle doze, and had slept for about

an hour, when the steward awoke us to say, that a lady in the saloon wished to know if we should breakfast on board.

"Lady in the saloon," said we dreamily, not for a few moments being able to recollect exactly where we were—"lady in the saloon?—we have no lady in the saloon—but if there is any lady who takes so kind an interest in our proceedings, you may give her our compliments and say, we shall be very happy to breakfast with her if she wishes it."

The steward vanished, but returned in a few minutes.

"An't you Mr. Clarke, sir?"

"No," replied we, "our name is Briefless."

"Why, sir, the lady says that forty-six was his number, and you being in forty-six, of course it was natural to suppose that you was he."

Not being much struck by the cogency of this argument, we made no reply, until presently the steward returned again with a very terrified expression of countenance.

"Lord, sir, I have been and looked into all the berths, and Mr. Clarke is not in any of them, so the lady says, sir, that you must be the gent, and please, sir, she's coming herself."

Hardly had the steward returned, when, sure enough, in came a remarkably fat lady, blowing like a grampus, and evidently much flustered. Not wishing to be disturbed any more, we covered our face with the bed-clothes—the fat lady drew near.

"There, ma'am," said the steward behind, "that's number forty-six, ma'am."

"I'll teach you, sir," exclaimed the fat lady, in the voice of a virago, "to play your unfeeling, cruel tricks upon your unfortunate wife."

As she seized hold of the bed-clothes which covered our head, we looked quietly up, and made as hideous a face as our laughter would admit of; and the lady having satisfied herself that we really were not Mr. Clarke, uttered a loud scream—"Oh he must have fallen overboard," and dropped down fainting on the sofa.

The scene, at this juncture, was a most ludicrous one. The entrance of the lady had suspended the operations of several persons, who were in various stages of their toilettes; one was in the act of getting out of

bed, another was changing a very important and indispensable portion of his dress, a third was standing in his shirt and stockings, and as none of them had time to resume their positions, they all remained exactly as they were, gazing with looks of horror, and wondering what could possibly come next. The rough voice of the captain at this moment was heard inquiring what was the matter; and on being informed that it was suspected that Mr. Clarke had tumbled, or been washed overboard during the night, he at once relieved our anxiety by asking, if it was a stout man with a broad-brimmed hat, and a grey shooting-jacket, being answered in the affirmative, he soon explained the mystery by informing us that he had been left behind at London Bridge. It appeared that after having got on board, he went on shore for some forgotten portmanteau, requesting the captain to wait until he returned; he, however, informed him that he could not possibly remain longer than ten minutes, as the mail bags were coming on board, and that if he was not back by that time, he should be obliged to sail without him; and the time having elapsed, the steam was up, and the jolly captain had quite forgotten the whole matter.

It was our intention, having remained a few days at Antwerp, to proceed from thence by Bruges and Ghent to Malines, and so on to Brussels, from whence we meditated a walking excursion across the plains of Waterloo to Namur, thence having proceeded by the banks of the Meuse to Dinant, to make the best of our way, through the Ardennes, by Rochfort and St. Hubert, to Luxemburg, where we expected to find a diligence to Treves, upon the Moselle, down which romantic river we anticipated a most delightful sail as far as Coblenz. A considerable portion of this route was of course impracticable to any save the pedestrian traveller, so we made up our mind for some good stiff walking.

It was late in the evening, after a very tedious passage, that we arrived at Antwerp; and as almost every one in these days of universal locomotion is familiar with the numerous objects of interest to be seen in this beautiful old city, we shall spare our readers a

description of them; but a curious Flemish book having fallen in our way, we hit upon a quaint old legend containing the origin of the name of this city, which we trust we shall be pardoned for presenting to their notice.

There was a certain count called Brabon, who happened, one fine summer's evening, to be scouring about the country, in company with several knights and gentlemen of the good city of Ghent, and in the course of their excursions they arrived at a place where a quantity of reeds and sedges seemed to indicate the proximity of a considerable river. As Count Brabon had never been so far in his life before, and as it was extremely possible that among his accomplishments the difficult art of reading was not included, his topographical knowledge was consequently rather limited than otherwise. A gentleman of the party, however, who had been a great traveller in his time, took occasion to mention that he believed there was a large river or lake, called the Scheldt, not far distant, which no one had ever yet or ever would attempt to cross, for the ferry was guarded by a very disagreeable giant, who insisted upon cutting off the right hand of every one who wished to indulge his fancy by sailing upon the lake. Brabon, however, was by no means daunted by this intelligence, and as he rather liked anything in the shape of a shindy, he merely replied that he did not care a d—n for all the giants that ever lived, and that he would make the passage, if it was only for the fun of the thing. The party, after some further hours of riding, having arrived at the river side, prepared to cross over, when a knight appeared from a large castle, and requested, with the giant's compliments, that Brabon would pay the usual toll by leaving his right hand behind him. Count Brabon answered this message by flinging his glove in the face of the knight who had brought it, and drawing his sword. He had scarcely done so, when the blast of a trumpet rang like thunder from the castle, and forth stalked a giant of prodigious stature, completely armed, his eyes flaming with fury. There was no making of lists or measuring of ground, for, without further ceremony, to it

they went at once, "tooth and nail." The giant was not long in finding out he had met with his match, for, to make a long story short, Brabon having completely vanquished him, cut off his right hand, and his head into the bargain, the former of which curiosities he flung away into the Scheldt, and so much of the river as it comprised in its descent, still, belongs to the Counts of Brabant.

It was just about this period that Julius Cæsar was amusing himself in England by knocking over a few of the natives, and when he was tired of this sort of work, upon his return to Flanders, Count Brabon took an early opportunity of informing him what he had been about in the meantime. Julius was, of course, greatly rejoiced, and went immediately with Brabon to the Scheldt, where, when he saw the giant's castle, he thought it would be a capital site for a town; and having assembled his workmen, he built a city, which he blessed after a heathenish fashion of his own, endowing it with certain rights and privileges. He also made Brabon a count of the holy Roman empire, and gave him an escutcheon, upon which was emblazoned a silver turret and two hands. The city he christened Handwerpen, which, in process of time, has been corrupted into its present denomination; and the Dukes of Burgundy have ever since been markgraves of the holy Roman empire.

There is another legend also, of a still older date, which we derived from the same source—that of "the Holy Dympana," who was the daughter of an Irish king. Having taken it into her head to become a Christian, as far as it was then possible, she incurred the serious resentment of her royal parent, and her residence in her native country became at last so disagreeable, that she thought a change of air would be conducive to her health. And accordingly, one moonlit night, she left her father's castle, in company with a certain pious man, named Gubernus. They crossed over the sea, and arrived where Antwerp now stands, from whence she removed to a secluded village called Gehele, where a chapel has since been founded by the holy Martinus. She remained there for many years in pious solitude, until her royal parent, having at length

discovered her retreat, arrived one morning rather unexpectedly, and cut off his daughter's head, together with that of the pious Gubernus.*

The rich Gothic carvings, the quaint old roofs and tall chimneys of Bruges were sparkling in the evening sun as we entered that ancient and remarkable town; and who that passes through its grass-grown and deserted streets, and gazes upon the splendid and gorgeous buildings, can fail to contrast the days of its prosperity and magnificence with its mournful and desolate appearance now! Rich argosies, laden with the costliest merchandize of European and Asiatic cities, once thronged its crowded wharfs; the traders of Lombardy and Venice displayed their bales of precious silks in its streets; the consuls or representatives of eighteen different kingdoms vied with each other in exhibiting the splendour of their respective nations; the Knights of the famous order of the Golden Fleece, which was founded by Phillip the Good, once paraded about in their splendid attire, before the glancing eyes of beautiful maidens—the only interesting remains of the palmy days of that solitary city which still survive in unabated splendour; for there are bright eyes there still. All the rest is sadly changed; and, save the rattling of an occasional omnibus, or the passing of some solitary traveller, the streets are as silent as the grave.

"Fair city, worthy of her ancient fame,
The season of her splendour is gone by;
Yet every where its monuments remain—
Temples which rear their stately heads on high;
Canals that intersect the fertile plain,
Where I may read of tilts in days of old,
Of tournaments graced by chieftains of renown,
Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold.
If fancy could pourtray some stately town
Which of such pomp fit theatre could be,
Fair Bruges! I shall then remember thee."

On the road from Bruges to Ghent, we saw the great mounds to which Dante, in his "Inferno," has compared the embankments which separate the River of Tears from the Sandy Desert, and the well-known lines arose to our memory—

"Quale l'Infermighi tra Guzman e Brugia,
Tornando il sotto che in ver le s'avvenna,
Fanno le sbermo perchè il mar si fuggia."

As a matter of course, every tourist who has ever travelled through Belgium, has visited Ghent, the Manchester of that country; he has put up at the Post Hotel, and under the guidance of the voluble commissioner of that comfortable hostelry, has plodded about some weary hours over the rough pavement, to inspect the "lions;" he has visited the Cathedral of St. Bayon, and looked at the names and the banners of the Knights of the Golden Fleece; he has gazed curiously at the four copper candlesticks which that respectable gentleman, Oliver Cromwell, a generous enough churchwarden at the expense of the parish, having stolen from the plate chest of Charles, bestowed upon the worthy burghers of Ghent as a trifling mark of his esteem; he knows all about the celebrated pictures by Hubert and John Van Eyck, which Sir Joshua Reynolds has damned with such faint praise; he has inspected most of the churches, the Cassino, the University, and the Nunnery, in which latter interesting abode he has of course seen, by the dim religious light of the evening sun struggling through the glorious painted windows, the six hundred nuns in their black dresses and while veils at vespers. In fact, he has gone to look at every thing which is worth seeing, so we shall not trouble him with our experiences, which must be very similar to his own upon these subjects. But if he will permit us, we will present him with a quaint old anecdote connected with this curious city, the facts of which we extracted from the Flemish manuscripts we have already mentioned.

It was sometime in the thirteenth century, not very long after the celebrated battle of the spurs, which, as every body knows, was fought near Courtray. There was a little turn-out among the worthy burghers of Ghent. The Counts of Flanders, the Dukes of Burgundy, with a few other worthies, finding their exchequers begin to run low, and being in want of a little ready money to stave off a few importunate creditors, thought the very best means they could devise of raising the wind, would be to levy a sort of income tax upon the burghers, who had the credit

* Die alderercellenste Cronyke von Brabant. Dits die excellent Cronyke von Blaenderen Baernewyk die historie von Belgia.

of being as rich as Jews; and as they had no House of Commons in those times to harass them with a vexatious opposition, having obtained their own consent, they went to work at once. The worthy burghers, however, having upon former occasions been frequently fleeced in a similar manner, laid their heads together, and came to the unanimous determination of refusing "to stump up." And the Flemish Counts, not having any great reliance upon their powers of persuasion, proceeded at once to raise an army for the purpose of enforcing submission. The citizens resisted most obstinately, and led on by a certain stout old burgher, and a good-for-nothing dare devil sort of a son he had, defended their property like men fighting "pro aris et focis;" but what could undisciplined valour, however determined, and stout staves, avail against the martial array and steel cuirasses of their persecutors; they were mowed down in hundreds, and at length sustained a decisive defeat. The Counts of Flanders, being naturally enough dreadfully exasperated by their obstinate resistance, resolved to make a public example of the ringleaders, whom they put to death by every possible variety of torture which their fertile inventions could suggest; no sort of humiliation was spared. Among the pleasant contrivances, they obliged all the chief magistrates of the town to march in procession one very stormy day through the streets with nothing on them but their shirts, and with a halter tied under their chins, as a sort of necklace,—a device very worthy of the times: they reserved, however, the stout old burgher and his son to the last, being in considerable difficulty about finding out a death disagreeable enough for them; in vain did they rack their inventions for some new mode of torture; they could hit upon nothing which had not already been done; some suggested that the old gentleman should be boiled, others that he should be roasted, while a few were for adopting the more humane expedient, which has lately come into fashion at Hounslow, of flogging him to death. In this difficulty, some one hit upon a novel idea, which was not a bad one in its way, that whichever of the two would cut off the others' head—they would promise him his life and

liberty, a promise, by the way, they had not the slightest intention of keeping. This proposition having been submitted to them, they both indignantly refused to comply with it; a week, however, was given them to turn the matter over in their minds, and during this time the young gentleman, after mature deliberation, thought to himself "this old governor of mine can't have many years longer to live; life is before me, and I don't see any reason why I should die on account of such an obstinate old fellow." So, long before the period had elapsed, he had quite made up his mind upon the subject, and declared he would be extremely happy upon the day appointed to cut off his worthy parent's head. The Counts of Flanders were in extreme delight; it was "nuts and apples" to them, particularly as they intended to hang the young gentleman afterwards.

When the day arrived, they had all the inhabitants of the town assembled in the market-place to enjoy so rare a spectacle. The old man having knelt down and uncovered his neck, an axe was handed to his hopeful son, but he had scarcely raised it, when a cross-bow bolt whistling through the air quivered in his heart, and he tumbled head over heels beside the block; great was the consternation—immediate orders were issued to seize the offender. The Count himself, in his anxiety and excitement rode down some dozen of the citizens, but when the confusion had in a slight degree subsided, it was discovered that the old burgher had very wisely taken the opportunity to make his escape.

During our sojourn at Ghent, we had an opportunity of witnessing a procession of the Dominicans. It was in memory of a victory gained some centuries ago over the Turks. At six o'clock in the evening, the church presented a truly poetic appearance; the last sound of the blessing was dying away as we made our entrée; a host of worshippers was bending down, thick clouds of incense seemed to fill the building with an atmosphere of inspiration. And a stream of brilliant light gleamed from the altar, upon which stood an image of the Virgin Mary, adorned with wreaths of flowers. She appeared arrayed as the Queen of Heaven, covered from head to foot,

with a blue mantle gemmed with silver stars. Her right hand held a sceptre, and her left the infant Saviour. She stood upon a throne wreathed with flowers, round which burned tall wax tapers, which surrounded her with a halo of glory. High above the canopy of the cross, a golden curtain waved in rich folds, and from the entrance of the church to the altar, two rows of fantastically illuminated laurels formed a sort of green alley. Banners waved in ample folds from all the niches, and the pictures of the saints were illuminated by waxen tapers, but behind the choir stood the Dominicans—a darkly attired group, of awful and mysterious appearance. The minor litany commenced, “Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison,” burst in magnificent chorus from the choir, and the procession began. A long train, carrying thick burning tapers, moved slowly from the altar; banners floated above the tapers, and high above the braying of the trumpets, sang forth the words, “Deus Pater de oculis miserere nobis.” Four maidens attired in garments of snowy white, took the image of the virgin from the altar, and placed it on a sort of bier, which they carried on their shoulders. The whole scene was rife with poetic beauty. Through the air, heavily laden with clouds of incense, the gorgeous image of the virgin waved to and fro above the heads of the crowd.

The train went three times slowly through the church, singing the “*Sancta Maria*,” while in the pauses of the melody, a thousand clear and manly voices chanted in full chorus the “*Ora pro nobis*.” As the train passed by us, we were struck with the extraordinary beauty of the four maidens who carried the picture of the virgin; the simple innocence of their countenances and the majesty of their mien could scarcely be surpassed. They seemed beaming with an enchanting grace and humility, and afforded a delightful contrast to the stern and gloomy throng which came after them. The Dominicans all carried tapers in their hands, and sang with deep-toned voices, “*Rosa mystica, turris Davidica, turris eburnea*!” And from the multitude which thronged around still rose the chorus of the “*Ora pro nobis*.” As they played, the cowl of one of the Dominicans brushed against us, and

we could not help shuddering as we thought of the horrible part they played in the last century: their long white cowls with their black scapularies, and the glare of the tapers falling upon their pale and strongly marked countenances, gave them altogether a most awful and ghastly appearance. It was a remarkable sight; the whole church was in motion—banners waved, tapers flamed, clouds of incense floated dimly about—the pealing notes of the trumpets rang forth as if sounding a call to the grave, and the “*Ora pro nobis*” floated faintly upon our ear like a distant melody. Altogether we were not sorry when the spectacle had ended, and we got out of the densely-crowded church into the tranquil beauty of a glorious summer’s eve.

Mechlin, famed, as our lady readers are aware, for the beauty of its lace, is now still more remarkable for the variety of ludicrous mistakes which occur in connexion with the railways; the terminus at Malines is a sort of centre from which various railroads diverge in different directions. There is one which leads to Ostend, another to Cologne, a third to Antwerp, a fourth to Brussels, and a fifth somewhere else; if a stranger, upon his arrival, has the misfortune, for a single instant, to leave his carriage, the chances are ten to one that he gets into a wrong train (for very often three or four of them come up at the same time) and arrives at some place he never contemplated. In travelling from Ostend to Cologne, it is necessary to change the train, as one must wait for that coming up from Brussels, which goes on to Cologne, the train by which the traveller has arrived being destined for Brussels. At all events it is extremely probable he will lose his luggage, as he is not allowed to look after it himself; however, much as we are upon our guard, knowing the extreme probability of some mistake, we have scarcely ever arrived at Malines without being a sufferer; upon this occasion, having been assured by the guard that the train stopped for fifteen minutes, the day being uncommonly warm, we got out to have a glass of lemonade, and just as we were drinking it, we beheld from the window of the refreshment room, the train in motion. Rushing forth, we made for our carriage, in

which we had left a coat, umbrella, and stick; the train was moving at the time so slowly, that it would have been a very easy task to get in, but upon making the attempt, we were seized from behind by one of the guards, who forcibly detained us until the whole train had departed, bearing with it, besides the above-mentioned articles, all our luggage and the unfortunate poodle. Remonstrance was vain, threats were ineffectual, and there we were obliged to remain, kicking our heels about under a broiling sun until the arrival of the next train, which was not for three weary hours, comforting ourselves with the probability that when we did get to Brussels, we would find that, like "Mrs. Bibs' baby," our poodle and luggage had taken their departure for Ostend.

While we remained, we were told of a "*contre temps*" somewhat similar, which had a short time previously occurred to an English gentleman, who had taken tickets at Ostend for himself, his wife, and family, carriage and servants, for Brussels; not one of the whole party understood a syllable of French or German. He being, of course, totally unaware of this system of changing from one train to another, had occasion, during "the stop" at Malines, to leave the carriage for a few moments, and, while he was absent his wife followed his example; he observed a train in motion which he thought was that by which he had arrived, and jumped accordingly into the first carriage he could reach—thinking himself very fortunate in succeeding. After some short time, to his extreme surprise, he landed in

Antwerp—his wife, who had got hurriedly into another train, found herself the same evening at Cologne—and his servant, with the carriage, luggage, &c. arrived at Brussels. This was sufficiently provoking, but it is only one out of a series of similar "mistakes" which are daily taking place in consequence of the hopeless confusion and stupidity of the Belgian railway staff; and these mischances would all so easily be avoided by printing, in legible characters, upon each train the name of the place for which it is destined.

Upon our arrival at Brussels, we were most agreeably surprised to find that our luggage had not been sent back to Antwerp or Ostend, as we had every reason to anticipate. The unfortunate poodle, however, was in a most forlorn condition: after a long search, we discovered him in the "*Gepack bureau*," with his tongue hanging out: he looked as if he had not tasted water for a month; but at the "*Hotel d'Univers*," which affords remarkably good accommodation for "man and beast," both of us speedily found comfortable refreshment. We had so often before seen "*Belgium's capital*," that it was no part of our plan to tarry there longer than was sufficient for the purpose of rest, and for the arrangement of our future route, and having packed a change of dress with a few other articles, into a small knapsack, we despatched the rest of our luggage by steam to Coblenz, and, with a light heart and a good stout oak stick, set out upon our pedestrian excursion.

~~Love—Despair—Death.~~

A BALLAD FROM THE SWEDISH.

Fair Ilisabella came
 To her mother with eyes of livid flame,
 And a hand all burning-red,
 And her mother, mourning, said,
 " Oh, Ilisabella, my golden daughter,
 Say, is thy hand, then, fresh from slaughter?"

And the damozel's words were those—
 " No, mother ! I plucked a rich red rose
 In the garden-bower this morn ;
 But there lurked a treacherous thorn
 Behind its leaves, which I grasped, unheeding,
 And therefore now is my hand a-bleeding."

And again the maiden came
 To her mother, with eyes of livid flame,
 And lips all burning-red,
 And her mother, mourning, said—
 " Oh, daughter, dear, thy lips burn redly.
 Say, hast thou swallowed something deadly?"

And the maiden's words were these—
 " No, mother ! but on the wild-wood trees
 Burn dark-bright berries and hips,
 Whose juices dye the lips ;
 And these it is, I tell thee truly,
 That have empurpled mine thus newly."

But, when the evening fell
 Again to her mother came Ilisabell.
 She trembled in every limb,
 Her eyes and face were dim.
 Six hours had made her bosom colder
 Than that of a woman cycles older.

And thus she spake—
 " Oh, mother ! thy heart, my heart will break !
 Oh, mother ! the False One *pressed my hand* ;
 Oh, mother ! the False One *kissed my lips*.
 Gone are my hopes, and dark is my soul !—
 Gone—as the rain of the drifting sand—
 Dark—as the noon of the moon's eclipse.
 The grave—the grave—is now my goal !"

And all the long, the long long night
 Mother and daughter lay a-weeping,
 The mother for the daughter's sake,
 The daughter for her own black sorrow—
 But when the first red morning-light
 Shone on the world it saw them sleeping
 The sleep from which none shall awake
 Until the Great Eternal Morrow.

J. C. M.

GUERNSEY—ITS PRESENT STATE AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

APPROACH TO ST. PETER'S PORT—CASTLE CORNET—NEIGHBOURING ISLANDS—FISH-MARKET—NECESSARIES OF LIFE DEARER THAN MIGHT BE EXPECTED—REASONS THEREOF—ELIZABETH COLLEGE—GRANGE ROAD—COAST SCENERY—INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND—COTTAGE GARDENS—LUXURIANT VEGETATION—CLIMATE—PEASANTRY—LANGUAGE—MANNERS OF LIVING—OLD CUSTOMS—FARMING—MORALITY.

ALTHOUGH, from time to time, some stray notices have appeared in print, professing to be descriptions of our semi-Gallic dependencies, "the Channel Islands," there is, nevertheless, reason to believe that no great apology is needed for the following pages, which may give the reader a more intimate acquaintance with one of these favourite resorts of the all-pervading British rambler and self-exiled settlers. Among the rest of the little group, "Guernsey has long claimed a certain place in our regard."

To give the reader a bit of family history, we possessed, not many years ago, a great-aunt, some time resident on that island, and related to several of its native families. This excellent relative, whose memory shall ever remain "green in our souls," took a special fancy to us while we were yet of tender age, and, not being blessed with children of her own, attached us to herself by a sort of tacit adoption. It was not, however, till a later period of our life that the death of her husband (our respected great-uncle) induced her to return to her native isle, in order to seek, among her own immediate kindred, some feeble substitute for the affection she had lost. This was the circumstance which first introduced us to the Channel Islands; to which, during the happiest period of our life, we paid, thenceforth, an annual visit. How well do we remember the first occasion of our seeing Guernsey! A schoolboy at the time, we were specially versed in geography; and with what a bounding heart did we, on the last "examination day"—the day preceding our travels Guernsey-ward—reply to the question pointedly addressed to us, "What British possessions lie nearest to France?" In naming "Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark," we felt a modest pride tingling to the very tips of our fingers! We felt that we were about to become

"travellers"—to penetrate regions unknown even to "the sixth form," and enveloped by our exalted imagination in misty marvels, pen may not paint. "The Channel Islands" had hitherto been to us nothing but an empty, isolated name. This name was destined to become a talisman, conjuring up a panorama of fair scenes, peopled with fitting shadows of remembered faces—some few standing out clear and bright from the wavy canvas; some passing dimly across it, their forms and features scarcely distinguishable from the shifting scenery around them. But this was an after effect. At the moment of which we are writing, our thoughts were flying to the future, not sunning themselves in the past; and the name of Guernsey received its significance from imagination instead of experience. We confess that the significance thus given it was very different, indeed, from the reality—full of sins, we fear, against physical geography and natural history. We had painted it as some half-civilized, half-cultivated spot, admirably adapted for the game of "desert island"—a place inhabited by rude cow-herds, among whom our great-aunt would immediately be recognized as a species of demi-goddess.

This error was, we flatter ourselves, less a consequence of our imperfect education, than of the fact that, comparatively speaking, very little, indeed, is known at home about the Channel Islands. Within the last two or three years, perhaps, the force of this assertion has been weakened; but its truth is still far from being extinct, and will, we suspect, long retain a considerable portion of vitality. Inglis, in his clever work, "The Channel Islands," comments upon the subject as follows:—

"This (ignorance) is the more extraordinary when we consider that there are certain points of interest attach-

ed to these islands peculiarly their own: among which may be enumerated their connexion with the Norman conquest, and long dependence upon the British crown; their separate and independent constitution, and the peculiar laws by which they are governed; their singular privileges; their native civilized inhabitants; their vicinity to the coast of France, and the general use of the French language.*

The cause cannot certainly lie in limited intercourse with Great Britain. The steam communication is almost daily; and (observes Mr. Inglis, speaking of Jersey)—

"It is certain that there is no colony or dependency of Britain in which there are so many resident English. With the exception of some few great cities—Paris, Rome, Brussels, and Florence—I believe more of our countrymen are settled in Jersey than any place abroad."†

But the fact is, some of the very causes above enumerated as constituting the "peculiar interest" of the Channel Islands, supply the explanation of our indifference towards them. Their possession of distinct constitutions, rendering legislative interference extremely rare, excludes them from any place in the English newspapers; while their small size and monopolized territory withdraw them from all the speculations of political economy. Occupying no niche in world history—adding no special contribution to our mercantile or manufacturing wealth, the sole attraction they hold out is, their freedom from import duties and taxation—an attraction merely affecting the individual—the man of small means—to whom this simple fact conveys all his curiosity requires. Another reason against any general interest being felt in the Channel Islands is, that their distance from England renders a visit to them quite as serious a matter as a trip to France; while the glory resulting therefrom is greatly inferior. Running over to pass a week at Boulogne or Calais, is "travelling on the Continent," and gives to the achiever a certain superiority over his stay-at-home neighbours, which cannot be based upon a voyage to Guernsey or Jersey, although the distance gone over may be equal, or even greater.

These invidious comparisons, however, did not cross our minds when we first started for Guernsey. "Travelling on the Continent" had never entered into the dreams of our ambition, whose modest range was far overshoot by the reality before us.

This first visit utterly obliterated the picture traced by imagination. Starting from Southampton, at a late hour in the evening, we were called upon deck early on the following morning, just as the steamer cast anchor off St. Peter's Port—the only town on the island. A thin curtain of fog was gradually vanishing before the hotter rays of the sun, and revealed to our eager eyes dim masses of tree, roof, and tower, piled one upon the other, in most imposing confusion. As the various objects became more distinct, our rising regret for the annihilated games of "desert island," almost disappeared before the striking effect of the scenery around. St. Peter's Port stretches along a narrow strip of level beach, slightly curved, and perhaps a mile in length, backed by a passably steep and lofty ridge of ground, up whose rugged side streets and houses mount in gallant array—to the great advantage of the picturesque, but to the great detriment of the asthmatic. This ridge, after running southward for about three-fourths of its extent, cuts straight across the town (without, however, checking the march of the buildings), and advancing close up to the sea line, stretches off south-east, and forms the horn of a shallow bay—its point crowned by a regular fortification, with all its accompanying "pride, pomp, and circumstance," forcibly reminding us that we are no longer in the land which "needs no bulwarks." Almost in the centre of the height occupied by the town, the eye is caught by an architectural building of some size and pretension, which is pointed out as "Elizabeth College;" while, to the extreme right, a battlemented edifice, in a somewhat similar style of architecture, commandingly placed, and surrounded by stately wood, elicits a question, and the answer—"Castle Carey." But we are, perhaps, reversing the natural order of a stranger's impressions; for, as soon as the eye has taken its gene-

* Inglis' Channel Islands, "p. 2.

† Id. p. 74.

ral survey, and begins to single out the more prominent features of the scene, the object which first arrests it will be a picturesque old fortress, standing like some grim sentinel, about half a mile in advance of the town, and apparently built in mid-sea, so completely do its time-worn towers and bastions mingle with the grey fragment of rock from which they spring. This sea-girt castle gives a peculiarly foreign aspect to the scene. It is called Castle Cornet, and is of considerable antiquity. But the reader would have a very feeble idea of the beauty of the landscape we are attempting to describe, did we omit to mention the small neighbouring islands, Herm and Sark, which—the former about five, the latter about eight miles distant from St. Peter's Port, and both presenting a strikingly bold outline of elevated rock, complete a picture which is not often surpassed. We have already hinted that the town of St. Peter's Port is more attractive to the lover of the picturesque than to the lover of easy walking. Its streets, generally speaking, are narrow and ill-paved—which latter inconvenience is rendered more painfully sensible by their often running up very steep acclivities. It is evident that the inhabitants must be a long-winded race, from their entire neglect of all expedients of circuit and level. They will carry a thoroughfare straight up a rise of some eight feet in thirty, and, where the perpendicular opposes them, have recourse to soaring flights of steps, to surmount which seems, to the luxuriant loungers of London, to realize the ideal of a day at the treadmill. The shrewd observer will scarcely fail to conclude from all this that they are a business-like people, fond of short cuts, and averse to unnecessary expenditure—a conclusion which further acquaintance will fully confirm. We must not let the reader suppose, however, that the precincts of St. Peter's Port offer nothing superior to this. In the year 1882, the cholera—that pitiless reminder of nature's sanatory laws—paid it a visit, and wrung from the fast-

buttoned Guernsey pockets, funds for the erection of a handsome broad street (now a favourite quarter of trade), in the place of a huddled, unhealthy mass of houses, through which no respectable person cared to pass. Behind almost an entire side of this street extends the fish-market—the pride of Guernsey—and certainly a very handsome structure of its kind, the handsomest, indeed, we remember ever to have seen. Its length is nearly two hundred feet, breadth twenty, height upwards of forty! covered in on every side, but admirably lighted from above. It is lined by a double row of polished marble slabs, on whose cool, moistened surface the fish are exposed for sale. When a calm night has favoured the nets, the scene here is very animated, for the Guernsey ladies do not disdain to manage the commissariat department in person, and the great cleanliness which prevails around permits them to do so without any neglect of the toilet. The market-place, therefore, on a fine day, presents an appearance far more brilliant than home experience can prepare us for, and is well worth the stranger's visit. Having carried him there, it may not be inappropriate to say a word or two on the expenses of living in Guernsey. He is already aware that the Channel Islands rejoice in the possession of free-trade; moreover, the very moderate taxation does not affect the English resident, unless naturalized. Knowing this, he will probably expect to find everything in Guernsey "dirt-cheap," but a day's marketing will speedily undeceive him. The fact is, that the real necessities of life are decidedly dearer there than in many of the rural districts of England and Ireland, and not materially cheaper than in London or Dublin. For example, good beef and mutton fetch from 7d. to 9d. the pound; bacon, from 9d. to 11d.; bread, from 2d. to 2½d.; potatoes, from 1s. 6d. to 2s. the bushel; butter and eggs, the former from 1s. to 1s. 6d. the pound, the latter from 8d. to 1s. 2d. the dozen, according to the season.* All articles of English produce or manufacture,

* It must be understood, however, that the Guernsey pound weighs 1½ oz. more than the English, and that English money bears a premium of about five per cent.; so that, to make an exact comparison, about 1½ per cent. must be deducted from the above prices. Almost all these articles may be had, of an inferior quality, much cheaper.

such as cheese, cloth, hosiery, &c., are the same price as at home, with the addition of freight. Coals vary from 20s. to 25s. per ton. As for house-rent, the average is so much higher, *cateris paribus*, than with us, that the absence of taxation is not felt, while ground (as will appear hereafter) is absolutely enormous. The only articles materially affected by the commercial privileges enjoyed by the island are, grocery and wines. Tolerable tea may be had at about 3s. the pound, and coffee at 1s. 8d.; white sugar sells at 5½d.; port and sherry, of good quality, at from 25s. to 28s. per dozen; Cognac, at 2s. the bottle. From a glance at these prices, we draw the following conclusions. To families simply wishing to economize, the advantages held out by Guernsey are decidedly inferior to those met with in many parts both of Great Britain and Ireland; but to a family whose object is to make as great a show as possible with a limited income—to give periodical dinner-parties, and routs, and sport their claret and champagne, Guernsey is certainly the cheaper residence.

The apparent inconsistency between the above prices and free-trade may not be so difficult to reconcile as at first sight appears. The enormous price of land—the large population, and limited commerce of the island—the inferior quality of the articles actually imported for consumption—the strong incentives held out to export its native produce for the English markets—the extreme facility, in so small a place, to keep the supply always a little below the demand—all these, and various other causes, have a constant tendency to raise prices to an artificial level.

Guernsey, however, holds out other than mere "eatable" inducements to the large family and small income. Climbing up the higher quarter of the town, we come to Elizabeth College, already mentioned as a striking object from the sea. A connoisseur in architecture might quarrel with the proportions of the building, which, however, is certainly entitled to the epithet "handsome." It is built of fine freestone; its form that of an oblong square, with a turret at each corner, and surmounted in the centre by a low and rather heavy tower, from the

angles of which spring four slender pinnacles, in the florid Gothic style. Elizabeth College is of considerable size, capable, we believe, of containing from five to six hundred scholars, although the present complement falls short of ninety! Why this should be the case is easily divined: the trouble and expense of sending boys to Guernsey, and the increasing cheapness of education in England, combined with the same causes of obscurity above applied to the Channel Islands in general, sufficiently account, at least for the paucity of boarders. To residents, the establishment holds out considerable advantages, sufficient to induce English families, where boys preponderate, to become temporary settlers on the island, for the sake of education alone. Conducted by gentlemen of approved merit, all of whom must have graduated at one of our universities, its course of education seems well adapted to the liberalizing ideas of the day, while the expense is too moderate to be found fault with, even by the most niggardly. For instruction in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, divinity, history, mathematics, English literature, geography, and arithmetic, the charge is only £12 per annum! Experienced masters are also attached to the college, for those branches which come more properly under the head of accomplishments. We had the pleasure of being present, not long ago, at an annual distribution of prizes, where, in addition to the customary recitations from Shakspeare and Terence, scenes from Moliere and Kœrner were given by some of the youthful elocutors, with perfect fluency, and very tolerable purity of accent. It is worth mentioning that, together with numerous minor prizes in the form of books, the college has five exhibitions of £20 per annum each, and one of £30, all limited to four years' duration. Notwithstanding these advantages, it is, however, obvious that a far greater expense has been incurred in its erection than a common-sense estimate of its prospects would have warranted.

Passing straight on by Elizabeth College, we leave behind what is strictly "town," although not immediately entering on what can properly be called "country." Directly before us lies "the Grange road,"

which claims to be the "fashionable" centre of Guernsey, and presents an aspect of refinement, for which the town itself gives no preparation. "The Grange" is a broad level road, admirably macadamized, lined on either side by private houses, for the most part detached, and surrounded by brilliant flower-gardens or well-kept lawns—of miniature size, indeed, but still generally large enough to display a circular carriage-road, a few clumps of evergreens, or even, now and then, some timber of larger growth. The houses themselves may be classed as "villas," being of the half-rural, half city-like character, to which that somewhat vague epithet is commonly applied. They have, however, nothing cockneyfied about them. The style of architecture is that—so prevalent in England, the anythingarian; indeed, the effect of the whole scene is thoroughly English, not alone in an architectural point of view, but more particularly in the air of finished comfort which pervades it. We should be giving, however, but a lop-sided idea of the attractions of the Grange road, did we omit to mention the "humas flowers" which decorate its trottoirs on a bright summer's day. In order to enable the reader to form a juster estimate of their beauty, we may inform him (of course the communication is "strictly confidential") that, during our first walk up "the Grange," we lost our heart, in sad sober earnest—none of your half-measures—no less than three several times. But this was in the morning of life, "*non sum qualis eram!*" The last time we paced the Grange road, we threaded our way through its Circean perils fancy free! This heart-breaking road is the principal approach to St. Peter's Port from the country districts, and must be admitted to be a very handsome one.

A survey of the interior of the island will well repay the stranger's trouble. This should be taken on foot, as the most attractive scenery is that of the coast—spots to which neither vehicle nor horse can well penetrate. Neither let this suggestion terrify the languid traveller: no training is requisite to prepare for a pedestrian tour through Guernsey. The extreme length of the island is

about nine miles, the extreme breadth about six! and the roads are excellent. The shape of Guernsey is very nearly that of a right-angled triangle, the two sides containing the right-angle facing almost directly south and east. It is on the southern coast that the greatest beauty of scenery is found. The island is here most elevated, and presents to the enamoured Atlantic, a bold rocky front, indented with small bays, all of which are more or less lovely; some rugged and frowning, others smiling and picturesque—uniting the placid, woody beauties of lake scenery to the stern features of a sea-coast. The colouring of the rocks, with their brilliant decorations of lichen and heath, is especially beautiful, and the vistas of these fairy bays will not be surprised to hear that the favourite summer gaieties of the island assume the form of pic-nics. The eastern and north-western coasts are less attractive; both, however, afford several striking points of view—the former from its giving to the eye, under various aspects, the picturesque group of neighbouring islands; the latter from the fine curves of its more extensive, but flat bays, the richly cultivated plains whose outline they break, and the infinite expanse of azure waters stretching beyond.

The interior of the island, although broken here and there by pretty glens, is rather tame; generally speaking, highly-cultivated, but with a very slender sprinkling of wood, and that, too, stunted in growth—a defect ascribed to the westerly winds, which are extremely prevalent, and of such strength and keenness, that the tree over-topping its sheltering neighbour, is speedily fain to shrink back to a less ambitious elevation. In the lower ground, however, some handsome elms are found, and the evergreen, or holm oak (*quercus ilex*) is every where common, and reaches a good size. But the scenery of Guernsey presents objects of higher interest than woods and glens, however lovely these may be. At every turn of the road we come upon comfortable farm-houses and neat cheerful cottages, all giving evidence, in their gay, well-kept gardens, of leisure hours innocently employed. The luxuriance of flowers which characterizes this little island,

cannot fail to strike the eye: a few words upon this, and upon a kindred and still more interesting subject, climate, may not be out of place here.

The most note-worthy feature of the cottage gardens of Guernsey is, that their staple ornaments are not limited to holyhocks and dahlias, as with us, but comprise plants which, in England, are only found in the gardens of the wealthy—of those who can afford to purchase for them a continuous attention. The hyacinth, the fuchsia, the verbena, the calceolaria and the scarlet geranium are universal, and attain (especially the fuchsia and verbena) an unusual size, while the cottage walls are often entirely clothed with the vine, myrtle, or passion-flower, which seem quite children of the soil. In the more cultivated gardens of the wealthier classes, the camellia, sometimes reaching a height of fifteen or even twenty feet, is not uncommon; to which may be added the magnolia grandiflora, the nerium oleander, the cistus, the daphne odorata, the tamarisk, the coccia scandens (a magnificent creeper), and, among bulbous plants, the gay ixia and spheraxia, and the handsome belladonna; all flourishing in the open air. But the pride of the island is the amaryllis, originally brought from Japan, and much esteemed. This beautiful flower is commonly known as “the Guernsey lily,” but it does not seem clear that the cognomen is an appropriate one, inasmuch as the climate of the island can scarcely be considered well suited to its cultivation, the highest rate of flowering being only about fifteen or eighteen out of one hundred bulbs, while the average does not exceed eight or ten. If we enter the greenhouse, we shall find beauties almost on a par with those of the English hot-house—the feeble heliotrope becomes here quite a “runner,” and the splendour of the geraniums is absolutely dazzling. Aloes also thrive and blossom without any particular care. In the fruit-garden the same superiority of luxuriance is mani-

fest; in addition to an abundance of ordinary produce, we may mention the delicious chaumontel pear, which comes to greater perfection here than even in Normandy; the fig-tree also attains a large growth, and we have seen the orange in bearing, with no shelter beyond that of a wall. It must be evident from all this that some important difference exists between the Guernsey climate and our own. This difference seems to lie in the fact, that the variation of temperature between the different seasons, is less than with us—the mean winter temperature being $5^{\circ} 11'$ higher than that of London, while the mean summer temperature is 1° lower. Although thus equalized from season to season, it is, at the same time, subject to frequent (but not extensive) variations from day to day. Hence frost and snow are always transient visitors. The most trying part of the year is from the vernal equinox to the first week in May; keen easterly winds being then prevalent. “The peculiar drying effect of the atmosphere, imbibing every habitus that transudes through the cutaneous pores, and a certain electrical state inseparable from a long continuance of easterly winds, combine to render this period of the year insidious to those whose health is delicate, however delightful the clear sky and bracing air may be to the robust.” On the whole, however, the characteristic of the Guernsey climate is mildness. The mean quantity of rain is said to be less than in the south-western parts of England, and the rapidity of absorption by the gravelly soil gives, comparatively speaking, superior opportunity for exercise. Nevertheless we cannot but think that, in consequence of the immediate vicinity of sea in every direction, the atmosphere of Guernsey is, if any thing, more humid and relaxing, than that of the English districts above referred to. The prevailing complaints, dyspepsia and rheumatism, seem to support this opinion; we have always heard, moreover, that nervous patients are far from being benefited by a residence in the

* See the excellent chapter on climate (supplied by Dr. Hoskins, one of the principal physicians of the island) in “Redstone’s Guernsey and Jersey Guide;” which chapter is our authority for the greater part of the above remarks.

island. Inflammatory diseases are proportionately rare, and malignant epidemics almost unknown. In dry bronchial cough and asthma, the climate is acknowledged to produce sanative effects, and its influence may perhaps defer, for some brief period, the fatal hour of the consumptive. It is certain that the rate of annual mortality is low (about one in eighty-three), but mortality statistics are affected by a complication of causes, among which we strongly suspect that climate (at least throughout the temperate zone) holds a subordinate rank.

Let us take a glance, now, at the Guernsey peasantry. As far as dress and neatness go, they seem thoroughly English; but in person they offer no resemblance to the muscular, firm-set figures of our sturdy yeomen, and their clean-built, fresh-complexioned wives and daughters. The men, generally speaking, are under-sized and ill-proportioned—the women, thick-ankled, inclined to be swarthy, and by no means graceful in their movements. They are not, however, without those “precious jewels”—fine sparkling eyes, generally of a dark hazel. These are conspicuous in the children, who, being always neatly kept, and, of course, fairer skinned than the women, give a much higher promise of beauty than their after years fulfil. If we address any of these country people, the answer will certainly be either in broken English, or in a kind of barbarous French, of which the stranger, albeit fresh from the Continent, will with difficulty make out a few isolated words. We have called this dialect “barbarous;” and it certainly sounds so to the ear accustomed to the liquid accents of Paris or Rouen, but we have been assured, by an excellent authority, that this patois is, in reality, the purest Norman-French extant. Inglis advances the same opinion, adding—“Indeed, the inhabitants of the Channel Islands, in those parishes where their families have constantly intermarried, are purer Normans than are now to be found elsewhere.”* This character of the language must, however, be limited, in

its application, to the rural districts. In the town, where English is everywhere spoken, the Guernsey dialect takes a secondary place, and, as a natural consequence, is much encroached upon by its more powerful rival. Added to this, so many changes and improvements have taken place on every side—so many new processes of labour, new tools, new articles, and new wants have sprung up, for which the old dialect supplies no equivalent words or phrases, that a recourse to foreign aid is gradually becoming universal.

“During the last century,” observes the fair author of the *Guernsey Guide*, “it has increased its vocabulary by various compounds of Latin, Welsh, Scotch, German, English, and Italian.” This polyglot list looks certainly a little like an exaggeration—but it must be accepted as some authority at least, and we lay stress upon the fact which it tends to establish, because it may be set down as certain, that, when a language recruits itself thus shamelessly—almost, too (as is the case here), without any attempt to assimilate the foreign elements imbibed—its principle of vitality is extinct—its destined course is run, and the sooner it is inhumed the better! We say this with conviction; and yet we could almost be tempted to regret the death of a dialect which, barbarous as it sounds from uneducated lips, is capable of being so gracefully moulded, as in the following imitation of Burns’s “Address to a Daisy,” &c., which the author has kindly permitted us to extract from a work still in the press, entitled:—
“*Rimes Guernesaises.*”

“A UNE MARGUERITE MICHON[†] PAR LA
QUEURE.”

“Fleur mignonne à frange écarlate
Simple, modeste, et délicate,
V’là qui est paré,* ma main ingrate
T’a copé l’pîd!
Te volé, parmi les moqueux[‡] de frie[§]
Sole, entumie[¶] et meurdrie,
erie sans prix!

“Ch’ n’est pas, je l’ai, te bîen aimée,
L’alouette à gorge plectel,
Qui t’pille, en prenant sa volée,
Sous not forme!
Tu n’l’orras[‡] pus, de pres enuee,
D’avant que l’soleil nous égale,
Saluair l’orient.

* Inglis’ “Channel Islands,” p. 209.

† Cassée.

‡ Charrue.

§ Fini.

¶ Mottes.

‡ Gazon.

§ Entendras.

“Soiled,” from an old Celtic word, *tam*, ordure.

" L'nord-est g'laît l'air de sa triste haleine,
Quand tu t'déhalles,^b mauve et saine,
Noble, pure, humble et vierge raine,
Malgré l'nord-est;
A peine am d'arsus d'la verte bliaite,^c
Au caoup du vent, tu l'vais la tête,
Et fleurissais.

" Pour quiqu' s'ieur, superbe étranger,
Nous^a a bâti des palais d'verre;
I' n'te fallait qu'un motte d' terre
Pour tout abri:
Jouy fatal! sombre matinkie!
Te v'lo salette et débilmâie.^d
L'ouur émailli.^e

" Ch'est bien là l'ort de la pauvrete!
Trop simple pour être discrette
A' s'ê à l'amour, qui la quette
En trahison;
Et non la vêt, dishonoriée,
Monteuse, effeillie,^f oubillâie,
Au coin d'un rion!^g

We must warn the reader, however, not to expect in the patois of the Guernsey peasant, any approach to the purity of diction which characterises the above elegant little composition.

If we enter now into a farm-house or cottage, we shall find the internal arrangements answer the external effect. Even in the smallest habitations it is rare not to find a distinct room for day use; and in the superior farm-houses this room is generally spacious and airy. Everywhere great frugality prevails, especially in the culinary department. The ordinary diet is a kind of broth termed *soupe à la graisse*, composed of vegetables, boiled with a small quantity of lard or bacon. This is occasionally varied by a much more savoury and nourishing *potage*, made from the conger eel, which is caught in plenty around the island. A substantial meat dinner is scarcely ever seen, except on a few festive days, when, however, the board is often furnished in a way that would not disgrace an English yeoman—beef and plum-pudding being seldom absent. Of these festive occasions the most conspicuous are, of course, Christmas and New Year's Day. The celebration of Christmas differs, in respect to its arrangements, from our customs, inasmuch as the night of chiefest jollity is the one preceding Christmas Eve. This is called "La Longue

Veille," and none are so poor as not to distinguish it by some special addition to the usual evening's meal. All the scattered members of a family assemble, on this occasion, at the farm of its principal representative, and the jest, the story, and the "courting" are merrily kept up to a late hour. Dancing, we believe, is an amusement little congenial to the Channel Island peasantry. Mr. Inglis attributes this to "the prevalence of sectarianism;" but we should be rather disposed to seek a reason in the utter absence of a musical ear.* We never remember to have heard a labourer enlivening his task with a whistle or a song, and we believe nothing in the shape of a national air exists among them. Notwithstanding the cheapness of spirits, the natives of Guernsey are generally very temperate, the universal beverage being a poor kind of home-made cider. But "la longue veille" calls for more mirth-inspiring potations;—its appropriate drink is mulled wine, prepared after rather a peculiar manner, and invariably handed round in coffee-cups. The fair authoress of the "Guernsey and Jersey Guide" has kindly given to the world the receipt for this decoction, which our responsive philanthropy bids us aid her in disseminating. Those who have partaken of this Guernsey ambrosia, will not be surprised that the subject was found too inspiring for vulgar prose:—

"Some cloves and whole cinnamon—an ounce of the last,
Of the first just one quarter; boiled (but not boiled too fast)
In a quart of cold water, to a dozen of wine:—
Take a pound of loaf sugar (don't break it too fine);—
Let them stand both together while boiling the spice—
You can taste it to see that the sweetness is nice.
And the cloves and the cinnamon may simmer away,
If you're not in a hurry, one third of the day.
It may then be poured into the wine, and is fit
To be warmed (but not boiled) when you wish to drink it."†

The same excellent authority assures us that "the good old Guernsey rule allows only one coffee-cup full to every young person; two to mar-

^a Te levais.

^b Gazon.

^c On.

^d Flétrie.

^e Abjané.

^f Effeciellée.

^g Sillon.

* Since writing the above, we have accidentally met with a similar remark with respect to the Norman peasantry (both, be it remembered, are of the same family).—*Vide* St. John's "Tour in Normandy," p. 129.

† *Vide* "Guide," p. 103.

ried ladies, and three, or at utmost four to each gentleman. (1) More than this," she adds, "is an unlawful excess, and disgraces the offender." The only comment we wish to make here is, that if the above rule is strictly adhered to, Father Mathew need never trouble himself to visit Guernsey. It cannot be disputed, however, that the inhabitants of that island are an abstemious race. A firm belief prevails among them that on Christmas Eve, precisely as the clock strikes twelve, all the water is changed into wine, and yet there is no instance on record of any one having so much as sipped this enticing beverage. At the same "witching hour," moreover, the Guernsey cattle are said to kneel down simultaneously; but for the truth of this assertion we cannot vouch.

New Year's Day is celebrated pretty much as with us; distinguished, however, by the universal demolition of a particular kind of currant cake, which we will not take upon ourselves to recommend. The evening of St. Thomas's Day is also observed in Guernsey much as the Scotch celebrate Hallow-E'en. It is deemed a peculiarly auspicious time for performing spells to find out the name of the truest lover. Having given above a recipe, of course more interesting to the male portion of our readers than to those of the gentler sex, we hasten here to transcribe a piece of information especially adapted for the latter, viz., the spell recommended by St. Thomas as an infallible means of identifying the future husband:—

"Take a golden pippin and eighteen new pins, which have never been used or stuck into paper; put nine into the eye and nine into the stem; place it under your pillow, with the left garter round it, and get into bed backwards, saying—

"Le jour de St. Thomas
Le plus court, le plus bas,
Je prie Dieu journellement
Qu'il me fasse voir, en dormant,
Celui qui sera mon amant,
Et le pays et la contrée
Où il sera sa demeure,
Tel qu'il sera Je l'aimerais.
Ainsi soit il."

We earnestly recommend the above to the notice of all our fair friends.

Besides these holiday festivities, there are other occasions, connected with labour, when the frugality of the Guernsey cuisine is relaxed, although in an inferior degree. The most notable of these minor feasts are that of "La Grande Quêrne" and that of the "vraic gathering." *La grande quêne* is an old-fashioned plough, of such gigantic dimensions that it requires from eight to twelve horses, and from two to six bullocks to draw it. It is only used for parsnips, which are extensively cultivated in the island. The immense team it requires is made up by contributions from the neighbouring farmers; the plough itself being common property; and this naturally gives rise to the assembling of the joint proprietors at the farm on which it is working, and their entertainment thereon. The "vraic gathering" is almost peculiar to these islands. *Vraic* (properly *varec*) is a species of the *fucus marinus*, found in great quantities on the coast of the Channel Islands, and so highly estimated as a manure that the native legislatures have passed laws to regulate its collection. *Vraic* is distinguished into two classes, *vraic scîé*, actually cut from the rocks, to which it adheres, and *vraic venant*, or *vraic* torn up by the action of the waves, and drifted on the beach. The former class is, of course, more valuable than the latter, which, as this species only vegetates while attached, must have lost much of its fertilising properties while floating, probably for days, as drift-weed. The excellence of this manure is affected also by the season at which it is gathered. The summer harvest of *vraic scîé* being esteemed at double the value of the winter harvest; while, with the *vraic venant*, the difference is quadrupled. The *vraic*-cutting in summer is the scene most worthy of a stranger's curiosity.

"It is then," writes a native authority, "that all the country-people, uniting in sets of two or three families, lads and lasses, and some of these from among the best, crowned with flowers, proceed joyously towards the beach, and as the tide leaves, scatter themselves over different rocks. The boldest, on foot or on horseback, wade to the fur-

* Vide "Guide," p. 104.

chest that have been examined the day before, and where the *vraic* is thickest and longest, and proceed to cut it with a small kind of reaping-hook, throwing it in heaps until the tide flows, when some of the men begin to carry it on shore on horseback, at full speed, from places which carts cannot approach. When their short but hard work is over, the young men lead the lasses to bathe; such a scene then presents itself as must make all but the misanthrope's heart smile with joy; (!) the falls, the cries of the half-terrified, half-pleased girls, and the shouts of the mischief-making boys, who lead them into deeper water than they altogether like, form a scene which all enjoy.*

The walk home, all of them dripping wet, is, as may be imagined, a very merry one, and the day is brought to a close with a hearty hot supper, and the usual concomitant, mirthfulness.

The annual quantity of *vraic* collected is estimated at about 80,000 loads, varying in value at from 2s. to 12s. each, the whole being taken at £3,000. As manure, *vraic* is either laid down in its original state (which is the only way of applying the *vraic venant*), or in the form of ashes, to which the greater part of the *vraic scié* is reduced, being thus first made to answer the purpose of fuel also—no contemptible saving. Nearly double the quantity of the former is required for the same measure of land. The active principle of *vraic*, as a manure, is soda; its relative excellence we have not been able to ascertain, and its almost exclusive use on the island renders comparison difficult. The high favour in which it is held is probably due to the deficiency of alkalis in the soil of Guernsey. Having fallen upon this subject, it will not be inappropriate to say something about the condition of the agricultural population. We have already given the maximum length and breadth, as well as the form of the island. Its territorial surface is calculated at 15,366 English acres, of which about 10,200 may be regarded as under cultivation.† With us this would be looked upon as certainly a very fine estate, but when we hear it coupled with the

high-sounding attributes of a "constitution," with its "elective states," and "states of deliberation," of "politics," and "patriotism," we may, perhaps, feel inclined to smile. Of this, however, anon. The size of the Guernsey farms must, of course, be proportioned to the dimensions of the island; the general range is from five to twenty English acres; a very few reaching the extent of fifty. The land is extremely productive, the average crops being: wheat, 38 bushels; hay, 3½ tons; parsnips, 22; potatoes, about 14 tons per acre. Mangel wozel and turnips are also cultivated with equal success. The usual rotation of crops is, parsnips, wheat, barley, clover, and wheat, thus giving two crops of the last in five years. The parsnip is a favourite root with the farmers, being much used for fattening oxen and pigs, as well as for the winter diet of milch cows. These cows are the pride of Guernsey, and are deservedly esteemed in England. Great care is taken to preserve the breed pure, the importation of foreign cattle, except for the slaughter-house, being strictly prohibited; and even a Jersey cow (which is of the same breed, though less carefully preserved) will on no account be admitted on the ground of a Guernsey farmer. The average produce of the cows is, one pound of butter, or eight quarts of milk in the twenty-four hours. In summer, instances occur, now and then, of fifteen pounds of butter being yielded by the same cow in one week. This butter is excellent, and keeps a good price, notwithstanding that the market is supplied at a much cheaper rate both from France and Holland. The value of a Guernsey cow ranges from £8 to £18. As little as one acre and three quarters of good ground is considered sufficient for its support, while in England the allowance is nearly double. This difference has been accounted for by the practice, universal in the Channel Islands, of tethering the cattle, allowing them a circle of about twenty-four feet in diameter to feed over, the end of the tether being attached to an iron peg, driven into the earth, and shifted a few feet four or five times a day, adding each time an additional arc to the circle.

* *Vide* Duncan's "History of Guernsey," p. 292.

† *Ibid.* p. 284.

‡ This prohibition must undoubtedly affect the price of meat.

By this means the grass is eaten cleaner, and less waste occurs from treading it down. To the casual observer the practice seems cruel, and the unhappy expression of the straining animals certainly deprives the landscape of one of its rural charms. Although so highly favoured in its cows, Guernsey makes a proportionately inferior display in the matter of horses. It would be difficult to find a worse-formed, worse-kept, and harder-worked race of animals, unless in Jersey. Their poor keep may be ascribed to the fact that neither oats nor beans are much grown on the island, as they can be imported cheaper than they can be raised.*

The above detail of the fertility of the Guernsey farm, may lead to the idea, that large profits must be made by the farmer; such, however, is not the case. The rent of land is enormous, averaging from £5 to £8 per acre;† and the small size, and infinite subdivision of property, prohibits the possibility of realizing anything like wealth in this way. At the same time it must be borne in mind, that while his produce is greater than that of the English farmer, his expenses are less. His household expenses, owing to the extreme simplicity of living, as well as to such trifling benefits as its free-trade secures to the island, are much smaller; labour, also, is cheaper; manure costs him little beyond the time employed in collecting it, and taxation is comparatively light. The English market is open to him, on the same terms as to a native Englishman, and thus, enjoying these advantages at home, he can command for his produce the artificial prices of a country highly taxed, and hedged round with custom-house regulations. Notwithstanding all which, it must still be evident that nothing but strict frugality can enable him to meet a rent so enormous. That this frugality is a general characteristic of the inhabitants of the Channel Islands we have already mentioned. It is, perhaps, more rigid in Jersey than in Guernsey, approach-

ing nearer in the former to niggardiness, while in the latter it may more accurately be qualified as parsimonious. Various causes contribute to foster this characteristic. Among these, their isolated position, removing them from the influence of novelty, is one; the laws of inheritance and of property, securing to each some little patrimony, or facilitating its acquisition, act also in the same direction. But of these, their advantages and disadvantages, we shall treat more at length when we come to speak of the "constitution" of the island.

The rural population of Guernsey divides itself into three classes: the substantial farmer, the small proprietor, and the cottager. The distinction between them is almost wholly confined to their worldly position. The standard of education and intelligence is the same with all; reading and writing is pretty well universal, but very little more than this degree of knowledge is met with. A French Bible, and a few tracts in the same language, generally complete the farmer's, as well as the cottager's library, from which it may easily be divined, that shrewdness is oftener met with than intelligence, although, sooth to say, there is no great superabundance of either. The Guernsey peasantry are very strict church or (more frequently) chapel goers; crime is very rare among them, and private morals are, within certain limits, very pure. Although honest, in the criminal extent of the term, the standard, when it comes to driving a bargain, is a very slippery one; and we have been assured by a very good authority, that their courtships are not seldom so unplatonic, that the epoch of "the happy day" is generally regulated by *Lucina*, rather than *Cupid*. At the same time, matters are only carried thus far when the "sweetheart" is a formally recognized one, and we believe that instances of his refusing to legalize his anticipated privileges, are almost unknown.‡

* Inglis' "Channel Islands," Duncan's "History of Guernsey," Berry's "History of Guernsey," under their respective articles on agriculture.

† Building land, in a good neighbourhood, can command from £600 to £1000 per acre.

‡ The same slipshod morality prevails in several parts of England—in Devonshire and Westmoreland, for instance.

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A D O L P H E T H I E R S .

SECOND ARTICLE.

M. THIERS, in fact, became now the avowed supporter and orator of the new cabinet, and if we can credit the statements of M. LoeneViemar, received two thousand francs a month from the secret service fund for his trouble. His influence on the chamber, as well as his reputation for good faith, were, however, seriously impaired by the reckless precipitancy with which he hazarded assertions of facts and figures. While the ministry accepted his advocacy, they were not willing to avow the connexion. M. Perier openly ridiculed the gasconade, rashness, and levity of his speeches, and did not dissemble his vexation when M. Thiers identified himself with the ministry, by using the first person in speaking of the cabinet measures. On one occasion, when M. Manguin, in referring to M. Thiers, spoke of the latter as the orator of the cabinet, M. Perier said, in a contemptuous tone, and loud enough to be heard by M. Thiers—"That thing, an organ of the government!—Oh! M. Manguin wishes to ridicule us!"

As an instance of the carelessness, to use the most gentle term, which M. Thiers evinced at this time, with regard to the truth of the statements he made from the tribune, we may mention one occasion on which General Lamarque had spoken of the military forces of France, and of other powers, with which, it was well known, he was intimately acquainted, from having kept up an active and extensive correspondence with the eastern states of Eu-

rope. M. Thiers, armed, as usual, with a load of documents, came to the chamber, spreading before him an enormous chart which covered the entire bench of the doctrinaires, on which he had planted himself. He then mounted the tribune, and casting a sarcastic glance at the opposition benches, he began to count on his fingers what the forces really were, as he maintained, which France had to fear. So many regiments were on the Rhine; few in number, feeble, with small complements of men; and totally destitute of artillery! These were not worth mentioning! He enumerated the entire Prussian army, from Aix la Chapelle to Magdebourg; not a division or company that he did not carefully count, and the whole truly amounted to a very contemptible force; and was this force to be held up as a bugbear! The opposition listening to all this, and remembering the many instances in which the speaker's inaccuracies had been already detected and exposed, gave vent to expressions of incredulity. No one, however, was prepared, at the moment, to refute the statement, and the orator obtained a temporary triumph. The next day, however, when a search was made, it was found that the army of M. Thiers, and the army of the King of Prussia, had nothing in common. But this discovery took place *the next day*, and *the next day* is an epoch which M. Thiers holds in small respect or consideration.*

Until the debate on the question

* Revue des deux Mondes, IV. p. 686.

of an hereditary peerage, M. Thiers must be regarded as floundering through a succession of failures as a parliamentary speaker. It is true that there were now and then momentary flashes of success, but he had established no influence; on the contrary, he had excited much ridicule on the part of the opposition, and even those, in whose favour he spoke, accepted his advocacy with a certain shyness and reserve, and as though they were ashamed of the connexion.

The debate on the peerage was the crisis of his parliamentary life. He evidently intended that it should be so. From what we have formerly stated, and from some of the quotations we have given from his writings, as a journalist, it will be perceived that the beau ideal of government which he had set before his mind was the British. The sovereign, the higher aristocracy, and the representatives of the people; these elements were essential to the system of his admiration. He would have France copy this. The sense of the country was, however, opposed to the principle of hereditary legislators.

The question of the constitution of the peerage had been postponed on the settlement of the government, after the revolution of July. It was left for future, and more mature, and dispassionate discussion, than it could receive in the confusion which necessarily followed the fall of one dynasty, and the establishment of another. The hour had now arrived when it became necessary finally to set this important question at rest—Is the legislative power conferred on a peer to descend to his heir, or is it to determine with the death of him on whom the royal will has conferred it?

The head of the cabinet, Casimir Perier declared his conviction that the principle of inheritance should be adopted, but, like the Duke of Wellington and Peel, in the case of Catholic Emancipation, he, at the same time, admitted, that in the actual state of public opinion and feeling in the country its adoption was impracticable. With an opinion, therefore, against the measure, he, nevertheless, proposed to the chamber that the peerage should only be enjoyed for life; that the principle of an hereditary peerage should be renounced in France.

M. Thiers, on this occasion, delivered a speech, in many respects, remarkable. Admitting that he was a supporter of the cabinet, secretly paid, and, therefore, bound, in general, to advocate its measures, on this particular question, it is apparent, from what we have just stated, that he was free. It was, in fact, an open question. He knew the predominant feeling in the country, and in the chamber, and was well aware that the hereditary principle could not be maintained. Yet he took the unpopular side; and, not satisfied with speaking in favour of the hereditary principle, voted in favour of it, thus going farther even than the president of the council himself went.

It was evident, as we have already said, that M. Thiers intended to produce a great impression on this occasion. For eight days previously his speech was talked of in the Chamber, and announced in the newspapers. It was known, in short, that a performance of no common order was designed, and expectation was on tiptoe. M. Thiers, contrary to his custom, arrived early in the house. It was observed that more than usual care had been bestowed upon his external man, and that especially he wore gloves! It was evident that he was going to produce a profound impression. At last, he ascended the tribune with a slow and deliberate step, but with the air of negligence of one who is about to discharge some common task, which gives him neither trouble nor solicitude. He stood for some time silent, endeavouring by his manner to impose a silence on the chamber which it had not usually accorded to him. At length, by the interposition of some members friendly to him, the house was hushed. From the first, it was evident that, in all respects, the orator had undergone a revolution. He used no manuscript, referred to no notes. His delivery, gesticulation, and even his personal attitude in the tribune, were all different from what they had ever before been. It was apparent that he was going to try a new style of eloquence; that he had laid aside his prelections on history, and his pompous rhetoric, and had adopted that familiar and colloquial style which prevails generally in the British House of Commons; in a word, instead of the classical eloquence

in which hitherto he had had such indifferent success, he was trying the conversational style. He endeavoured to make the house enter into the spirit of this style of speaking, by telling it that this was an assembly of sensible men, and not an ancient forum. Throwing off the toga in which hitherto he had robed himself when he ascended the tribune, he was there in his individual person as he had met and chatted separately with the deputies of his acquaintance. The speech he delivered on this occasion had certainly been deliberately composed and written. Its complete structure and plan, and its very language, were evidence of this. The reasoning formed a chain, the artificial connexion and regularity of which were very imperfectly concealed by the tone of conversation in which the speaker endeavoured to dress them up, and by the episodes and historical anecdotes with which he so elaborately adorned them. His speech on this occasion occupied four hours. His voice, naturally feeble, failed in the middle of it, and he was obliged to make a considerable pause to recover strength before he could proceed.

This speech was listened to by the chamber, and at the period of his parliamentary life at which he delivered it, that was a great point gained, for the same could scarcely be said of any of his former orations. M. Thiers had still much to learn of parliamentary tactics. He was still unable to carry his audience with him. He produced an effect, it is true; and that, probably, was all he expected to do. But he did nothing for the question under debate. The success he attained was his own, and not that of his cause. His speech amused all, and was admired by many; but it persuaded none. M. Guizot, who then far surpassed him as a master of parliamentary eloquence, would fasten upon some one great principle, some prominent idea, and by presenting it to his audience in various points of view, render the dullest minds familiar with it, until he would make them believe the principle was their own. This is peculiarly the art of a professor, and hence the success of M. Guizot in its application. M. Thiers, on the contrary, would crowd into his speech such a diversity of topics, so intermingled with anecdotes and *historiettes*,

that his discourse resembled a piece of mosaic, very dazzling to the eye, but having little to engage the more reflective powers of the understanding. While the one orator would reproduce the same leading idea in many speeches, the other would crowd a plurality of leading ideas into a single speech. In leaving the house after hearing M. Guizot, the deputies went home thinking of the subject; in leaving the house, after hearing M. Thiers, they went home thinking of the man.

This speech on the peerage was characterised both by the good and bad qualities which were so apparent in the eloquence of M. Thiers; but the former were more than usually conspicuous, and the latter were less than usually offensive.

As usual, he exhausted the subject. He took up in succession all the common and popular objections on the score of the unreasonableness of hereditary legislators, and replied to them, first on general grounds, and then by arguments derived from the experience recorded in history. He maintained that the existence of hereditary rank was a principle inherent in human society; that whenever in popular commotions its extinction was attempted, it was sure to reappear. He gave as an example the creation of hereditary titles and rank under the Empire; but as a matter of fact, he disputed the irrationality of the principle of an hereditary branch of the legislature. What is the objection to it? That intellectual endowments were not transmitted from father to son, and that, therefore, a house of lords may ultimately degenerate into a house of fools! But he contended, in the first place, that although intelligence does not always descend, traditions do; and that we find men descended from high families prompted by traditions to a course of conduct to which inferior ranks could only be conducted by reason. Besides, although it be true that talent does not descend from father to son, and therefore in an hereditary monarchy the crown may descend on a head but feebly endowed by nature, this cannot happen with a body consisting of several hundred individuals. Among the families of three hundred peers a fair average of intelligence will always be found. "If," said the speaker, "wise fathers sometimes beget foolish

sons, it happens also that foolish fathers sometimes beget wise ones." As examples of the descent of mental endowments in the same family, he produced the instances of the Medici and Lord Chatham. Here he indulged his propensity for historical anecdote, and amused the house with the (well known in England) story of the younger Pitt being put upon the table, at six years old, to recite, for the amusement of the company, passages from the celebrated speeches of English orators.

While he was relating this, it was impossible for those who listened to him, and saw him, to avoid comparing M. Thiers himself with the boy he described. His diminutive stature, which left his head alone visible over the marble of the tribune; his childish shrill voice, his provincial accent, and the eternal sing-song with which he delivered his periods—the volubility with which he poured forth those passages of history with which his memory had been stored—all irresistibly suggested to the minds of those who saw and heard him, that he was "himself the great sublime he drew"—that he was, in fact, himself the surprising boy, mounted before the company to astonish them with the prodigies of a precocious memory!

Yet this speech, with all its defects, established the reputation of M. Thiers in the chamber, and enabled the clear-sighted to recognize in him one who must, before the lapse of much time, rise to eminence in the affairs of the state. This speech was delivered in October, 1831, M. Thiers being then in his thirty-fourth year.

On the division of the chamber on the question, whether the hereditary principle should be recognized in the peerage, there were in favour of it only forty votes, against it three hundred and eighty-six; a striking manifestation of the state of public opinion in France upon the question, especially when it is considered that the head of the cabinet was, from strong conviction, in favour of the hereditary principle.

M. Thiers had now, so to speak, gained the ear of the chamber, and, with his usual restless activity, he took full advantage of his success. He spoke frequently. The house served him as an arena for his oratorical gymnastics, and he was listened to with increased

willingness, and obvious interest. His physical defects, and provincial disfavours were either forgotten or mentioned only as augmenting the wonders accomplished by his talent in having surmounted disadvantages, under which ordinary men would have succumbed. Finance was a favourite subject of discussion with him, and he had some credit for practical knowledge of its administrative details, from his long and intimate connexion with the Baron Louis.

Among the intellectual feats ascribed to him, we shall mention one which he performed about the period at which we are now arrived. In January, 1832, the chamber had been engaged in the discussion of a project of law upon the intermarriage of persons with their wives' sisters, or husbands' brothers. M. Thiers, at this time, was named as the reporter of the committee on the budget; and the state of the country was, at the moment, such that the report must necessarily have been a work of great length and complexity. He expected that the debate we have just referred to, would have been protracted to a considerable length, and postponed accordingly the commencement of his report. It happened, unexpectedly, however, that the debate on the marriage question was suddenly brought to a close on the 22nd January, the day on which it commenced, and the report on the budget was the order of the day for the 23rd. To write a report, so voluminous, in a single night, was a mechanical impossibility, to say nothing of the mental part of the process. What was to be done? Such reports are always prepared in writing, and read to the chamber, for this obvious reason, that, although necessarily the composition of an individual member of the committee, they are, in fact, supposed to proceed, and do really possess the sanction of all the members of the committee, as well as of that individual member who is more especially charged with their composition. M. Thiers, however, pressed by the exigency of the occasion, and not sorry to find an occasion for playing off a parliamentary *tour de force*, went down to the chamber on the morning of the 23rd, presented himself in the tribune, and apologising to the chamber for being compelled to depart from the usage of the

house, by the unexpectedly early period at which the report was called for, in giving a *vivâ voce* and unwritten report, he proceeded at once to the subject, aided only by a few numerical memoranda, and delivered a speech of four hours' duration, in which he discussed and exhausted every topic bearing on the matter of the budget. He plunged with the most ready and valuable fluency into financial, political, and administrative details, unfolded with a logical perspicuity, and arithmetical order and precision, and intermingled with bursts of picturesque oratory, with which he astonished and confounded the chamber. History, politics, public economy, questions of national security and progress, were passed in succession, before his wondering hearers, like scenes exhibited in a magic lantern. As usual, no topic was omitted—every question was marshalled in its proper place and order, and the house, nevertheless, exhibited no signs of fatigue; they hung upon his words. On several occasions, in pauses of his speech, after he had continued speaking for nearly three hours, they invited him to rest, not from fatigue on their part, but from apprehension of his physical powers being exhausted. "*Reposez-vous un peu*," exclaimed several deputies. He proceeded, however, to the close without suspension.

The budget was at this moment a question of the highest importance. The country was placed between the dangers of foreign war and the disasters of civil broils. M. Thiers delivered from the tribune a complete tableau of the financial condition of the state, past and present, mingling the details with frequent bursts of spontaneous eloquence. Behind his demands for supplies he exhibited the question of life or death of the country.

Throughout this session, M. Thiers was the extra-official champion of the ministry, and altogether the most prominent debater in the chamber. The cholera broke out in Paris in the spring, and on the close of the chamber M. Thiers, exhausted by his exertions and willing, probably, to retire from the epidemic, started on a tour to Italy. On the 16th of May, Casimir Perier sunk under the cholera, and the pre-

iership became vacant, by which event it was apparent that a reconstitution of the cabinet must ensue. The part which M. Thiers had played in the session which had just closed, was too important to allow him to be overlooked in the composition of the new cabinet, and he was invited to return to Paris.

Towards the close of the session, popular disturbances took place in various quarters, and repressive laws against tumultuous assemblies were passed, which, like the other measures of the cabinet, were advocated by M. Thiers. The removal of the president of the council, and the temporary inaction of the government, consequent upon the state of ministerial transition which followed, augmented by the difficulty of forming a new cabinet, emboldened the malcontents. Among those who fell under the effects of the prevalent epidemic at that moment was General Lamarque. His funeral was the occasion of the assemblage of the republican party in vast numbers, and an accidental circumstance, like a spark falling in a magazine of gunpowder, caused on this occasion a general *émeute* of the city and the *Faubourgs*.

A measure was proposed by M. Thiers, in this emergency, which, in after years, cast great and general obloquy on his name, and for which, until very lately, no defence or explanation on his part has been offered by himself or his friends. On his proposition, the city of Paris was declared in a state of siege—a measure of an extreme kind, which could only be excused by public disturbances of a much more serious and extensive kind than those which then prevailed.

The explanation or apology, if it can be called so, is to the effect, that on the breaking out of the insurrection on the occasion of the funeral of General Lamarque, Paris was a prey to the greatest anxiety; that it seemed to all well-disposed persons that the Revolution of July was about to be recommenced. The *Faubourgs* had risen, armed as one man, the red flag had been unfurled; blood had been shed. At the moment the insurrection was at its height, as it is now said,* M. Thiers advised that, in order

* Laya, vol. i. p. 198.

to oppose the excesses which were breaking out with adequate energy, the capital should be declared in a state of siege. But it was not until after the *émeute* had been suppressed, and tranquillity had been re-established, that, without any assigned motive, this measure was put in force. To the astonishment of all, exceptional tribunals were at the same time established for the trial of the accused. Sentence of death having been pronounced against one individual by these illegal courts, it was set aside upon an appeal to the Court of Cassation. The ordinance declaring the capital in a state of siege was soon after withdrawn, and the record of that measure, say the defenders of M. Thiers, only remains as an evidence of the existence of a groundless chimera, and a barren menace on the part of power.

Meanwhile the chambers being about to assemble, the reconstruction of the cabinet was indispensable and pressing, and many and intricate were the intrigues by which that process was obstructed. The personal interference of the sovereign in the administration, which has since been so loudly complained of, was beginning already to manifest itself. The elder Dupin was invited to join the new ministry, but he objected to assume joint responsibility with MM. Sebastiani and Montalivet, who had been understood to be two obsequious instruments of the royal will. The chief difficulty, however, was to find a head for the new cabinet to replace M. Perier. Several eminent men there were, but not one to whom all the others would voluntarily submit to be subordinate. In the absence of statesmanlike eminence, it was therefore proposed to place Marshal Soult in the president's chair, whose great military reputation, like that of the Duke of Wellington, none could dispute. It was finally settled, accordingly, that under the marshal's presidency a ministry should be formed, excluding MM. Sebastiani and Montalivet, the personal friends of the king, and consisting of MM. Bouthé, De Rigny, Humann, the Duc de Broglie, and Comte D'Argout, with M. Thiers as Minister of the Interior, and M. Guizot Minister of Public Instruction. This cabinet is known in the history of the day as the ministry of the 11th Octo-

ber, and it constituted the ministerial debut of M. Thiers.

The advent of M. Thiers to power was signalized by two remarkable events, in the accomplishment of one at least of which the exclusive merit or demerit must be accorded to him. These were, the capture of the Duchess of Berri, and the almost simultaneous capture of the citadel of Antwerp. By the latter, the Belgian question was set at rest, and by the former, all the surviving hopes of the elder Bourbons were laid in the grave. As the measures which terminated in this latter event were conducted personally and exclusively by M. Thiers, we shall here relate them at length.

The Duchess of Berri was known to be concealed in La Vendée, or its immediate vicinity. The Minister of the Interior resolved that she should become his captive. With this view he ordered all the agents of the government, and the police of that country, from whom he could hope to gain information on the subject, successively to Paris. The city of Nantes was supposed to be the place of concealment of the princess. M. Maurice Duval, known for his official ability, was named prefect of the place, with a body of the most able and active subordinates. To the various officials, who had been commanded to attend at the Ministry of the Interior, M. Thiers held a decided and unequivocal tone. The princess must be seized, but without resorting to the least violence. "No fire-arms must be borne by those in quest of her. It is impossible to foresee the effects of fire-arms; other weapons are under the more complete control of those who use them. There must be no killing, no wounding. If you are fired on, do not return the fire. The duchess must be taken unhurt. In a word, we desire to take the Duc d'Enghien, but not to shoot him." Such were the instructions.

Great difficulties, however, still presented themselves. The information which had been collected was of a vague and uncircumstantial nature. Fortune, however, to which M. Thiers, like Napoleon, has been so frequently indebted, did not desert him in this emergency. An anonymous letter arrived one day at the ministry of the interior, addressed to him, in which he was told that a person who was un-

known to him had disclosures to make of the highest importance, relating to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Berri, and that if he would go unattended about nine o'clock that evening to a certain road, called the *Allées des Veuves*, branching from the main road of the *Champs Elysées*, he would there obtain means of procuring all the information he desired relating to the duchess.

Such an epistle, it may be easily conceived, was well calculated to pique the curiosity of so lively a mind as that of M. Thiers. Yet the place and the hour, and the conditions annexed to the invitation, were not without danger. At that time, the part of the *Champs Elysées* which was named, had the reputation of being the haunt of robbers and assassins. It would have been easy to have sent agents of the police there, or to have gone under their protection. But in that case would the informant venture to appear? There was reason for hesitation, but so much was at stake that the minister decided to take his chance of the danger.

He accordingly ordered his carriage to draw up in the main avenue of the *Champs Elysées*, at the corner of the *Allées des Veuves*, where he descended from it, and walked alone to the appointed spot. Arrived there, an individual emerged from among the trees, and, addressing him by his name, informed him that he was the writer of the anonymous letter. This was the man Dietz, who afterwards gained an infamous celebrity.

The traitor assumed an humble and respectful tone. It was the humility of baseness.

It soon appeared that Dietz was the depository of important secrets. He had been employed as the confidential bearer of despatches between the exiled princes and those absolute powers which favoured their pretensions, and had even been the recipient of favours from the sovereign pontiff. He was now about to sell the secrets of his benefactors to their enemies. M. Thiers could not esteem the wretch, but he, nevertheless, made him his tool.

Conducted to the hotel of the ministry of the interior, and dazzled by the splendour which he saw around him, his cupidity was excited by the

hope of gain, and he at once placed himself at the disposition of the minister. M. Thiers ordered the commissary of police, Joly, to conduct him to Nantes, and there take such steps as might seem best suited to the attainment of the desired object. When they arrived at Nantes, they put up at the *Hotel des France*, Dietz assuming the name of M. Gonsague. He immediately transmitted information of his arrival to the duchess, informing her at the same time that he was the bearer of important despatches. M. Duguigny was commissioned by her in reply to see Dietz, from whom he received a private signal agreed on previously. Divided cards of address were exchanged between M. Duguigny and the traitor, and no doubt remained of his identity. In fine, Dietz was introduced by Duguigny into a house, where he had a long conference with the duchess. He soon after succeeded in obtaining an appointment with her for a second interview, which was fixed for the 6th November.

On this day he had agreed to betray his mistress, but at the last hour his resolution gave way, and he desired to retract. Instead of the duchess he offered to deliver up Marshal Bourmont, with whom also he had an interview; but M. Thiers declined this, saying, that he had no wish to take a prisoner whom he would be compelled to shoot. Dietz, still recoiling with remorse from the odious part he had undertaken, now offered to deliver up the correspondence of the duchess. It was too late, however. He had advanced too far to retreat, and was compelled to fulfil his engagement.

He at length proceeded at the time appointed, and was admitted to her royal highness, with whom he had a long interview, during which there were no bounds to the expression of his gratitude, and he withdrew, leaving his mistress more deeply than ever impressed with his fidelity and devotion. This was the more singular, because, as it afterwards appeared, he tried during the interview, by certain equivocal expressions, to awaken her suspicions.

He had scarcely withdrawn before the house, surrounded by soldiers, was forcibly entered by the agents of the police, pistol in hand. The duchess,

Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, and MM. Maynard and Guibourg had only time to take refuge in a place of concealment previously prepared, by forming a cell in the wall, behind the fireplace, which was covered by the iron plate which formed the back of the chimney.

The house was to all appearance deserted; but the information given by Dietz was so clear and precise, that no doubt existed of the presence of the duchess within its walls. A number of masons, and some soldiers of the sapeurs and pompiers were therefore summoned, and the work of demolition was commenced. A fire was lighted in the chimney, behind which was the cell in which the four persons were squeezed together, the space being barely enough to allow them to stand side by side. A small hole was provided in the chimney plate, at which each in turn, applying the mouth, took air. But the plate soon became intensely heated by the fire lighted by the soldiers in the chimney, and the cell was converted into a furnace!

Mademoiselle Kersabiec, unable longer to suffer the torture to which she was exposed, was at length forced by her agony to utter a cry. M. Guibourg, thereupon, struck with his foot the plate, which is stated to have become nearly red hot, and the party surrendered themselves.

The mother of the legitimate heir to the throne of the greatest kingdom of the European continent, pale, and almost expiring, advanced to General Dermoncourt, saying—"General, I deliver myself to your loyalty." "Madame," replied the general, "you are under the safeguard of French honour."

This constituted, in effect, the denouement of the drama of La Vendée. The civil war was concluded, and the cabinet obtained a bloodless triumph. Soon afterwards the government attempted, with like success, another *coup de main* in Belgium. The citadel of Antwerp was bombarded, and it surrendered, and the independence of Belgium, or, to speak more properly, its almost inevitable alliance with France, was secured.

In the parliamentary recess in which these events occurred, M. Thiers received the highest honour which could be conferred on him as an author.

He was elected a member of that section of the Institut which represents literature and history.

On the opening of the session of 1834, the cabinet, of which he was, if not the head, certainly the most conspicuous member, met the chamber, strengthened by the two great successes which we have just adverted to—the pacification of La Vendée, and the expulsion of the Dutch forces from Belgium. A large majority was the almost inevitable consequence.

At the time of the formation of the ministry of the 11th of October, 1831, a question respecting the ministry of the Interior was raised between M. Thiers and M. Argout; a sort of competition arose between these statesmen. It was proposed, not altogether in joke, that the question should be settled *by lot*! and it is said that M. Thiers, trusting to the good fortune which seemed to preside over his course, was not indisposed to acquiesce in such a proceeding. The good sense of the king intervened, and averted such a cause of ridicule from the cabinet. The Hotel of the Interior was assigned to M. Thiers, but the principal functions of the office were annexed to that of Commerce and Public Works, which was conferred on his competitor. This departure from established usage, united with an alleged disgust at the exercise of duties, in a great degree confined to the telegraph, the police, and the secret service, gave, as is represented by his friends, disgust to M. Thiers, and he resigned the office which he held nominally, and accepted the ministry of Commerce and Public Works. No sooner installed in this new post, than his usual restless activity began to develop itself. He commenced by asking and obtaining from the chambers a grant of an hundred millions of francs (£4,000,000), to complete the great works of utility and public monuments which were then left in an unfinished state. The statue of Napoleon was in consequence soon restored to the summit of the column in the Place Vendôme, from which it had been unworthily torn on the restoration of the Bourbons; the Arc de Triomphe, erected at the extremity of the avenue of the Champs Elysées, in commemoration of the great military exploits of Napoleon,

was finished; the magnificent church of the Madeleine, was again put in progress; the palace originally intended for the king of Rome, and afterwards appropriated to various public offices, situated on the Quai D'Orsay, was completed; roads were constructed, canals excavated, thousands of hands were employed, and national industry began to revive.

In the opinion of many this epoch constituted the most brilliant and memorable in the public life of M. Thiers. Nevertheless, clouds were gathering round him. In the commencement of 1834, a secret movement among the republican party prognosticated an approaching explosion. Aware of this, the government proposed the since notorious law against associations, the operation of which at the present time virtually deprives the French people of that inestimable guarantee of freedom, the right of public meeting. M. Thiers supported this obnoxious measure with all his ability, not only as a temporary measure, rendered necessary by the exigencies of the moment, but as a permanent law, conducive to the maintenance of order and public security. The activity and energy displayed in this political emergency, rendered it apparent to all that for such a crisis M. Thiers' fittest place was the ministry of the Interior, to which he accordingly returned without being curtailed in his functions, a very acceptable retreat being provided for M. Argout, in the lucrative office of Governor of the Bank of France.

Some days after these official arrangements the apprehended insurrection broke out simultaneously at Lyons and in Paris. On this occasion M. Thiers availed himself of the opportunity of redeeming the reputation for personal courage which had been compromised in the revolution of the three days. It was at his side, in the *émeute* of the April barricades, that Captain Rey, and the young Armand de Vaireilles, Auditor of the Council of State, fell under balls aimed at the minister of the Interior. When the question was raised in the cabinet as to the mode of prosecuting the insurgents, M. Thiers opposed the proposition to bring them before the extraordinary tribunal of the Chamber of Peers. He was, however, left in a minority.

About this period serious dissensions broke out in the cabinet. The disputes between M. Thiers and Marshal Soult assumed a tone of bitter personality, marked on the part of the latter by most unworthy scurrility. M. Thiers pursued the offender by those measures of vengeance which his talents, activity, and official resources placed at his disposal. He urged incessantly upon his colleagues in the cabinet the injurious effects produced by the license assumed by the military president of the council to incur expenses not voted by the chambers, and it was notorious that the police of the ministry of the Interior was charged with the collection of evidence of the maladministration of Marshal Soult, in all the garrisons and fortified places. The marshal himself soon became acquainted with these proceedings, and saw plainly enough that an occasion was sought to break with him. An opportunity soon presented itself, in the proposed nomination of M. Decazes to the office of Governor of Algiers, which was supported by M. Thiers, and opposed by Marshal Soult. The dispute on this occasion came to something little short of personal collision. M. Thiers reproached the marshal with the exile of General Excelmans, in 1815, and with his ingratitude towards M. Decazes, who had recalled him from exile against the opinion of the Duke de Richelieu. In fine, the conflict ended in the victory of M. Thiers, and the old marshal retired.

Marshal Gerard was called to the presidency, to replace the Duke of Dalmatia; but soon finding himself in opposition to M. Thiers, on the subject of the amnesty, in his turn retired. M. Thiers, not yet daring to aspire to that high place in the government which he had already fixed on as the ultimate object of his ambition, adopted now the expedient of tendering his resignation. After some ministerial difficulties, and an interregnum of three days—during which a ministry, under the presidency of the Duke of Bassano, was tried—it was settled that Marshal Mortier should be President of the Council, and that M. Thiers should return to the Hotel of the Interior. Marshal Mortier, however, soon became tired of sitting in a gilt chair, as the nominal head of a government in which he was a cipher. It was, after some al-

tercation between MM. Thiers and Guizot, agreed that the Duke de Broglie should be invited to the President's chair.

The negotiation, which had its issue in the appointment of M. de Broglie, was attended with some circumstances of a nature so personal, and have been related with so much detail, that notwithstanding the limit which must be imposed on the present article, we cannot refrain from laying them at length before the reader.

On the retirement of Marshal Gérard, M. Thiers was embarrassed to patch up the cabinet thus falling to pieces. He first offered M. Molé the presidency, with or without other functions. He next resorted to M. Dupin, with as little success. M. Guizot withdrew because M. de Broglie was not accepted. M. Thiers declined M. de Broglie, because he well knew he was the duplicate of M. Guizot. Thus the cabinet broil was proceeding without any apparent prospect of a termination, when the king sent for MM. Guizot and Thiers, and, with much dignity, requested them to bring to a close the public scandal of the ministerial dispute, and to come at once to a definitive arrangement. This interview took place at eleven o'clock, and had immediate success. At noon, MM. Guizot and Thiers became friends. The latter accepted M. de Broglie, but in two hours afterwards again changed his mind.

At length, through the intervention of Talleyrand, and by his ascendancy over M. Thiers, all was arranged, and M. Thiers was again installed in the Hotel of the Ministry of the Interior, having waived, for the moment, aspirations which rose in his soul towards the department of foreign affairs.

On the occasion of the celebration of the fêtes of July, M. Thiers was at the king's side when a shower of balls was discharged at the group, from the infernal machine of Fieschi. This terrible disaster led to serious political and legislative results. The chambers were convoked, and the laws, since called the "laws of September," were passed, having for their effect to put narrower limits on the great popular right of trial by jury, and the liberty of the press. M. Thiers was most energetic in his support of these rigorous measures.

The differences between MM. Thiers

and Guizot were becoming now, from month to month, more serious and irreconcilable. At length the latter, with his friend, the Duke de Broglie, retired from the cabinet, and M. Thiers attained the summit of his ambition. He became President of the Council, and Minister of Foreign Affairs—he was prime minister of one of the greatest states of Europe, and its organ of political relation with other nations—he who, a few years before, had been a poor, pennyless, literary adventurer, lodging in a garret, in an obscure alley of Paris. No achievement of genius could go farther.

The friends of M. Thiers say, that, at this time, he only accepted the elevated situation into which events had forced him, with great diffidence, and even with some repugnancy. This, however, is scarcely consistent with his character and temperament; the one, in the highest degree, self-confiding—and the other, in the highest degree, rash. Be this as it may, he now endeavoured to conciliate parties, by adopting the tone and spirit of the opposition of the left in a greater degree than before. Serious political difficulties soon arose in relation to Spain; and the question of intervention being raised, of which M. Thiers was a warm partisan, he found himself in direct opposition to the opinions of the king; and not sorry, probably, to escape the difficulties of the position, he seized the occasion to retire from office, and resigned.

Then was formed the ministry called the Cabinet of the 15th of April, under the presidency of Count Molé. M. Thiers took the opportunity of freedom from the duties of office, and the approach of the recess, to make a classical tour in Italy.

The Molé cabinet was soon menaced by storms from every quarter. Towards the middle of 1838, was formed the great political crusade, known by the name of the "Coalition," in which parties the most opposed, laying aside their mutual differences, allied themselves for no other object than victory. Under this assault the Molé cabinet fell; and for two months the doctrinaires, the centre droit, the tires partie, and the centre gauche, seized the ministerial sceptre, and tried all imaginable combinations and alliances, which were dissolved almost as soon as imagined. M. Thiers, the chief of the

coalition, could not succeed in forming a cabinet unaided by Marshal Soult. The latter would not accept the presidency with M. Thiers in the Foreign Office. At length M. Thiers became a candidate for the presidency of the chamber, and failed.

Finally M. Thiers found himself once more on the opposition benches, a simple deputy, as he was in the days after the revolution. He now occupied himself once more with literature, and commenced the history of the Consulate and Empire, which has so recently been published. For the copy-right of this work he received from M. Paulin, the publisher, the enormous sum of 500,000 francs, equal to £20,000, of which £16,000 were paid to him on delivering the MSS., and the remainder at the end of twelve months!

Since 1840, M. Thiers has been out of office, and has continued to be a leading member of the opposition. The *Constitutionnel*, with which he was first connected as a journalist, is generally understood to speak his opinions, and it is said that the spirit of many of his political conversations supplies matter for the best leading articles of that journal; but M. Thiers himself has not actually contributed as a writer to any journal since his elevation in political life.

The public character of M. Thiers has been sketched by so masterly a hand, that, with such a portrait before us, it would be presumption for any foreign pen to attempt again to draw it. We shall, therefore, conclude this brief notice with a few observations on this remarkable statesman, historian, orator, and journalist, from the character of him given by M. Cormenin, better known as *Timon* :—

“ M. Thiers is the essence of mind; he is intellect to the very tips of his lips and points of his nails. His organization is like that of Voltaire, frail, delicate, and mobile. He has the caprices and naughtiness of a child, with the assumption of the gravity of a philosopher. More a man of letters than a statesman, and more an artist than a man of letters, he will dote upon an Etruscan vase, and care little for liberty. As a cabinet minister, he conceives great designs; like a woman, he is bold in small matters. He has courage, but it is like that of delicate and sickly people—it comes in feverish fits, ending by nervous at-

tacks and fainting fits; these weaknesses are only tolerated on a sofa; in politics, fainting is not suffered. A great orator, an uncertain statesman—action freezes him and nails him to his chair—declamation, on the contrary, warms and elevates him. His early enthusiasm for the conspicuous characters of the revolution was only the enthusiasm of a youth and a student, in which, unknown to himself, was mingled the vexation of not being himself a party to such transactions, with the vague hope of becoming some day a personage. But the possession of the joys of the ministry soon effeminated his revolutionary temperament, and he descended from the garret to the salon, four steps at a time, installing himself upon sofas, rich with golden stuff, as if he had never been seated upon straw. A grand seigneur by instinct, as others are by birth or by habit; in the ministry or out of it, at home or abroad, those manners will never quit him. Nevertheless he may, perhaps, when he travels as a private individual, for his own pleasure or for ours, refrain from holding himself up to the notice of all he meets, by the magnificence of his suite. He may have the good taste to leave this sort of advertisement to the exhibitors of menageries, actresses, and princesses.

“ In former days the mayors and sheriffs used to bring the keys of their cities on golden dishes to the Dukes of Montbazou and Montmorency; now we freight vessels, we fire cannons, and we work the telegraph for the Montbazous of the desk, and the Montmorencys of the quill. Nothing is wanting to these gentry but to be accompanied by equestrians with hawks upon their fingers, gentlemen of the bedchamber and pages. Sceptical by indifference, in morals, in religion, in politics and in literature, there are no truths which strike deep into the heart of M. Thiers. There is no sincere and radical devotion to the cause of the people, which does not make him smile. He is like a shot silk, which, looked at in different directions, appears of all hues, without having any colour properly its own, and whose texture is so open that you can see the light through it.

“ Ask him not for his convictions, or his doubts—demand not the proofs of his manliness—his temperament refuses them. You are annoyed at his railery, but remember every thing seems a jest to him. You are vexed that he mocks at you, but remember that he also mocks at himself.

“ Confide to him, if you will, the ministry of Marine, of War, of the Interior, of Justice, or give him an embassy,

but beware not to put at his disposition the millions, for they will pass through his fingers as water through a sieve. With his facility at expending money he unites a particular method of rendering an account of it, which is not at all that of the rest of the world, and this he very wittily calls *the art of grouping figures*.

"We cannot gauge precisely his political stomach, but we can only affirm that he has been, and, on future occasions will be, an enormous consumer of men, horses, ships, and supplies. You would not say, to look at this little man, that he has a stomach greater than another, but like Garantua he would take as a mere mouthful the largest budget.

"A minister at once supple and tenacious, indifferent and decided; he yields only to recover himself. He makes concessions only to be followed by greater demands. He leaves you no choice except that which you cannot help accepting, and whatever you do you are sure, in the end, to yield to his demands.

"In his speeches, I love, above all things, his natural, lively, and unaffected chit-chat. He does not declaim; he converses. He does not preach ever in the same tone like his former colleagues, the Doctrinaires. He is prolix, it is true, and stuns me with his volubility; but it is a species of babble which relieves me from the monotony of oratory—from that eternal *ennui* to which a deputy is condemned, who is compelled to submit to speechifying from noon till night.

"He does more than move you or convince you; he interests, he amuses, he who, of all persons in the world, most delights to be amused himself.

"In his speeches, every step of his way is strewn with flowers, rubies, pearls, and diamonds; he has only to stoop for them: he picks them up, handles them, forms them into garlands, bracelets, rings, cinctures, diadems, so unbounded is the richness, the fertility, and the splendour of his wit.

"He thinks without effort, produces without exhaustion, advances without fatigue, and arrays his ideas before you with a rapidity which is inconceivable; former times pass in review before his memory in their order, and proper costumes, and nature, which others court, comes to him uninvited in all the pomp of her majesty, and all the graces of her smiles. Have you ever seen in the steamboats which traverse our rivers, the banks reflected in the suspended mirrors? They are reflected while the boat advances—fair villages, churches with tapering spires, verdant

meadows, hoary mountains, gay vessels, the flocks of the valley, the clouds of heaven, animals and men, seem to fly past in rapid succession in the glass. Such is M. Thiers. A sort of parliamentary mirror, he reflects the passions of others, and cold and hard as the glass is, without passions himself. He weeps, but his eyes are tearless; he pierces his breast with a poignard, but draws no drop of blood; a mere drama all that, it is true, but what a drama, and what an actor! What nature, what suppleness, what powers of insinuation, what inflexions of voice; what transparency and lucidity of style; what negligent grace of language. Actor you deceive me, but why should I complain; you deceive even yourself; you play your part to admiration, but it is only a part. I know that very well, and yet I allow myself to be ravished by your seductions. I give myself up to you; so long as you speak, I am under a charm; and I almost prefer to listen to error from your mouth, to hear truth from any other.

"When you undertook to defend the measure of restraining the popular will of Paris by investing it with fortifications, what a part you played! Assuredly I have witnessed all the varieties of performances which have been produced upon our parliamentary stage, but I must confess that your speeches on the fortifications of Paris were the most astonishing mystifications that I have ever yet witnessed.

"Never before did so great an actor perform in so absurd a piece. He so draped himself; he gesticulated with so much art, with so much fancy; he threw into the scene so much animation; he exhibited so much sleight of hand, and practised such optical illusion upon the audience, that they could not refrain, even those who came to hiss, from shouting bravo and clapping their hands, and at last he carried his pre-tidigitation to such a length that, in fine, he put the chamber itself under his cup, and when he lifted it up, lo, there was no chamber—the *tour de maiz* was incomparable.

"M. Thiers has often reminded me of a beardless woman, well informed and witty—not standing, but seated at the tribune, who chatted upon a thousand subjects, jumping from one to another with the most graceful levity, and without allowing the labour of her understanding to appear upon her lips, which are ever in motion.

"He is more elastic than a spring of the finest steel—he bends and unbends—he rises and falls with his subject—he will roll himself spirally round about

a question from its base to its summit—he mounts, descends, remounts, hangs in the branches, hides himself in the thickest foliage, appears, disappears, and passes a thousand times in and out with the pretty agility of a squirrel—he would extract money even from a stone—where others glean, he reaps. He extends his plumage, and shows, by turns, every hue of purple, gold, and azure. He does not speak, he coos—he does not coo, he lisps—he does not lisp, he warbles—and he is so dazzling both to the eye and to the ear, that one does not know which to admire most, his plumage or his song. He will give you a speech of three hours' length on architecture, poetry, law, navigation, or war, and yet he is neither a poet, an architect, a lawyer, a mariner, or a soldier—all he will require is an evening's preparation. If he describes a battle, he astonishes the oldest generals. If he speaks of walls, roofs, stone, and mortar, you would actually believe him to be a mason or an architect. He will dispute with Gay-Lussac on questions of chemistry, and teach Arago how to direct his telescope at Venus or Jupiter.

"The fine arts, canals, roads, finances, commerce, history, the press, politics, anecdotes of the streets, theatres,

war, literature, religion, municipalities, morality, amusements, great things, middling things, little things—what does it matter to him, he is ready at all. He is so, because in fact he is prepared upon nothing. He does not speak like other orators, because he speaks like people of the world. Other orators prepare themselves more or less, but he improvises; other orators perorate, but he chats; and who can be on their guard against a man who chats like you or me? What did I say? infinitely better than you, or than me, or than any one else.

"I have one fault, however, to find with M. Thiers. It is, that sometimes he cannot restrain his laughter when he is descending from the tribune. Now, a good comedian never laughs at the farce which he plays. On this point, M. Thiers has something to learn. If M. Thiers spoke slower, he would be less listened to; but his volubility is such, that the house cannot go before him, or even follow him. Once started, he proceeds at full gallop, from the morning to the evening. If the Almighty had foreseen that the day would come on which he would create a Thiers, he would undoubtedly have made the earth turn on its axis in forty-eight hours instead of twenty-four."

ON THE DEATH OF SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

TO A. DE VERE.

Dear, unforgett'n friend! thy faithful heart
 Hath not more truly learned to sympathize
 With all whom thy too favourable eyes
 Regard as brothers in thy poet-art,
 Than I have, mourning, shared thy life-deep smart,
 And sadly thought, with reverential sighs,
 Of Him whose powers and worth I, too, could prize,
 Whom earth felt lately from her scenes depart.

With tender admiration I had seen
 Much of his lovely mind; few knew it all:
 Nor deem it flattery if I thus recal,
 While fresh the sorrow and the grave so green,
 His pleasure in his Aubrey's minstrelsy
 To all indulgent, proudly loving thee.

W. R. H.

A SCAMPER IN THE LONG VACATION.

BY GEOFFREY BRIEFLESS, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

CHAPTER II.

WATERLOO, THE DUKE'S DINNER.—ST. HUBERT.—LUXEMBOURG, SONGS—THE BLUE MOSELLE—HARREL OF GRAFENBERG, A LEGEND OF THAT RIVER.

MOONLIGHT was trembling over "pale Brussels" as we took our departure. Preferring, in consequence of the extreme heat of the weather, to walk either by night or very early in the morning, and as we intended to spend the following evening in loitering about the field of Waterloo, we thought it the best plan to adopt the former alternative. It was a glorious night, and stretching out lustily along the stony causeway which led to Mont St. Jean, we were soon in the depth of the pine forest of Soignes. We could not help thinking, as we trudged along, of the thousands of fine fellows, who had passed on the very same path upon which we were then journeying, to that fatal field from whence they were destined never to return. What must have been the varied feelings of that great array. Hearts were there bounding high with pride and hope—veins, in which the rich warm blood of youth was flushing men in the prime of life, with every blessing which could make life desirable—veterans who had braved the danger of many a hard-fought day, whose seasoned and well-trying courage was beyond the power of any passing emotion to disturb, who looked upon war as a pastime, and never for one instant anticipated either defeat or death—boys who had not been a month separated from their homes and families—the curled darlings of wealth and fashion, whose lips had just tasted of "pleasure's charmed cup," whose breasts were throbbing with the mingled anticipations of hope and fear; for it is impossible that any one, however reckless, can enter a great battle for the first time without pondering in some degree, upon the consequences—men who passed with a single step from the brilliant atmosphere of fashion into the cold dark obscurity of the grave! And he, the leader of them all, the great captain, the old man

whose tremulous steps we had so lately seen almost supported by a woman's arm—what must have been his feelings when he saw the grey dawn of that eventful morning of which it was so improbable he should survive to hail the eve.

It was a curious reflection to arise in such a solemn train of thought, but we could not, for the life of us, help it! we wondered if the duke had any appetite for his breakfast that morning. There is a story extant, for the truth of which, however, we cannot vouch, that his grace's *maitre d'hôtel* early in the day commenced preparations for his master's dinner at a small *auberge* in the village of Waterloo, and in spite of the various rumours of his defeat and death, which arrived from time to time, he persisted in them, until the evening, repeatedly asserting his conviction that the duke would be there to eat it.

It was not our first visit to the field of Waterloo, but we never can gaze upon that memorable plain without fresh interest. The time at which the battle had been fought was only a little earlier than the period of our visit, and a splendid crop of corn was waving in the golden hues of harvest. We thought, it may have been only a fancy, that in these particular parts of the plain, where death had been busiest, the grain seemed more luxuriant—

"How that red rain hath made the harvest grow."

We had a good opportunity of observing the exceeding height of the corn, which was the cause of the high-land regiments who were drawn up in squares in some of the tallest of it, suffering so severely. This heavy corn beaten down by the trampling of the soldiery, together with the rains of the previous night, must have made

the field almost impracticable for cavalry.

The principal feature which attracts the attention of the visitor to Waterloo, is the extreme smallness of the space where such immense armies were manœuvred. Our forces—we believe nearly sixty thousand men—were drawn up within a space which did not much exceed a mile and a half in length. Our left centre being posted at La Haye Sainte, when that position was carried by the French, the two armies must have been within pistol shot of each other, and at no time during the battle did the position of the French forces much exceed the distance of five hundred yards from that of our line. We can by no means agree with Lord Byron, that this plain seems to have been marked out by nature to be the theatre of some great conflict. We recollect well how much upon our first visit we were surprised at the smallness of the space and absence of any marked characteristics—no ridges or hills were there as we expected, merely the gentlest possible undulations of the ground. The most interesting object which now remains, is the old chateau of Hougomont, where the right flank of our centre was posted, and against which Jerome Buonaparte repeatedly led the attack in person. It was considered by Napoleon the key of the British position, and hence it became the object of his fiercest attacks. This old chateau had been, we believe, the residence of some Belgian nobleman, and remains to this day in almost the same state in which it was left. The walls of the yard have been partially repaired, but they still have the appearance of being rent and torn by the shot, and the gate—a wooden one—which was closed by a soldier of the Life Guards in the teeth of the French, is there still.

We have heard, that some years ago, a legacy of some few hundred pounds was left in the words of the testator, “to be given to the bravest man in the British army.” It was sent, as a matter of course, to the Duke of Wellington, and he, it is said, forwarded it to the officer who commanded the Coldstream guards, with a request that it might be divided between him and the soldier who shut the gate. The orchard is still filled with the graves of those who fell there,

and in one shady corner, under an old apple tree, is a stone slab, upon which is engraved the name of Captain Blackham—the only name, as well as we recollect, which is mentioned, although almost every inch of ground we tread is

“Some soldier’s sepulchre.”

The little chapel remains precisely in the same condition in which it was left by the ravages of warfare and of fire. The crucifix at one end, which the superstitious Belgians say arrested miraculously the progress of the flames, still remains partially consumed; and the autographs of many a distinguished traveller decorate its walls; amongst the number we observed those of Byron, Scott, and Allison.

In passing round the orchard, we sprang a fine covey of partridges, who were basking quietly in the sun. What a resting place had they chosen, above the immortal dead of Hougomont!

* * * * *

Our journey to Luxembourg was devoid of much interest, but the drive from Luxembourg to Grevenmacher is most beautiful. Though the morning had been lowering and overcast, towards evening the clouds began to roll away, the sun, bursting forth in splendour, gleamed over the oak foliage, and the vineyards which clothed the hills, that bent with a gentle slope to the valley, where, flowing before us in calm and unruffled beauty, lay the sparkling waters of the blue Moselle.

Sweet river, what serene and tranquil loveliness are on thy heaving bosom!—the broad red sun is rolling down beyond the far mountains which form thy western boundary—the gorgeous turrets of ancient Treves have caught the parting light, which is sparkling in a thousand silver rills upon thy unruffled wave. The gentle gale whispers soothingly among the green branches of the vine, whose festoons droop in bacchant coronals, almost touching thy heaving breast; fields gleaming in the golden hue of harvest, pasturages of a fresh emerald greenness; forests of ancient oak, and thickets of the immemorial pine, bend them down to thee, and thou bearest the same tranquil smile for all—the same smile with which thou gently greetest the glorious heaven, whose

dark deep blue is mirrored in thy wave. Anon the darkness settles down, star arises linked to star, and thou art gemmed by their tremulous golden light; castles and watchtowers, hewn as if from the mountain's side, by the mighty men of old, cast their long shadows across thee, and fancy clothes them again with the stern warriors, whose dust is as mouldering now, as the most crumbled of thy ruined walls.

'There's a smile on the vine-clad shore
A smile on the castled heights
They dream back the days of yore—
And they smile at the martial rites."

Far from the noise, the turmoil, and the strife of cities, removed alike from the fever of ambition and the struggles of life, what happier lot could there be, than to pass the brief span which is allotted to us, amid such scenes as these—to trace the histories and the legends of these mouldering halls—to people them with the beings of the past, and in recalling the stormy feelings of joy and of sorrow by which they were agitated, to forget the strong excitement of our own?

Oh there are rivers not less fair
Whose waters ancient cities lave,
While mouldering castles darkly rear
Their ramparts o'er the heaving wave.
But none so calmly ripple by
Through many a mossy mead and dell,
As those which sweep before mine eye,
The waters of the blue Moselle!

Old castles frown with haughty crest,
Still grimly proud in their decline,
And purple vineyards kiss the breast
Of the deep rolling mighty Rhine,
But can it boast the calm repose
That breathes to us with holy spell,
When wandering by, at evening's close,
The waters of the blue Moselle!

There is a legend connected with this part of the river, with which, as we have somehow stumbled into the regions of romance, it may be as well to present our readers. In one of the most lovely and picturesque situations upon the Moselle, there stands an ancient castle, known by the name of the Gräfenberg. It must have been originally of great strength; for the thick compact towers which are still standing, though mouldering and covered with ivy, and the remnants of the massive battlements, show that the architect who built it had a mind that his work should not be pulled down in a hurry; and many a battle, storm, and siege have assailed those old gray walls in vain. Its architect, too, must have

Yes, Eugenia! in such a scene as this, so sequestered and so calm, breathing the very essence of the spirit of repose, if the silver accents of that low sweet voice, which to us is beyond the compare of earthly music, were falling upon our ear—if those deep dark eyes, whose hue is more ethereal than the very heavens upon which we are gazing now, and whose ray those worlds of light—the stars which are mirrored in the tranquil waters of the fair Moselle—cannot surpass—if in this solitude of nature, which only wants thy gentle presence, to make it a paradise to us, thou wert at our side, how calmly would we resign for ever, the fevered joys of ambition, and the pursuit of those mocking phantoms, whose illusive ray is found out, when it is too late, that lead men on in a restless chase, from the cradle to the grave! But as this may not be, if these pages, penned in a distant land, should meet thy gentle eye, accept, we pray thee, of this humble offering, from a lyre whose earliest strain was awaked by thee!

They lave the feet of ancient trees,
The humble shepherd's peaceful fold,
And castles too, where heaven's breeze
Fanned freedom's flag in days of old.
There lingers in those pleasant shades
A beauty which no tongue can tell,
And richer festoons wreath the glades
Where murmurs on the blue Moselle!

The battle's storms have o'er thee passed,
Beneath the imperial conqueror's eye,
And many a war-worn heart at last
Has come to thy sweet banks to die—
And peaceful ever may'st thou glide—
Still soothing with thy plaintive swell,
The wanderers that roam beside
The waters of the blue Moselle!

been a person of very considerable taste; for if he had had his choice of a site along the course of the whole river, from Treves to Coblenz, he could not possibly have selected one possessing more advantages. The castle stands at the foot of a long low range of mountains, on the summit of a little hill, overlooking the river; and clothed with vines up to its very walls, one old red tower, of amazing height, containing several windows, and a long range of wall, with a smaller tower at the further extremity, are all the remnants which have survived the dilapidations of time. It is mentioned in the records of that country to have been built in the fourteenth century by the noble family of Sponheim, who,

having once had the good fortune to capture an archbishop of Treves (for the counts of Sponheim were always very radically disposed towards the Church, and did not confine their hostility to the non-payment of tithes), thought they could not possibly lay out his ransom, which was a tolerably large one, to greater advantage than in building a good stout castle, which would enable them the more effectually to carry on their depredations upon the neighbouring country. The castle was built accordingly; and for many a long year, the rich domains of the Archbishop of Treves, which lay adjacent thereto, were regularly "cleaned out" by its amiable and worthy proprietors, who, although advocates of the voluntary system themselves, had, nevertheless, a most acute faculty for discovering whenever "a tithe pig" of more than usual obesity was on his way to Treves. In fact, the ample kitchen chimney of the counts of Sponheim never wanted a choice flitch of bacon, nor their cool cellar, down deep below the river, a goodly butt of rare old Pistorer, as long as the widely extended and well stocked domains of the Archbishop of Treves remained for them to despoil.

From these circumstances it requires no very great penetration to discover, that the hereditary relations which existed between the neighbouring potentates were not of the most amicable description. Matters went on pretty much as usual until the death of the last Count of Sponheim, who departed this life somewhere about the year 1425, leaving a young and lovely widow, with a chubby, fat-faced little daughter, "him surviving." The count having married late in life, had taken the precaution, like a sensible man, of making his will, although he had not the least intention of dying for a great many years to come; and

"When the family vault received another lord,"

his young widow was not much surprised to find that she had been left a life estate in the whole of "the chatels, real and personal," of the deceased count, with remainder to her infant daughter, Isabel.

Now, we are sorry to say that, although the Count of Sponheim was very much missed among all those who knew how to value a stout heart, a

good strong lance, and a head which no quantity of Pistorer could in the slightest degree affect; yet the then Archbishop of Treves did not evince the slightest sorrow for his loss: on the contrary, he was heard one evening, after supper, to declare, with great solemnity, that if the defunct Lord of Sponheim had not gone to the devil, for his part he did not see the least use there was in having a devil at all. This was not a very charitable remark for an archbishop; but he was heard also to hint, that it would be a capital opportunity to make a descent upon the "Sponheim estate," as it was not very likely that an unprotected female would offer a vigorous resistance. His grace of Treves, however, had reckoned without his host, for the departed count had taken especial care to leave his wife and daughter under the protection of a certain stout old baron, who lived in the neighbourhood, and was a distant connexion of his wife. He having gained an inkling of the archbishop's base design, as soon as his forces made their appearance before the castle, gave them so pretty a peppering that for the future, although they were always prowling about the neighbourhood, they thought it the wisest plan to let the castle of Sponheim alone.

Time rolled on, and the count's chubby-faced daughter had become metamorphosed into a most interesting and lovely fraulein. As such matters, particularly in a country neighbourhood, are sure to be somewhat exaggerated, she was reported as having a most enormous fortune.

"And yet so very beautiful was she,
Her dowry was as nothing to her smiles."

Under these circumstances, it cannot be a matter of much surprise, if there were plenty of aspirants for the hand of the fair Isabel, who swore, as a matter of course, that they would be just as glad to have her if she had not a gulden in the world.

But it was in vain that the neighbouring squires presented themselves to her notice;—broad-shouldered, straight-backed warriors, of great renown—elder sons and younger brothers—she looked upon them all with the same indifference; and one stout, elderly baron who had brought his cub

of a son to introduce to the proud young beauty, was heard to declare it, as the result of his observation, that the Lady Isabel was a coquette after all, and that he could not, for the life of him, understand why she was so much admired.

The Lady Isabel, however, kept the even tenor of her way, having, very likely, some undefined notions of her own upon this subject, and thinking, possibly, that an aspirant for her gentle hand ought to possess some other qualifications than being able to ride an unmanageable beast of a horse, to carry off a ring upon the point of his spear, or to drain a dozen flagons of Mosellewein.

She would spend whole days wandering about the romantic environs of her beautiful old castle, gazing upon the fair waters of the Moselle, and watching the heavily-laden craft, as they were slowly towed against the stream. Her heart, though proof against the loudly-expressed sorrows and sufferings of her host of adorers, was never closed to the tale of poverty and distress, and the humble peasants far and near blessed the kind heart and the bounteous hand of the beautiful heiress of Gräfenberg. Her amusements partook of the simple tastes of country life. Her garden, her aviary, shared her attention with the assisting her lady mother in the domestic arrangements of the Castle. She was, however, passionately fond of music, and would sit for hours at a time listening to the rude minstrelsy of the period, in which the ancient family harper was a tolerable proficient.

It was late one evening towards the end of Autumn, the sun had set in a very disconsolate manner among thin watery clouds that were floating along the mountains, the sky was of that dull, sombre, leaden hue, which, at a moment's notice, may send down a torrent of rain, and the wind howled in fitful gusts, round the stately towers of the old castle of Gräfenberg. The warder had long since departed to rest, having deposited the keys with the old countess, who, with the Lady Isabel, sate in their accustomed chamber; a large fire was blazing in the ample chimney, and cast its cheerful flickering light upon the tapestried walls, making the quaint figures woven thereupon tenfold more fantastic, as

they glanced and glimmered in the uncertain flame. The countess was reposeing in her easy chair, and her fair daughter sat opposite her, in a pensive attitude, gazing into the ruddy fire, and trying to fancy, perhaps, for herself some form, to the merits of which she might not be altogether so indifferent, as she had proved herself to the rough barons who had hitherto been the only specimens of mankind she had had an opportunity of observing. A loud knocking had for some moments been heard at the postern, and the old warder at length entered to say, that a stranger was at the gate, requesting admittance.

"Who can it be at this untimely hour?" quoth the countess.

"Some traveller who has lost his way," suggested the fair Isabel.

"Much more likely some new trick of that nasty old devil, the Archbishop of Treves," interposed her lady mother.

"He says, my lady, that he is a minstrel, who has lost his way in the mountains, which I have no manner of doubt, from the harp he carries slung across his shoulders," added the old janitor.

"Well, let him have a night's lodging, at all events, and tell the steward to see that he is properly cared for," said the hospitable mistress of the castle.

The warder withdrew, and the ladies resumed their respective occupations, from which, in about an hour afterwards, they were roused by a strain of rich soft music, such as neither of them had ever heard in their lives before.

"Bless me, how extremely beautiful," sighed the Lady Isabel.

"I suppose," added the countess, "that must be the strange minstrel."

"I should like of all things to see him," rejoined the fair daughter.

The old countess, evidently somewhat surprised at her desire to behold any of the male species, to whom she had set it down in her own mind, that her daughter possessed some mysterious and unaccountable repugnance, ordered the strange minstrel to be summoned.

When the Lady Isabel raised her haughty blue eye to scan the person of the stranger, as he entered the

apartment, an acute observer might have caught an expression there, by no means usual. She gazed upon a figure which filled her gentle breast with some feelings of astonishment, and with others which she had not time just then to analyze. Of commanding and stately presence, there stood before her, a man in the prime of life, a loose cloak flung hastily, yet with an air of elegance around him, set off his tall figure to the greatest advantage, while from beneath the shade of his broad Spanish hat flashed an eye, which sparkled with singular power and brilliancy. The features of the stranger were pale and finely chiselled, and a slight dark moustache just fringed his upper lip.

"Fair ladies," said he, with a long and respectful obeisance, "I await your commands."

"We sent for you," said the elder of the two, who alone seemed to retain her presence of mind, "in order that we might have a better opportunity of judging of your skill—a specimen of which has already reached us."

The stranger replied not, but, bending down, unslung his harp, and as he swept its chords with a master's hand, poured forth, in what seemed the very soul of song, a melody of such exquisite beauty and rare pathos, that even the heart of the stout old countess herself beat several degrees faster;—but as for the Lady Isabel, she seemed as if spell-bound by the wondrous performance of the strange minstrel.

"He sang of love and friendship, and of that golden time,
When hope is at its highest, when life is in its prime;
Of all those high and holy thoughts with which
man's breast can glow,
Which shed the purest happiness the human soul
can know."

And when she retired for the night her soul was filled by such a gentle flutter of hopes, thoughts, fears, and wishes, that she could not close her eyes. The magic sounds were singing in her ears—they seemed like the voice of some sweet old song, whose notes, though long forgotten, were still familiar; and with his song was still mixed up the stately figure of the stranger; and at length when she did fall asleep, she dreamed all manner of extraordinary things, and, among the

number, that the handsome minstrel, flinging away his harp, flung himself at her feet, and declared that she must be his, which dream fluttered the Lady Isabel so much, that she suddenly awoke, and, although the grey morning was just dawning, she could not sleep another wink.

The minstrel remained some weeks at the castle, and by his unrivalled power and knowledge of his art, contrived to make the evenings pass very agreeably to the two ladies. His acquaintance with the legendary lore and ballad-poetry of the country seemed inexhaustible: there was no end to his songs and recitations, which the sweetness of his voice invested with a singular charm; and although attired in the simple and unostentatious dress of a wandering minstrel, there was a grace in his carriage, and an air of nobility in his manner, which perplexed every one who beheld him. He quite won the heart of the old countess by the air of respectful interest and deference with which he listened to her long stories about the persecutions and annoyances she had suffered at the hands of "that nasty old devil," as she always called the Archbishop of Treves, and as for the Lady Isabel, she could no longer conceal from herself the strange and unaccountable fact, that she had, somehow or another, fallen over head and ears in love with the unknown minstrel.

Months passed over, and found the stranger still a resident at the Castle of Sponheim; and one evening, as the season of the Christmas festivities drew nigh, the young heiress was seated listlessly in her "boudoir," musing upon the last song which she had heard the minstrel sing, and thinking how she could possibly frame a request to get him to write it in her album, when a tall shadow passed between her and the light; and, turning round, she saw the object of her meditations at her feet.

"Lady," he said, "pardon this intrusion; there is every reason why our interview should be as short as possible—a single word from you shall end it: could you, if I were not what I seem—could you, I must say it, love me?"

The fair Isabel answered not, but a single glance at her countenance was sufficient for the stranger.

"Know me, then," he added; "I am Ferdinand of Treves, son of the ancient enemy of your house. What—now, love! do you turn from me?"

The gentle Isabel did turn from him, but the next moment her beautiful head sank upon his shoulder.

It is unnecessary for us to detail any further particulars of this interview; suffice to say, that Ferdinand of Treves explained his "intentions"—he had long adored the beauty of Gräfenberg, but finding it impossible, on account of the family feuds, to obtain access to the castle, he had therefore adopted his present disguise.

The old countess was at first in a great rage when she found out the trick that had been played upon her, but the passionate tears and entreaties of her daughter had at length their due effect—her heart became softened, and having several times declared her conviction, "that no good could come of it," she gave her consent to the marriage of her daughter with Ferdinand of Treves, and a day was finally appointed for the ceremony to take place. The garrison of Sponheim were, of course, in great delight at the prospect of the coming festivities. The commandant was indulging himself in the pleasant anticipations of the fine haunches of Hirsch, and the goodly butts of Pissporter, which would be forthcoming upon the occasion; and all was merriment and revelry within the castle of Sponheim.

The happy day drew rapidly near, when at the close of a winter's evening Ferdinand of Treves was seated by the side of Isabel, in a large window which commanded an extensive view of the valley of the Moselle, while the old countess, at the further end of the apartment, was turning over in her own mind what a very extraordinary page the chapter of accidents had presented to her notice in the marriage of any one of her family with a son of "the nasty old devil" for whom she had such an hereditary aversion.

"Look," said Isabel, "at that turn of the road, as far as you can see—is there not something there like a large crowd?"

"Where?" said her companion, eagerly.

"Look," said she, "along the

river side, and down underneath the highest peak of the mountain."

There was no doubt at all about the fact—sure enough, a large body of horsemen were coming in the direction of Sponheim.

"By heaven!" said Ferdinand, "it is the Archbishop of Treves. I see his banner."

The castle was instantly in an uproar. The countess thought it best to be on the safe side, so she sent at once for the old Baron of Lowenhaupt, whom we have mentioned before, and had the gates closed, the portcullis drawn down, and the whole garrison under arms in an inconceivably short space of time, so that when the archbishop did arrive, he found that he was an unwelcome, although by no means an unexpected guest.

The garrison was instantly summoned to surrender, the only answer to which was a cross-bow bolt that whistled alarmingly close to the head of the messenger. A flag of truce was then sent forth, which the archbishop himself accompanied, and demanded to know if his son was in the castle.

"He is, my lord," replied the countess, who herself appeared upon the battlements.

"And for what purpose, may I ask, madam?" said the Archbishop of Treves.

"For the purpose of being married to my daughter," said the stout old countess.

"You infernal old jade!" shouted the archbishop, white with fury.

"Hush, my lord, for God's sake," said a knight who stood behind him. "Allow me to carry on the conference. Madam," he said, with a courtly air, "the archbishop having received intelligence that his son was within your walls, has come to demand him; and if you refuse to give him up, the consequences must be upon your own head."

"No!" thundered the countess; "you may come and take him if you can."

The conference there ended; and as the castle of Gräfenberg was a very tough place to take, as the Archbishop of Treves had already experienced, he came to the amiable determination of starving out its inhabitants. He could

not, however, have adopted this resolution at a time more unlucky for him, for the castle was, at that moment, well stored with the provisions that had been furnished for the wedding festival.

The bridegroom elect was, of course, in great consternation at this unnatural and disagreeable proceeding on the part of "his governor," and was grievously afflicted at the inconvenience he had brought upon the household of his hospitable entertainers. The blockade having continued about a fortnight, he expressed a wish to be allowed to go out, and attempt to reason with his worthy parent. The countess was at first opposed to anything of the sort, but at length yielding to his entreaties, she consented, and a flag of truce was accordingly waved from the battlements by Ferdinand himself, who, upon the archbishop entering into solemn promise that if his negotiations should prove ineffectual, he should be allowed to return, departed in spite of the tears and entreaties of his affianced bride. His meeting with his worthy parent was anxiously watched from the castle, and what was the consternation of its inhabitants to see that the perfidious old ecclesiastic had his son instantly put into irons, and sent off under a strong guard. As soon as this was done, the archbishop came again to summon the garrison to surrender.

"Give us back your son," said the countess.

"Don't you wish you may get him, madam," replied the archbishop.

The garrison, having of course refused to capitulate, the blockade proceeded with unabated vigour, and it would have gone on long enough, if there had not been a traitor in the castle, who took the first convenient opportunity of pointing out a certain quarter, upon which it was not sufficiently defended; the consequence was, that one night the defenders of Gräfenberg were surprised by finding the archepiscopal forces among them; and although they fought like devils, not more than two-thirds of the number succeeded in gaining the tall tower, whither the countess and her daughter had already retired, and which, situated on the top of a steep rock, still afforded them a partial security. The archbishop, furious at

seeing his prey escape him, led the attack against this tower in person; but just as he was in the act of hammering away at the iron door, a stone judiciously dropped from one of the windows, "planted him;" and the door opening on the instant, his grace was dragged in without ceremony by the old Baron of Lowenhaupt. His forces, flushed with victory and excitement, were somewhat taken aback by this unexpected disappearance of their leader, and a shower of cross-bow bolts and other missiles having knocked over the leading files, they paused, in order to consult what was best to be done.

When his grace the Archbishop of Treves recovered, for he had only been partially stunned by the blow, he found himself placed in an uncommonly disagreeable situation. The room was filled with armed men, and right opposite him stood the Baron of Lowenhaupt, with fury written upon every line of his stern countenance.

"Now, my lord, you are, as you observe, completely in my power, and you will be good enough to follow me."

So saying the baron led the way up a winding stair, which opened on the top of the tower, from whence there was a magnificent view of the adjoining country, which the archbishop, however, was not then particularly inclined to enjoy, the more especially as he found himself standing rather unpleasantly near the edge of the tower, in the custody of two men-at-arms, of a very forbidding aspect.

"Now," said the baron, with a grim smile, "the instant I raise my sword, thus, pitch him over to those gaping fools below."

The soldiery, full of fury at the capture of their commander, had again commenced a furious attack upon the gate underneath. Regardless of the destructive storm of missiles which was hurled upon their heads, they redoubled their efforts, and the door was beginning to yield, when the position of the Archbishop of Treves caught their eye.

"My lord," continued the Baron von Lowenhaupt, "I have two propositions to submit to you. The first is, that you instantly order your troops to retire from this castle. I shall give you while I can count ten to consider. One, two, three —"

His grace of Treves cast one piteous glance at the stern countenance of the old baron, and another at the unpleasant distance the place on which he stood was from the rocks beneath; and before the baron had counted five, he signified his assent, and the castle was speedily cleared of the archiepiscopal forces.

"The second matter," continued the baron, "I have for your grace to consider is, whether you are disposed to give your consent to the marriage of your son with the lady Isabel; and if so, that you will do us the further favour to perform the ceremony yourself?"

The unfortunate archbishop seeing there was no other way of avoiding a leap which for a prelate of his advanced years, was rather high, signified his acquiescence; and although it may well be conceived, he did not per-

form the ceremony with his accustomed suavity of manner, yet he got through it with the best grace he could; and that evening witnessed the nuptials of Ferdinand of Treves with the young and beautiful heiress of Gräfenberg.

The foregoing is only one out of the many legends with which this river abounds; and, reader, should you ever chance to be a wanderer along its pleasant banks, when you come to the old ruin of Gräfenberg, don't forget to make the ascent of the tall tower which still goes by the name of the archbishop's; and if you have as much difficulty in getting to the top as we had, we are inclined to think you will agree with his grace of Treves, and allow your son, if you have one, to marry any heiress he has a fancy for, rather than make a somersault upon the rocks below.

POEMS FROM THE NORTH AND THE EAST.

[Of the three following poems, I have merely to remark, that the first exhibits my second attempt at a translation of BUERGER's world-celebrated ballad (and as I have, on the present occasion, rendered this exactly in the metre, and with the double rhymes of the original, I may, perhaps, with the more confidence, venture to hope that

its faults of composition will not be too severely condemned by the Critical);* that the next is an *adaptation* from the Servian; and that the third is—as will, doubtless, be apparent from its defects—altogether my own, though I confess that I am indebted for the idea that it embodies to a certain anecdote by an Oriental writer.—J. C. M.]

I.

Leonora.

I.

Leonora rose at break of day,
From dreams of gloomiest omen.
"How long, oh, Wilhelm, wilt thou stay?
Art false, or slain by the foemen?"
He had gone to aid, on Prague's red plains,
King Frederick in his war-campaigns,
And none had learned or listed
News if he still existed.

* Those who feel sufficiently interested in the matter will find the former in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, for October, 1834. (No. XXIII.)

II.

The King, at length, grown weary of war,
 Withdrew his hosts from Russia,
 And once again the blessed star
 Of Peace shone over Prussia ;
 And the regiments all, in gallant array,
 With drums and flutes, and standards gay,
 And wearing wreaths and blossoms,
 Marched home with joyous bosoms.

III.

Green alley and valley, and hill and plain,
 Were thronged for this glad meeting ;
 The blithe blue air, as passed each train,
 Rang far with rapturous greeting ;
 Then many a mother, and wife, and son,
 Bade welcome home the wandering one ;
 But ah ! none gave or bore a
 Kind word to Leonora !

IV.

She roamed about, and called aloud
 For Wilhelm over and over,
 But none in that gay glittering crowd
 Wist aught anent her lover.
 So, finding all her quest in vain,
 She writhed and grovelled on the plain,
 And rent her hair and vesture,
 With many a frantic gesture.

V.

There, as she lay in agony,
 Her anxious mother sought her.—
 " Oh ! God in Heaven look down on thee !
 God comfort thee, my daughter !"—
 " Oh, mother, mother, Gone is Gone !
 Farewell the world and all thereon !"
 Talk not of God in Heaven
 He leaveth me bereaven !"

VI.

" No, dearest child !—whate'er befall,
 Thy God is ever near thee.
 He pitieth all, He loveth all.
 Pray, pray, and He will hear thee !"
 " Oh, mother, hollow, hollow plea !
 God loveth not nor pitieth me—
 He recks not of mine anguish,
 But lets me groan and languish."—

* " O, Mutter, Mutter ! Hin ist Hin !
 Nun fahre welt und alles hin !"

The peculiarly magnificent and dreary character of this couplet can scarcely be appreciated except by a very philosophical student of the original. Its repetition, also, in the ninth stanza, where Leonora, in the excess of her despair, takes no notice of the half-maddening suggestion of her mother, and can dwell only on the one miserable predominant idea, is a remarkable poetical beauty, and strikingly true to nature.

VII.

" My dear, dear child, Heaven hath a cure
 For every ill and dolor ;
 The Holy Sacrament, be sure,
 Will prove thy best consoler !"
 " Vah, mother, the asp that gnaws my heart—
 No Sacrament can bid depart !
 No Sacrament can quicken
 Anew the once Death-stricken !"—

VIII.

" My child, I fear thou art betrayed !
 Thy lover may have plighted
 His troth to some Hungarian maid,
 And thus thy hopes are blighted.
 What then ? Grieve not, but let him go !
 His perfidy will work him woe,
 And, ere his bad life ceases,
 Will rend his heart in pieces !"—

IX.

" Oh, mother, mother, Gone is Gone !
 Departed is Departed !
 Woe, woe is me !—Alone, alone,
 Alone and broken-hearted !
 Die out, die out, my life's lost light !
 Down, down in everlasting Night !
 God spareth not nor careth,
 Woe ! woe ! my soul despaireth !"—

X.

" Oh, God of goodness, let not this
 Provoke thy malediction !—
 She doth but rave up from the abyss
 Of her profound affliction !
 Ah, child ! forget thine earthly love,
 And lift thy heart to Heaven above.
 The Spouse of Souls will take thee,
 And He will ne'er forsake thee !"—

XI.

" Oh, mother, what are Heaven and Hell ?
 Where, where is Wilhelm, mother ?
 With him is Heaven, without him Hell ;
 I want, I know, no other !
 Die out, die out, my soul's lost light !
 Down, down in everlasting Night !
 No Heaven for me without him !
 No Heaven if I must doubt him !"

XII.

Thus dared this maiden, with a brain
 Made mad by tortured feelings,
 In reckless impiousness arraign
 The All-Just God's wise dealings !
 And smote her breast, and groined and cried,
 And wrung her hands till, at eventide,
 The pale-bright stars in millions,
 Bespangled Heaven's pavilions.

XIII.

Then—hark! a horse's hoofs!—*Hopp, hopp!*
 They sound first farther, hoarser,
 Then clearer, nearer;—then they stop,
 And a rider vaults from his courser,
 With clank of spurs and ringing knoll;
 Then—hark!—the portal bell—*Toll! Toll!*
 Then stillness; then follow
 These words in accents hollow:—

XIV.

“Ho-là, my love! I am here anew!
 Tell me what tides thou keepest;—
 Art sad or gay? Art false or true?
 And wakest thou or sleepest?”—
 “What, Wilhelm! Is it really thou?
 Oh, I have watched and wept till now!
 But this drear midnight visit—
 What may it mean? — Whence is it?”

XV.

“I started from Bohemia late.
 We ride by midnight only.
 Up! come with me, my faithful mate!
 Too long thou mournest lonely!”
 “Ah, Wilhelm, here is somewhat wrong!
 Hark! the wind bloweth strange and strong;
 Come in and warm thee, dearest,
 And here let thee and me rest!”

XVI.

“So may the wind blow strange and strong,
 Blow stranger and blow stronger!
 I must along! Thou must along!
 We linger here no longer!
 Rise! Don thy attire and come with me,
 My black barb snorts impatiently.
 We must leave leagues behind us
 Before the priest can bind us!”

XVII.

“—Oh, Wilhelm, this but bodeth dole,
 Oh, tarry here till daylight!
 Just now I heard ‘Eleven’ toll,
 And Heaven hath such a gray light!”
 “—Look hither! Look thither! The moon shines bright,
 The Dead and We ride fast by night!
 Ere Morning’s red rays clamber
 The skies we’ll reach our chamber.”

XVIII.

“—And where, say, is the young bride’s room,
 Wherein her maids undress her?”—
 “—Far hence!—cold, lone, and buried in gloom—
 Six large planks, and two lesser!”
 “—But is there space?”—“Ay, space for both!
 Come! no delay! Shake off thy sloth
 Lest Night perchance belate us.
 —The wedding-guests await us.”

XIX.

And Leonora, garbed and out,
 Sprang up behind the rider,
 And flung her lily arms about
 Her lover and her guider.
 Then, ho, ho!—hurry!—*hopp, hopp, hopp!*
 Rode off the pair with never a stop;
 Until both gasped together,
 And flints and fire flashed nether!

XX.

Aright, aleft, reeled, rest and cleft,
 Earth's globe around and under;
 The sky swept by as a storm-blown west;
 The bridges volleyed in thunder.
 "Glance up! Queen Moon rides high and blue—
 Hurrah! the Dead ride royally too!
 Dost fear the Dead, my best love?"
 —"Ah, leave the Dead at rest, love!"

XXI.

But hark!—that dreary choral swell!
 Those night-birds' croak funereal!
 Hark! knell of bell, and dirge as well—
 "Now, brethren, for the burial!"
 And lo! a group who bear a bier,
 A mourning group draw slowly near,
 With chant like some deep dismal
 Ghost-wail from realms abysmal.

XXII.

"Halt, croakers, there! The corpse may bide
 Its funeral rites till dawning;
 To-night I espouse my fair young bride,
 Lay down, then, bier and awning!
 Come, sexton, come!—thy choir and thou
 Shall troll us nuptial-songs enow!
 Come, priest, and bless the wedding!
 Then, ho for the feast and bedding!"

XXIII.

Down went the bier; the dirge was hushed;
 And, light-limbed and unladen,
Tripp, tripp, trapp, trapp, the buriers rushed
 Behind the youth and maiden;
 And, ho, ho!—hurry!—*hopp, hopp, hopp!*
 Dashed forward all with never a stop,
 Until all gasped together,
 And flints and fire flashed nether!

XXIV.

How twirled, how whirled, before, behind,
 The floods, the woods, the mountains!
 Before, behind, like wind, like Mind,
 How flew dells, fells, and fountains!
 "Glance up! The moon rides high and blue—
 Hurrah! the Dead ride bravely too!
 Dost fear the Dead and Gone, love?"
 —"Ah! let the Dead sleep on, love!"

XXV.

But look! Where yon high gibbet-wheels
 Wind-shaken, creak and wabble,
 The moonlight suddenly reveals
 A dancing phantom-rabble!
 "Ho, there, gay neighbours!—down to me!
 We'll all ride home so merrily, we!
 And you shall dance before us,
 While these here lilt in chorus!"

XXVI.

And down they came in eddying whirls,
 With whirr as when, the while Eve's
 Clouds gather black, the night-blast swirls
 Through Autumn's birks of dry leaves.
 And, ho, ho!—hurry!—*hopp, hopp, hopp!*
 Away trooped all with never a stop,
 Till all gasped hard together,
 And flints and fire flashed nether!

XXVII.

How sped, how fled, the sky, the stars,
 Like young steeds loosed from harness!
 How danced the stars! how glanced their cars!
 How flew they through the Farness!
 "Look up! The moon rides high and blue—
 Hurrah! the Dead ride nobly too!
 Dost fear the Dead, my best love?"
 —"Ah, no!—but let them rest, love!"

XXVIII.

"Enough! I scent the morning gale;
 My sands, I mark, are failing.
 Right well have we ridden o'er hill and dale.
 Behold yon grated railing
 That shimmereth duskily! Inside
 Its bars I hail thee as my bride!
 There shall we slumber sweetly.
 Hurrah! the Dead ride featly!"

XXIX.

Anon they halt. The chancelled gate
 Swings o'er to the grey wall's border,
 And that strange group, as urged by Fate,
 March through in solemn order.
 The steed's reins trail along the ground,
 While wild lamentings all around,
 Sad as the Trump of Doom's tones,
 Rise up from graves and tombstones!

XXX.

But now, O, Horror!—see! As clay
 From some worn wall that moulders,
 The horseman's garments fall away,
 Fall piecemeal from his shoulders!
 With scythe and sand-glass high upraised,
 And grinning skull, now all ecrased
 Of hair and flesh and feature,
 He stands,—DEATH,—or His Creature!

XXXI.

High rears the steed, with mane upcurled,
 The earth yawns, rent asunder,
 And down the hapless girl is hurled
 Into the dark pit under ;
 And, while drear howlings fill the air,
 And cries of terror and despair,
 Behold her there, a-lying,
 Half living and half dying !

XXXII.

And now the grisly spectre-band,
 As Night gives place to Morning,
 Dance round their victim hand-in-hand,
 And sing and shriek this warning—
*" Bear,—though thy proud heart break with pain,
 Heaven's wrath is not invoked in vain !
 Thy body and thou must sever ;
 God spare thy soul for ever !"*

II.

Prince Kazink and the Vaivodes.

A NARRATIVE POEM, FROM THE SERVIAN.

I.

Sweeps a tempest o'er the astounded land ?
 Is the soil convulsed by sudden earth-quake ?
 No ! these terrors bid no heart or hearth quake ;
 Cannon roar to greet Prince Peterwand
 On the glories of his conquering arms
 After moons of slaughter and alarms,
 Servia's hosts are vanquished, and her three
 Noblest Vaivodes lie in dungeons dark,
 Where the carcasses of princes moulder,
 Where the water mounteth to the knee,
 And the bones of heroes reach the shoulder.
 Three are Vaivodes Morlovitz and Mark,
 And the third is golden* Vaivode Paul.
 Deep in Dendrink's dungeons lie the three,
 While the Madjars† feast in tower and hall.

II.

Six long nights the captives wailed their fate ;
 Six long days the golden Vaivode Paul
 Stood before his dungeon's iron grate,
 Watchful, if perchance he might discover
 Androvil, the courier, coursing by ;
 And when six long days and nights were over,
 Coursed the courier near, and heard him cry—
*" Golden courier, I am Vaivode Paul !
 Fetch me tablets and a reed ;—for ink
 Runs the blood yet purple in my veins."
 So, the courier pitying Vaivode Paul,
 Fetched him tablets and a reed withal.*

* Excellent, or amiable.

† Madjars, or Magyars, viz., Hungarians.

And the Vaivode wrote—"Great Prince Kazink,
 Friend and kinsman, Lord of thirty plains!
 I, and Vaivodes Morlovitz and Mark,
 Lie in Dendrink's dungeons deep and dark,
 Where the carcasses of princes moulder,
 Where the water mounteth to the knee,
 And the bones of heroes reach the shoulder.
 Rescue us, by gold, or wile, or steel,
 Rescue us, and we will fight for thee,
 Fight for thee, and labour for thy weal!"

III.

Now, when Prince Kazink, Miloski's Herr-chief,
 Read these words, he donned his wolfskin cloak,
 Wound around his head a blood-red kerchief,
 Girt him with sharp kandazar,* and spoke—
 "Or by sword, or wile, or steel, O, Paul,
 Here I swear to rescue thee ere night,
 Thee and thy compatriots twain in thrall!"
 Sate he then an hour to shape aright
 His best course, then joyously arose,
 Sought the court, then vaulted on his charger,
 With two wine-skins, large as sacks, or larger
 Hanging, wine-filled, at his saddle-bows.

IV.

Reaching soon the lea in front of Dendrink,
 Down and up he rode, as one astray,
 Then stooped low and drank, or seemed to drink,
 Seemed to drink, yet not as common men drink;
 From the skins of wine he seemed to quaff
 As the hot steed from the pond laps water.
 This marked Vlira, Peterwand's fair daughter,
 As she glanced along the heather gray;
 And she wept, and cried, "Lo! Prince Kazink,
 Whom I met and loved in rich Belgrade!
 Oh, my father! oh, renowned Herr Graff!
 See! my Loved One rides in front of Dendrink;
 Wine he drinks, but not as common men drink;
 Not from goblet, bowl, or crystal cup,
 But from leathern skins he laps it up,
 He, the courtliest knight in all Belgrade!"

V.

Wrathful was her father then, was he!
 And so spoke he, as he grasped his blade—
 "Shame upon thee, daughter, thus to weep!
 Mark me! Many a swaggerer such as he
 Have I plunged in Dendrink's dungeons deep,
 Where the carcasses of princes moulder,
 Where the water mounteth to the knee,
 And the bones of heroes reach the shoulder.
 And he also, by my troth! shall dwell
 In some one of them this night. What, ho!
 Hugo! Rolf! Balzáris! Lionel!
 Fetch me in, bound hand and heel, yon stripling,
 Wine-bags, wolfskin cloak, and all. We'll know
 What his drift is in this noonday tipping

* Scymitar.

Out on horseback." So spake Peterwand ;
 And, well wont to obey their chief's command,
 Up rose, reeling, twenty knights from table,
 Thirty then, and fifty after these,
 Five score wine-wode knights they were in all ;
 Some in armour, blue, green, grey, and sable,
 Some in doublets, and fair silken hose.
 These with riotous shoutings left the hall,
But Black Death, who stood without the gate,
 Heard the scornful speech of that Herr Graff—
Heard the shouts of those wild knights elate !
 *And loud rang, unheard, his answering laugh.**

VI.

Onward, some afoot, and some a-steed,
 Some with sword and lance, and more with none,
 Onward came the host, yet not in one
 Serried phalanx, for some straggled far,
 And some dashed along with maniac speed.
 Woe for all alike, both swift and slow !
 Some that headlong hero clave in twain—
 Clave in twain with glittering kandazar ;
 Some his noble dark blue spear laid low,
 Some his horse-hoofs trampled to the plain,
 Some he drave even to the Danube's waters.
 Year will roll on year, and age on age,
 And a thousand wars fill history's page,
 Ere an hour of such incredible slaughters
 Overdarken Dendrink's lea again !

VII.

Then rose up the Gräffin Peterwand,
 Like a Sibyl, with high-lifted hand ;
 And she spake—" A curse is on these doings,
 Of such revellings what can come but rueings ?
 Woe to them whose life lies in the wine-bowl !
 Lo ! I have seen the oak-trunk and the pine-bole
 Torn by lightning, and shall Man's frail frame
 Brave the fiercer lightning of red wine ?
 No ! it shrivellet up the heart like flame !
 Where be those bold hundred knights of thine
 Whom, when sober, Hell could scarce withstand ?
 Gone to their account ! Slain by his hand
 Who but aped that drunkenness from wine
 Which—all shame to them !—was really theirs.
 Ride, then, forth, and ask this cavalier
 How and why it is that thus he dares
 All these odds, and what his quest is here !"

VIII.

So the Graff rode forth upon the lea,
 And aloud he cried, " Prince ! dost thou seek
 Me, or mine, or aught ? What wouldst thou ? Speak !"
 Whereto came the answer—" I would free:

* I italicize those lines, as they appear to me to contrast rather strongly with the simplicity that marks the general character of the poem.

Vaivodes Paul, and Morlovitz, and Mark,
 Who now lie in Dendrink's dungeons dark,
 Where the carcases of princes moulder,
 Where the water mounteth to the knee,
 And the bones of heroes reach the shoulder !"—
 "Free them then, thou shalt !" the Herr-Graff said ;
 "Thou art brave, and Wrath avails not now ;
 Mine, at least, shall sleep with yonder Dead.
 One in many million men art thou !
 Come with me, and in my castle hall
 Thou shalt greet Mark, Morlovitz, and Paul,
 And mine honoured Countess Christabel,
 And my daughter Vlira, that young maid
 Whom thou sawest at court in rich Belgrade,
 And who loves thee, noble Servian, well !"

IX.

And, long years, till Dendrink's walls grew grey,
 Men rejoiced in that bright Day of Blood,
 And the Night of Wine that crowned the Day,
 And gave Servia back her Nationhood !

III.

The Angel of Death.

A PERSIAN LEGEND.

I.

Great Zuleimaun was King of Kings.
 He ruled o'er Deevs* and men.
 For him had ALLAH's hand updrawn
 The veil that shrouds all mystic things.
 On Earth shall reign agen
 No King like Zuleimaun !

II.

He sate within his Council-room
 One morn in Summer-time,
 And held high converse with Azreel,†
 The Messenger of Death and Doom,
 On Fate, and Good, and Crime,
 And future woe and weal :

III.

When, slowly oped the chamber-door,
 And Meerza‡ Ibrahim,
 Vezzer, walked in, with tottering pace.
 The old man's locks showed scant and hoar ;
 His eyes were very dim,
 And Fear was on his face.

* Demigods: the ancient Roman *Divi*.

† The Angel of Death, according to the Mohammedan belief.

‡ Prince.

IV.

"O, King!" he spake, "I dreamed last night
 A dream But who is here?—
 Ha!—'tis Azrael that blasts mine eyes!"—
 The Angel vanished out of sight,
 First giving the Vazeer
 A look of deep surprise.

V.

"For me!—for me! He comes for me!"
 The shuddering Meerza cried.
 "Oh, Master! grant me, I beseech,
 Thy fleetest barb, that I may flee
 Into the Desart wide,
 Beyond his wrath and reach!"—

VI.

"Friend!" spake the Monarch, "dream not thou
 That Clay may war with Fate!
 Thou canst not balk the Almighty Will.
 Man's Life is written on his brow,"
 His Life, his Love, his Hate,
 His endless Bliss or Ill!"—

VII.

"True!" cried the Meerza, "all-too-true,
 O, King, is that thou sayest,
 Yet grant me still the boon I crave!"—
 "'Tis thine!" said Zuleimaun. "But who
 Shall flee from Doom? Thou mayest
 Be riding to thy gravel!"

VIII.

Began the Meerza then his flight,
 Borne on his coalblack barb,
 O'er mount, and mead, and marish dank.
 Spectators marvelled at the sight,
 For, from his jewelled garb,
 All guessed his princely rank.

IX.

And, soon as Evening's first faint star
 Rose on the pallid air,
 And Day was lost in Twilight's gloom,
 Behold him in the Desart far,
 His face to earth, in prayer,
 Anear an open tomb!

* This is not a mere figure of speech with the Orientals, for their belief is that the thoughts and acts of the individual actually develope themselves upon his forehead in mystical signs, though these remain invisible to all whose spiritual eyes are not sufficiently open to discern such arcana. Some Western authors, I may add, have improved on this doctrine. Kerner, in his account of the ghostial experiences of his patient, the Seeress of Prevorst, mentions, as a fact, something of the same kind, only more startling; and Swedenborg informs us, "from actual observation," that the entire life of the man is figured over his spiritual body, and that the angels, when they summon him to judgment after death, examine him by this test, "*beginning with the points of the fingers*:"—certainly a noticeable statement, when we consider that the practice of chiromancy is probably as ancient as the human race itself.

X.

There, prostrate, longtime doth he kneel,
Amid the swarthy sands ;
Till, glancing up, all desolate,
Lo ! sight of sights !—once more Azreel !
The Dark-winged Angel stands
Beside the tomb's grey gate !

XI.

“ And must it be ? ” the Mearza cries.
“ Then ALLAH's will be done !
Yet say, before I close my race,
Why spake such wonder from thine eyes,
This morn, O, Dreaded One,
When first thou sawest my face ? ”

XII.

The Angel raised his looks to Heaven.
“ O, most Mysterious Lord ! ”
He spake, “ How hidden be Thy ways !
O ! for the marvel of this even,
Let Earth, with one accord,
Arise and hymn Thy praise ! ”

XIII.

Then, turning to that old man lone,
“ Know, Ibrahim,” he said,
“ That God foreknew all this as near !
He knew that thou, ere moonlight shone,
Shouldst rest among the Dead,
And bade me wait thee here !

XIV.

“ So, when, this morn, I met thee in
Thy Sovereign's Council-room,
I asked myself or why, or how,
Thou couldst have nerve or will to win
Thy way to this far tomb,
And hence my wondering brow.

XV.

“ Enough ! Thus end all earthly dreams
Of Riches and Renown ! ”—
. . . His hand just touched his victim's face,
And in an hour the moon's blue beams
Were glancing coldly down
On Ibrahim's burial-place.

J. C. M.

THE BRITISH THEATRE.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

NOTHING struck the English who visited Paris, when the Continent was opened by the peace of 1814, so much as the vehemence and energy of the French style of acting. This was the more remarkable, as it was so much at variance with the idea of the French stage which all had formed from reading the great masterpieces of their drama. The stately characters of Corneille, the pathetic tenderness of Racine, the redundant declamation of Voltaire, seemed to call for similar dignity and *retenue* in their performance. Instead of this, nothing on the English stage was comparable to the vehemence and energy of the French acting; and what was very remarkable, this animated style of acting began from the very outset of the performance. Talma and Mademoiselle Georges began reciting the pompous Alexandrian verses of the Cid or Oreste with the vehemence of manner which Kemble reserved for the concluding scenes of Romeo or Othello. Talma pronounced the lines in the early part of Oreste,

"Si vous conservez sentimens si obscurs,
Observez cette Tombe, et regardez ces fers,"

with the utmost possible vehemence of impassioned gesture. It was the same in all its parts: it was the same with Mademoiselle Georges; it is the same now with Mademoiselle Rachel, especially in the delineation of jealousy or scorn, in which she is so supremely great. The intensity of her acting is generally in the inverse ratio of the vehemence of the poet's lines which she repeats.

This appears at first sight very extraordinary; but a little reflection must show that it is the natural and probably unavoidable result of the Greek drama, of which these great actors personated the characters. As that species of tragedy admitted no change of scenes, but little change of time, and it was all, on the French stage at least, written in Alexandrine verses, in rhyme, the great danger was

that the performance would pall upon the audience—it would appear tedious and insipid. This is what Voltaire, in his admirable Commentaries on Corneille, is perpetually complaining of; the languor of his scenes, the want of warmth and animation in the verses; is the continual subject of complaint. Racine strove to obviate this defect by the exquisite beauty of versification, Voltaire by the rapidity and succession of events which he introduced. He never lets the interest flag, but presents one scene of difficulty or hair-breadth escape after another: his acts are a constant succession of *dénouements*. The same necessity, in a still greater degree, was felt by the Greek dramatists. Hence the intensity and long-continued grief which they represent in their tragedies, and the periodical recurrence of lyric poetry and singing in the choruses. The tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides are often little more than a continual wail, arising from the principal characters being felled, as it were, by an unparalleled succession of disasters. It is evident, from the intensity of the language used, that the style of acting in the tragedies of ancient Greece, was animated and vehement in the extreme. The same necessity has been felt by the performers on the French stage. Experience has taught them that they must compensate want of variety in incident, or change of scene, by increased vehemence of action; and hence the animated, and as it appears to English eyes, declamatory style in which they recite their stately verses.

TALMA had none of the physical advantages of his great rival on the English stage. He was rather short than otherwise, his figure was stout and thick set; his countenance highly expressive when animated, but heavy and unmeaning at ordinary times. It was the extraordinary energy and vehemence of his mind which overcame all these obstacles, and rendered him, for a long time, and during a period marked by extraordinary talent (1782)

every department, without a rival on the French stage. No man could portray the most intense passions with more success; in that respect he was, perhaps, superior even to Kean, whose style of acting his very closely resembled. Such was the energy of feeling with which he was animated that it used to shake his very frame; his hands thrilled with passion as those of *Mademoiselle Rachel* now do when she portrays the transports of jealousy in the tragedy of *Bajazet*. The only thing to be regretted, at least it appeared so to an English spectator, was, that this energetic representation of passion began too soon, and was continued too long. You were worn out with pity and sympathy, as in *Matthews'* comic representation you were by laughing, before he had got through his part. This is an error into which performers, especially with ardent minds, are extremely apt to fall, and which it requires no common amount of judgment and strength of understanding to avoid. They are so absorbed in their own part, with which they are familiar, so heated by its passions, so melted by its sorrows, that they forget that the audience, at first at least, are not equally roused, and that it is towards the close of the piece only that they share in the warmth of feeling which the actors felt from its commencement. The greatest performers work up their spectators by degrees, and only bring forth their extreme powers when the minds, or rather hearts, of the audience are prepared to receive their full impression. It was that keeping of the violent bursts in reserve, and bringing them out at the proper moment, which constituted the strength of John Kemble, as it now does of Miss Helen Fancit. The proper use of such great powers, the restraining them at first, and letting them loose at the proper and decisive moment, closely resembles the management of a reserve force by a great general, and to the disposal of which Napoleon, in great part, owed his astonishing success.

Talma was a valued friend of Napoleon, who used frequently to discuss with him the representation of his characters. Amongst others he discoursed on his personation of Nero in *Corneille's* tragedy of *Britannicus*, and made the following curious remark on it—"You

are quite wrong in the representation of Nero. *You should conceal the tyrant. No man admits his crimes in words either to himself or others.* They appear only in his deeds. You and I speak history, but we speak it like other men." No one can have reflected on the human heart as he sees it in others or feels it in himself, without feeling that this observation is well founded. Nevertheless, it is, perhaps, the last one which either dramatic writers, novelists, or actors think of. They constantly make the wicked admit they are bad, in soliloquies or conversation with confidants, and yet persevere in their wickedness. This is what never occurs in real life. *Repentance* only can produce a sense of crime; and when this is the case, it is generally too serious a matter to be unfolded elsewhere than at the confessional. In real life the bad, while they continue bad, constantly gloss over or take a pride in their crimes. This is as much the work of self-delusion as pride; they gloss over errors by giving them different names. Witness the libertine boasting of his *bonnes fortunes*, the thief glorying in his depredations, the assassin magnifying, rather than diminishing, his murders, the cheat recounting, with exultation, his deceptions. He knew the human heart better, who said—"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

MADemoiselle GEORGES was, as an actress, what Talma was as an actor; but she had far greater natural advantages. She was, in every respect, a fine woman. Like almost all celebrated actresses she inclined, in her later years, to *embonpoint*, and became unsuited for the representation of juvenile heroines. But she had great personal beauty: a magnificent bust, dark and luxuriant hair, fine eye-brows, and a commanding figure realized all that the imagination could conceive of the stately dames who were conceived by *Corneille* and *Voltaire*. In *Zayre* and *Alzire*, *Electra*, and *Iphigenie* she was superb. Like Talma, her style of acting was much more animated than we are accustomed to in this country. Her natural manner was stately and dignified; but this soon gave way to the conventional and general, perhaps necessary vehemence of French acting. In impassioned scenes, especially the

pathetic, her powers were very great, equal to all but those of Mrs. Siddons on the English stage. She had the arts, so well known on the Continent, so little understood in England, of preserving a youthful appearance in advanced years, and appeared radiant in charms at fifty years of age.

Although belonging to a different branch of the Profession, a celebrated performer at the same period at Paris deserves to be ranked with the great tragic actresses of the day: the genius of MADLLE. BIGOTINI, rendered the pantomime, in which she was so pre-eminent, expressive of the tenderest, the sweetest, the most pathetic emotions. To say that she was the first dancer on the opera stage of her day, is to express the least of her merits. That is in general so inferior a branch of the dramatic art, that how captivating soever to the senses, it cannot deserve to be placed alongside of those branches of it which aim at the expression of mental emotions, or generous resolves. But Madlle. Bigotini's taste and genius rendered dancing expressive of both these things. Her figure was perfect, and what is rare in persons of her exhausting profession, had that fullness along with elegance, which constitutes so essential a part of physical beauty. Her countenance, her hair, her bust, were all charming: they completed the delightful impression which the exquisite grace of her movements produced. But it was her tragic powers which were the wonderful thing; it was in the expression of the pathetic, by motion and gesture, that she was supremely great. More tears were drawn, even from a Parisian audience, albeit not much given to the melting mood, by her representation of Nina, or the *Somnambule*, than by any performer at the same time on the English stage, except John Kemble and Miss O'Neil in the *Stranger* and Mrs. Haller. This is very remarkable, and demonstrates how large a part grace and gesture have in the production of tragic emotion, for no words were spoken in the *Somnambule*, nor even recitative pronounced. It was the grace and expression of pantomime which did the whole. But they spoke a language which went home at once to every human heart.

If genius in one great performer rendered dancing and gesture expres-

sive of tragic emotion, singing in another combined, with great dramatic powers, to produce a similar impression. MADAME PASTA was confessedly the prima donna of her day; but her vocal powers, great as they were, constituted but a part of her wonderful performance. Her charm consisted even more in her acting, than in her voice; in those deep tragic powers, that faculty of expressing profound emotion, which is so frequently the accompaniment of female Italian genius. She realized all that Madame de Stael had conceived of Corinne. Her figure was large; she had not the delicate proportions of Madlle. Bigotini, and she was not adapted by nature for the representation of young or sylph-like heroines. But in the delineation of the full grown woman, of the distressed or passions of the matron, she possessed every advantage which nature and genius bestow. Her countenance, without positive beauty, was in the highest degree striking, her hair dark and luxuriant, her eye-brows marked, and finely turned, and every feature, when she poured her magnificent voice forth on the opera stage, lighted up with the most intense expression; jealousy, ambition, love, were alternately portrayed by her to perfection. In *Didone* and *Semiramide*, she was unrivalled; but she could not have portrayed *Juliet* or *Rosalind*. No one could see her perform any of the great characters in *Metastasio*, without being convinced that she was a first-rate tragic actress, and perhaps feeling a sentiment of regret that so much genius should be in a manner obscured by the other and less spiritual attractions of the opera stage; and turned aside from the regular drama, where it would have shone forth in undivided and transcendent lustre.

Though KEAN was an Englishman, and performed exclusively in the national drama, he belonged more to the French than the British style of acting. He had none of the physical advantages of the Kemble race; he would not, like them, entrance the audience by the mere look and walk on the stage. His figure was short and ungraceful; his countenance, though animated and expressive, far from being cast in the finer mould. He had nothing aristocratic in his appearance or manner: he wanted the Roman pride

of Kemble, and the majestic air of Mrs. Siddons. His voice, though powerful, was not deep or sonorous, and in impassioned scenes, it often degenerated into a sort of scream, which was positively painful. Nature, therefore, had disqualified him from taking the highest place in his profession: he never could be a Garrick or a Kemble. But it was astonishing what genius and energy did to conquer these disadvantages. His mind was ardent, his emotions vehement, his feelings impassioned. Kemble said, "Sir, he is dreadfully in earnest." That was the secret of his success. He felt strongly, his imagination was vivid, his heart was warm: those are the great moving powers, alike in acting and eloquence; and this Kean evinced in the highest degree. The earnestness of his manner, the vehemence of his feeling, the force of his passion, overcame all obstacle, and, ere long, silenced criticism in one uncontrollable burst of universal admiration.

It may readily be conceived from this description, for what characters this very powerful actor was adapted. *Macbeth*, *Shylock*, *Iago*, *Cassius*, *Richard III.*, were played by him with the highest possible effect. His acting was not less powerful in other parts, where physical beauty is more called for; but the illusion was injured, perhaps dispelled, by its want. Nothing could be more impassioned or vehement, than his performing in the last scenes of *Romeo*; but the effect was destroyed by the impossibility of conceiving that *Juliet* could ever have been in love with him. His representation of *Hamlet* was great in conception, as well as execution, but his figure and countenance did not realize our conception of the Prince of Denmark. It was very different from the wan cheek, stately form, and imposing air of Kemble. In *Othello*, this defect was less conspicuous; personal beauty was not the quality which captivated *Desdemona* in the man; still it was difficult to conceive that the diminutive figure which stood before you, was the hero who had sought the

bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth, and won the heart of the beautiful Venetian, by recounting his perils in the deadly breach. But these physical disadvantages, which were not felt in *Iago*, *Richard III.*, or *Shylock*, only exalted the impressions of Kean's genius, though they often weakened the effect of his acting: for what must have been the force of that mind which could overcome so many obstacles, and draw thunders of applause from the audience, in every character which he undertook.

Any account of the great performers on the British stage, during the last half century, would be imperfect, in which a prominent place was not given to MISS FANNY KEMBLE.* This extraordinary and highly gifted lady, like others of the most exalted genius, is not less remarkable in other respects than as an actress. Her performances on the stage, great and attractive as they were, were but a part of the general powers with which she was gifted. She is genius personified. You cannot read three pages of her sonnets, you could not see a single scene of her acting without being convinced of that. Though descended from the great histrionic family of the Kembles, she is in almost all respects, save ability, the reverse of them. She was, when on the stage, neither majestic, like Mrs. Siddons, nor stately, like John Kemble. Their elevated conceptions had descended to her, but they had done so, stripped of the imposing and awful character in which they appeared in her predecessors. Greater powers had come to her from herself than her ancestors. She took more by gift than inheritance. From the recesses of her own mind, from the cells of her own genius, she has drawn a stream of burning thought, of generous resolves, of devoted affection, of ardent yet pure sentiments, which, more strongly than even the lofty and dignified ideas of the Kembles, characterized her thoughts, and have imprinted themselves in an indelible manner alike on her acting and her compositions.

* Mrs. Butler will forgive the apparent freedom of this appellation. It is the fate of genius to be known by the title under which its greatest impression has been made on the world.

With these great powers, this ardent and elevated genius, if Miss Fanny Kemble had been regularly bred to the stage and prosecuted it for a course of years, as a profession, she would have made one of the greatest actresses that ever adorned the English theatre. Nature had not done so much for her, so far as external advantages go, as for her aunt, Mrs. Siddons. She had neither her lofty figure, majestic gait, nor Juno-like beauty of countenance. Highly expressive, teeming with thought, radiant with genius, her features wanted the regularity, her figure the height, her carriage the dignity, which are such powerful aids to intellectual ability on the stage. She never could have walked the boards like Mrs. Siddons in Queen Catherine, or electrified the audience by a look like John Kemble in Coriolanus. She never could have sat for the Tragedy Muse as we see it portrayed in Sir Joshua's immortal Canvass. Her frown was as dark as the thunder storm, but her smile was like the sun emerging from the clouds. Her eyes, of uncommon beauty and brilliancy, seemed the windows of a radiant and ethereal soul within. But if Nature had denied her these advantages, she had made amends, and, perhaps, more than amends, by the enthusiastic temperament she had imprinted on her mind, the fervent genius which beamed in every thought, the ardent soul which shone forth in every conception. These transcendent powers, like the concentrated rays of the sun in the burning glass, pierced through every obstacle, penetrated every heart, and surrounded her brief public career with a halo of renown—an enthusiasm of admiration, which yet lives in undiminished fervour in the recollections of all who witnessed it, augmented and sanctified by the mournful reflection that it is now, alas! terminated for ever.

It would be undue partiality to say, however, that Miss Kemble, during the short period she remained on the stage, had attained the highest place in the histrionic art. Considering that she had not been bred to it, but began life with very different prospects, and embraced it as a profession, from

the generous desire she in a great part realized, of extricating her father from pecuniary difficulties, it was astonishing what she did; how rapidly she rose to renown. But her heart was not on the stage—her mind was too refined for its surroundings; she was too sensitive for the frequent rudeness, with which every professional person must be brought in contact. All the fine arts, in their higher stages at least, can be mastered only by persevering study and strenuous efforts. It is neither in three months nor three years that perfection is to be attained, in an exertion of genius, on a level in its greatest displays with the painting of Raphael, the poetry of Milton, the melody of Mozart. Long and persevering efforts, solitary reflection, profound meditation, are necessary to master the higher branches of this noble art. Like Scipio Africanus, in the words of Cicero, the great actor must be "never less alone than when alone, and never less at rest than when at rest." She might, and doubtless would, have become a great actress, had she remained longer on the stage, for she had splendid conceptions; but she was taken from it too soon to have attained uniform excellence. The soul was there—the ideas were there—the powers were there; at times the execution was most felicitous, but it was very unequal. Uncertainty was the great defect of her acting. She was almost without the power of *self-direction*—the most valuable faculty of the mind, and never witnessed but in persons of uncommon strength of intellect, and even in those generally only in advanced years. Miss Kemble carried a magnificent set of sails, but she had little ballast on board, and the vessel seldom obeyed the impulse of the helm. So entirely was she the creature of impulse, not only in her feelings but her conceptions, that her representation, even of the same character, was seldom the same two nights together, and not unfrequently the most brilliant displays which entranced every heart, were even in the same parts succeeded by comparative failure. Her genius on the stage shone forth with the fitful splendour of the northern lights, presaging tempest in

* Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus, nec omnino otiosus quam cum in otio.

nature, or woe to man, not the steady effulgence of the sun, ever the same, and unceasingly diffusing warmth and happiness over a grateful world.

If we would appreciate Miss Kemble's genius, in its full dimensions; if we would see what she was from the hands of Nature, and conceive what she might have become in her profession by the aid of steady effort and persevering energy, we must study her lyric poetry. In that department there is room for unqualified admiration. Some of her sonnets will bear a comparison with the finest lyrical poetry in the English language, with Moore's "Irish Melodies," Gray's "Ode to Spring," or Hemans' "Graves of a Household." It is impossible to read them without mournful feelings. They awaken the warmest interest in the author—the highest admiration for her genius—the deepest commiseration for her sufferings. She appears to have encountered the usual fate of exalted minds, that of awakening little sympathy among those around her; of living in an ideal world of her own creation; and being perpetually crossed, by finding how widely it differed from the sober realities of which life is made up. Glimpses of ethereal joy she had at times; but so brief as to fail in producing any permanent effect on her character, and tending only to aggravate, by their brightness, the general gloom by which they were succeeded. Melancholy is the prevailing character of her composition; but it is the melancholy of a vehement and impassioned mind; of one which had conceived the highest felicity, and had sometimes tasted it—but had seen it dashed from her lips, and had lost all hopes of regaining it in this life. It could not be otherwise. If to thought as exalted, genius as bright, imagination as ardent as Miss Kemble's, it was given to be permanently united to a mind as lofty, feelings as warm, conception as vivid, as her own, combined with the solidity and judgment requisite for the regulation of such transcendent qualities, its destiny would be too brilliant for this world—it would escape the common law of humanity, and cease to aspire after immortality.

"Too tempting a haven
To poor mortals were given,
And the hope would rest there,
Which should smother in heaven."

To show that these high eulogiums are not overstrained, we subjoin Miss Kemble's exquisite lines on Venice—among the finest of her fine compositions:—

"Night in her dark array
Steals o'er the Ocean,
And with departed day
Hushed seems its motion.
Slowly o'er yon blue coast
Onward she's treading,
Till its dark line is lost
'Neath her veil spreading.
The bark on the rippling deep
Hath found a pillow;
And the pale moonbeams sleep
On the green willow.
Bound by her emerald zone
Venice is lying;
And round her marble crowns,
Night winds are sighing.
From the high latices now
Bright eyes are gleaming;
That seem on Night's dark brow
Brighter stars beaming.
Now o'er the blue lagoon
Light barks are dancing,
And, 'neath the silver moon
Swift ears are gleaming.
Strains from the mandolin
Steal o'er the water;
Echo replies between
To mirth and laughter.
O'er the wave seen afar,
Brilliantly shining,
Gleam like a fallen star,
Venice reclining."

This is the highest style of lyric poetry. The images are charming—the thoughts romantic—the language condensed and powerful: but it is descriptive poetry, which, delightful as it is, does not afford scope for the highest flights of the poetic muse. It is in painting the human heart—in unfolding, by a word or an epithet, its inmost feelings, most secret thoughts, that the greatest powers of poetry are shown. Miss Kemble may justly claim a very high place in this elevated style: the intensity of her thoughts, the vehemence of her affections could find vent only in

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

But here the prevailing melancholy of her mind, arising from the void produced by an incessant yearning after the ideal amidst the fetters of the real, has imprinted a dark and mournful character over her writings. She dwells with delight on the wind and the storm: the immensity of the deep, the flowers of the forest, excite her imagination; images of joy and hope cross her fancy, only to remind her of disappointment, or awaken the mournful recollections of their fleeting existence:—

"Hark! how the wind comes gathering in its course.
And, sweeping onward with resistless force,
Howls through the silent space of starless skies,
And on the breast of the swollen ocean dies.
Oh! Thou art terrible, thou viewless Power!
That did'st destroying at the midnight hour!
We hear thy mighty passion, but the eye
Knows nothing of thine awful majesty.
We see all mute creation bow before
Thy viewless wings, as thou careerest o'er
This rocking world; that in the boundless sky
Suspended, vibrates as thou rushest by.
There is no terror in the lightning's glare,
That breaks its red track through the trackless air;
There is no terror in the voice that speaks
From out the clouds, when the loud thunder breaks
Over the earth like that which dwells in thee,
Thou unseen Tenant of Immensty."

The passage that follows, on crossing the Atlantic, shews with what exquisite images the mind of genius may be fraught, and with what felicity they may be expressed:—

"Night looks upon the slumbering universe,
There is no breeze on silver-crowned tree,
There is no breath on dew-beanpled flower,
There is no wind sighs on the sleepy wave,
There is no sound hangs in the solemn air:
All, all are silent—all are dreaming—all,
Save yon eternal eyes, that now shine forth,
Marking the slumberer's destinies. The moon
Sails on the horizon verge, a moving glory,
Pure and unrivalled, for no pale orb
Approaches to invade the sea of light
That lives around her—save yon little star,
That sparkles on her robe of fleecy clouds
Like a bright gem, fallen from her radiant brow."

The following beautiful lines embody a thought which has probably, from the beginning of Time, been familiar to every mind of an ardent and imaginative cast, but never before been expressed in such beautiful language:—

"But that within the inmost chamber of my soul,
There is another world, a blessed home,
O'er which no mortal power hath e'er control,
Anigh which ill things do never come.
There speak the voices that I love to hear,
There smile the glances that I love to see;
There live the forms of those my soul holds dear
For ever in that secret world with me,
They who have walked with me along life's way,
And severed been by Fortune's adverse tide;
Who ne'er again in Time's uncertain Day
In weal or woe may wander by my side,
They all are there."

After these extracts, it need not be said that Miss Kemble's poetical genius is of the very highest class; and that if she persevere in that brilliant career, and superadds learning and contemplation to her creative and imaginative powers, she will become one of the greatest lyric poets of England. And let her not rest in the mournful belief that she is alone in the world—that no one sympathizes with, no one reveres her. It is the melancholy fate of genius to be solitary, so far as compa-

nionship goes. The highest mountains necessarily stand alone in their vastness. But she can never be alone, if the sympathy of minds is considered. She has struck a chord which will for ever vibrate in the human heart: she will be united in thought, in every age, with the generous; the brave, the high-minded; and thousands, who, like the author, know her only by the exquisite conceptions she has given to the world, will ever feel towards her the admiration of genius, and almost the affection of friendship.

Mr. MACREADY has done so much, both by his personal performances, and his efforts in the management of theatres, to uphold the legitimate drama, in an age when it was well nigh overwhelmed by the amphitheatre and the melodrama, that his name can never be mentioned but with the highest respect in any disquisition on the British stage. If tragedy is not banished from our theatres, and supplanted by Timour the Tartar, the Cricket on the Hearth, and Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures, it is mainly owing to his continued and most meritorious efforts. As an actor his performances entitle him to a very high place in the scale of histrionic excellence. He is uniformly chaste, reflecting, and gentlemanlike; his conceptions are the result of long thought, deep study of his author, and no small amount of historical and antiquarian research. In the latter respect he much resembles Kemble. He has his learning, reflection, and elevated conceptions of what his profession should be. These are great excellencies; and his execution in many respects keeps pace with his ideas. We say in many respects, for it would betray partiality to say that in every particular his powers are equal to his ideas, or that he is to be placed on a level with Kemble or Kean, in the force of actual performance. This does not so much seem to be owing to the want of physical powers, for they are very considerable, but rather to the absence of vehemence and energy of conception. He is learned rather than original; correct than impassioned; free from fault rather than overflowing with effect. There is little to criticize in his acting, but sometimes not so much as could be desired to admire; and Victor Hugo, at Paris, characterized

the two with equal justice and felicity when he said, after seeing them act together, "M. Macready a le talent ; mais Mademoiselle Faucit le genie."

The best characters to give an idea of Mr. Macready's powers are, King Lear and Cardinal Richelieu. The first is an admirable conception, and is by far the most perfect piece of acting by a male performer now on the stage. We doubt if Garrick's were equally true to Shakspeare's idea ; we know that Kemble's was less effective. He has brought out this celebrated and most difficult part to a degree of perfection never before witnessed in the English theatre. Nor is his Cardinal Richelieu less admirable. The profound dissimulation, firm determination, grasping intellect, and vast capacity of that wonderful statesman, peculiarly suit Mr. Macready's powers, and are pourtrayed by him with admirable effect. His antiquarian and historical lore has here powerfully come to the aid of his professional abilities ; and he has apparently taken advantage of his residence at Paris to gather many interesting and graphic details of his manner, dress, and habits as well of mind as body. Altogether, it is one of the most perfect personations now to be seen on the stage. He is classical, chaste, and correct in Virginius—esteemed by many his best part. But to those who recollect Kemble, the Roman countenance, erect air, and restrained dignity which that great actor exhibited in Brutus, Cato, and Coriolanus, appear sadly wanting. Nature has not given Macready the externals of a hero, and nothing on the stage can make up for that deficiency.

It would be unjust to conclude an enumeration of the distinguished British actors of the last half century, without mentioning the name of YOUNG. Without possessing the commanding figure of Kemble, or the impassioned energy of Kean, he was distinguished by merits of a very high order. He was uniformly chaste and correct ; at times powerful and energetic. None could assume dignity with more effect. He was particularly excellent in Othello and Macbeth ; and equally successful in Shylock and Iago. His acting could hardly be said to be the result of poetic temperament or original genius ; it was formed on the suggestion of

long thought, anxious reflection, and correct judgment. He was too fastidious to be original ; too, fearful of giving offence, to win impassioned admiration. He embodied his author's ideas in his acting, and threw himself with great effect into his mind ; but he scarce ever superadded to it original conceptions of his own. Judgment and discretion were his leading qualities, and they are of vast importance on the stage. He never offended either the most fastidious eye, or shocked the most refined taste. If he seldom succeeded in drawing down from the audience the thunders of applause which followed the vehement and fearless bursts of Kemble or Siddons, he never hurt the most delicate feeling, and often melted the most obdurate heart. His acting, in this respect, was a correct reflection of his character, which was honourable and respectable in the highest degree, and redeemed a profession often disfigured by the levities and frailties which are too closely allied to genius, by the exhibition of the qualities which would have done honour to any walk in life.

Beyond all question, the first actress now on the stage, Miss HELEN FAUCIT, is, in the delineation of deep tragedy, equal to the most renowned of her great predecessors ; and in the combination of its pathos with the grace of refined manner, superior to them all. It is hard to say whether she excels most in the representation of the vehement or attractive passions ; in the fascination of love and the sportive elegance of high-bred life, or in the terrible scenes of sorrow and agony which have been conceived by the great masters of the tragic art. Her leading characteristic—the quality which essentially distinguishes her from Mrs. Siddons or Miss O'Neil, is the elegance which invariably distinguishes all her movements. Of her, if ever of any human being, it may be said—

"Each step is beauty—every motion, grace."

Her attitudes might furnish the most perfect models to the sculptor ; and the exquisite proportions of her figure, which is faultless, charm the eye not less than the deep intonations and flexible richness of voice penetrate the heart. Without entire regularity of feature, her countenance possesses the highest species of beauty, that of ex-

pression. A profusion of jet-black locks, curling over a beauteous bust, add the contrast of dark shade and light to the changes of her highly expressive and powerful countenance. Its different phases are so various, and yet so riveting, that it is often scarcely possible to believe that they belong to the same individual, or that so much fascination can have proceeded from one set of features.

What is most worthy of admiration in this highly gifted actress is the versatility of power which she exhibits. In this respect she is superior to either Mrs. Siddons or Miss O'Neil. She is not always majestic, like the former, nor pathetic only, like the latter. She shares more in the variety of Shakspeare's conceptions—in the pliability of Garrick's powers. It is difficult to say whether she delineates with greater felicity the tragic passions of real sorrow, or the lighter graces of winning fascination. Original in every part, she is yet peculiar in all; and so opposite are the characters she exhibits, that it is difficult to conceive that it is the same actress you see at different times on the boards. The parts which give the best idea of her great and varied powers are, Juliet, Rosalind, Desdemona, Belvidera, Pauline, Mrs. Haller, Jane Shore, Beatrice, Lady Constance, Antigone, Julia, Isabella in the Fatal Marriage, and we anticipate Iphigenia in Aulis. Isabella is peculiarly suited to her powers, for it presents an innocent mind overwhelmed by the commission of an unintended crime. In the mixture of purity with remorse, of noble feeling with despair, of love with horror, she is supremely great.

Nothing can exceed the vehemence of her bursts of impassioned emotion in some of those pieces; witness the terrible scene where she anticipates awakening from her trance amidst her ancestors' bones, in Juliet; the harrowing death, creeping on the ground, in the agonies of famine, in Jane Shore; the furious burst of indignation on recounting the infamous attempt of the old villain on her honour, in Belvidera; the dreadful mad scene in the close of the same drama; the double sacrifice in the arms of Romeo, in Shakspeare's immortal tragedy; or the sinking on her knees in prostrate despair in the last scene where she appears in Antigone.

But these bursts, how vehement and powerful soever, are less frequent than they were in the representation of similar characters by Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neil. Miss Faucit's tendency is towards the tender and the winning. Female fascination, perhaps not unmixed with coquetry, is her natural bent. She has more of the woman in her than either of her great predecessors. It is Rosalind, charming all the world by the playful, yet maidenly archness of her demeanour, rather than Belvidera, ever mourning, yet ever persuasive, which appears to suit best with the disposition of her mind.

But this does not diminish—on the contrary, it adds to—her power of delineating the graver and sadder passions; the frequent bursts of tragic emotion which she displays are only rendered more powerful on that account. She throws off the tragedy queen more readily than Mrs. Siddons; emerges from tears like the sun from the clouds, with more ease than Miss O'Neil. The greater is the effect of her terrible pathetic powers, when she does put them forth; for they approach more closely to the varying changes—the mingled joy and sorrow of real life. Her object appears to be—

“By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear.”

In majesty of figure she is not equal to Mrs. Siddons—in regularity of features, to Miss O'Neil; but in the combination of beauty with genius, of originality with taste, of energy with grace, of sportive playfulness with impassioned feeling, she is altogether without a rival now on the stage, and on a level with the greatest performers that ever adorned the British theatre. Above all, she is perfectly feminine alike in her conception and her movements. The most vehement emotion, the lightest playfulness, never make her forget the respect due to her sex. Grace and delicacy seem to be inherent in her very nature—they have been imprinted as indelibly on her mind as on her figure. Nor are the sterner and graver feelings wanting. Her acting combines, in a remarkable degree, masculine strength of understanding in the conception of character, with feminine grace and delicacy in their execution; and her countenance lightens up alternately,

in the animated scenes, with the fascination of love, the glance of indignation, and the vehemence of despair.

Miss Faucit's characters clearly have been the result of deep and solitary meditation. There is no imitation about her. She is neither cast in the Kemble mould, nor has she been formed in the Macready school. Like all persons of powerful and original genius, she takes counsel from her own thoughts alone, and educes from their profound and varied conceptions, the phantasmagoria of beauty which she presents to her audience. Her mind is poetry itself; her form, the realization of its finest vision. She throws herself into the soul of the composer of the characters which she personates; and, casting his thoughts again in the world of her own imagination, brings forth a creation more charming than any single genius, how great soever, could be capable of producing. The study of a single character, we should conceive, would, with her, be the work of nearly as much time and thought as their original conception by the dramatic poet. Nevertheless, her conceptions are mainly founded, as all perfect works of art must be, on the observation of nature. The ideal is, with her, founded on its only sure basis—the real. She has evidently drawn and modelled from the life. It is this which gives her representations their unequalled charm, and brings them home at once to the hearts of the audience. The enraptured bursts of applause which so frequently reward her greater efforts, demonstrate this. But her's is no slavish imitation of nature. It is nature seen through the eyes of genius, which she presents, like the charming paintings of Claude Lorraine, which, true to reality in every, even the minutest particulars, yet exhibit, on the whole, a combination more perfect than any scene, how exquisite soever in the actual world, could produce.

This great actress evidently aims at elevating her noble art to its loftiest, most chastened, most purifying object. Endowed by nature with all the graces of female loveliness, she is yet content sometimes to forego their exhibition in their lighter and more winning form, to personate the more serious and elevated characters, in which courage rises superior to dan-

ger, and duty gains the victory over weakness. She feels of what the histrionic art is capable—what a mighty engine, for good or for evil, its powers of attraction qualify it to become. She has taken her part accordingly, and taken it in the right spirit. Her lot has been cast in an age of transition, perhaps corruption, in which, under the cravings of a people insatiate for something new, the drama has been well nigh turned aside from its higher objects, and converted into the mere handmaid of singing and dancing. She is bending her great powers to restore it to its more elevated destiny—to render it the means of moral elevation, the instrument of general good. And if any one can effect that noble object, it is herself.

To a performer, viewing her art in this lofty spirit, it may easily be conceived what a fortunate circumstance the restoration of the noble drama of *Antigone* by Sophocles was. Nothing can be more imposing than that restoration as it was lately brought forward at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. The scene, the dresses, the arms, the singing, all carry us back to the immortal days of Grecian genius. On beholding the white beards and flowing robes of the old men who composed the chorus, one might have supposed the gallery of the Louvre had been warmed into life: when Creon is seated on the simple stone throne, the majestic head of Jupiter Tonans, at whose nod Olympus trembled, recurred to the imagination: when the armed young men come in with their brilliant helmets, burnished shields, and weighty spears, the heroes of the *Iliad* appeared to have started again into the world. Miss Faucit's graceful attitudes and exquisite figure realized the image of perfection which flitted before the fancy of the Grecian sculptors, and when she stood in silent despair, with her arms above her head, it required no sketch of imagination to suppose that the Pythian priestess was before us, combining the inspiration of Apollo with the faultless beauty of physical form.

Miss Faucit's personation of *Antigone* is the most perfect restoration of the genius of antiquity which has taken place in our own, perhaps in modern times. While in the conception of the character, she seems to have been im-

bued with the very soul of the Athenian drama, in her attitudes and gestures. She has been inspired by the exquisite taste of the Greek statuary; or rather her native grace has again presented to the world the breathing model from which their immortal conceptions were taken. The dress, the air, the walk, the ornaments, all are faultless: they have evidently been formed on the only true basis—a minute study of the remains of antiquity which have come down to our times. Her conception of the character perfectly conveys the idea of Sophocles. It is not the heroine braving death from the physical contempt of danger which she exhibits like Zenobia, or Joan of Arc,—it is a gentle but affectionate sister discharging a sacred domestic duty under a full sense of its danger, but a resolute determination to incur it. It is the resignation of the Christian martyr rather than the spirit of the heathen Amazon which she depicts. Nothing can be more touching than the representation she gives of the heart-rending horror which overpowers Antigone, when, deserted in the extremity of her distress by all the world, she hears the dreadful fate which awaits her of being entombed alive in the rock. In many of her most beautiful attitudes, particularly when, in utter despair, she throws herself on her knees, with her head almost sunk to the ground, and her dark hair covering her prostrate countenance, we behold the realization of one of the most admired statues of antiquity. And if many such models were often presented to them, our artists would be lifeless indeed if they did not rival their great predecessors.

But although the genius of this accomplished actress has thus, after the lapse of two thousand three hundred years, responded to that of Sophocles; yet that is not the native bent of her mind, nor, perhaps, the line in which she is destined to attain the highest eminence. She is a child of the soil; she is essentially national in her ideas. Her mind was born at Stratford-on-Avon; it was bred in the Forest of Arden; it emerged to the world beside the tomb of all the Capulets. Heart and soul she is Shakspearian. Her first ambition appears to have been to personate only the tragic heroines of that great dramatist, and she made her earliest appearances in them ac-

cordingly on the London stage. Subsequently, however, her ardent admiration for her favourite bard appears to have led her to attempt the personation of Shakspeare's lighter and more playful characters; and in them she is unrivalled. The power thus acquired of combining the graces of elegant, or rather bewitching comedy, with the passions of tragedy, is what now constitutes her great and peculiar excellence. It is what makes her Juliet or Pauline so attractive. They exhibit, alternately, the charm of fascinating character, and the pathos of tragic event. She thus adds another to the numerous instances which biography affords of the truth, that Nature brings the highest genius only by degrees to maturity; that all the events and changes of life concur in its development; and that often what are at the time deemed its hardships and difficulties, are the means by which, under an unseen Hand, its powers are invigorated, its aim elevated; and it is prepared for its final and most exalted destiny.

If Miss Helen Faucit need fear no competitor on the English, she has a contest worthy of herself to maintain on the French stage. The talents of MADMOISELLE RACHEL are so great, and yet so peculiar, that they seem to stand forth in the brightest relief beside the attractive graces of her fascinating rival. They are as opposite as "ebon and ivory." Thorwaldson's beautiful cameos of Day and Night might pass for emblems of their mental characters. Miss Faucit can be at times as deep as midnight; but the sun rises so soon that it does not form her prevailing character. The dark and the terrible constitute Mademoiselle Rachel's general turn of mind. Their step, air, and walk on the stage are as dissimilar as their countenances, powers, and turn of mind. Mademoiselle Rachel has none of the versatility of Miss Faucit. She could not alternately captivate in Rosalind, melt in Belvidera, and thrill with horror in the last scenes of Juliet. She is more stately and mournful. Her mind, cast in a sterner mould, fraught with more vehement feelings, is susceptible chiefly of the stronger passions. In them she is supremely great. Though endowed by nature with the power of attracting admiration, she is not powerful in the delineation.

tion of the tender affections. But in the vehement and impassioned the peculiar character of her mind is apparent. She feels she is qualified to awaken love; and satisfied of that, she has little patience for its lighter moods. She disdains its levities, its inconstancy, its caprice. She passes at once over its earlier stages. She seizes it, not when it treads on flowers, but when it is falling into the abyss. If it be true, as Byron says, that love is—

"A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears,"

she has no patience for the folly—she makes straight to the tears. No one ever excelled, few have equalled her in the representation of the dreadful agony of the mind, when one overpowering passion has concentrated all its energies, and the last beams of hope have sunk in the hopelessness of despair. The inimitable power with which she delineated that state of mind, in the character of Phedre and Hermione, at St. James's Theatre, last summer, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed them, and have secured for this great actress a durable place in the Pantheon of English as well as continental Fame.

Of all the racking and distracting passions of the mind in woman, jealousy is the one which Mademoiselle Rachel represents with the greatest power. In its delineation she is decidedly superior to either Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, or Miss Faucit. We hope it is not the case—we are sure one so gifted has less reason than most of her sex to fear rivalry—but we should almost be tempted to believe, from the inimitable power and fearful truthfulness of her delineation of that dreadful passion, in the *Sultana*, in the noble tragedy of *Bajazet*, that she was drawing from the life—that she expressed what she had herself felt. The fiery torrent seems to have penetrated every vein and fibre of her frame. All her limbs quiver; every muscle trembles, as if the burning iron had convulsed the body, and was entering into the soul. Genius, and that of the very highest kind, was here at once apparent. Its effects was manifest in the thunders of applause which it at once drew forth, even from the courtly dames and reserved daughters of England's nobi-

lity. You could not say that she was inspired by the poet; she rather seemed to have inspired him. On the grand conceptions and stately Alexandrines of the immortal dramatist, she had superadded a world of her own creation, so vehement, so entrancing, yet so true to nature, that the audience were hurried along, as by an impetuous torrent, and forgot the verses and even the play, in the intense interest excited by the performer.

Mademoiselle Rachel has not received any remarkable physical advantages from nature. Her figure, though finely formed, is neither tall nor commanding: her hair and complexion are dark, but not peculiarly fine; her countenance, though in the highest degree expressive, can hardly be said to be beautiful. But never in a human being was the triumph of mind over matter more signally evinced. She is tragedy personified; as fitly nearly as Mrs. Siddons, she might sit with the dagger and the bowl by her side. Her dark eyebrows and sable locks, the sad and melancholy expression of her visage, the stern and relentless glance of her eyes—all bespeak the concentration of the mournful feelings—of the vehement and ravaging passions. She acts from the intensity of her emotions. She is a great performer, because, in similar circumstances in real life, she would have been a dauntless heroine. The glance of indignation, the thrill of horror, the wail of despair, the pangs of jealousy, the delight of revenge, are represented by her with such inimitable truth, that they seem not to be assumed, but to emanate from a being fraught with these passions. They flow from her as from their natural fountain; they gush forth like pent-up waters on the bursting forth of a lake in the mountains.

Phedre is perhaps the most touching of Mademoiselle Rachel's representations. The wonderful delicacy with which Racine has softened whatever might be repugnant to modern feelings in that pathetic drama; the dreadful agony of love contending with modesty, passion with duty; the despair consequent on the rejection of an absorbing passion, by the man to whom existence had been devoted; were given by her with the utmost possible effect. In Hermione, there is more room for va-

riety of performance. The tragic emotions are only called forth in their full violence, in the two last acts; but there they were given with the whole and terrible powers of the actress. In Chimene, too, in Corneille's noble tragedy of *The Cid*, she appears with equal force, and in a different character. If Phedre represents the passions which distracted woman in antiquity, Chimene portrays her noblest attitude amid the chivalrous manners and elevated feelings of modern times. The contest of love with duty, of tenderness with pride, of the passion for glory with the impulse of the heart, which Corneille has there so admirably represented, met with a responsive echo in her bosom, and penetrated the breasts of all who witnessed it. In "*Les Horaces*" she was equally admirable. The contest between Roman patriotism and maidenly affection—between the agonies of love and the dictates of duty, which Livy so touchingly portrayed, and the poet has so admirably expanded, presented a worthy field for her dignified powers.

We prefer her in the tragedies of Corneille to any other parts. She is not tender enough for Racine, discursive enough for Voltaire; but the noble sentiments and stately verses of Corneille, interspersed with his vehement occasional bursts of passion, are peculiarly adapted for her magnificent powers. When we behold his pieces thus sustained, and recollect that it is the expiring genius of the French stage amidst the deluge of romantic barbarism, which is there embodied in so noble a form, we are impressed with the most melancholy feelings, and are tempted to exclaim, with the poet, on seeing the representation of ancient greatness by Kemble—

"Then, last of all the Romans, fare thee well!"

A most erroneous estimate would be

formed of Miss Helen Faucit and Mademoiselle Rachel's powers by the amount of present celebrity which they enjoy in ordinary society. You constantly hear in the world that the age of great performers is past; that there are now no Garricks or Siddons's in existence—that the degradation of the stage is owing to the want of genius in the performers. There never was a greater mistake. The fault is not in them, but in ourselves. The testimony of one who is old enough to have beheld both, and saw Siddons and Kemble early in life, when excellence, especially in woman, produces the strongest impression, may be relied on for the assertion, that the performances of these two actresses were never outdone in the olden time. Why, then, are they not, as their great predecessors were, overloaded by a nation's gratitude? Because the nation has become unworthy of them; because the multitude who now fill the theatres cannot appreciate their excellence. Admiration of them is confined to the really educated and refined; and how many are they in society? Not one in fifty! It is "*Free Trade in Theatres*" which has ruined the stage. A class has come to form the majority in every theatre, which is incapable of appreciating anything which is not addressed to the senses. In those days, a majority rules every thing. Thence the decline of the drama. In the days of Kemble and Siddons, ten minor theatres were not catering in London for the desires of an ignorant and sensual multitude; they had not to contend with the "*Crusaders*," or "*Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*;" the "*Pas des Doctes*" did not attract crowds by the prodigal display of matchless female charms. In every country, and in every art, there is a period of purity in the national taste, and a period of corruption. We have fallen into the sere leaf.

DOCTOR MADDEN'S LIFE OF EMMET.*

THE life of Robert Emmet should have been written by Thomas Moore; they were cotemporaries and fellow-collegians; and both, during the early period of their lives, enthusiasts in what was deemed the cause of liberty. The poet would have given a brilliant colouring to the day-dreams of his unfortunate compatriot; and painted the visions in which he loved to indulge with a force and a feeling which would enable even the coldest to realize them.

Robert Southey, also, knew him well; and would, we are persuaded, had the materials been placed in his hands, have done generous justice to the memory of his early friend. We have heard the late poet laureate speak of the ill-starred youth, whose promise was so bright, and whose end was so disastrous, with a touching tenderness; and express his confident belief that had he but outlived the hallucinations by which his ardent imagination had been captivated, his intellectual power would have secured him lofty eminence, and his career would have been one of usefulness and honour. Hapless young man! He was the victim of a Mokanna infatuation! Treason was "the veiled prophet," by whom his early affections had been gained, and towards whom all his aspirations were directed; and he worshipped the object of his idolatry with a devotion as intense, as that object, when seen in its true colours, was hideous and revolting!

But "fools," we are told, "rush in where angels fear to tread." And what Moore and Southey have omitted to attempt, Dr. Madden has undertaken to perform. Hard measure this to the insurgent leader! It was bad enough to be compelled to mount the scaffold; but it was no part of his sentence to be gibbeted after his death. "Save me from my friends" has passed into a proverb, as an exclamation expressive of the injury which is some-

time inflicted by over-zealous advocates, or injudicious admirers. And if the spirits of the departed are ever cognizant of the things of earth, and the scene of their early trials and sufferings is ever present to them, we know not how they could be made to feel a sharper pang, than when an officious intermeddler, like our author, disturbs the repose in which they had remained, and would fain emblazon their errors and their crimes as their most creditable memorial: errors which the sanguine temperament of youth had generated, and which maturer age would assuredly have corrected; and crimes which would never have been perpetrated, had they had the benefit of a more enlarged experience. Doubly would they grieve could they perceive that their lives were made use of for the purpose of luring others upon the rocks and quicksands where they themselves had perished; and that the very delusions which proved their bane, should acquire an additional fascination from their example. That such is the tendency of Dr. Madden's work, whatever may be his intentions, (of these we do not presume to judge) must be manifest to every candid and intelligent reader. He has spared no pains to possess himself of all the authentic information within his reach, respecting the youth whom he regards as a martyr to the cause of Irish independence, and of whose principles he is an enthusiastic admirer; but any antidote to the poison contained in his pages, his readers must find for themselves.

Robert Emmet was the youngest son of Doctor Emmet, a medical practitioner of eminence in his day, and who enjoyed the rank and the emoluments of state physician to the Vice-regal household. Few men had better reason to entertain high hopes of distinction for his offspring, as they were all remarkably gifted with talent, and possessed, beside, those attractive man-

* The United Irishmen; their Lives and Times. By R. R. Madden, M.D., M.R.I.A. Third Series. 3 vols. small 8vo. Dublin: Duffy. 1846.

ners which made them universally engaging. His eldest son, Temple Emmet, who had been called to the bar, was just beginning to acquire that professional celebrity which would soon have realized all his father's fondest expectations, when he was smitten with a fatal malady, which hurried him to an early grave. His second son, Thomas Addis Emmet, became deeply compromised in the treason of the United Irishmen, and narrowly escaped the forfeiture of his life, by entering, with other state prisoners, into a compact with government, by which, in virtue of certain disclosures which they made respecting the nature and the extent of the conspiracy, they were permitted to banish themselves out of Ireland. His youngest son, Robert, to whose brief and tragical history we are about more particularly to advert, was not destined to prove an exception to the general fatality which seems to have attended this unhappy family, and was only fortunate in the circumstance that his death was anticipated by that of his parents, upon whom the series of their domestic calamities pressed so heavily as to bring down their "grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

Doctor Emmet lived at a period when revolutionary politics were all the rage; and we have little reason to wonder that he was one of those who were captivated by the novel theories of liberty and equality which had attained so much acceptance with the most distinguished of the senators and the patriots of Ireland. The principles to which Charlemont and Grattan, Flood, and Hussey Burgh, had given in their adhesion, came powerfully recommended to the friend and the admirer of these gifted men; and we are not to be surprised that the household words to which his family were most accustomed were such as conveyed his indignant impression of the tyranny of England too long endured, the rights of Ireland too long withheld, and the duty of her patriot sons to seize upon the first opportunity of vindicating the national independence. The respectability of his character, the general estimation in which he was held, his social and domestic virtues, all conspired to add force to the impression which his sentiments and his example were calculated to make upon ardent

and susceptible minds which regarded him with more than filial reverence; and it would, indeed, be surprising if the children of such a parent, so brought up, and at a time when so many events, both foreign and domestic, were occurring, of a nature to inflame the passions and stimulate the expectations of all the restless and discontented, had not deeply implanted in them those seeds of republican equality which afterwards germinated into revolutionary violence, and finally became prolific of treason.

But ninety-eight, which saw the outbreak, saw the prostration of the hopes of the United Irishmen. The promptitude of government in seizing upon the revolutionary leaders, paralyzed the energies of the disaffected; and the rebellion was put down with as little of severity as could possibly attend the suppression of a conspiracy in which so large a number of the people were engaged, and which was fraught with so much formidable danger. Addis Emmet, with other principals, had been arrested, and kept in close confinement; and it was while the family were involved in the gloom and sadness which his misfortunes occasioned, and were yet uncertain of his fate, that Robert became baptized into the number of the conspirators, and initiated in the mysteries of treason. He had early learned the catechism of the disaffected. The specious philosophy, and the rampant notions of liberty, which constituted the stock in trade of the patriots, *par excellence*, of that day, found a soil but too congenial in the ardent and imaginative temperament of a youth who had been all his life breathing an atmosphere of sedition, and whose virtues only rendered him more liable to be influenced by the example of those he loved. And the very sorrows which would serve to wean a less sincere or enthusiastic votary from the cause which had proved so disastrous to his dearest relatives, would only, in his case, exert a consecrating influence, giving a wild sublimity to his disinterestedness, and doubly riveting the chains of his fancied obligations. As our Goldsmith beautifully said of the Swiss peasant—

"The storms that round him roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more,"—

so, it is our belief, the very troubles

of the defeated faction, and the apparent wreck of all their hopes, served but to endear their cause the more to this sanguine and restless, but most pure minded and impassioned young man, who would, we are persuaded, have preferred death of any kind, in an attempt to achieve its success, to any advancement that could be obtained by proving false to its principles, or abandoning its objects.

The history of the men of ninety-eight never should be written without adverting to the low tone of religious feeling which at that time prevailed, and was one of the predisposing causes which exposed them to the jacobinical epidemic with which so many otherwise estimable individuals became infected. It was, our readers will remember, the age of reason, when infidelity had taken possession of many minds, and the writings of Thomas Paine had supplanted the Bible. And even many who were not professed infidels, were but little influenced by gospel truth, and might be described, with all their showy accomplishments, as "empty, swept, and garnished," only awaiting the occupancy of other evil principles, by which their "last end might be rendered worse than their first." In such a state of things, the prevalent passion for democratic change could meet with no sufficient counteraction. It is deep only that answereth unto deep. The substance of little things present can never adequately contend against the shadow of great things to come. And the splendid unrealities which then constituted the day-dream of reputed patriotism, were but idly combated by the cold formalities of a system which made no appeal to any higher faculties than plain, every-day common sense and reason. There was a talismanic efficacy in the words of the agitator, as he then appeared, which gave him a magician's power among the people, and he was, in truth, a creature of a different form and pressure from the base and vulgar swaggerers who have in our day traded upon popular credulity. He appealed only to sympathies which were generous, and scorned to avail himself of agencies which were ignoble or degrading. And hence his sway over the minds of a class of men who were charmed by novel theories of republican equality, as much as they were

disgusted by the palpable abuses of a government under which they saw reputed loyalty so often in connexion with sordid self-interest and corruption.

Was the Church to be maintained? It was maintained without any perception of, or any value for, its claims as a gospel institute, for the spiritual improvement of the people. Was the monarchy to be upheld, and British connexion vindicated? We look in vain, amongst their advocates, for those expanded views, by which their existence may be proved necessary to our social well-being, and they are best recommended to the thoughtful and the enlightened. The truth is, these views embrace moral and religious considerations which the statesman never can neglect without losing sight of his polar star; and it is well worthy of being remarked by the attentive observer, that it was when the religious sentiment was down to zero, those pernicious principles obtained an ascendancy which threatened the subversion of social order.

That Dr. Emmet was not a professed infidel, we very well know; that he did not even suspect himself of any indifference to Christianity, we can very well believe. He was the friend and the admirer of the great preacher, Kirwan, who came, as Grattan eloquently said, "to break the repose of the pulpit;"—thereby indicating the spiritual torpor which had previously prevailed. But what the quality was of the religious instruction which the amiable physician communicated to his family, may, we think, be collected from the following extract from a letter written by him to his son Addis, when a state prisoner in Fort George, in Scotland; the topics of consolation to which he refers being no other than those which would present themselves to a heathen philosopher, who had never received the gospel! We ask any Christian father, whose head has been whitened by the snows of age, and whom affliction has sorely visited, whether he could, under such circumstances, address the following observations to his captive son:—

"Whatever is, however, is, perhaps, the best; and the true wisdom of man would be, perhaps, always to think so, at least to act as if he thought so, and, consequently, to factor every moment

of time to the comfort and pleasing enjoyment of the present. 'Carpe horam,' was Horace's advice; 'Vive la bagatelle,' that of Swift; and since what is past cannot be recalled, and what is to come may never reach, our prudence would seem to be the cheerful enjoyment of the present. May you and yours enjoy it in its fullest, best extent."

This we refer to, not with the remotest wish to cast any imputation upon this unhappy old man, who was but reflecting the image of his age, when he thus directed his son to have recourse for consolation, under the ills of life, to "broken cisterns which hold no water." But it is right that the reader should have a just idea of Robert Emmet's bringing up, in order that due allowance may be made for the errors to which he became a victim. We see no evidence that Christian principles were implanted in his youthful mind, or that any thing was done for his moral culture, in that early stage of his being, when he was most susceptible of moral impressions, which would give, to eternal realities, their due importance. And therefore we are not surprised that affections and faculties, which were left unoccupied by the objects which might most suitably engage them, transferred their intensity to other things, and that the enthusiast became a devotee of republicanism, with the same uncalculating spirit of self-renouncement, with which the Christian, who is such in deed, as well as in profession, becomes a servant of the living God. There are some men whose religion degenerates into politics; in Robert Emmet, politics became exalted into religion. The end, at which he was led to aim, he prosecuted with an entire and a self-renouncing devotedness, which proved that the pursuit in which he had engaged was the absorbing passion of his soul;—and renders it impossible not to heave a sigh, not only for the untimely fate of such a youth, but for the loss of those benefits, both moral and social, which he would, full surely, have secured both for himself and for his country, had the proper aliment been early given to his noble faculties, and had his views received a wiser direction.

He was born in the year 1778, and entered the Dublin University in the year 1793, having received his pre-

paratory education, partly at the school of Mr. Samuel White, where Moore was educated, and partly from Mr. Lewis, who was for many years curate of St. Peter's, in Dublin. His college tutor, of whom we know he was a favourite pupil, was the late Dean Graves. Like his other brothers, he obtained many honours in his college course, having shown an aptitude for the exact sciences that would have ensured him great distinction. But unhappily the principles which he had imbibed had drawn him into practices which rendered him liable to the animadversion of the public authorities; and when, from some rumours of disaffection within the walls of the university, Lord Clare held his celebrated visitation in 1798 (of which the reader will find a very full account in our May number), he, with several other students, was publicly expelled.

Dr. Madden states, no doubt correctly, that previously to expulsion, he had written to the Board of Senior Fellows a letter, desiring to have his name removed from the college books; as it was, in his opinion, improper and unconstitutional to require, under the obligation of an oath, any one student to criminate another. In this opinion, we are told by his biographer, his father fully agreed; but we are not surprised to learn that the Board took no notice of it, and that sentence of expulsion was passed as though no such puerile absurdity ever had been thought of. The Board would, surely, be a very useless body, if they could take no summary cognizance of those members of the college whose opinions or whose practices savoured of treason.

Young Emmet was thus left without a profession: a waif or stray upon the tide of life. And as his principles had been adopted deliberately and disinterestedly, it was but natural that he should feel increased detestation for a system of government, by which his fair prospects in life were thus suddenly and, as he deemed, undeservedly, blasted.

His brother's prison now became his university. The faculties which might be healthfully and profitably occupied in the seat of learning, where he had been so creditably distinguished, were engaged upon objects which served but to compromise his charac-

ter and to disturb his peace. His chosen associates now were the excommunicated of civil society; and he was soon engaged in practices, and became committed to a course of action, which, if it did not, and that speedily, accomplish the overthrow of the British rule in this country, must end in his own destruction. This he clearly foresaw, and deliberately prepared himself for the worst, as one who had "counted his cost," and was steadily resolved to peril his all in the desperate project upon which he adventured.

In proof of the energy, the promptitude, and the determination of this extraordinary young man, we extract from the pages of Dr. Madden the following account of an incident which occurred while he was yet a student of our university, and which, assuredly, evinces a presence of mind and a reflective collectedness beyond his years:—

"He was in the habit of making chemical experiments in his father's house, and, on one occasion, nearly fell a victim to his ardour in his favourite pursuit. Mr. Patten, the brother-in-law of T. A. Emmet, had been staying at his father's, and, on the occasion referred to, had assisted Robert in his experiments. After Mr. Patten had retired, the former applied himself to the solution of a very difficult problem in Friend's Algebra. A habit which he never relinquished when deeply engaged in thought—that of biting his nails—was the cause of an accident which proved nearly fatal to him on the occasion in question. He was seized with most violent inward pains; these pains were the effects of poison; he had been manipulating corrosive sublimate, and had, unconsciously, on putting his fingers to his mouth, taken, internally, some portion of the poison. Though fully aware of the cause of his sufferings, and of the danger he was in, he abstained from disturbing his father, but proceeded to his library, and took down a volume of an Encyclopædia, which was in the room. Having referred to the article 'poisons,' he found that chalk was recommended as a prophylactic in cases of poisoning from corrosive sublimate. He then called to mind that Mr. Patten had been using chalk with a turning-lathe in the coach-house. He went out, broke open the coach-house door, and succeeded in finding the chalk, which he made use of, and then set to work again at the puzzling question which had before baffled

his endeavours to solve. In the morning, when he presented himself at the breakfast-table, his countenance, to use the language of my informant (who was present), 'looked as small and as yellow as an orange.' He acknowledged to this gentleman that he had suffered all night excruciating tortures, and yet he employed his mind in the solution of that question, which the author of the work acknowledged was one of extraordinary difficulty, and he succeeded in his efforts."

Such was the youth who was now, in his twentieth year, in constant intercourse with his brother Addis, and used by him as the medium of communication with his unshackled fellow-conspirators, who were still at large. It is perfectly clear that they were far from abandoning their projects for the freedom and the independence of Ireland. The successes of Buonaparte on the continent, and the consequent embarrassments of England, served to revive their hopes; and what they had failed to effect by their unaided exertions, they now expected to accomplish by foreign aid. To what extent that aid would be given or received; in what light they were to regard their French allies, whether as masters or servants; how far Buonaparte could be relied on as the friend of constitutional liberty; and what the guarantees were to be by which they were to be protected against French domination, these now constituted the topics of discussion amongst the disaffected; and a serious difference of opinion became manifest wherever they were earnestly canvassed. Some there were whose hatred of England would prompt them to accept foreign aid upon any terms, provided only the British authority was overthrown. Others saw no safety in a mere change of masters, and would not consent to admit French troops into the country, but upon terms which strictly limited their services to the particular object which was in view, and under restrictions which would render it impossible for them to become the enemies of public liberty. How great the delusion must have been which could have persuaded any rational beings that the French ruler would be bound by any such terms longer than his own interest required, must be manifest to all who are acquainted with his career upon the

continent, his more than Panic perfidy, and the remorseless voracity of his unprincipled ambition. But treason, which is lynx-eyed in discovering defects in the government against which it rebels, is often blind to its own dangers; and in its very precautions against fancied tyranny, is often but preparing the way for oppression the most galling, compared with which all previous causes of complaint might well be considered light and trivial.

And here we must indignantly, and once for all, deny that Ireland suffered any such oppression as could justify the treasonable machinations of the disaffected. On the contrary, no country upon the face of the earth had, for the previous quarter of a century, made, in the same time, such rapid advances in commercial and constitutional freedom. By the acts of '82, which emancipated its legislature from the control of an English privy council, and which removed the restrictions upon its trade, Ireland, to use the words of Grattan, seemed "to rise from its bed, and to get nearer to the sun." Indeed, the only question with wise men was, how far the newly-acquired privileges were compatible with British rule. In '93, a large measure of concession was made to the Roman Catholics. In the army and the navy, and the learned professions, all obstacles to their advancement, except to the very highest offices, had been removed. Their property was as secure, their personally liberty as complete, as that of any other subjects; and as long as the country continued in a state of tranquillity, its progress in wealth and prosperity was all but unexampled.

But precisely in proportion to the boons which were conferred, was the spirit of discontent which was excited. England's lavish bounty only stirred up in this country a frantic desire for revolutionary change. Even the shadow of her sovereignty would not be endured; and when the king's illness rendered the appointment of a regent necessary, the Irish dissented from the British House of Commons as to the principle upon which it should be made—thus threatening the disruption of the connexion, and endangering the stability of the empire. Did not this prove to demonstration, that the progress of self-legislation had been too fast rather than too slow, and that if something

were not done to restrain the headlong career of intemperate and misguided men, the most fatal consequences might be apprehended?

All this we say, not pronouncing any opinion as to the expediency or inexpediency of the measures which were taken for the benefit of Ireland. We only state the fact, that these measures rapidly followed each other, and were all of the most liberal kind. And any patriot who really desired his country's good might be well satisfied with what was done, and receive it not only as a benefit in itself, but as a pledge that whatever remained of the full complement of her prosperity and happiness would, full surely, and in no long time, be conceded likewise.

This, however, was just what was least acceptable to the more stirring and ardent spirits who had resolved to cast off the restraints of monarchical government, and to rest satisfied with nothing short of complete and absolute independence. We now know, from the autobiography of Wolfe Tone, that every measure was regarded with jealousy which might have the effect of staying the appetite for political change, and reconciling the people to the supremacy of England. Their motto was "*Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes*;" and their labours were incessant, and but too successful, in representing that every concession was the effect of fear; that they owed them not to British generosity or wisdom, but to their own sturdy reclamation against oppression; and that by union, firmness, and bravery, it would be no difficult matter to throw off altogether the English yoke, and enable Ireland to take her station amongst the nations of the world as a power complete within herself; and, under a virtuous republican form of government, which could alone secure to any country the greatest amount of happiness, prosperity, and freedom.

And who were the Solons, and the Lycurgi by whom this moral and social regeneration was to be effected?—the statesmen, and the philosophers, under whose auspices the country was to enter upon this "untried form" of political being, casting off the slough of its old habits of obedience to monarchical rule, and passing, through a sea of blood, to the new land of promise, where liberty and equality were to be the watchwords of the people? Men

who have not left behind them one single sentence to prove that they were anything better than arrant political mountebanks, whose views never rose above the atmosphere of the ale-house, and were nothing better than the inspiration of deleterious stimulants, by which, while the passions were inflamed, the understanding was disordered! Their writings and their speeches are all froth and scum, the workings of distempered imaginations or perverted hearts; and we look in vain for anything indicative of that depth of thought which is sometimes found in connexion with very wild and erroneous political notions. All is "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." Emptiness and vanity are its characteristics.

It is curious that any traces of vigorous reflection which are to be found amongst them belong to the unlettered conspirators—the peasants and the weavers of "the Union," who, had they possessed the literary advantages of their superiors in rank, would never have been found amongst such a congregation of traitors. James Hope, the Belfast weaver, only wanted better lights to be a better man. His views would have been more just had his range of thought been more expanded; and had but one-tenth of the advantages been bestowed upon him which were thrown away upon Lord Edward Fitzgerald and other aristocrats of the conspiracy, he would have been as distinguished for his loyalty as he was remarkable for his disaffection. Holt and Dwyer possessed the raw material which, if properly worked up, would have enabled them to make a respectable figure in the world. The lights which they had were just sufficient to lead them astray; and they became traitors and outlaws only for want of the guidance and the discipline which would have led them into the paths of peace, by which faction would have been unmasked, and they would have seen the falsehood of the representations, and the hollowness of the pretensions, by which they were so sadly deluded. Another poor fellow, Felix Rourke, the son of a Kildare peasant, whose tale has interested us because of the reckless sincerity of his devotion to the cause, was one who, if living in a higher station, would never have disgraced it. Had he had the education of an Emmet or a Shears, he would not

have been blinded by the follies to which they were a prey; and he might have left behind him some more creditable warning against the guilt and the dangers of revolutionary violence, than his bones, which rattled on the gibbet to scare future conspirators from the paths of treason. But the heads of the conspiracy, the men whose showy accomplishments captivated the multitude, were all characterized either by a degree of coxcombry or shallowness, which utterly unfitted them to be the leaders of a great national movement; and, accordingly, when the hour of trial came, while the people, whenever called upon, were but too ready, *they* were found wanting.

They were not, however, deficient in that perverted ingenuity, of which examples have been given by the most unprincipled schemers. The mechanism of the conspiracy was admirably contrived. An instrumentality was employed by which the whole country was organised, with a degree of completeness and secrecy which has never been exceeded. The directors in Dublin, themselves involved in impenetrable obscurity, exercised a complete control over all the subordinate ramifications of the system, and were obeyed with unhesitating promptitude in any orders which were issued to their inferiors. There was thus an unity of will and purpose, which, in their growth, gave a uniformity and steadiness to the proceedings of the United Irishmen marvellously favourable to the accomplishment of their designs. Treason began to inundate the country with the stealthy quietness of the flowing of the tide, and there was reason to fear that loyalty would be hopelessly compromised before peaceable men were aware of their danger.

When the conspirators began to feel their strength, terror was substituted for persuasion. The promptest vengeance awaited the recreant who was suspected of betraying their cause. Assassination was reduced to a regular system; and the witnesses who prosecuted, and the juries who convicted, any of the sworn brotherhood, did so at the risk of their lives. Thus there was a violent interruption to the ordinary administration of justice. The laws stood suspended by the fiat of the conspirators. And it was made clearly manifest, as was observed in one of the publications of the day, that if the

government rested satisfied with only going to law with them, when they went to war with the government, treason must speedily be triumphant.

It was in this disastrous state of things that recourse was had to martial law; a deplorable alternative, but rendered absolutely necessary by the otherwise unpunished miscreancy of the disturbers. Unless the government were prepared to see, with equal minds, the murder, one by one, of every gentleman distinguished for loyalty, and upon whom reliance might be placed in the event of a treasonable outbreak, they must meet "the Union" with their own weapons, and be as prompt in defending, as the terrorists were daring in their assaults upon, the lives and properties of the peaceable and unoffending.

"Has the noble lord," asked Lord Clare, in his triumphant reply to Lord Moira, in the Irish House of Lords, on the 29th of February, 1798, "heard of the numberless murders which have been perpetrated by the orders of the Irish union, for the crime of putting the laws of the country into a course of execution? Has he heard of the murder of Mr. Butler, a clergyman and a magistrate? Has he heard of the murder of Mr. Knipe, a clergyman and a magistrate? Has he heard of the murder of Mr. Hamilton, a clergyman and a magistrate, and the circumstances of horror which attended it? This unhappy gentleman, who had been a fellow of Trinity College, and had retired to a college benefice, in the county of Donegal, a man of exemplary piety and learning, had been guilty of the heinous crime of inculcating the habits of religion and morality and industry, and due subordination, in a wild and remote district. He had also been guilty of exertion, as a magistrate, to stop the progress of treason; and was accordingly denounced by the brotherhood. He had, as every other gentleman in the same predicament was obliged to do, converted his dwelling-house into a fortress, which was protected by a military guard; he had gone to Derry, but hearing of a disturbance in his neighbourhood, he fatally prepared to return and quiet it, intending to take shelter from his enemies before the return of night. In this, however, he was prevented by a storm, which made it impossible for him to re-pass the lake upon which his dwelling stood; and he went to the house of a friend, Mr. Waller, who had been also a fellow of Trinity College, and who, to

his misfortune, received him. While this gentleman, with his wife and children, were quietly sitting with their guest by the fire side, a volley of muskets was discharged into the house, which instantly killed Mrs. Waller; and this was their first notice of the attack. The savages who surrounded the house, cried out for Mr. Hamilton, and threatened to burn it unless he was delivered into their hands; when this unfortunate gentleman was dragged from his hiding place by the servants of his host, delivered into the hands of his enemies, and butchered by them with aggravated circumstances of barbarity, too shocking to relate. His widow and helpless children have a pension from the crown, or they must have perished for want. Has the noble lord heard of the murder of Mr. Cummins, whose crime was that he had presumed to enrol his name in a corps of yeomanry, under the command of his landlord, the Earl of Londonderry? Has he heard of the attempt to assassinate Mr. Johnstone, a magistrate, in the populous town of Lisburn? Has he heard of the recent murder of Colonel St. George, and of his host, Mr. Uniacke? Has he heard of the recent murder of two dragoons who had discovered to their officer an attempt to seduce them? In a word, let me ask the noble lord, whether he has heard of the numberless and atrocious deeds of massacre and assassination, which form a part of the system acted upon by the Irish brotherhood, and encouraged by the privileged orders of innovation? I hold the dark and bloody catalogue! But I will not proclaim to the civilized world the state of cannibal barbarism to which my unhappy country has been brought by these pestilent and cowardly traitors. These are the men of sentiment whom the noble lord is so anxious to conciliate! These are the injured innocents, whose cause he has so often, and so pathetically pleaded! The injured innocents, who deal in midnight robbery, conflagration, and murder; and scatter terror and desolation over the whole face of the country!"

Such was the state of the country, when the system of free quarters and martial law was resorted to in the disturbed districts (a desperate remedy in a desperate case), as the only means which could give the government any chance of contending successfully against the organized miscreancy of the traitors. And yet, this sad necessity is now pleaded as an excuse for the crimes by which it was caused! Such is the preposterous reasoning of Doc-

ter Madden, and others of his party, by which the order of things is directly inverted. They would justify the outrages of the insurgents, by the system of free quarters and martial law; whereas, free quarters and martial law were never heard of until no other remedy remained for the outrages of the insurgents! They ascribe the disease to the medicine which was given to cure it, and which, but for the previous existence of the disease, would not have been administered at all!

Has Doctor Madden ever found it necessary to order a blistering plaster for a patient, by which his back may have been rendered very sore? He may have done so, and with the best effects. The disease, which would have otherwise struck in, and fastened upon the vital organs, may thus have been drawn off by the surface; and valuable life may have been saved at the expense merely of a little temporary pain and inconvenience. What would he think if an action were brought against him for the injury which was thus done to the surface of the body, although without it the most fatal consequences must have ensued? Would he not regard his patient as a bedlamer, with whom it would not be rational to reason? And not one whit more rational does he himself appear, when he complains of the cruelties which were either practised, or connived at, by the government; which *followed*, instead of *preceding* the atrocities of the insurgents; and without which no limits could be assigned to the proscription and massacre of loyal subjects. We do not find in his pages any complaints of such proscription and massacre. He writes as though he never had heard of them. The suspension of the habeas corpus act was, according to him, a wanton invasion of public liberty, utterly unprovoked by any such system of crime as bade defiance to the ordinary operation of the law. With what justice this representation is made, the reader may now judge for himself; but the full mischief which may be done by it can be only vaguely conjectured, when we consider how vast the multitudes are amongst whom it will be repeated without meeting any effectual counter-action.

That a youth like Robert Emmet, who had lived all his life in an atmosphere of sedition, and whose dearest

relatives had been leading members of "the Union," should have regarded the conspirators as lambs, and the government as wolves, was but too natural. He was a contemplative enthusiast, who loved to give to his dreamy imaginings a semblance of reality; and he "lived and moved, and had his being," amid the phantasmata of his own heated and creative mind. His brother, Addis, was (we are told by Doctor Madden, upon very good authority) still bent upon renewing his treasonable efforts, and regarded the contest with the British government as "suspended, but not relinquished." And as soon as ever his liberation from captivity enabled him to communicate with his brother conspirators in foreign countries, his first thoughts were directed to the re-organization of the plans, the frustration of which he and they so bitterly lamented.

There existed, at this period, in England, a society called "The Secret Committee of England," and which consisted of delegates from the three members of the United Kingdom. This society exercised a sort of authority over other subordinate conclaves of conspirators, and its office would seem to have been to keep the embers of sedition alive, wherever they might otherwise grow cold, and to unite in one continuous stream the various rills of popular discontent, which might be dissipated, if not thus combined, and made subservient to a common object. With this society the United Irish brotherhood had much communication, "a great deal of which," Doctor Madden tells us, "was carried on by the agency of Benjamin Pemberton Binns, and the Rev. James Coigly."

When Colonel Despard made his frantic attempt upon the life of the sovereign, George the Third, Arthur O'Connor was very anxious to impress upon the public that there was no connexion whatever between him and the discontented in Ireland. But Doctor Madden very properly observes:—

"Until it can be shown that the objects of the Secret Committee of England, composed of delegates from England, Ireland, and Scotland, were wholly foreign to the affairs of Ireland, I, for one, cannot be persuaded but that Colonel Despard's supposed connexion

with the secret society in England was well known to the leaders of the United Irishmen, and that a popular movement—not an atrocious act of assassination—was expected, and looked for with anxiety, as affording employment for the troops in England, which would leave a better prospect for their efforts in Ireland.”

It is probable, that, had the designs of the Secret Committee taken effect, and England been so engaged by domestic troubles, as to give full occupation to her military at home, advantage would be taken of it by the seditious in Ireland, to be up and doing in the business which they had in hand. But the detection and execution of Despard and his brother conspirators frustrated their hopes in that quarter; and they now looked to the growing bad feeling between England and France, and the near prospect of hostilities which might result in French invasion, as furnishing a better grounded security, that, should an insurrection then be attempted, it might be attended with good success; as the French ruler would, for his own sake, aid, to the utmost, in crushing the power which had ever been his most formidable and determined enemy.

Doctor Madden tells us that previously to Robert Emmet's departure from Paris, upon the enterprize which proved so fatal to himself—

“He had an interview with Buonaparte; the nature of it was such as to leave no doubt on his mind that peace was destined to be of short continuance, that hostilities would commence before the month of August, 1803, and that the invasion of England would take place in the course of that month.

“He told one of his most intimate friends in Ireland—a gentleman whose veracity can be relied on—that his interview had left an unfavourable impression on his mind of the character of the First Consul; that he had been referred by Buonaparte to Talleyrand, and had several interviews with the latter, of whose intentions towards Ireland he thought not more favourably than of those of his master, and of whose knowledge of the state of things there he could say but little to its advantage. He thought, however, that Talleyrand rather desired the establishment of an independent republic in Ireland, and that Buonaparte did not. His only ob-

ject was, to aggrandise France, and to damage England; and so far as that object went, to wish well to any effort in Ireland that might be ancillary to his purpose. He thought, however, that Buonaparte, seeing that war was inevitable, was sincere in the purpose he expressed of making a descent on England the earliest possible moment after war had been declared; and that event, he was led to believe, was likely to take place within eight or nine months.”

That very serious apprehensions of invasion were entertained in England at this period, there can be no doubt; and what the immediate effects might have been if it were really attempted, it would be very difficult to say. Emmet, who distrusted Buonaparte's good will to Ireland, by no means distrusted his hatred of England; and having been persuaded that the cause in which he was engaged was a just and righteous one, resolved not to miss the opportunity, should it present itself, of striking a blow for the liberation of his country, while her tyrant oppressor was engaged in a life or death struggle with the proud invader.

Nor was he without well-grounded assurances, that, in this new attempt, he would have, at home, powerful co-operation. The temperament of the country may be collected from the following extract from a letter written by Lord Charles Bentinck, to his brother William, then a governor of Madras, found in a vessel captured by the French, and published in the *Moniteur*—“If Ireland be not attended to, it will be lost. These rascals are as ripe as ever for rebellion.” This was in the August of 1803, after the Insurrection had failed. But Doctor Madden cites extracts from the letters of many eminent individuals, written shortly before that event, which fully prove that the most serious apprehensions were entertained in the highest quarters for the safety of the British empire.

In the autumn of 1802, Emmet arrived from Paris, where he had been in constant communication with the French government, and the disaffected Irish. He now addressed himself to such of the survivors of ninety-eight as he could conveniently converse with; and found many of them but too ready to enter into his views. He was led to believe, by informants on

whom he relied, that nineteen counties would rise, if Dublin were securely in the hands of the insurgents. And Dr. Madden countenances the notion, that individuals of rank and consequence in the country, whose names have never transpired, had pledged themselves to aid and abet him, with the whole amount of their fortunes and their influence, in the enterprize on which he had resolved.

It was not until the month of March, 1803, that the preliminary arrangements were completed, which enabled him to take active measures in Dublin for carrying his intentions into effect. The trace of Amiens had now expired, and France and Great Britain were again at war; and, although he had no confidence either in the justice or the generosity of the French ruler, yet he deemed it not unlikely that for Gallic purposes an invasion might be made, which would be materially serviceable to him in accomplishing his Irish objects.

Premises in Marshalsea-lane, in Patrick-street, in Winetavern-street, and at Irishtown, were taken, for the purpose of forwarding the preparations which the coming occasion would require. In them, arms and ammunition to a vast amount, were accumulated; and combustibles of various kinds (one of them a rocket resembling the congrève rockets, as afterwards employed) prepared, by which, it was expected, great execution would be done upon the British troops in a hand to hand contest with the insurgents.

The outlay which was required for this apparatus of treason, was supplied, partly by Emmet himself, and partly by a Mr. Philip Long, a Dublin merchant, who was an ardent but timid member of the conspiracy. The agents on whom he most relied were, Russel, Hamilton, James Hope, the northern weaver, Felix Rourke, Michael Dwyer, the Wicklow outlaw, who was at the head of a body of desperadoes by which the neighbourhood of Dublin was infested; and others, whose connexion with the former rebellion, and influence with the disaffected in various parts of the country, enabled them, at such a crisis, to render peculiar service to such a cause.

It is strange that all these preparations continued to go on, without any alarm being felt by government for the public safety. Lord Hardwicke

was occupying his residence in the Phoenix Park, and dispensing the vice-regal hospitalities, without the slightest apprehension that an explosion was at hand, by which the government might be shaken from its foundations! And had not a series of accidents, wholly unforeseen, interfered with the designs of the conspirators, the capital would assuredly have been in their hands, the principal officers of state their prisoners, and what the disaffected counties would have done when the rebel flag waved over the castle of Dublin, may be conjectured from the recklessness with which, but a few years before, they perilled life and limb in what would be deemed a far more hopeless contest.

It was by some deemed advisable that the insurrection should not take place until the middle of August, when their preparations and their organization would be far more complete. But against this it was strongly urged by Emmet that some suspicion of what was in hand had already reached the ears of government, which began to be unusually active; that the yeomanry were about to be called out; and that unless they acted immediately, they would lose the advantage of a surprise—considerations which he persuaded them were sufficient to justify the naming of an earlier day for the intended rising. It was accordingly fixed for the 23rd of July.

On the 16th, an explosion took place in the depot in Patrick-street, which greatly alarmed the conspirators, by threatening a disclosure of their designs; and had government only exerted ordinary vigour and ordinary vigilance, the whole plot must have been laid bare. But they seem to have been spell-bound by a kind of infatuation.

Emmet now removed from his lodgings, and betook himself to the depot in Marshalsea-lane, where he remained night and day, urging forward the preparations for the night of the 23rd with all the earnestness of his ardent nature. His associates were all of the lowest class: weavers, tailors, ostlers, bakers, bricklayers, coal factors, "*et hoc genus omne*." No man of rank or substance appeared ostensibly in connexion with him. But if he could take the authorities by surprise, he did not fear that many such would be forthcoming, by whose aid a good

beginning might be brought to a successful end.

The hour was now rapidly approaching when his courage and his conduct were to be put to the test; and as it neared, the accidents multiplied which augured a disastrous termination.

By some mistake, or accident, or treachery, his communication with the Wicklow insurgents was intermitted just when it was most important that it should be maintained; and Dwyer, the leader, never thought of moving his men from their fastnesses until the news reached him that the rising in Dublin had failed.

The Kildare men, who had been crowding into the city from an early hour on the 23rd, all left, to return home about five o'clock in the evening, having been directed to do so by some one who informed them that the men of Dublin would not act.

All this was sufficiently embarrassing; and, when added to the embarrassments which he felt in the failure of some of his agents to make the necessary preparations, by which the rockets, combustibles, and other implements of destruction were to be in readiness against the attacks of the military, caused him to regard his position with anxiety and alarm, and to feel that the service in which he was engaged was a kind of forlorn hope, upon which he could not enter without peril, and from which he could not retreat without dishonour.

The first intimation which the government received of the dangers by which they were beset, was from Mr. Clarke, the extensive calico printer, of Palmerstown, who was sent by his friend and neighbour Captain (the late Sir Richard) Willcocks, to inform Mr. Marsden, the under secretary, of the great probability that there would be that night a treasonable rising. Of this our readers will find a full account in our first volume,* to which we refer Doctor Madden, with an assurance that we have had it from the lips of Sir Richard Willcocks himself. Marsden was incredulous, and laughed at Clarke for his credulity. When the latter returned from his fruitless interview, and told his friend how he had been received, Willcocks immediately resolved to get up out of his sick bed, and go directly to Doctor Lindsay, the

private secretary to the Earl of Hardwicke, who was then residing in the Phoenix Park. When passing through Palmerstown, with this view, he was struck by the appearance of Mr. Clarke's factory men, who were all clean, and dressed in their Sunday clothes. Upon observing that at such an hour of the day he would have expected to see them "up to their elbows in dye-stuffs," the conviction instantly flashed upon Clarke's mind, that they were preparing for the intended outbreak; and he rode amongst them, violently upbraiding them for their disaffection, and telling them that the government was apprized of it, and that they would "all be shot like dogs." He and his friend then passed on to the house of the private secretary, upon whom a strong impression of the reasonableness of his apprehensions was made by Capt. Willcocks, who was directed to proceed again to the castle, with a message from him to Mr. Marsden, that he believed his information to be true, and that no time should be lost in taking every possible precaution against the coming dangers.

Meanwhile, some emissaries of Emmet, who had been marshalling the rebel force in the neighbourhood of Dublin, arrived in Palmerstown, shortly after Willcocks and Clarke had left it on their way to the Phoenix Park. The men told them what Clarke had said; and the resolution of the desperadoes was immediately taken, to murder these gentlemen on their way to the castle, and thus prevent the authorities being made aware of the intended attack, until it was too late to prevent it. But before the assassins were prepared to act, the castle was reached, and they had had an interview with Mr. Marsden. He was still obstinately, and almost insolently incredulous; assured them that their fears were quite groundless; that if government attended to such idle rumours, they would be in a constant state of alarm every day; that he would answer for the tranquillity of the country, and that they might go to their beds, and sleep secure, as there was not the slightest danger. "Well, sir," said Willcocks, "I am of a different opinion, but I see that nothing which I can say will move you. But will you do one thing for me?"

"What is that?" said Marsden; "Will you," he replied, "send a special messenger to the Commander of the Forces, and let him know the information you have received, that he may not be altogether taken by surprise?" "Yes, I will do that if it pleases you," said the secretary, "but in my opinion it is altogether unnecessary." An orderly dragoon was forthwith despatched, but by this time the insurgents were beginning to stir, and he was met in Thomas-street, and murdered before he reached the Royal Hospital.

As Willcocks and Clarke were returning home, they were met on Arran-quay by the party who had been sent out to intercept them. The object had now been defeated for which the assassins had gone forth, as these gentlemen had succeeded in reaching the castle, and the government was already in possession of any information which they could give. But the spirit of murder was up, and would not be baulked of vengeance; and one of them, Barney Duggan, it is supposed, whose life figures in this third series, as one of Doctor Madden's heroes, stepped forward, and fired a musket, heavily loaded with slugs, which struck Clarke in the side of his face. Willcocks turned round, and saw his friend severely wounded and bleeding; and he immediately turned the heads of both their horses again to the castle, and lost not a moment in presenting himself to Mr. Marsden. "What is the matter now," said the secretary, somewhat pale and agitated. "It is too late, sir, now to ask 'what is the matter,'" said Willcocks, "look at him," pointing to his bleeding friend, "the insurgents are in arms."

Such, we can assure Doctor Madden, is an authentic narrative of a transaction, which may have had no small influence in determining the issue of Emmet's enterprise in 1803. What we state, we state upon authority the most unquestionable; that of the late Sir Richard Willcocks himself; and if we are not deemed sufficient vouchers for the truth and honour of that most active magistrate, and most excellent man, we will refer him to one whose opinion he will scarcely disregard, Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P., who knew the worthy gentleman well, and who, although

opposed to him in politics, would not hesitate, we undertake to say, to do justice to him as a man of the strictest veracity.

Duggan, who was afterwards made a prisoner, was confronted with Clarke, who said, "you are the man who fired at me on Arran-quay." The answer of the miscreant was: "Do you think I would pass by Willcocks, and fire at you?" Now this Sir Richard constantly affirmed he deliberately did. He saw him distinctly suspend his fire until he was uncovered, and Clarke alone exposed to it. Duggan is probably still alive. We saw him some time since in good health. He had long renounced his treasonable politics, and was living as a peaceable and a loyal subject.

As these events now form a portion of Irish history, we have deemed it right to be thus particular, perfect accuracy in little things being very often necessary to enable us to judge aright of great things. We find, from some extracts which Doctor Madden gives from the book of the Kildare magistrates' proceedings, consequent upon the insurrection, that one of the witnesses, who was to have been a leader of the Kildare men, stated, that the cause of the failure was, commencing the insurrection "two hours too soon."

Whether this was actually the case, or not, we cannot positively say; but it is highly probable; and if so, the very important bearing of the little incident which we have described as having taken place between Clarke and his workmen upon the whole business, will be very clearly seen.

Certain it is, that, as the moment for action approached, nothing was to be seen at the depot in Marshalsea-lane, but turmoil and confusion. The insurgents were tumultuously congregating, but refused to move without a supply of weapons, which had not been provided. The subordinate leaders, who might have maintained something like order, were carousing with Hevy, the tobacconist, in Thomas-court. A special messenger who was sent with a sum of money, to purchase fifty muskets, in Dame-street, never returned; and it was in the midst of these perplexing disappointments, and of alarming rumours, which came "thick and fast," that the military were coming in force to attack them, and that

a moment was not to be lost, if any effort was to be made to save their lives; that Emmet donned his splendid uniform, and ordered the rocket to be sent up, which was a signal to the surrounding country THAT THE INSURRECTION HAD BEGUN.

One eye there was, which, with a wild and troubled lustre, watched for that portentous signal, and felt the suspense of that anxious moment with an agonizing intensity, which thrilled through every fibre of her frame. Politics were not Emmet's only passion. He had seen, and been captivated by, the artless graces of Sarah Curran, the youngest daughter of the great advocate of that name;—and she had conceived for him the purest, and the most ardent attachment. Her father, who perceived his attentions, and who did not approve of such a connexion for his child, desired that his visits might be discontinued, and that all correspondence should cease between them. It would have been only right that this peremptory mandate had been implicitly obeyed. But who will say, that one so young and so romantic, could finally part from such a creature, without casting "one longing, lingering look behind;"—or, that an imaginative maiden, to whose ardent and affectionate heart he had realized all that she had ever conceived of the ideal perfection of humanity, could quietly reconcile herself to the idea of being separated from him for ever? He had confided to her his inmost purposes. With all the secrets of the conspiracy, she had been made acquainted. His principles were hers; and with his hopes and fears she fully sympathized;—nor was her entire reciprocation of his passion fully disclosed, until the troubles encompassed him which rendered his destiny doubtful. The reader may therefore conceive with what fearful interest she regarded the issue of the then pending struggle, which was to determine the fate and the fortunes of one to whom her attachment had become an absorbing passion, which only deepened as the dangers thickened around him, which must be braved and surmounted before he could hope for safety.

And where was he for whom all this tender solicitude was felt, and whose romantic, chivalrous, impassioned attachment had been so fondly returned

by his lady love? At the head of a horde of brutal ruffians, the very scum of society, the outcasts of their race, over whom he could exercise no effective control, and whose hands were imbrued in the blood of the noble and the blameless, before they had proceeded three hundred yards upon their mission for the regeneration of Ireland!

Emmet had only reached Cornmarket, on his way to the Castle, which he hoped to take by a *coup de main*, when he learned that the carriage of Lord Kilwarden, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, had been stopped, and its inmates attacked by his people. He hastened back, with the hope of saving the noble victims from their savage fury; but he was too late! The pikes were already red with the blood of the Chief Justice, and of his nephew, the Rev. Richard Wolfe, who were dying of their wounds, amidst the exulting yells of the miscreants by whom they were surrounded; and all that he could accomplish, was to rescue a lady, the niece of the venerable judge, from their hands, and to see her deposited in a place of safety. Having performed this office of humanity, he resumed his place as the leader of his band.

It was, in sooth, a lamentable spectacle! such a youth at the head of such a body! And the life blood ebbing from the wounds of the most upright and constitutional judge that ever adorned the Bench in Ireland! To his clemency it was chiefly owing that some of the ruffians who had been concerned in the former rebellion escaped from the fangs of the law, and were there that day to shed his blood. And when, while the coldness of death was creeping upon him, some miscreants were brought into the market-house, where he was laid (which then stood at the New-row end of Thomas-street), with pikes in their hands, and reeking from slaughter, perceiving some unusual bustle, he said, in a feeble voice, to Major Swan, "Swan, what are you doing?" The answer was, "We are going, my lord, to hang these rebels, who have been taken in open insurrection, with arms in their hands." "I entreat you," he replied, "do no such thing. Let no man suffer for this business but by regular course of law;" and having said this, he expired!

James Hope of Belfast, who was

Emmet's most trusted associate, was one of those upon whom a summary justice was thus about to be executed; and he states that he believes he owes his life to the merciful interposition of the dying Lord Kilwarden.

With the death of this nobleman, the hopes of the disaffected may be said to have expired; for there was an immediate and rapid falling away from their ranks of all who were not maddened by the most infuriate bigotry, or steeled against all humanity. Emmet's object was to rouse the city, if he could, and to take the Castle. But for this purpose he had no sufficient force in hand; and to his repeated cries of "Turn out, turn out," as he proceeded along the streets, there was no answer.

The sequel of the story is briefly told. The guard-house on the Coombe was attacked by a numerous body of the insurgents, who were gallantly met and repelled by the guard, under Captain Douglas, who defeated the assailants, although furnished with but three rounds of ammunition per man. And the main body, under Emmet himself, were met on their way to the Castle by Lieutenant Brady, and a party returning from the Coombe, and by a few well-directed rounds, thrown into irretrievable confusion.

At half-past nine the insurrection began; at by half-past ten it was completely at an end: the confusion, disorder, and failure of preparation on the part of the insurgents, rendering it impossible for them to take advantage of the obvious unpreparedness of government to resist their attempt, had it been made in the force, or with the promptitude and celerity, which were intended.

For, great as were the shortcomings of Emmet, and those on whom he relied, the neglect of government, and the supineness of the authorities, when the mine was ready to be exploded under their feet, were still more surprising. Up to half-past seven o'clock the Castle was utterly defenceless; and it was not until Miss Wolfe reached it on foot, after the murder of her relatives, that any serious alarm began to be entertained. The assassination of the orderly who had been sent to General Fox, the Commander of the Forces, kept *him* in ignorance of what was about to take place; and accord-

ingly no orders had been issued to the military, to be prepared to act; and had it not been for the accident which brought the Coombe guard into contact with the insurgents, they might have reached the Castle without any interruption, if they did not gather strength on the way.

The Mansion House was attacked, and robbed of arms, the rebels experiencing no resistance whatever, as the chief magistrate had been left in total ignorance that such an outrage might be apprehended. And when the alarm became general, and the yeomanry thronged to the Castle for arms and ammunition, although guns and ball cartridges were there in abundance, for all purposes of defence, they were perfectly useless, as the bullets were too large for the bore of the muskets! And it was not until a party came to the fort in the Park (which was then, as it is now, under the command of Major-General, then Captain, Shortall), that a supply of proper ammunition was obtained; the General acting on his own responsibility, as he had no orders whatever to be prepared for such an application, and only consenting to attend to the requisition (which might, for aught he knew, have been made by the rebels themselves), because he recognized, by his voice, his friend, the present Sir Philip Crampton, amongst those by whom it was made!

Such was the exposed condition of the city, from the culpable negligence of the authorities, upon this eventful night, when nothing but an unexpected failure of means on the part of the insurgents, and the criminal acts of outrage into which they were betrayed, and the utter disorder in which they were suffered to remain, prevented the success of an enterprise which might have proved fatal to the security of the British empire. For had Dublin been taken, there is little doubt that the rising would have been general throughout the country, and if, concurrently with domestic troubles, a foreign invasion were effected, or even attempted, the most serious consequences might have ensued.

And yet, Doctor Madden has the hardihood to affirm that, if the whole was not a government plot, the proceedings of the conspirators were well known to the authorities, and connived

at, with a view to entrapping them into overt acts of crime, by the defeat and punishment of which their hands would be strengthened! We will not trust ourselves to any comment upon a statement like this. Its absurdity is too conspicuous to need exposure. And if it be not as wicked as it is absurd, it is only because what may be conceded to his honesty, must be detracted from his understanding. Curran somewhere speaks of a species of bigotry which is not to be corrected by argument—"for reputation is the food on which its folly feeds." And as Doctor Madden's idiosyncrasy, shall we call it, comes, undoubtedly, under that head, we leave him to the enjoyment of it with a full persuasion that it carries with it its own antidote, and that no mind, upon which it is calculated to make a serious impression, is worthy the gravity of rational expostulation.

Very different was the impression which prevailed throughout the country, and to which expression was given by the leading statesmen, after the assembling of parliament. The Irish authorities were loudly censured for their ignorance of the dangers with which the country was menaced; and there is no doubt that they were justly liable to the charge; in reply to which Lord Castlereagh had recourse to the "rhetorical artifice," of pretending to a knowledge which they did not possess, through an agency which must naturally be regarded with dislike and suspicion by lovers of constitutional freedom. This is the foundation upon which Doctor Madden builds his sage hypothesis; a sample, at the same time, of his wisdom and his candour; of the sagacity with which he can investigate complex occurrences, and the even-handed justice with which he apportions praise or blame! And we have no doubt whatever that it will be eagerly swallowed by the masses for whom his work has been composed; and who, while they would glory in the triumph of treason, if it were successful, would not be sorry to be exempted from the obloquy attending it, when it only eventuated in disgrace and ruin to those by whom it was concocted.

Far more creditable to him was Emmet's candid acknowledgment, upon the eve of his death, that the go-

vernment were unjustly blamed for not knowing that with which it was perfectly impossible they could be acquainted. He may be admitted to have understood his own plan; and if he were, in reality, the victim of a nefarious plot, there was ample time for that to have appeared between his apprehension and his execution. And there is no reason whatever why he should screen those whom he must have believed to be his persecutors from the odium which such a disclosure must have heaped upon them. But there is a candour and a generosity in the exculpation which he volunteers on their behalf, from such an accusation, which it is impossible to witness, without bitterly lamenting that a mind and a heart like his should have been so misled and so perverted.

There is much reason to believe that there were individuals of consequence, connected with, or, at least, cognizant of, the conspiracy, whose names have never been made known; and whose secret was safe in the keeping of the young enthusiast to whom death had no terrors in comparison with the infamy of their betrayal. It is possible that something may yet be discovered by which this portion of Irish history may be rendered more complete. But, that government was itself a sleeping partner in the treason from which it so narrowly escaped destruction, and that every single precaution should be neglected by which its worst consequences might be prevented; this is an imagination which may be very worthy of Doctor Madden, and very acceptable to those for whom he writes, but to which the gallant but misguided enthusiast, Robert Emmet, would have thought it disgraceful to give any countenance, and which, indeed, is so utterly puerile and contemptible, that we feel we owe our readers an apology for having dwelt upon it at so much length.

As has been already stated, he was hurried into action before his preparations were complete. Too much had been done to retract, but not enough to give a hopeful character to the enterprise. With many qualities to win the affections and confidence, he did not possess those which, in such an emergency, could compel the obedience of his adherents. He could bid the tempest rage; but he could

not say to the elements of confusion which he unloosed—"Quos ego," and, accordingly, when the tumultuous gathering of desperates and intemperate traitors were furnished with the implements of destruction which he had provided, and told that the hour had come when they were to use them, for the purpose of pulling down the tyranny under which they had so long groaned, their own wild passions and lawless purposes were the only guides to which they would attend, and the voice of their leader was as powerless to quell the disorder and the insubordination which soon became manifest, as, in the concoction of the plot, and in providing materials for the outbreak, his industry had been indefatigable, and his contrivances artful. He resembled a man undertaking to drive a team of wild horses, who had been hurried into the coach box without the reins in his hands, and felt himself at the mercy of the ungovernable animals whom any attempt to coerce would have only rendered more furious.

Having seen the frustration of his hopes in the city, he left the insurgents, and betook himself, with a few followers, to his old residence in Butterfield-lane, where he passed the remainder of the night and the next day. He here confidently expected that Dwyer and his Wicklow men would come to meet him; but as the letter had not been delivered which was sent to the outlaw, he did not come. He then went into the mountains, in the neighbourhood of Tallagh, where he found, Doctor Madden tells us, the Wicklow insurgents ready for any desperate service, and desirous of making an immediate attack on the principal towns in that county. But from this hopeless effort Emmet earnestly dissuaded them, being desirous of terminating a bootless struggle, and preventing a useless effusion of blood.

Dwyer afterwards surrendered, and was transported to Botany Bay. Of his demeanour before the Privy Council, the following mention was made by the late Lord Beresford, at the dinner-table of Mr. Pierce Mahony, in Merriion-square. There are some of our readers by whom it will be remembered. He was asked, why he did not lead in his quota of men, to

assist on the night of the insurrection? "Emmet," he said, "was too slight a person for him to trust his mountain boys with." "Had he promised to do so?" "Yes; upon the proper signal." "What was that?" "The taking of Dublin and the castle." As he was retiring, some one called him back, and asked him what he thought of Emmet? The answer was—"If he had brains equal to his learning, he would have been a fine young man." Lord Beresford added, that when sailing to Lisbon afterwards, he met Dwyer. He was on board a vessel bound for New South Wales, and was eloquent in his expressions of gratitude for the clemency of government; but did not conceal his anger against the magistrate, Mr. Hume, by whom he had been induced to surrender on promise of a free pardon. As the same nobleman was returning, many years after, from Portugal, he met, he said, a surgeon, in a vessel crossing him from the convicts' land, who was sent up the country for the good of his health, and was located in a house where he was most hospitably entertained. The owner was Dwyer, who had flocks, and herds, and lands, and wealth, and lived handsomely as a gentleman. He died, Doctor Madden tells us, in the year 1826.

Emmet returned in a few days from the mountains, and took up his residence with his old landlady, Mrs. Palmer, of Harold's-cross. Sarah Curran was the load-star by which he was drawn into this dangerous vicinage, having rejected, it is said, pressing solicitations to leave the country, by sure means of escape which had been provided. It is certain that he did attempt to renew his correspondence with that hapless young lady; but the secret of his abode was discovered by the activity, and the vigilance of Major Sirr, and on the 25th of August he was arrested.

During the short interval which took place between his arrest and his trial, a weak attempt was made to procure his enlargement, by bribing one of the turnkeys; but this man, who affected to agree to the proposal, lost no time in communicating it to his superiors, by whom very effectual precautions were taken that it should not be carried into effect.

His trial took place on the 19th of

September. The lord lieutenant had been empowered to try all culprits concerned in the insurrection, by martial law. But he did not avail himself of the obnoxious privilege. In every single instance the prisoner had the full benefit of the laws of his country, as they are administered in the most peaceable times.

The prisoner was placed at the bar at ten o'clock in the morning, and the trial lasted until ten at night. He was defended by Mr. Leonard M'Nally; although, in truth, no defence was attempted; all the facts with which he was charged being admitted, and the plea of "not guilty" having been put in only for the purpose of securing to him the privilege of addressing the court, when, at the close of the trial he would be asked why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him.

One little incident, which proves how utterly he abandoned all thought of defence, was mentioned to us, by an eye-witness, as having occurred during the trial, although it does not appear in any of the reports which were given, of that transaction, in the journals of the day.

One of the witnesses for the crown was a man named Farrel, who by some accident found his way into the depot at Marshalsea-lane, on the evening before the insurrection. The conspirators were about to put him to death, as one who had seen too much to be safely suffered to go at large; but agreed, upon consultation, to refer the matter to Emmet, who decided that his life should be spared, but that he should be detained at the depot until after the rising. He was asked by counsel whether, during his detention, he got any thing to eat. He said he did. He was asked what. His answer was, "Bread and buttermilk." Here Emmet signified to M'Nally that he wished witness to be asked a question, stating what it was to be. M'Nally, by his gestures, expressed a strong dissent from the propriety of putting it. "Then," said Emmet, "I will ask it myself." The question was (which assuredly justified the discretion of counsel, as it amounted to a full crimination of himself), "You say your food at the depot was bread and buttermilk?" "Yes, your honor." "Did you not get as good as any one

else who was there?" "Oh! yes, indeed, your honor, I did. I got just what your honor got, and every one else." This we state upon the report of a gentleman of high standing in his profession, who was present at Emmet's trial, and who remained in court during the whole day; upon whose mind it made, at the time, a strong impression, as proving the prisoner's sensitiveness for the character of his humanity towards the witness, upon whose liberty he felt himself constrained by circumstances to impose some temporary restraint, while he was utterly indifferent about his own safety.

The case on the part of the crown having been closed, no witnesses were called for the defence. Then it was that Mr. (the present Lord) Plunket gave utterance to a speech, for which he has been very severely censured. Doctor Madden entirely exculpates him from the foul charge of ingratitude towards the son of his benefactor, of whom he had no personal knowledge whatever, and to whose family he never was under any obligations. He might also add that the speech of counsel was not characterized by the ruthless malignity which has been imputed to it. It was a stern denouncement of visionary schemes, which must eventuate in blood-shedding and public confusion. But no one pretends that it was necessary for the conviction of the prisoner, by whom all defence was abandoned, and who might, from the first, be considered as a dead man. And the defence of Mr. Plunket (if any be needed) must be rested entirely upon the necessity which existed for his volunteering this phillipic, in the then circumstances of the country. We care not to inquire too minutely into the grounds of such an allegation, supposing it made. This, however, may with truth be affirmed, that had that distinguished man, five or six years earlier, put forth his great powers to discountenance sedition, he would have done the state signal service. It was when the balance was vibrating between treason and constitutional order, that his assistance was needed by the government; and had it been then afforded, it is quite possible the painful effort, which was now self-imposed upon him, and in which he must present to the minds of the amiable and the generous, of every party, the ap-

pearance of one "breaking a bruised reed," would not have been required at his hands.

It was ten o'clock at night when the verdict of "guilty" was returned. And when Emmet, who had remained without refreshment during the entire day, was called upon by the clerk of the crown to state why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he addressed the court in a strain of earnest and impassioned eloquence, which extorted from his crowded auditory mingled sentiments of pity, of astonishment, and of admiration. Dr. Madden has expurgated the commonly received version of this speech of spurious passages, interpolated by malignant slanderers, for the purpose of villifying one of the learned judges before whom he was tried. And he also does justice to the feeling evinced by Lord Norbury, whose agitation was visible when passing sentence. The speech, as he gives it, is probably as nearly resembling that which was delivered as could be expected; and it undoubtedly displays a depth and an intensity of feeling, as well as a courage and a collectedness, which, unsustained as he was by public sympathy, and standing as he did upon the verge of an existence from which he was about to pass by an ignominious death, are truly surprising. It was in truth a piteous and heart-rending spectacle. Such a youth, in such a plight, would have moved a heart of stone. The most gifted of minds, and the gentlest of natures, about to meet a felon's doom, the victim of an insane enthusiasm, inherited almost like a family disease; and of which, it might be reasonably inferred, every day he lived thenceforward must disabuse him. Already there were symptoms that he was out-growing the pernicious influences of early training and example. And had but a few years more been added to his span of life, it may be Lord Plunket's oburgatory exhortations would not have been needed, to teach him the value of the constitution under which he lived, and his own civil and social duties. But a public example was required; and the crime of which he had been guilty rendered any extension of mercy impossible.

He prepared to meet his doom with a calm and decent fortitude, and seem-

ed throughout sustained by a consciousness that the act was meritorious for which he was about to die.

As some apprehensions were entertained at the Castle of a rescue of the prisoner, he was removed at twelve o'clock at night from Newgate to Kilmainham. The change was altogether for the better for him, as the jailor, Dunn, touched by his appearance, released him from his heavy irons, and furnished him with a supply of food, of which he stood so much in need, exhausted as he was after the labours of *such* a day, and having tasted nothing from an early hour the preceding morning.

While the preparations were being made for conveying him to the place of execution, he was visited by his counsel, Leonard McNally. The prisoner asked anxiously after his mother, of whom he was a very favourite child, and whose declining state of health made her at that moment an object of fearful solicitude. McNally remained silent. The question was repeated with increased earnestness. "I know, Robert," said the barrister, "you would like to see your mother." "Oh!" added the wretched youth, "what would I not give to see her!" "Then, Robert," said McNally, pointing upwards, "you will see her this day!" She had died the day before. Emmet received the intelligence with mournful silence; and, after a momentary struggle to subdue his feelings, in which he succeeded, said quietly, "It is better so." The bitterness of death was now passed, and he exhibited even an alacrity in making himself ready for the last offices of the executioner.

The Rev. Dr. Gamble was the chaplain in attendance, to whose instructions and exhortations he paid a respectful attention. He professed himself a firm believer in the doctrines of Christianity as taught by the Established Church, and expressed some annoyance at having been searched in the dock the preceding evening, as if he were suspected of a design to commit suicide, an unchristian as well as a cowardly act, which he condemned in terms of strong reprobation.

The place of execution was the middle of Thomas-street, nearly opposite St. Catherine's Church, almost the spot which had been wet with th

blood of the gracious and venerable Lord Kilwarden.

When all the preparations had been adjusted, the executioner stood awaiting the expected signal, the fall of a handkerchief, before the prisoner was turned off. "Are you ready, sir?" he said. Emmet distinctly replied, "not yet." Again, after a few moments, the question was repeated; and again it was answered as before. A third time he was asked, "are you ready?" A bystander heard the word "not" — in reply; but before the answer was completed, the narrow plank on which he stood was tilted up, and he was launched into eternity.

In endeavouring to account for his conduct in this last act, Doctor Madden supposes that there was some wild intention entertained by his partizans of a rescue at the last moment, with which he had been made acquainted. It was, he thinks, some faint hope that such an attempt might be made, which caused him thus to linger on the verge of existence. If such were really the case, it is painful to think that his last thoughts should have been thus distracted.

Thus perished Robert Emmet, a youth whose station in life, and moral and mental qualities, would have secured for him, in any profession, the highest eminence, had they not been perverted by the principles which he early imbibed, and which it was but too natural that he should have received with implicit deference, impressed upon him as they were by the most revered domestic examples.

The times, too, were "out of joint." The convulsion which had torn the American provinces from England, had been fearfully felt in its reaction upon France; and the shock which it occasioned was still vibrating throughout Europe. A new field of enterprise seemed opened to the ardent and imaginative, as well as to the desperate and daring. The people's rights against the tyranny of sovereigns, was the universal watchword of the revolutionary and the enthusiastic; and it frequently happened that those who had least to complain of, catching the prevailing madness, were loudest in their denunciations of misgovernment and oppression, which only had a "local habitation" in their own inflamed or disordered minds. Many

of them afterwards became wiser and better men, having outlived the follies of their political nonage, and seen abundant reason to be convinced that the visions of liberty which they so fondly contemplated, would, if realized, have most miserably disappointed their expectations, and that the happily balanced system of constitutional liberty which they would madly subvert, would be poorly exchanged for any of "the untried forms" of political being upon which they would so rashly enter.

Nor are we without reasonable evidence that the mind of Robert Emmet was beginning to open to juster conceptions of public affairs. What he had seen of the perfidy of Bonaparte on the continent, and of the grasping and unprincipled ambition of France, made him extremely distrustful of any co-operation from that quarter in vindicating the independence of Ireland. In his last speech, he denounced the notion of subjecting his country to French rulers with a passion and an energy that is almost sublime; and we believe that he spoke the genuine sentiments of his heart in that most striking declaration. And when he returned to Ireland, after his temporary absence, although his intercourse had been entirely confined to the disaffected, he was prepared, both by ripening years and a more enlarged experience, to do a degree of justice both to the views and the conduct of government, which reflects equal credit upon his heart and his understanding. In a letter addressed to Mr. Wickham, after his trial, he thus speaks:—

“Sept. 20, 1803.

“SIR—Had I been permitted to proceed with my vindication, it was my intention not only to have acknowledged the delicacy with which, I feel, with gratitude, that I have been personally treated, but also to have done the most public justice to the mildness of the present administration of this country, and, at the same time, to have acquitted them, as far as rested with me, of any charge of remissness in not having previously detected a conspiracy, which, from its closeness, I know it was impossible to have done. I confess that I should have preferred this mode, if it had been permitted, as it would thereby have enabled me to clear myself from an imputation under which I might, in conse-

quence, lie, and to have stated why such an administration did not prevent, but, under the peculiar situation of this country, perhaps rather accelerated, my determination to make an effort for the overthrow of a government of which I do not think equally high.

"However, as I have been deprived of that opportunity, I think it right now to make an acknowledgment which justice requires of me as a man, and which I do not feel in the least derogatory from my decided principles as an Irishman.

"I am, &c.

"(Signed) ROBERT EMMET.

"Rt. Hon. W. Wickham,
&c. &c. &c."

In a letter addressed to Miss Curran, the purport of which is given by her brother, William Henry Curran, in his admirable life of his father, he states as one cause of the failure of his enterprize, "the mildness of the government," which he terms "their insidious moderation." In all this we see evidence of a mind rapidly righting itself; and we entertain no doubt whatever, that had his career been more prolonged, his conversion would have been complete from the revolutionary doctrines by which so many were frenzied.

The sanguine enthusiasm of his temperament appears in nothing more strikingly exemplified than in the following few sentences, which were read by the attorney-general at his trial, from a scrap of paper found in the depot at Marshalsea-lane, when it was searched by the officers of government, after the night of the abortive insurrection:—

"I have little time to look at the thousand difficulties which still lie between me and the completion of my wishes. That those difficulties will likewise disappear, I have ardent and, I trust, rational hopes; but if it is not to be the case, I thank God for having gifted me with a sanguine disposition. To that disposition I run from reflection; and if my hopes are without foundation—if a precipice is opening under my feet, from which duty will not suffer me to run back, I am grateful for that sanguine disposition, which leads me to the brink, and throws me down, while my eyes are still raised to the visions of happiness that my fancy formed in the air."

Surely it is not too much to affirm

that the Ossianic mystification and bewilderment could not continue always; that he would not always continue to move through a medium whose buoyancy rendered it difficult for him to plant a firm foot upon the solid ground; and that when the heated temperature which caused him to see things under a delusive aspect had cooled down, he would be able to behold them in their natural state, and to form a judgment of them, which would be in accordance with the dictates of true wisdom. It is not too much to affirm that that change of sentiment and opinion which was evidenced in Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and other distinguished men, would have been evidenced in Robert Emmet also, had he but lived, as they did, to profit by experience. What he was, they once were; and we see no ground for doubting, that what they were, he would become, had he not been flung by circumstances into the revolutionary torrent, by which he was hurried to destruction.

That others were implicated in the conspiracy, of which he was not the originator but the instrument, he very solemnly affirmed, under circumstances which make it difficult to doubt his words. Indeed, we cannot doubt them. He found, he said, a conspiracy in existence, upon his return to Ireland, when he was invited to join it; and became an accessory to the plans and contrivances of others, all of them his seniors in years, and some of them his superiors in rank and station. But we gravely doubt whether, without his accession, the plot would ever have ripened into overt acts of high treason.

That he felt himself committed to a cause with which he must either succeed or perish, appears in all his words and actions. The goddess of liberty, as he had been taught to worship her, in a family which had produced its martyrs in her service, exercised over his young and ardent mind a resistless fascination. But, that despondency often predominated over hope, and that he frequently, in looking forward to the chances and changes, as they might be revealed in the dim perspective of the future, contemplated the worst, appears, we think, from the manner in which his ingenuity was taxed to devise contrivances for concealment, or loopholes of re-

treat, for the purpose of baffling pursuit or evading detection. In every one of the houses in which he had resided for any length of time, there are traces of his handy work, in trap doors and sliding walls, which he expected would serve his need in the event of any disagreeable surprise by the officers of justice. And in the brightest of his day-dreams there is a shade of sadness which strongly indicates a sort of latent conviction of the shadowy materials of which they were composed. He was in act a Cataline, in intention a Cato. His motives were those of an angel, his measures those of a fiend. A greater contrast can scarcely be imagined than between his character and his project, except it be between his associates and himself.

But we must conclude. We cannot, however, do so, without again commending the zeal and the industry which Doctor Madden has brought to

his undertaking, as much as we condemn the uses to which they have been made subservient. Verily, the children of sedition are in their generation wiser than many who profess a sounder political faith; and labour in their vocation with a persevering earnestness, well calculated to put to shame the inactivity and the indifference of the mere theoretical supporters of social order. But this lesson will not be duly learned until it is written in blood; and in our opinion the publication before us, and others of the same class, which are largely circulated amongst our masses, are but preparing the way for a social convulsion, by which the whole realm may be disorganised. This, however, is a topic which might tempt us too far; and we already feel that we need excuse for having trespassed as long as we have done upon the patience of our readers.

THE NEW PLANET, 1846.

Immortal Newton! did thy glory seem
 A dew-drop quivering in the light of noon,
 Whose prism of splendour was to perish soon
 'Neath the strong sunbeams? Did they fear or dream
 Thy genius not a spark from the Supreme—
 King of those myriads? Lo! unto the skies
 Men lift their watching and unsleeping eyes—
 Waiting for what?—an unborn Planet's beam!—
 And look! in truth the prophesied one breaks
 Forth 'mid its lustrous brethren on their sight.
 Welcome! oh, unimaginably far!—
 Eloquent Planet!—truth-attesting star!—
 In whose deep silence the Eternal speaks—
 "I am the Prophet-Fount of genius and of light!"

E. M. H.

GUERNSEY—ITS PRESENT STATE AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

OLD COSTUME—SUPERSTITIONS—STATE OF SOCIETY—DISTINCTIONS BETWEEN “SIXTIES” AND “FORTIES”—EXCLUSIVENESS OF THE “SIXTIES”—INSULAR CONCERT—DISTINGUISHED OFFICERS—NATIVES OF GUERNSEY—LITERATURE—FINE ARTS—AMUSEMENTS, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE—“FORTIES”—DIVISION OF PROPERTY—ITS LEVELLING EFFECTS ON SOCIETY—CONSTITUTION OF GUERNSEY—STATES, OF ELECTION, AND DELIBERATION—ROYAL COURT, ITS MANIFOLD FUNCTIONS—SKETCH OF ITS MODE OF PROCEEDING—CIVIL JURISPRUDENCE—LAW OF GUARANTEE—EVIL EFFECTS OF PERMITTING THE FRENCH TO CONTINUE THE LEGAL LANGUAGE—IMPORTANCE OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS IN THE EVENT OF WAR.

THE already published portion of this sketch, endeavours to afford the reader a cursory glance at the general character of Guernsey scenery, and of the aboriginal inhabitants of that island; a glimpse at the stage and its decorators—scene-shifters and others, erectors of the fair palaces, and arrangers of the brilliant parterres which are to canopy other heads, and delight other feet; but the principal actors have still to make their appearance, and these we now hasten to introduce.

Before approaching, however, this second division of our labours, we must allow ourselves a few words by way of appendix to the first; it is never too late to (a)mend. Since the composition of those “notes,” the little island to which they are devoted has been honoured by a visit from our queen, and, among numerous testifications of loyalty, we have been given to understand, that a specimen of the old Guernsey costume was presented to her majesty, and examined by her regal eyes with apparent interest; moreover, the royal princess was “graciously pleased” to express herself amused thereby. No fact could more strongly condemn our want of discernment in omitting all mention of a subject which has been found worthy of such august notice, and has created such majestic amusement; with deep contrition, therefore, we take the earliest opportunity of filling up this “hiatus valde—yea, *valdisime* deflendus.”

The genuine Guernsey costume is now extremely rare, single instances of it being met with here and there in the town crowded market-days only; in the country, during adventurous rambles into the less civilized corners of the

island. Its exact derivation, whether English or French, is doubtful; but the geography and history of its fatherland seem to point to a hybrid origin. We observe that the authoress of a book, entitled “Economy, or a Peep at our Neighbours,” looks upon this dress, bonnet and all, as identical with the old fashioned costume of the Devonshire peasantry; while Inglis, on the contrary, maintains that the bonnet, at least, is “*sui generis*”; and like the lily of Guernsey, peculiar to the isle.” We cannot take upon ourselves to decide between the two, but will venture to observe, that in our eyes this very bonnet seems strongly to support the opinion above hazarded, of the mixed origin of the whole attire. It may be fancy—it may be that the theory is “father to the thought;” but we have never looked upon that “towering bonnet,” without finding ourselves involuntarily led to the high Normandy cap—regarding it, in fact, as a sort of coalition and amicable fusion of that outlandish head-gear, with our own more seemly English covering.

“The true ancient Guernsey bonnet,” says Inglis, “is equally complicated as it is curious. I can scarcely be expected to be graphic in my description of its make and fashioning; and, conscious of my own deficiencies, I obtained the following from one more conversant with these matters: The crown of the bonnet (which is altogether of very large dimensions) is formed of a long piece of silk, gathered into three rows of plaits, of an oval shape, from the front to the back of the head; and is set off between the folds with lace or crape, according as the wearer is, or is not in mourning. A very large and very complex bow of narrow ribbon, is

plaited immediately in front. The top of the crown is either flat, or is plaited to correspond with the rest of the bonnet; and on the tip-top another bow is perched. The front, of pasteboard, is covered with silk, and resembles the visor of a boy's cap; it is continued somewhat below the ears. Such is the Guernsey bonnet, which is accompanied by a close mob-cap underneath, with a narrow muslin border, plain on the forehead and temples, but plaited from the ears to the chin. I must sketch the remainder of the dress. A petticoat of black stuff, thickly quilted; the gown of an old fashioned chintz pattern, open in front, and tucked into the pocket-holes of the petticoat; the bodice open in front to the waist, with a coloured handkerchief in lieu of a habit shirt; tight sleeves, terminating just below the elbow; blue worsted stockings, with black velvet shoes and buckles."

It was a fac-simile of this costume, which had the distinguished honour of amusing the princess; surely its simple description must possess like efficacy with ordinary mortals!

But if this antiquated, frippery, towering bonnet, and blue worsted stocking, is vanishing before a more modern taste, not so the still more antiquated frippery of the mind, superstitious creeds, and *contes bleus*. The belief in goblins and fairies, and on the occasional appearance of Satan, is very prevalent in Guernsey; not limited to the poorest classes, but extending, at least partially, among the respectable farmers also. Witchcraft finds ready credence. There exists on the island (or did exist when we last visited it), a small hamlet exclusively inhabited by the descendants of a family which, from time immemorial, has been kept entirely distinct from the surrounding peasantry, and is regarded by them as a race of hereditary wizards and witches. What the origin of this reputation may be, we have not been able to discover; but it is worth mentioning, that they are generally supposed, among their neighbours, to have been the first settlers on the island. The fair author of the "Guide," (whose patriotic eyes, we must observe, see everything Guernsey through an atmosphere couleur de rose), seems anxious altogether to disallow even co-origin to this Pariah family.

"They are," she says, "a half-gipsy, half-beggar race, bearing the name of Pipet: no person would intermarry with them upon any consideration; their appearance and features are quite unlike the rest of the Guernsey peasantry, who are extremely good-looking, (?) clean, and active; whereas these Pipets may be found basking in the sun, with anything but a prepossessing exterior."

For our own part, however, we cannot accept the conclusion apparently implied. The "Pipets" have no trace of the gipsy about them, no distinguishing language or habits, and their inferiority in appearance and cleanliness, is easily accounted for, by the long series of proximate intermarriages forced upon them, and the total absence of self-respect, naturally resulting from their outcast position. Although thus dirty and neglected, they derive sufficient profit from the superstitious fears of their neighbours, to keep actual poverty at a respectful distance.

With the belief in witchcraft, a faith in charms is, of course, associated; and, accordingly, several diseases, both of man and beast, are entrusted to the "spae-wife," instead of the doctor. But the most note-worthy singularity in these matters is the invention, not only of charms, but of a disorder to be charmed. This disorder is termed the *côtats bas* (*côtes basses*)—its diagnosis being "a sinking down and inversion of the lower ribs, from weakness or other causes." The individual peculiarly gifted to remedy this complaint (*relever les côtats*), is the seventh son of a seventh son; but in default of a person of this weird extraction, a "wise woman" may perform the requisite manipulations, probably more to her own profit than that of her patient. We have been confidentially informed that an attack of the *côtats bas* is, not unfrequently, the result of a courtship, conducted "not wisely, but too well." The same curious malady is known, also, in some parts of France.

But our "appendix" is outgrowing itself. Let us now hasten to the proper subject of this paper—the state of society in Guernsey.

We confess that this department of our labours is one in which we feel least confidence in ourselves. The

* Inglis's "Channel Islands," p. 208.

† Guernsey and Jersey Guide, p. 86.

constitution and the laws under which we are brought up, affect us, we may almost say, insensibly; their individual influence is only a reflex of their national influence; it is seldom, comparatively speaking, that we come into direct contact with either. Thus, we are more prone to look upon them as abstractions, and their prejudicial interference with our judgment of the same class of institutions in another community, is proportionately, we may not say weak, but moderate. When, however, the question is of manners and customs—of the social instead of the political constitution—the case is extremely different. These form our moral atmosphere, and exercise as decided an influence upon the intellectual being as the air we breathe does upon the physical. By them, the turn of our ideas, the point of view under which we unconsciously place the objects of reflection—the criterions we adopt—the premises we reason from—in short, our whole system of thought—except, of course, in cases of pure abstract reasoning—is, to a great degree, determined. If there is any subject of criticism in which these influences render themselves most strikingly apparent, it is, for obvious reasons, a state of society differing from our own. In passing judgment here, the distinguishing characteristics of either side come into direct collision. Hence the invariable outcry against a "stranger's" description of the social aspect of any given country, while the same person's observations on the political aspect may be regarded as models of impartiality and acuteness; and yet, to a compatriot of the stranger, the one and the other shall appear equally correct, and may, logically, be so—where the same criterions are adopted. It is evident, however, that such correctness is only conditional. In order to approximate to absolute impartiality, the true method is, to ascertain, as nearly as possible, the influences to which the society under review is subjected, and to trace to these the laws of its development. We should thus often find that apparent aberrations are nothing but legitimate results of causes before unmarked.

The judgment passed upon Guernsey society by English visitors is, generally, far from flattering. "Conceited and narrow-minded," are the

staple epithets applied to it. We are told of its ridiculous exclusiveness—absurd distinctions into "*sixties*" and "*forties*"—gossiping tea-parties—affected superiority to the English, &c. &c. All this may contain its modicum of truth, but certainly under a fragmentary form, and therefore suggesting erroneous conclusions.

Society in Guernsey is composed of two classes, kept scrupulously distinct, and known, as above said, by the gentle appellations of "*sixties*" and "*forties*"—the former being the patrician, the latter the plebeian class. The origin of the title, "*Sixties*," is traced to the fact that the Guernsey almshouses—the Assembly Rooms—was built by a subscription among sixty of the best island families. On what circumstance the title, "*Forties*," is to be fathered, we have not been able to discover; like those whom it designates, it seems to shun all reference to origin. The "*Sixties*" are composed, for the most part, of families long settled in Guernsey, and of respectable lineage—several (as their names testify) being of Norman descent, and tracing back their pedigree to within a brief period of the Conquest; others, again, are the representatives of English settlers or French Huguenots, attracted to the island by various motives—political or domestic—generally in or about the sixteenth century. Possessing the authority of birth, and being, or at least having originally been, the principal landed proprietors, these families have imperceptibly assumed a position, virtually securing to them almost all the patronage of the place, and giving them advantages not dissimilar to the hereditary privileges of an aristocracy. Indeed, they are regarded by the other classes, and regard themselves, quite in that light; nor are they, in their little way, unentitled to do so—the "*Forties*" occupying a relative position somewhat similar to that of our commoners, or rather to that the commons occupied with us some two centuries ago. Certainly, no existing aristocracy (unless in one or two of the petty German principalities) opposes so impassable a barrier to the encroachments of the commons, as does this self-ennobled clique. The admission of a member of the "*Forties*," to their reunions—no matter what his education or his actual social position—is a thing

almost unheard of; and the stranger who haplessly falls into intimacy with the plebeian class, receives thereby a blot on his escutcheon which "all the blood of all the Howards" will scarcely efface. The distinctions, both artificial and real, thus attributed to the "Sixties," are quite sufficient to account for the strong *esprit de corps* which exists among them, and which, cemented by endless intermarriages, inevitably manifests itself in exclusiveness. Precisely similar results are produced, proportionately, with us;—the difference being, in our opinion, entirely traceable to the greater or less potency of the influences brought into play.

In the moral as in the physical world, effects are always proportioned to causes"—*ceteris paribus*, the exclusiveness of the Guernsey "Sixties" does not at all exceed that of "the first set" in every provincial town of England and Ireland. We must concede them, moreover, one praiseworthy distinction, which we would gladly see more prevalent at home:—the Guernsey exclusives do not make exceptions in favour of money; they do not open their serried ranks to vulgar ignorance, because it has been fortunate in railway speculations or foreign lotteries—a miserable propensity of ours, which proves, incontestably, the justice of the title bestowed on us by the Imperial Cæsar of the nineteenth century—"a nation of shopkeepers!" In return, the "Sixties" might take a lesson from our expanding liberality in another direction, and allow education and talent to stand in the stead of pedigree—a forward step in civilization of which they seem, at present, utterly incapable. With regard to strangers, the exclusiveness of the "Sixties" appears to us, in every way, defensible. Those provided with proper introductions will always meet with hospitality and courtesy; those not

so provided have no right to expect in Guernsey what they certainly would never dream of looking for in any part of Great Britain or Ireland. It must be remembered, moreover, that the peculiar immunities enjoyed by the Channel Islands, attracting many equivocal characters to them, render some additional strictness in this respect almost indispensable.†

The "conceit," ascribed still more universally, and, we must add, more justly, than exclusiveness, to the Guernsey "Sixties," has certainly one cause in the social position above described; but this cause is rather qualificative than originating. The characteristic, in fact, is a "national" one—pervading the whole structure from apex to base—and is probably, in no little degree, a consequence of the geographical isolation and circumscribed limits of the island—material accidents which exercise a much more cramping effect upon intellect than human nature often cares to acknowledge. A like class of influences has contributed, perhaps, powerfully, to form the "insular pride" of the Englishman: but in Guernsey these influences are all in miniature, and miniature pride is a synonym for conceit. Another circumstance, throwing its weight into the same scale, is an idea cherished among the channel islanders, that their little scrap of territory, as a remnant of the ancient duchy of Normandy, is entirely "distinct and detached from the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," whose sovereign is with them "rather duke than king," and bound to exercise his authority "only to the same extent and under the same limitations as the dukes of Normandy were wont to exercise it over their subjects."‡ The good folks of Guernsey are constantly dwelling upon these, and other like harmless and waggish phantasies; and we strongly suspect that, at "select" tea-parties, the Sir Oracle

* The difference in certainty which distinguishes our judgment in moral and physical matters is, perhaps entirely, referrible to the varying completeness of the evidence on which they respectively rest.

† An opposite course has been adopted in Jersey—the consequence of which is that (exclusiveness being thus thrown upon the individual, instead of upon the class) society, in that island, is split up into an endless diversity of cliques, in each of which the staple subject of conversation is, abuse of all the others.

‡ Duncan's "History of Guernsey," p. 423.

of the circle (the native society ranges itself into numerous little circles each having its oracular centre, around which the lesser luminaries gravitate), in right of Norman descent, styles himself, "we, the conquerors of England!" Hence, in their newspapers and political confabulations, dignified by the name of "Meetings of the States of Deliberation," the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland are spoken of as "strangers," while, in the social scale, they are qualified as, "only English!"—much in the tone in which we may imagine Athens was wont to snub "barbarians." In itself this is a very innocuous bit of vanity, but it is worthy of remark as a characteristic by no means without significance in the civilized development of a community, on which it acts as a bar to progress, no less than it notoriously does with the individual. One phase of its operation—the religious, must be touched upon. Religion, notwithstanding the universality to which it aspires, is every where subjected to the characteristic influence of the professing community—hence the diversity of creeds; but the "pressure from without" does not stop here; various elements of the community have also an individuality to assert—hence the diversity of sects. No where are these latter so prevalent, as where vanity is a national characteristic—for no feeling acts so powerfully, as a solvent, upon all massive combination. We suspect few places, of the same size, can produce such a variety of chapels, as Guernsey; while, with the church-party, the prevailing spirit is strongly evangelical,* the form in which spiritual pride too often manifests itself.

The Guernsey aristocracy is condemned also as "narrow-minded;" perhaps this reproach may be regarded as merely a *resumé* of the qualities already dwelt upon; for it cannot be doubted that an exaggerated exclusiveness and a baseless vanity are strong indications of a narrow mind. Nevertheless, we have known instances, at home,

in which both propensities were united with great political liberality—an apparent anomaly, explained, perhaps, by the remarks already made on the distinct effects produced by the political and the social system on individual character. This distinction, however, can scarcely be said to exist in Guernsey: the island possesses, indeed, a separate constitution of its own, but, for reasons which we shall come to presently, nothing in the shape of "politics," properly so called, can be said to exist there; no great interests, no expanded views, are ever brought before public opinion. This fact has a potent re-action in the intellectual development of the "Sixties:" occupying the position almost of hereditary legislators—monopolizing, by a singular confusion of functions, nearly the whole administrative power of the island—they are naturally led to regard an arrangement so comfortable as the best possible arrangement. With them, as with all privileged classes, the system of government becomes identified, so to speak, with the system of society, and generates equally tenacious prejudices and habits of thought, influencing, directly or indirectly, their views on almost every subject. Regarding the stunted objects round them through a high magnifier, but using the reverse end of the telescope for the more remote, they have made for themselves standards of comparison exactly in accordance with this perverted vision. A couple of amusing illustrations may be found in the "History of Guernsey," to which we have several times referred in this paper. The author (not, indeed, a native of the island, but writing, after long residence, for native sale) has sufficient faith in the veracity of Guernsey vanity, to offer it the following lump of raw humbug, which has actually been swallowed whole! Speaking of a late bailiff of the island, he says:—

"The views entertained by Mr. Brock on the subject of the currency, which he first made known in a Guernsey newspaper called the *Publiciste*, prove the foresight and sagacity of that eminent statesman (!), whose fitting station would

* We use this term in the narrow sense conventionally forced upon it—not in the large and truer signification, to which we trust the writings of D'Aubigné, and late important events, may contribute to restore it.

have been in Downing-street, were personal merit and usefulness: the recommendation to office. Had he presided over the councils of England, she would not now be suffering under the effects of injudicious and short-sighted tampering with the currency.* (†!)

Poor Sir Robert Peel!

The other illustration contents itself with humble game, and is altogether more generous in its tone. It beginneth thus:—

“According to Mr. C. Le Quesne, of Jersey, whose admirable account of the commerce of that island has placed him in the first rank of political economists (1), although at the period it was written he was a very young man.”†

We blush to say that, although somewhat affecting the study of political economy, we never before met with the name of the above distinguished gentleman; but we cannot forbear expressing our admiration of the delicacy with which the writer treats Mr. Senior and Archbishop Whately, in placing “Mr. C. Le Quesne, of Jersey,” in, instead of above, the “first rank of political economists.”

Jesting apart, however, it would be unjust not to mention that Guernsey has, in one department of excellence at least—the military—supplied its fair proportion of useful citizens. At the head of these stand Admiral Lord de Saumarez, and Major Generals Sir Isaac Brock and John le Marchant—men who, at least, did not regard England as a land of “strangers,” if we may judge by the gallant readiness with which they fought and bled for her. In the more peaceful, but not less honourable paths of literature and science, Guernsey has very little to show. The Rev. Peter Dobrée, some time Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, was rather a profound than a distinguished scholar, having given to the world only two or three classical works, which are, however, highly prized. Mr. M. F. Tupper, author of “Proverbial Philosophy,” is also of a Guernsey family; and this

dualism, as far as we can ascertain, completes the visible intellectual life of the island; for we can scarcely allow its claim to Dr. John Macculloch, the geologist, a gentleman of Scottish descent, and educated in Scotland, to be a good one. From such barrenness, we may safely infer that the standard of taste is very low in Guernsey, as far as literature is concerned. The island possesses, nevertheless, an excellent circulating library, and a ‘Mechanics’ Institute, where scientific lectures are occasionally delivered, and a tolerable collection of books, magazines, newspapers, &c. is open to perusal, at a small quarterly subscription. Both of these are, however, of recent establishment: the darkness which they have tended to convert into twilight, was very Cimmerian indeed. Where literary taste is low, we shall seldom be deceived in expecting a corresponding depression in the kindred department of art. Neither in painting nor music can the island produce a single name distinguished from the *well-known*. As social accomplishments, the former seems to be the more successfully cultivated; the latter rarely surpassing the average school-girl proficiency. In proof of the insular apathy in this respect, we may mention that, not very long ago, the world-renowned Thalberg gave a concert to the good folks of Guernsey, at tickets of four shillings each, and attracted an audience of some ninety people! All this strikes the observer as the more remarkable, because nearly every one of the island gentry have travelled (as who would not, condemned to inhabit a spot of ground barely covering twenty-four square miles!); but as far as expansion of view goes, “they travel” (we have heard it well remarked) “with their eyes shut!”‡

Such, then, seem to us to be the characteristics of Guernsey society, directly flowing from the peculiar influences to which it is subjected, viz.—an exaggerated exclusiveness, an over-estimate of its own importance, and a certain illiberality of views. In other respects it is, as Inglis justly observes,

* Duncan’s “History of Guernsey,” p. 279.

† *Ib.* p. 306. This latter quotation is from a chapter contributed by a Guernsey gentleman.

‡ Of course individual exceptions might be named, to whom the above remarks do not apply.

"whether in dress, manners, appointments, or language, on a level with society of the same class in England." Its general tone is refined; the standard of education and accomplishments is little below the every-day standard with us; and, where actual personalities are concerned, the solecisms in good sense above spoken of, are never transferred to good breeding; for the "Sixties" are essentially "gentlemen and ladies." To say that there is a tendency to gossip among them, is merely to say that Guernsey is a little island, nine miles by five, where everybody necessarily knows what everybody else is doing. This general knowledge of each other's affairs, however, introduces an element into society which is worthy of notice. Public opinion and social opinion become, as it were, amalgamated, and the censorship over private morality, &c., thence resulting, is a much more potent and tangible matter than the denizens of a wider world can easily imagine. This censorship has also its political bearing, and acts as a check on powers otherwise almost absolute, thus taking the place, to a certain extent, of the influence of the press—a healthy stimulant which cannot be said to exist in Guernsey, and which, indeed, the narrow limits and interwoven social relations of the island would scarcely admit of. We question, however, whether the disadvantages necessarily attendant on this state of things, do not go far to counterbalance the advantages: in the first place, a universal tendency to gossip is by no means conducive to charitable sentiments; in the second, the extreme attention to externals thence generated, is but too apt to come between us and higher considerations; the opinion of our little world usurps the appellative jurisdiction which is the legitimate attribute of conscience alone. That charity which gives alms at the corners of the streets, is very conspicuous in Guernsey; whether the charity of the heart is there also—but this is a question which only the "Searcher of hearts" can determine.

We have already said that, where proper passports to good society are presented, the stranger will meet with every hospitality and kindness. Picnics and quadrille (polka?) parties, precisely in the English style, are the general, almost the only, amusements;

for, in the matter of amusement, it must be allowed that Guernsey is in a state of great stagnation. It possesses, indeed, a wretched little theatre, which is as wretchedly supported, and celebrities in the lecture and concert way make their appearance now and then—appearances annually becoming more rare, from the very feeble encouragement given. We have already mentioned the Assembly-Rooms, to which, however, there is some difficulty of access—an introduction, directly or indirectly, from one of the "Sixties," being indispensable. The strictness of this regulation might, we think, be relaxed, without doing away with all guarantee for respectability—a precaution rendered necessary by the low price of tickets. This extreme apathy with regard to the position of visitors in the island is, to say the least, very bad policy in the leaders of society: personally, they are perhaps little interested in the matter; but they should remember that the tradesmen, hotels, lodging-houses, &c., of the island depend greatly upon the influx of "strangers," and their "patriotism" ought to induce them to take some pains to enhance the attractions of "their country." As it is, almost all visitors cut short their stay in Guernsey, and hurry off to Jersey, where, if society is inferior in refinement (a matter of comparative indifference to the migratory tourist), there are, at least, facilities for killing time which the more aristocratic island does not afford. Complaints on this subject are universal among the class suffering; but very few of them seem conscious of the true cause to which all this is to be ascribed. Men so highly pleased with themselves as the Guernsey "Sixties," are always remarkably quick in discovering a stalking-horse for their own errors—with the assistance of a venal press, they have contrived to persuade the bulk of the trading population that the comparative desertion of Guernsey is entirely due to the discords formerly existing between a portion of the inhabitants and their present governor, General Napier, instead of to their own want of public spirit, and to their defective institutions. Into the now mooted question of these discords, it is not our intention to enter: did we possess all the data requisite for doing so, as it ought

to be done, we should hardly presume to forestall the high authority and highest ability by which the subject has been already pre-engaged.* We cannot refrain, however, from pointing out to the intelligent reader that a collision between men of the confined views above alluded to, and a man uniting great expansion of intellect to great energy of temperament, was morally inevitable.

Before leaving the subject of society, we must say a word or two about the "Forties." This class, comparatively of recent formation, is composed either of retired tradesmen or of the second generation of retired tradesmen, who have entered liberal professions and occupy, virtually, the position of gentlemen. There is considerable wealth among them, and, as might be expected, more ostentation than in the "Patrician order." But the tone of society is decidedly inferior—all the faults of the "Sixties" are reproduced in an exaggerated degree—the exclusiveness, vanity, and illiberality of that class being copied with a coarser pencil and in more glaring colours. The line of demarcation between "Sixties" and "Forties" has always been very distinctly marked—so distinctly that the hope of crossing it seems almost too faint to act as a stimulant on the ambition of the latter. But, within a few years, symptoms of unsteadiness have manifested themselves in the interposed barriers. That grand underminer of social distinctions—wealth—has begun to work here also; with many and strong opponents, indeed, to struggle against, but still not without at least one secret but steady ally. The constitution of Guernsey, notwithstanding the oligarchical tendency of its feudal foundation, contains a decidedly democratic element in its laws of inheritance, which somewhat resemble the Kentish Gavelkind. According to these laws (as modified by a recent order in council), real property, whether purchased or inherited, cannot be devised by will (unless where the testator leaves, in case of purchased real property, no descendants—in case of inherited, no relatives in the second degree belonging to the line

His

whence that property was derived), but descends to the children in the proportions of two-thirds equally divided among the sons, and one-third among the daughters. Before this division, however, the eldest son (except within the town barriers) claims what is termed the *préciput*, or "elder-ship"—i.e., a right to a certain measure of land, varying from fourteen to twenty-two perches, taken on any spot in the estate he may choose to select, and reckoned as naked ground, whatever buildings, &c., may stand upon it. This arrangement of course secures him the family mansion, and is consistently carried out, in the division of personal property, by giving a similar claim upon one-seventh of the household furniture, together with all family portraits, pieces of plate, &c. The levelling character of such a system is obvious. Constantly acting as a disposer of real property—the grand basis of an aristocratic class—while its operation on personal property is scarcely felt, it has a progressive tendency to leave the preponderance of wealth in the hands of the trading portion of the community; and influence never fails, in the end, to side with wealth. It is true that several members of the "Sixties" are engaged in mercantile pursuits—a position not regarded as equivocal in Guernsey—but this circumstance only gives another blow to the system of exclusiveness. As a consequence from all which, the "Forties" are gradually creeping into more consideration—winning scanty share in the high places of the island—and must, in the course of time, afford their miniature parallel to the history of the patricians and plebeians of Rome. This result may be regarded as inevitable, but will, doubtless, be tardy—just as the functions of existence are tardy in animals of slow circulation, to which animals the social system of Guernsey may most aptly be compared.

This sketch would be still more incomplete than it is, were we to omit some brief notice of the constitution and laws of the island.

The constitution of Guernsey professes to found itself on a charter

* See a note addressed by General Napier to the "Naval and Military Magazine," April, 1846.

granted to the Channel Islands by King John, as a reward for their loyal adherence to the British crown, when the remainder of the Norman Duchy fell away to Philip Augustus. Prior to this grant, the island had been subjected to the feudal system in all its purity, much of which was left untouched by John, and still remains in vigour. The legislative power is vested, absolutely and supremely, in the sovereign and council, relatively and conditionally, in a local body called "The States." "The States" are divided into "States of Election," and "States of Deliberation." The former is simply the electoral body, and, in that character, destitute of any administrative attributes. Its present numerical force is 222 members—of whom all, except twenty (the twenty constables), are nominated for life, and therefore irresponsible! The functions of this snug assembly are confined to the choice of the king's sheriff, and to filling up vacancies in the twelve "jurats," which latter, at the same time, form a constituent part of their own body, and are thus, to a certain extent, self-elective. The "States of Deliberation" are almost equally removed from being a representative assembly. Their composition is as follows: the "bailiff" and the "procureur du roi," both appointed by the crown; the twelve jurats, chosen for life by the States of Election; the right rectors of the several parishes, nominated by the Lieutenant-Governor; and fifteen deputies, annually chosen by a majority from certain parochial bodies, called "Douzaines," whose members are themselves elected for life, by the rate-payers of the respective parishes. Thus we see that, out of its thirty-seven votes, the States of Deliberation present only fifteen laying any sort of claim to be representatives; and that claim, when we come to examine it, a mere shadow of a shade! The functions of this august body are limited almost solely to the voting of public money, which vote must afterwards be enforced by an ordinance of the Royal Court—a section of their own body. They are

empowered, moreover, to superintend all public works; but this department of their labours they are wont (with becoming diffidence) to delegate to a committee, the majority of which is almost invariably in the hands of the jurats. One of the most note-worthy and independent steps ever taken by the States of Deliberation was, a recent vote, by which they declared themselves perfection!—*O fortunatissimum!* A native jurist asserts that the power formerly exercised by the States of Deliberation was (as, from all analogy, it certainly ought to be) the chief island power. "There is no political institution," he remarks, "more absurd, unjust, and defective, than the Deliberative States of Guernsey. . .

The best interests of the island have been sacrificed by the concentration of the legislative power in the hands of the court and clergy, whose union drowns the general voice. Guernsey-men profess themselves lovers of liberty; but the majority seem enamoured rather of its shadow than its substance."* The authority once possessed (if this gentleman's conclusions are correct) by the above assembly is at present in the hands of a portion of their own body, forming what is called "The Royal Court," which is constituted solely of the bailiff and the twelve jurats†—that is to say, as far as its effective force goes, of the "Sixties." This court seems originally to have been endowed with nothing beyond a municipal authority. "At present it monopolizes the supreme legislative and administrative power within the island."‡ At the same time, the Royal Court disclaims all power of making laws, only assuming the right to pass "such regulations as are necessary for enforcing and putting into due execution the laws of the island."§ It seems, then, that, in practice, no local authority exists capable, *sui juris*, of accomplishing anything actually amounting to a reform, either constitutional or legal—the real authority, in such a case, being the sovereign in council. This fact it is important to observe,

* Duncan's "History of Guernsey," p. 440.

† Several other functionaries are summoned, but merely *pro forma*.

‡ Duncan, p. 443.

§ Ibid. p. 450.

in connexion with the following circumstances: Some short time ago, a commission was appointed by Sir James Graham to investigate the criminal law of the Channel Islands. Subsequent to the appointment of this commission, but before its labours were actually commenced, reasons were suggested to government for extending its investigations to the civil law also, which extension was accordingly determined upon. Thereat, great consternation seized the Deliberative States of Guernsey. Their pristine wisdom, however, forsook them not: assembling in all haste, they passed, by a large majority, a resolution to the effect that "the laws and their administration satisfy the wishes and wants of the inhabitants, and that the institutions of the island present the means of considering and ascertaining, when occasion may present itself, the amendments which the wants of society, from time to time, may require, as well as to effect them, with the sanction of her Majesty and Council," which resolution was forthwith despatched to the Home Secretary. From what we have above stated, the reader will be able to estimate the actual significance of this august proceeding. Not being in any degree a representative body, the States, in declaring that "the laws satisfy the wishes and wants of the inhabitants," merely make an assertion which, whether true or not, is in no whit more authoritative than that of any dogmatical assembly of gentlemen at a breakfast or dinner-table; while, for the same reason, the declaration that "the island institutions present the means of effecting such social amendments as may, from time to time, be required," must be regarded as a piece of facetious wagery—a merry hit at the supposed "greenness" of the Home Secretary in Guernsey matters, which we cannot help fancying delivered by the honourable mover with a sly wink at the "Treasury benches." The De-

liberative States have, undoubtedly, the initiative in reforms—they can propose amendments, and submit them to the final decision of the Sovereign in council; but in a healthy body politic the initiative of reform should rest with the majority—with the masses on which reform acts—with the people, who in Guernsey possess no organs of political speech. To look for reform from the Deliberative States is to look for it from a quarter whence it cannot naturally come, since bodies so constituted, essentially represent, not the active forces of a community, but the check to an excess of action. Reform is as foreign to their nature, as movement is to matter;—with both the impulse must be communicated—cannot be spontaneous.

To resume.—Justice, both civil and criminal, is administered in Guernsey by the bailiff and the twelve "jurats," who also act as coroners, and form, when occasion requires it, an admiralty court. Such multifarious functions would seem to presuppose wisdom, far exceeding that of Solomon, in those fulfilling them. The Guernsey jurats are, generally speaking, gentlemen of the average amount of intelligence; but it would be ridiculous to imagine them fitted for such a complication of duties, especially as no sort of preparatory education is required of them! Indeed, being all of them unpaid, they may safely be presumed to have devoted their chief attention and intellectual energies to some specific profession or business.* The bailiff alone is salaried, and being, moreover, appointed by the crown, may be expected to be properly qualified for his position;† but his actual influence is only secondary—he is, indeed, the presiding judge, and delivers his opinion before all the others; but causes are decided by a majority of the jurats—the bailiff only possessing a casting vote. A sketch of the mode of proceeding before this tribunal, in a capital case—suppose murder—will show,

* We remember well when we firmly believed that our revered grandaunt was a jurat. In recording here our conviction that her talents and acquirements would have rendered her perfectly competent to take a high place amongst those august gentlemen, we can conscientiously declare that this tribute to her memory is entirely free from the exaggeration of affection.

† The present bailiff, P. S. Carey, Esq., late Professor of Law, University College, London, is a gentleman in whose society it is impossible to be, without immediately recognizing a superior intellect.

at a glance, the fatal errors of the system. As a first step, the bailiff, and not less than two out of the twelve jurats, hold an inquest on the body, as coroner; in the second place, they examine witnesses in private, as a grand jury; in the third place, they have the culprit brought before them, as magistrates, when the indictment is read over to him, and he is called on to plead and choose counsel; in the fourth place, they examine witnesses for the prosecution, excluding both the prisoner and his counsel, as—what?—a star-chamber committee!—in the fifth place, they confront the prisoner with these witnesses, whose depositions are read over to him, and whom he (or his counsel) is then allowed to cross-examine. After this, counsel may demand to examine witnesses in behalf of the prisoner—but he must state the particular facts he proposes to prove, and it then rests with the court to decide whether the evidence shall be admitted or not!—Finally, the day of trial arrives, when the court must be composed of the bailiff, and not less than seven jurats. On this occasion these functionaries make their appearance as judge and jury—changing character with a facility which must put any harlequin to the blush!—the witnesses are not personally called—their depositions only being read—by which arrangement the moral effect produced by hesitation, prevarication, inconsistencies, &c., is entirely lost upon such of the jurats as may not have found it convenient to be present at the preliminary proceedings, as well as (what is more important) on the prisoner's counsel, whose presence at those proceedings was legally prohibited! As soon as the depositions are finished, and before the crown prosecution has stated its case, the defence is called for, and is followed by the speech of the *procureur du roi*, which concludes with a suggestion of the punishment to be inflicted; this again is succeeded by an oration from the other crown lawyer, the *controleur du roi*, who also suggests a penalty, not necessarily the same with that of his learned colleague. The bailiff then sums up, adding, in like manner, his individual

estimate of the punishment merited, and jurats, in succession, according to seniority, publicly state their respective opinions on the matter—both sentence and penalty being fixed by vote; whence it follows that every criminal trial in Guernsey comprehends also an act of criminal legislation. We believe the Guernsey jurats to be men of unblemished reputation and integrity; but we fearlessly assert that any approximation to impartial justice under a system such as we have described, is morally impossible. Fearful to relate, the judgment thus arrived at, even if capital, is “final and irreversible,” and may be executed instantaneously.

Before passing from criminal to civil law, we must not omit to mention a strange remnant of feudal abuses existing in Guernsey at this day—“However many and important the witnesses may be in a criminal case, twelve only are admitted to give evidence, and these are selected at the option of the public prosecutor!” On a recent trial, for felony of an aggravated class, the queen's “*procureur*” is reported to have said—“He was precluded from bringing forward further proof on this (an essential) point, by the law which forbade the hearing of more than twelve witnesses. Had he been at liberty to call other witnesses, he could probably have strengthened his case.”* The prisoners were acquitted!

With regard to the civil jurisprudence of the Channel Islands, we cannot pretend to enter into any elaborate details. It will be sufficient briefly to describe one of its most characteristic features—the law of guarantee. In Jersey and Guernsey, the transfer of landed property is effected by a peculiar arrangement, not without its advantages. All such property is nominally valued at so many “quarters of wheat”—a quarter being generally assumed to represent a capital of twenty pounds, island currency (equivalent, in Guernsey, to about nineteen pounds sterling)—or, at five per cent., a rent of one pound per annum. Thus, a piece of land worth eight hundred pounds, is valued at forty quarters, and the ordinary mode of purchasing

* Vide “The Guernsey Star” Newspaper, 17th August, 1846.
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it would be as follows:—The purchaser pays to the seller, as a sort of guarantee of solvency, one-fourth of the estimated value, two hundred pounds, in cash; the remainder is converted into a rent-charge on the estate, which, in our supposed case, will amount to thirty pounds per annum; or, in Guernsey phrase, “thirty quarters.” This rent-charge is more commonly perpetual, but sometimes specially redeemable by instalments. In the former case, it so far resembles ground-rents with us, that it is transferable, *ad libitum*, without any interference with the actual tenant. As soon as his contract is completed, the purchaser holds this property almost as a fee-simple; he can build where he pleases, fell timber, cultivate and enclose the land according to his will and pleasure, and at his death it descends, in conformity with the island laws, to his legal heirs. Sometimes these purchases are effected without a farthing of capital passing between the parties—the whole value of the land to be sold being converted into a rent-charge. A system of this kind, of course, greatly facilitates the acquisition of property, and is, in many respects, well adapted to these little islands, where capital must be limited to a very low average—at the same time it naturally acts as an incentive to economical habits. But the very facility it affords necessitates a proportionately strict check upon the abuses to which it thence becomes exposed. Such a check is easily found in equitable bankruptcy laws; but, unfortunately, equity is a characteristic entirely foreign to this class of laws in Guernsey. According to the system of guarantee in force in that island, the *whole* of a man's real property, including whatever portion he may have inherited, becomes security for the quarters due on any separate part, and this liability extends, not only to what is actually in his possession, but to all that which was in his possession at the time of making the contract, but which may since have passed to other proprietors. Before the month of December, 1825, even property purchased or inherited subsequent to such contract was, in like manner, liable, and this regulation still affects all transactions concluded prior to that date. Thus: suppose A. possesses an estate and houses, purchased

in 1824, and charged with a certain amount of perpetual quarters. Subsequently, he inherits another estate, which he disposes of, in the usual manner, to B., who, being engaged in business, invests capital thereon, in the form, say, of a factory, flour-mill, &c., according to his specific occupation.

In the meantime, the estate originally purchased by A. deteriorates; the houses on it fall into decay, and incidental causes diminish the value of the land, which value, if in the neighbourhood of the town, is probably an artificial one. A. by this time is defunct—the deteriorated estate has been divided among his children, and the least provident of these suddenly becomes bankrupt. Upon this the original possessor makes what is called a *saisie* upon the property, including not only that of all the brothers, but also the estate in the hand of our manufacturing friend B., who, like the others, is liable to be entirely ejected (without receiving one farthing compensation for all the capital he has laid out), unless he consent to take the bankrupt's estate, together with all the debts charged against it, and continue the payment of the quarters due thereon. The liability in which B. stands is termed the “*garantie indirecte*,” while that of the brothers, or co-heirs, is the “*garantie immédiate*”—the distinction being so far in favour of the former, that he can only be called upon to abandon the property actually purchased from A. (with, however, all his own improvements), while the latter are liable in all their real property, even that inherited from a different line! When a *saisie* has been made, the detaining creditor must give public notice that those having demands against the bankrupt's estate are to register their claims, on pain of forfeiture, before a certain day. The creditors are classified according to the date of registry; those entered before the *saisie* having the priority of claim to those entered subsequently, which last are all regarded as “in parity of rights.” As soon as the registry is closed, each of the creditors in turn, beginning with the last registered, is summoned either to take the bankrupt's estate and pay off all the debts recorded against it, prior to his own, or to abandon, entirely and forever, his individual claim. A moment's consideration of this system will show

that it is one favourable to the rich, but directly adverse to the poor* creditor—in other words, that it is eminently unjust. A bankrupt's estate is, almost of necessity, encumbered beyond its value: the creditors, therefore, at the bottom of the list, are pretty sure to find the debts above them heavier than the sum they could hope to realize in constituting themselves (as is the technical phrase) *saisies propriétaires*. Although the surrender of their claims may bring them to the verge of ruin, still this must be preferred to the certain destruction which the assumption of all the insolvent's responsibilities would bring with it. In this way the claims are, one after the other, wiped off, until only so many remain as may leave a fair chance of benefit to the accepting creditor. At this stage, however, other considerations present themselves to diminish the number of competitors: the estate is deteriorated by neglect, and the buildings upon it (some of them perhaps factories) are fallen into decay; its value is thus rendered relative instead of absolute: to the small capitalist it were an embarrassment and a risk; to the large, a fine field of speculation, a certain source of wealth. The small capitalist must therefore yield; and this wise and beneficent process concludes with filling the pockets of the wealthiest creditor, and sending the poor "empty away!"†

It were endless to detail the abuse within abuse to which this grand abuse gives rise: its effect, as viewed by the political economist, is too obvious to need indication. But reviewing the facts we have just given, and recollecting that they have been in undisturbed operation for centuries, we cannot help recording it as our opinion, that the "Deliberative States" of Guernsey, in solemnly declaring that "the institutions of the island present the means of effecting such social amendments as may, from time to time, be required," passed a satire upon themselves, exceeding in severity anything even "Junius" could have uttered!

Such are, in brief and imperfect outline, the characteristic features of the social and of the political condition of Guernsey. That in both there is much room for beneficial change, can scarcely be disputed, and is not disputed by the more intelligent of the islanders themselves. The means of effecting such a change are easily pointed out, as a generality; but to determine them in detail would require infinitely more space, wisdom, and experience than we can lay claim to. In general terms, then, the root of the evil seems to lie in one comprehensive fact—the political isolation in which these islands (for our remarks apply, with at least equal force, to Jersey also) are placed with respect to the world around them. Having no points of contact, no community of interests, with any power playing a part in the grand drama of modern history; the forward movement of Europe has left them centuries behind, where they still remain lazily becalmed in the muddy waters of the middle ages. Their narrow limits have afforded no room for internal expansion, neither could any germ of progress find nutriment amid such poverty of assimilatory elements. The truth of this position no calm observer can dispute: nearly all that is good and well-ordered in the Channel Islands is directly traceable to the influence of England, while all that is bad may as easily be deduced from indigenous causes. But this English influence is, under existing circumstances, broken and superficial; it has to penetrate through a dense fog of error and prejudice, in many points utterly impervious, everywhere dimming and distorting its beneficent rays. It follows, clearly, that all remedial measures must direct themselves to doing away with as much as possible of the obstacles to this influence. As the Channel Islands are not colonies—not children educated under the immediate action of the mother—although placed in a precisely similar dependence—England should endeavour to supply a substitute for the force of such blood relationship. She should attach them to herself, not alone by dependency and steam intercourse, but by actual

* A general characteristic, be it remarked, of feudalism and all its remnants, both in Guernsey and elsewhere.

† Authorities—Warburton's "Treatise on the Laws and Customs of Guernsey," *ad loc.*; Duncan's History, section "Constitution;" and "Essay on Laws of Real Property in Guernsey," by P. Jeremie, Advocate.

graft and assimilation, transfusing into them a portion of her own system, nervous, venous, and arterial. In other words, she should establish between herself and them a political and judicial, instead of a simply *seigneurial* connexion.* How this is to be done, is a question only resolvable by the practical jurist and legislator; even did our vanity suffice to lead us into suggestions on the subject, the fact that while we write, a government commission is actually sitting on the criminal law of the islands, and will certainly be succeeded by a similar inquest upon the civil law also, would effectually check its presumption. There is one point, however, to which, as it scarcely seems to come within the exact province of either of these commissions, we will venture briefly to advert. This is, the singular inconsistency of permitting French to remain the legalized national language of Jersey and Guernsey. We have already recorded our belief that, in the latter island at least, this language has completely lost all elements of vitality. Among the wealthier classes its use is altogether exploded, and English may certainly be regarded as the favourite with almost the entire population of St. Peter's Port—a population constituting two-thirds of the whole island. The patois prevalent among the poorer inhabitants of the rural districts is (as we before stated) constantly recruiting itself from the English, instead of from the French—a fact whose significance has been already pointed out. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the language in which all judicial and legislative proceedings are carried on, is the language of the uneducated minority. Apart from the deteriorating social influences hence springing—influences affecting the legal profession, the state of agriculture, and the education and ideas of the poorer orders—grave political considerations are involved in this fact. The Channel Islands belong geographically to France; it is the clear policy of England, therefore, carefully to coun-

teract the facility of influence hence afforded to that country, increased a thousand fold by identity of language. Nor let the apparent insignificance of these possessions render us apathetic in this matter. During peace, the Channel Islands are indeed of small account; but, in the event of a war, if captured through any negligence of ours, and strongly fortified by the French, they would, from their immediate neighbourhood to the fine harbours of St. Malo and Cherbourg, be more than equivalent to a hostile channel fleet, and might harass our navy and merchant service to an incalculable extent. The great mischief done to French commerce by the Guernsey privateers, fitted out by individuals, during the late war, supplies a criterion of what the immense resources of an enterprising enemy, with the possession of these islands, might accomplish against ourselves. Their importance in this point of view was comprehended at a glance by the present lieutenant-governor of Guernsey—a pre-eminent master of military science—and a plan for their efficient fortification, which may, we trust, be adopted, at least to some extent, has been laid by him before government. But this is not the only subject on which that distinguished officer has provided for the well being of the Channel Islands. General Napier's intellect is not great on one side only; his keen judgment has penetrated the social no less rapidly than the military defects of the government entrusted to him, and it is through his persevering representations that the Home Office has been induced to appoint the commissions already spoken of. Thus the man whom a prejudiced portion of the inhabitants of Guernsey love to abuse, like children who revile the chastening hand which secures their future welfare, is actually the prime instigator of all the coming reforms which, with wiser laws and purer justice, must tend to spread increased civilization, wealth, and happiness, among them!

* We do not mean to say that the Channel Islands ought to be *entirely* incorporated into our political system—some concessions must, of course, be made to the long-existing customs and prejudices of the islanders.

† Let us not be supposed to imply that there is any *French feeling* in those islands—the contrary is the case.

THE BLACK PROPHET—A TALE OF IRISH FAMINE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER XXIX.—A PICTURE FOR THE PRESENT—SARAH BREAKS HER WORD.

THE gray of a cold frosty morning had begun to dawn, and the angry red of the eastern sky gradually to change into that dim but darkening aspect which marks a coming tempest of snow, when the parish priest, the Rev. Father Hanratty, accompanied by Nelly M'Gowan, passed along the Ballynafail road, on their way to the Grange, for the purpose of having a communication with Charley Hanlon. It would, indeed, be impossible to describe a morning more strongly marked than the one in question, by that cold and shivering impression of utter misery which it is calculated to leave on any mind, especially when associated with the sufferings of our people. The breeze was keen and so cutting, that one felt as if that part of the person exposed to it, had undergone the process of excoriation, and when a stronger blast than usual swept over the naked and desolate-looking fields, its influence actually benumbed the joints, and penetrated the whole system with a sensation that made one imagine the very marrow within the bones was frozen. They had not proceeded far beyond the miserable shed where Sarah, in the rapid prostration of typhus, had been forced to take shelter, when, on passing a wretched cabin by the road side, which, from its open door and ruinous windows, had all the appearance of being uninhabited, they heard the moanings of some unhappy individual within, accompanied, as it were, with something like the low, feeble wail of an infant.

"Ah," said the worthy priest, "this, I fear, is another of these awful cases of desertion and death that are too common in this terrible and scourging visitation. We must not pass here without seeing what is the matter, and rendering such assistance as we can."

"Wid the help o' God, my foot won't cross the threshel," replied Nelly—"I know it's the sickness—

God keep it from us!—an' I won't put myself in the way of it."

"Don't profane the name of the Almighty, you wretched woman," replied the priest, alighting from his horse, "it is always his will and wish, that in such trials as these you should do whatever you can for your suffering fellow-creatures."

"But if I should catch it," the other replied, "what 'ud become o' me? might n't I be as bad as they are in there; an' may be in the same place too; an' God knows I'm not fit to die."

"Stay where you are," said the priest, "until I enter the house, and if your assistance should be necessary, I shall command you to come in."

"Well, if you ordher me," replied the superstitious creature, "that changes the case. I'll be then undher obadiance to my clargy."

"If you had better observed the precepts of your religion, and the injunctions of your clergy, wretched woman, you would not be the vile creature you are to-day," he replied, as he hooked his horse's bridle upon a staple in the door-post, and entered the cabin.

"Oh, merciful Father, support me!" he exclaimed; "what a sight is here! Come in at once," he added, addressing himself to Nelly; "and if you have a woman's heart within you, aid me in trying what can be done."

Awed by his words, but with timidity and reluctance, she approached the scene of appalling misery which there lay before them. But how shall we describe it? The cabin in which they stood had been evidently for some time deserted, a proof that its former humble inmates had been all swept off by typhus; for in these peculiar and not uncommon cases, no other family would occupy the house thus left desolate, so that the cause of its desertion was easily understood. The floor was strewed in some places with little

stopples of rotten thatch, evidently blown in by the wind of the previous night; the cheerless fire-place was covered with clots of soot, and the floor was all spattered over with the black shining moisture, called soot-drops, which want of heat and habitation caused to fall from the roof. The cold, strong blast, too, from time to time, rushed in with wild moans of desolation, that rose and fell in almost supernatural tones, and swept the dead ashes and soot from the fire-place, and the rotten thatch from the floor, in little eddies that spun about until they had got into some nook or corner where the fiercer strength of the blast could not reach them. Stretched out in this wretched and abandoned hut, lay before the good priest and his companion, a group of misery, consisting of both the dying and the dead—to wit, a mother and her three children. Over in the corner, on the right hand side of the fire-place, the unhappy and perishing creature lay, divided, or rather torn asunder, as it were, by the rival claims of affection. Lying close to her cold and shivering breast was an infant of about six months old, striving feebly, from time to time, to draw from that natural source of affection the sustenance which had been dried up by chilling misery and want. Beside her, on the left, lay a boy—a pale, emaciated boy—about eight years old, silent and motionless, with the exception that, ever and anon, he turned round his heavy blue eyes, as if to ask some comfort or aid, or even some notice from his unfortunate mother, who, as if conscious of these affectionate supplications, pressed his wan cheek tenderly with her fingers, to intimate to him that, as far as she *could*, she responded to, and acknowledged these last entreaties of the heart; whilst, again, she felt her affections called upon by the apparently dying struggles of the infant that was, in reality, fast perishing at the now exhausted fountain of its life. Between these two claimants was the breaking heart of the woeful mother divided, but the alternations of her love seemed now almost wrought up to the last terrible agonies of mere animal instinct, when the sufferings are strong in proportion to that debility of reason which supervenes in such deaths as arise from famine, or

under those feelings of indescribable torture which tore her affection, as it were, to pieces, and paralyzed her higher powers of moral suffering. Beyond the infant again, and next the wall, lay a girl, it might be about eleven, stretched, as if in sleep, and apparently in a state of composure that struck one forcibly, when contrasted, from its utter stillness, with the yet living agonies by which she was surrounded. It was evident from the decency with which the girl's thin scanty covering was arranged, and the emaciated arms placed by her side, that the poor parent had endeavoured, as well as she could, to *lay her out*; and, oh, great God! what a task for a mother, and under what circumstances must it have been performed! There, however, did the corpse of this fair and unhappy child lie; her light and silken locks blown about her still and death-like features by the ruffian blast, and the complacency which had evidently characterized her countenance when in life, now stamped by death, with the sharp and worn expression of misery and the grave. Thus surrounded lay the dying mother, and it was not until the priest had taken in, at more than one view, the whole terrors of this awful scene, that he had time to let his eyes rest upon her countenance and person. When he did, however, the history, though a fearful one, was, in her case, as indeed in too many, legible at a glance, and may be comprised in one word—*starvation*.

Father Hanratty was a firm-minded man, with a somewhat rough manner, but a heart natural and warm. After looking upon her face for a few moments, he clasped his hands closely together, and, turning up his eyes to heaven, exclaimed—

“Great God, guide and support me in this trying scene!”

And, indeed, it is not to be wondered at that he uttered such an exclamation. There lay in the woman's eyes—between her knit and painful eyebrows, over her shrunk upper forehead, upon her sharp cheek-bones, and along the ridge of her thin, wasted nose—there lay upon her skeleton arms, pointed elbows, and long-jointed fingers, a frightful expression, at once uniform and varied, that spoke of gaunt and yellow famine in all its most hideous horrors. Her eyeballs

protruded even to sharpness, and as she glared about her with a half-conscious, and half instinctive look, there seemed a fierce demand in her eye that would have been painful, were it not that it was occasionally tamed down into something mournful and imploring by a recollection of the helpless beings that were about her. Stripped, as she then was, of all that civilized society presents to a human being on the bed of death—without friends, aid of any kind, comfort, sympathy, or the consolations of religion—she might be truly said to have sunk to the mere condition of animal life—whose uncontrollable impulses had thus left their startling and savage impress upon her countenance, unless, as we have said, when the faint dawn of consciousness threw a softer and more human light into her wild features.

"In the name and in the spirit of God's mercy," asked the priest, "and if you have the use of your tongue or voice, tell me what the matter is with you or your children? Is it sickness or starvation?"

The sound of a human voice appeared to arrest her attention, and rouse her a little. She paused, as it were, from her sufferings, and looked first at the priest, and then at his companion—but she spoke not. He then repeated the question, and after a little delay he saw that her lips moved.

"She is striving to speak," said he, "but cannot. I will stoop to her."

He repeated the question a third time, and, stooping so as to bring his ear near her mouth, he could catch, expressed very feebly and indistinctly, the word—*hunger*. She then made an effort, and bent down her mouth to the infant which now lay still at her breast. She felt for its little heart, she felt its little lips—but they were now chill and motionless; its little hands had ceased to gather any longer around her breast; it was cold—it was breathless—it was dead! Her countenance now underwent a singular and touching change—a kind of solemn joy—a sorrowful serenity was diffused over it. She seemed to remember their position, and was in the act, after having raised her eyes to heaven, of putting round her hand to feel for the boy who lay on the other side, when she was seized with a short and rather feeble spasm, and, laying down her head in

its original position between her children, she was at last freed from life and all the sufferings which its gloomy lot had inflicted upon her and those whom she loved.

The priest, seeing that she was dead, offered up a short but earnest prayer for the repose of her soul, after which he turned his attention to the boy.

"The question now is," he observed to his companion, "can we save this poor but interesting child?"

"I hardly think it possible," she replied; "doesn't your reverence see that death's workin' at him—and an aisey job he'll have of the poor thing now."

"Hunger and cold have here done awful work," said Father Hanratty, "as they have and will in many other conditions similar to this. I shall mount my horse, and if you lift the poor child up, I will wrap him as well as I can in my great coat,"—which, by the way, he stripped off him as he spoke. He then folded it round the boy, and putting him into Nelly's arms, was about to leave the cabin, when the child, looking around him for a moment, and then upon his mother, made a faint struggle to get back.

"What is it, asthore?" asked the woman; "what is it you want?"

"Leave me wid my mother," he said; "let me go to her; my poor father's dead, an' left us—oh! let me stay wid her."

The poor boy's voice was so low and feeble, that it was with difficulty she heard the words, which she repeated to the priest.

"Dear child," said the latter, "we are bringing you to where you will get food and drink, and a warm bed to go to, and you will get better, I hope."

And as he took the helpless and innocent sufferer into his arms, after having fixed himself in the saddle, the tears of strong compassion ran down his cheeks.

"He is as light as a feather, poor thing," exclaimed the kind-hearted man; "but I trust in heaven we may save him yet."

And they immediately hurried onward to the next house, which happened to be that of our friend Jerry Sullivan, to the care of whose humane and affectionate family they consigned him.

We cannot dwell here upon that which every reader can anticipate ; it is enough to say that the boy with care recovered, and that his unfortunate mother with her two children received an humble grave in the nearest churchyard, beyond the reach of the storms and miseries of life for ever.

On reaching the Grange, or rather the house now occupied by widow Hanlon, the priest having sent for Charley, into whose confidence he had for some time been admitted, had a private conference, of considerable length, with him and the pedlar ; after which, Nelly was called in, as it would seem, to make some disclosure connected with the subject they were discussing. A deep gloom, however, rested upon both Hanlon and the pedlar ; and it was sufficiently evident that whatever the import of Nelly McGowan's communication may have been, it was not of so cheering a nature as to compensate for the absence of widow Hanlon, and the party for which she had been sent. Father Hanratty having left them, they took an early breakfast, and proceeded to Ballynafail—which we choose to designate as the assize town—in order to watch, with disappointed and heavy hearts, the trial of Condy Dalton, in whose fate they felt a deeper interest than the reader might suppose.

All the parties attended, the Prophet among the rest ; and it might have been observed, that his countenance was marked by an expression of peculiar determination. His brow was, if possible, darker than usual ; his eye was quicker and more circumspect ; but his complexion, notwithstanding this, was not merely pale, but absolutely white as ashes. The morning came, however, and the assizes were opened with the usual formalities. The judge's charge to the grand jury, in consequence of the famine outrages which had taken place to such an extent, was unusually long ; nor was the "King against Hanlon," for the murder of Sullivan, left without due advice and comment. In this way a considerable portion of the day passed. At length a trial for horse-stealing came on, but closed too late to allow them to think of commencing any other case during that day ; and, as a natural consequence, that of Condy Dalton was postponed until the next morning.

It is an impressive thing, and fills the mind with a reverend sense of the wisdom manifested by an over-ruling Providence, to reflect upon the wondrous manner in which the influence of slight incidents is made to frustrate the subtlest designs of human ingenuity, and vindicate the justice of the Almighty in the eyes of his creatures, sometimes for the reward of the just, and as often for the punishment of the guilty. Had the trial of Dalton, for instance, gone on, as had been anticipated, during the first day, it is impossible to say how many of the characters in our humble drama might have grievously suffered or escaped in consequence. At all events it is not likely that the following dialogue would have ever taken place, or been made instrumental in working out purposes, and defeating plans, with which the reader, if he is not already, will very soon be made acquainted.

Donnel Dhu had returned from the assizes, and was sitting, as usual, poring upon the fire, when he asked the old woman who nursed Sarah, if there had been any persons inquiring for him since nightfall.

"Three or four," she replied ; "but I said you hadn't come home yet ; an' devil a one o' them but was all on the same tune, an' bid me to tell you that it was a safe night."

"Well, I hope it is, Biddy," he replied ; "but not so safe," he added to himself, "as I could wish it to be. How is Sarah ?"

"She's better," replied the woman, "an' was up to-day for an hour or two ; but still she's poorly, and I think her brain isn't right yet."

"Very likely it isn't," said the Prophet. "But, Biddy, when were you at Shancoo ?"

"Not this week past."

"Well, then, if you like to slip over for an hour or so now, you may, an' I'll take care of Sarah till you come back ; only don't be longer."

"Long life to you, Donnel ; thro' an' I want to go, if it was only to set the little matters right for them poor orphans, my grandchildre."

"Well, then, go," he replied ; "but don't be more than an hour away, mind. I'll take care of Sarah for you till you come back."

At this moment a tap came to the door, and Donnel, on hearing it, went

out, and in a minute or two returned again, saying—

“Hurry, Biddy; make haste, if you wish to go at all; but remember not to be more than an hour away.”

The old creature accordingly threw her cloak about her, and made the best of her way to see her grandchildren, both of whose parents had been swept off by the first deadly ravages of the typhus fever.

She had not been long gone, when another tap was given, and Donnel, on opening the door, said—

“You may come in now; she’s off to Shanoo. I didn’t think it safe that she should see us together on this night, at all events. Sit down. This girl’s illness has nearly spoiled all; however, we must only do the best we can. Thank God the night’s dark, that’s one comfort.”

“If we could’ a’ had Dalton found guilty,” replied Rody, “all would be well over this night, an’ we might be on our way out o’ this to America; but what ’ud you do wid Sarah, if we had? Sure she wouldn’t be able to travel, nor she won’t, I doubt, as it is.”

“Sarah,” replied the Prophet, who suspected the object of the question, “is well fit to take care of herself. We must only go without her, if she’s not able to come the day after to-morrow. Where are the boys for the Grange?”

“Undher shekther of the Grey Stone, waiting to start.”

“Well, then, as it is,” said Donnel, “they know their business, at any rate. The Grange folk don’t expect them this week to come, you think?”

Rody looked at the Prophet very keenly, as he thought of the conversation that took place between himself and Charley Hanlon, and which, upon an explanation with Donnel, he had detailed. The fellow, however, as we said, was both cowardly and suspicious, and took it into his head that his friend might feel disposed to play him a trick, by sending him to conduct the burglary, of which Hanlon had spoken with such startling confidence—a piece of cowardice which, indeed, was completely gratuitous and unfounded on his part; the truth being, that it was the Prophet’s interest, above all things, to keep Rody out of danger, both for that worthy individual’s sake and his own. Rody, we say, looked at him;

and of a certainty it must be admitted, that the physiognomy of our friend, the Seer, during that whole day, was one from which no very high opinion of his integrity or good faith could be drawn.

“It’s a very sthrange thing,” replied Rody, in a tone of thought and reflection, “how Charley Hanlon came to know of this matter at all.”

“He never heard a word of it,” replied Donnel, “barrin’ from yourself.”

“From me!” replied Rody, indignantly; “what do you mane by that?”

“Why, when you went to sound him,” said Donnel, “you let too much out; and Charley was too cute not to see what you wor at.”

“All *Feasthalagh* an’ nonsense,” returned Rody, who, by the way, entertained a very high opinion of his own sagacity; “no mortal could suspect that there was a plot to rob the house from what I said; but hould,” he added, slapping his knee, as if he had made a discovery, “*ma chorpan’ dioual*, but I have it all!”

“What is it?” said the Prophet, calmly.

“You tould the matter to Sarah, an’ *she*, by coorse, tould it to Charley Hanlon, that she tells every thing to.”

“No sich thing,” replied the other. “Sarah knows nothing about the robbery that’s to go on to-night at the Grange, but she did about the plan upon Mave Sullivan, and promised to help us in it, as I tould you before.”

“Well, at any rate,” replied Duncan, “I’ll have nothing to do wid *this* robbery—devil a thing; but I’ll make a bargain wid you—if you manage the Grange business, I’ll lend a hand in Mave Sullivan’s affair.”

The Prophet looked at him, fastening his dark piercing eyes upon his face—

“I see,” he proceeded, “you’re suspicious or you’re cowardly, or maybe both; but to make you feel that I’m neither the one nor the other, and that you have no raison to be so either, I say I’ll take you at your word. Do manage Mave Sullivan’s business, and I’ll see what can be done with the other. An’ listen to me now, it’s our business, in case of a discovery of the robbery, to have Masther Dick’s neck as far in the noose for Mave’s affair as ours may be for the other thing; an’ for the same raison you needn’t care

how far you drive him. He doesn't wish to have violence; but do you take care that there *will* be violence, an' then may be we may manage him if there's a discovery in the other affair."

"Donnel, you're a great headpiece—the devil's not so deep as you are; but as the most of them all is strangers, an' they say there's two girls in Sullivan's instead o' one, how will the strange boys know the right one?"

"If it goes to that," said the Prophet, "you'll know her by the clipped head. The minute they seize upon the girl with the *clipped head*, let them make sure of *her*. Poor foolish Tom Dalton, who knows nothing about *our* scheme, thinks the visit is merely to frighten the Sullivans; but when you get the girl, let her be brought to the cross-roads of Tulnavert, where Mas-ther Tom will have a chaise waitin' for her, an' wanst she's with him your care's over. In the meantime, while he's waitin' there, I an' the others will see what can be done at the Grange."

"But tell me, Donnel; you don't intend, surely, to lave poor Sarah behind us?"

"Eh?—Sarah?" returned the Prophet.

"Ay; because you said so awhile ago."

"I know I said so awhile ago; but regardin' Sarah, Rody, she's the only livin' thing on this earth that I care about. I have hardened my heart, thank God, against all the world but herself; an' although I have never much showed it to her, an' although I've neglected her, an' sometimes thought I hated her for her mother's sake—well, no matter—she's the only thing I love or care about for all that. Oh! no—go without Sarah—come weal come woe—we must *not*."

"Because," continued Rody, "when we're all safe, an' out o' the raich o' danger, I have a thing to say to you about Sarah."

"Very well, Rody," said the Prophet, with a grim but bitter smile, "it'll be time enough *then*. Now, go and manage these fellows, an' see you do things as they ought to be done."

"She's fond o' Charley Hanlon, to my own knowledge."

"Who is?"

"Sarah; an' betune you an' me it's not a Brinoge like him that's fit for her. She's a hasty and an unsartin

kind of a girl—a good dale wild or so—an' it isn't, as I said, the likes o' that chap that 'id answer her, but a steady, experienced, sober——"

—"Honest man, Rody. Well, I'm not in a laughin' humour now; be off, an' see that you do yourself an' us all credit."

When he was gone, the Prophet drew a long breath—one, however, from its depth, evidently indicative of any thing but ease of mind. He then rose, and was preparing to go out, when Sarah, who had only laid herself on the bed, without undressing, got up, and approaching him, said, in a voice tremulous with weakness—

"Father, I have heard every word you and Rody said."

"Well," replied her father, looking at her, "I supposed as much. I made no secret of anything; however, keep to your bed—you're not able to rise yet."

"Father, I have changed my mind; you have neither my heart nor wish in anything you're bent on this night."

"Changed your mind!" replied the prophet, bitterly. "Oh! you're a real woman, I suppose, like your mother; you'll drive some unfortunate man to hate the world an' all that's in it yet?"

"Father, I care as little about the world as you do; but still I never will lay myself out to do any thing that's wrong."

"You promised to assist us then in Mave Sullivan's business, for all that," he replied. "You can break your word, too. Ah! real woman again."

"Sooner than keep *that* promise, father, *now*, I would willingly let the last drop o' blood out o' my heart—my unhappy heart. Father, you're provin' yourself to be what I can't name. Listen to me—you're on the brink o' destruction. Stop in time, an' fly, for there's a fate over you. I dremt since I lay down—not more than a couple of hours ago—that I saw the Tobacco-Box you were lookin' for, in the hands of——"

"Don't bother or vex me with your d—d nonsense about dhramees," he replied, in a loud and excited voice. "The curse o' heaven on all dhramees, an' every stuff o' the kind. Go to bed."

He slapped the door violently after him, as he spoke, and left her to her own meditations.

CHAPTER XXX.—SELF-SACRIFICE—VILLANY DEFEATED.

TIME passes now as it did on the night recorded in the preceding chapter. About the hour of two o'clock, on that same night, a chaise was standing at the cross roads of Tulnavert, in which a gentleman, a little but not much the worse of liquor, sat in a mood redolent of any thing but patience. Many ejaculations did he utter, and some oaths, in consequence of the delay of certain parties, whom he expected to meet there. At length the noise of many feet was heard, and in the course of a few minutes a body of men advanced in the darkness, one of whom approached the chaise, and asked—

“Is that Masther Dick?”

“Master *Dick*, sirrah; no, it's not.”

“Then there must be some mistake,” replied the fellow, who was a stranger; “and as it's a runaway match, by gorra it would never do to give the girl to the wrong person. It was Masther Dick that Hanlon desired us to inquire for.”

“There is a mistake, my friend; there is—my name, my good fellow, happens to be Masther *Richard*, or rather *Mister Richard*. In all other respects everything is right. I expect a lady; and I am the gentleman, but not Master *Dick*, though—*Richard* is the correct reading.”

“Then, sir,” replied the fellow, “here she is;” and whilst speaking, a horseman, bearing a female before him, came forward, and in a few minutes she was transferred, without any apparent resistance, to the inside of the vehicle which awaited her. This vehicle we shall now follow.

The night, as we said, was dark, but it was also cold and stormy. The driver, who had received his instructions, proceeded in the direction of the Grange; and we only say so generally because so many cross-roads branched off from that which they took, that it was impossible to say when or where Master or Mister *Richard* may have intended to stop. In the meantime, that enterprising and gallant young gentleman commenced a dialogue, somewhat as follows:—

“My dear Miss *Sullivan*, I must be

satisfied that these fellows have conducted this business with all due respect to your feelings. I hope they have not done anything to insult you.”

“I am very weak,” replied the lady; “you needn't expect me to spake much, for I'm not able; I only wish I was in heaven, or any where out of this world.”

“You speak as if you had been agitated or frightened; but compose yourself, you are now under my protection at last, and you shall want for nothing that can contribute to your ease and comfort. Upon my honour—upon my sacred honour, I say—I would not have caused you even this annoyance, were it not that you yourself expressed a willingness—very natural, indeed, considering our affection—to meet me here to-night.”

“Who told you that I was willin' to meet you?”

“Who? why who but our mutual friend the Black Prophet; and, by the way, he is to meet us at the Grey Stone by and bye.”

“He told you false, then,” replied his companion, feebly.

“Why,” asked Henderson, “are you not here with your own consent?”

“I am—oh, indeed, I am—it's altogether my own act that brings me here—my own act—an' I thank God that I had strength for it!”

“Admirable girl! that is just what I have been led to expect from you, and you shall not regret it; I have, as I said, everything provided that can make you happy.”

“Happy!—I can't bear this, sir; I'm desavin' you—I'm not what you think me.”

“You are ill, I fear, my dear Miss *Sullivan*; the bustle and disturbance have agitated you too much, and you are ill.”

“You are speaking truth—I am very ill, but I'll soon be better—I'll soon be better. She feared nothing from me,” added his companion, in a low soliloquy; “an' could I let her outdo me in generosity and kindness. Is this fire—is there fire in the coach?” she asked, in a loud voice; “or is it lightenin'? Oh, my

head, my head; but it will soon be over."

"Compose yourself, I entreat of you, my dearest girl. What! good heavens, how is this? You have not been ill for any time? Your hand—pardon me, you need not withdraw it so hastily—is quite burning and fleshless; what is wrong?"

"Everything, sir, is wrong, unless that I am here, an' that is as it ought to be. Ha, ha!"

"Good, my dearest girl—that consoles me again. Upon my honour; the old Prophet shall not lose by this; on the contrary, I shall keep my word like a prince, and at the Grey Stone shall he pocket, ere half an hour, the reward of his allegiance to his liege lord. I have for a long time had my eye on you, Miss Sullivan, an' when the Prophet assured me that you had discarded Dalton for my sake, I could scarcely credit him until you confirmed the delightful fact by transmitting me a tress of your beautiful hair."

His companion made no reply to this, and the chaise went on for some minutes without any further discourse. Henderson at length ventured to put over his hand towards the corner in which his companion sat, but it no sooner came in contact with her person, than he felt her shrinking, as it were, from his very touch. With his usual complacent confidence, however, in his own powers of attraction, and strongly impressed besides with a belief in his knowledge of the sex, he at once imputed all this to caprice on the behalf of Mave, or rather to that assumption of extreme delicacy which is often resorted to, and over-acted, when the truthful and modest principle from which it should originate has ceased to exist.

"Well, my dear girl," he proceeded, "I grant that all this is natural enough—quite so—I know the step you have taken shows great strength of character; for indeed it requires a very high degree of moral courage and virtue in you, to set society and the whole world at perfect defiance for my sake; but, my dearest girl, don't be cast down—you are not alone in this heroic sacrifice; not at all, believe me. You are not the first who has made it for me; neither, I trust, shall you be the last. This I say of course to

encourage you, because I see that the step you have taken has affected you very much, as is natural it should."

A low moan, apparently of great pain, was the only reply Henderson received to this eloquent effort at consolation. The carriage again rolled onward in silence, and nothing could be heard but the sweep of the storm without—for it blew violently—and deep breathings, or occasional moanings, from his companion within. They drove, it might be for a quarter of an hour, in this way, when Henderson felt his companion start, and the next moment her hand was placed upon his arm."

"Ha! ha! my dearest," thought he, "I knew, notwithstanding all your beautiful startings and fencings, that matters would come to this. There is nothing, after all, like leaving you to yourselves a little, and you are sure to come round. My dear Miss Sullivan," he added aloud, "be composed; say but what it is you wish, and if man can accomplish it, it must be complied with, or procured for you."

"Then," said she, "if you are a human being, let me know when we come to the Grey Stone."

"Undoubtedly I shall. The grim old Prophet promised to meet us there; and, for a reason I have, I know he will keep his word. We shall be there in less than a quarter of an hour. But, my precious creature, now that you understand how we are placed with relation to each other, I think you might not, and ought not, object to allowing me to support you after the fatigue and agitation of the night—hem! Do repose your head upon my bosom, like a pretty, trembling, agitated dear, as you are."

"Hould away!" exclaimed his companion; "don't dare to lay a hand upon me. If your life is worth anything—an' it's not worth much—keep your distance. You'll find your mistake soon. I didn't put myself in your power without the manes of defendin' myself, and punishin' you, if you should deserve it."

"Beautiful caprice! But, my dearest girl, I can understand it all—it is well done; and I know, besides, that a little hysterics will be necessary in their proper place; but for that you must wait till we get to our destination; and then you will be most charm-

ingly affected with a fit—a delightful, sweet, soft, sobbing fit—which will render it necessary for me to soothe and console you; to wipe your lovely eyes; and then, you know, to kiss your delicious lips. All this, my darling girl, will happen as a natural consequence, and in due time everything will be well."

There was no reply given to this; but the moaning was deeper, and apparently more indicative of pain and distress than before. A third silence ensued, during which they arrived at the Grey Stone, of whose proximity the driver had received orders to give them intimation.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Henderson, "what's the matter? Why do you stop, my good fellow?"

"We are at the Grey Stone, your honour," replied the man.

"Oh, very well; pull up a moment," he added. "My dear Miss Sullivan, we are at the Grey Stone now," said he, addressing her.

She moaned again, and started.

"Whist," said she; "I don't hear his voice."

At this moment a man approached the driver, and desired him to let Mr. Henderson know that a person wished to speak with him.

The female in the carriage no sooner heard the voice, even although the words were uttered in whispers, than she called out—

"Father, come to me—help me home—I'm dyin'! You've been de-saved, Mr. Henderson," she added. "It wasn't Mave Sullivan, but the Prophet's own daughter, you took away. Blessed be God, I've saved her that disgrace. Father, help me home; I won't be long a throuble to you now."

"What's this!" exclaimed Henderson. "Are you not Miss Sullivan?"

"Am I in a dhrame," said the Prophet, approaching the door of the chaise; "surely—now—what is it? It's my daughter's voice! Is that Sarah, that I left in her bed of typhus fever this night? Or am I in a dhrame still, I say? Sarah, is it you? Spake."

"It is me, father; help me home. It will be your last throuble with me, I think; at last I hope so—oh, I hope so!"

"Who talks about typhus fever?" asked Henderson, starting out of the

chaise with alarm. "What means this? Explain yourself."

"I can no more explain it," replied the Prophet, "than you can. I left my daughter lyin' in a bed of typhus fever, not more than three or four hours ago; an', if I'm to believe my ears, I find her in the carriage with you now!"

"I'm here," she replied; "help me out."

"Oh, I see it all now," observed Henderson, in a fit of passion, aggravated by the bitterness of his disappointment—"I see your trick; an' so, you old scoundrel, you thought to impose your termagant daughter upon me instead of Miss Sullivan, and she reeking with typhus fever, too, by your own account. For this piece of villany I shall settle with you, however, never fear. Typhus fever! Good God! and I so dreadfully afraid of it all along, that I couldn't bear to look near a house in which it was, nor approach any person even recovering out of it. Driver, you may leave the girl at home. As for me I shall not enter your chaise again, contaminated, as it probably is, with that dreadful complaint that is carrying off half the country. Call to the Grange in the morning, and you shall be paid. Good night, you prophetic old impostor; I shall mark you for this piece of villany; you may rest assured of that. A pretty trudge I shall have to the Grange, such a vile and tempestuous night; but you shall suffer for it, I say again."

Donnel Dhu was not merely disappointed at finding Sarah in such a situation, he was literally stupified with amazement, and could scarcely believe the circumstances to be real. It had been agreed between him and Henderson that should the latter succeed in fetching Mave Sullivan as far as the Grey Stone, he (the Prophet) should be considered to have fulfilled the conditions of the compact entered into between them, and the wages of his iniquity were to have been paid him on that spot. It is unnecessary to say, therefore, that his disappointment and indignation were fully equal to those of Henderson himself.

"Where am I to go now," asked the driver.

"To hell," replied the Prophet, "an' you may bring your fare with you."

"You must take the reins yourself, then," replied the man, "for I don't know the way."

"Drive across the river here, then," continued the other, "and up the little road to the cottage on the right; yes, to the right—till we get that—that—I can't find words to name her—into the house."

A few minutes brought them to the door, and poor Sarah found herself once more in her own cabin, but in such a state as neutralized most of her father's resentment. When the driver had gone, Donald came in again, and was about to wreak upon her one of those fits of impetuous fury, in which, it is true, he seldom indulged, but which, when wrought to a high state of passion, were, indeed, frightful.

"Now," he began, "in the name of all that's"—he paused, however, for, on looking closely at her, there appeared something in her aspect so utterly subversive of resentment, that he felt himself disarmed at once. Her face was pale as his own, but the expression of it was so chaste, so mournful, and yet so beautiful, that his tongue refused its office.

"Sarah," said he, "what is the matter with you?—account for all this—I don't understand it."

She rose with great difficulty, and, tottering over towards him, laid her head upon his bosom, and looking up with a smile of melancholy tenderness into his face, burst into tears.—

"Father," said she, "it is not worth your while to be angry with Sarah, now. I heard words from your lips this night that would make me forgive you a thousand crimes. I heard you say *that you loved me*—loved me better than anything else in this world. I'm glad I know it, for that will be all the consolation I will have on my bed of death—an' there it is, father," she said, pointing to that which she always occupied; "help me over to it now, for I feel that I will never rise from it more."

Her father spoke not, but assisted her to the bed from which the old nurse, who had fallen asleep in it, now arose. He then went into the open air for a few minutes, but soon returned, and going over to the bedside where she lay, he looked upon her long and earnestly.

"Father," said she, "I only did my

duty this night. I knew, indeed, I would never recover it—but then she risked her life for me, an' why shouldn't I do as much for her?"

The Prophet still looked upon her, but spoke not a word; his lips were closely compressed, his hands tightly clasped, and his piercing eyes almost immovable. Minute after minute thus passed, until nearly half an hour had elapsed, and Sarah, dreadfully exhausted by what she had undergone, found her eyes beginning to close in an unsettled and feverish slumber. At length, he said, in a tone of voice which breathed of tenderness itself—

"Sleep, dear Sarah—dear Sarah, sleep."

She apparently was asleep, but not so as to be altogether unconscious of his words, for, in spite of illness and fatigue, a sweet and serene smile stole gently over her pale face—rested on it for a little, and, again, gradually, and with a mournful placidity, died away. Her father sighed deeply, and, turning from the bedside, said—

"It is useless to ask her anything this night, Biddy. Can you tell me what became of her, or how she got out?"

"Oh, the sorra word," replied the old woman; "I'm sure sich a start was never taken out o' mortal as I got when I came here, and found her gone. I searched all the neighbourhood, but no use—devil a sowl seen her—so, after trottin here an' there, an' up an' down, I came in not able to mark the ground, and laid myself down on the bed, where I fell asleep till you an' she came back; but where, in the name of all that's wonderful, was she?"

Donnel sat down in silence, and the crone saw that he was in no mood for answering questions, or entering into conversation; she accordingly clapped herself on her hunkers, and commenced sucking her dудeen, without at all seeming to expect a reply.

We, however, shall avail ourselves of the historian's privilege, in order to acquaint our readers, very briefly, with that, of which we presume, so far as Sarah is concerned, they can scarcely plead ignorance. Having heard the conversation between Rody Duncan and her father, which satisfied her that the plot for taking away Mave Sullivan was to be brought about that very night, Sarah, with

her usual energy and disregard for herself, resolved to make an effort to save her generous rival, for we must here acquaint our readers that during the progress of her convalescence, she had been able to bring to her recollection the presence of Mave Sullivan in the shed, on more than one occasion. She did not, however, depend upon her own memory or impressions for this, but made inquiries from her nurse, who, in common with the whole neighbourhood, had heard of Mave's humanity and attention towards her, to which, it was well known, she owed her life. The generous girl, therefore, filled with remorse at having, for one moment, contemplated any act of injury towards Mave, now determined to save her from the impending danger, or lose her life in the attempt. How she won her way in such an enfeebled state of health, and on such a night, cannot now be known; it is sufficient here to say, that she arrived only a few minutes before the attack was made upon Sullivan's house, and just in time to have Mave and her cousin each concealed under a bed. Knowing, however, that a strict search would have rendered light of some kind necessary, and enable the ruffians to discover Mave besides, she, at once, threw herself in their way, under a feigned attempt at escape, and the next moment three or four voices exclaimed, exultingly, "we have her—the *cropped head*—here she is—all's right—come away, you darlin', you'll be a happy girl before this day week!"

"I hope so," she replied; "oh, I hope so—bring me away!"

The Prophet's own adventure was not less disastrous. Rody Duncan's sudden withdrawal from the robbery surprised him very much. On seriously and closely reconsidering the circum-

stances, it looked suspicious, and ere a single hour had passed, Donnel felt an impression that, on that business at least, Rody had betrayed him. Acting upon this conviction—for it amounted to that—he soon satisfied himself that the house was secured against the possibility of any successful attack upon it. This he discovered in the village of Grange, when, on inquiring, he found that most of the young men were gone to sit up all night in the "big house." So much being known, any additional information to Donnel was now unnecessary. He accordingly relinquished the enterprise; and remembering the engagement with young Henderson at the Grey Stone, met him, there to receive the wages of his iniquity; but with what success the reader is already acquainted.

This double failure of his projects, threw the mind of the Prophet into a train of deep and painful reflection. He began to think that his views of life and society might not, after all, be either the safest or the best. He looked back over his own past life, and forward to the future, and he felt as if the shadow of some approaching evil was over him. He then thought of his daughter, and pictured to himself what she might have been, had he discharged, as he ought to have done, the duties of a Christian parent towards her. This and other recollections pressed upon him, and his heart was once or twice upon the point of falling back into the fresh impulses of its early humanity, when the trial of to-morrow threw him once more into a gloom, that settled him down into a resentful but unsatisfactory determination to discharge the duty he had imposed upon himself.

CHAPTER XXXI.—A DOUBLE TRIAL—RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

WITH beating and anxious hearts did the family of the Daltons rise upon the gloomy morning of the old man's trial. Deep concern prevented them from eating, or even feeling inclined to eat; but when about to sit down to their early and sorrowful repast, Mrs. Dalton, looking around her, asked—

"Where is poor Tom from us this morning?"

"He went out last night," replied one of his sisters, "but didn't come back since."

"That poor boy," said his mother, "won't be long with us; he's gone every way—health and strength and reason—he has no appetite—and a child has more strength. After this day he must be kept in the house, if possible, or looked to when he goes

out; but indeed I fear that in a day or two he will not be able to go any where. Poor affectionate boy! he never recovered the death of that unhappy girl, nor ever will; an' it would be well for himself that he was removed from this world in which indeed he's now not fit to live."

Little time was lost in the despatch of their brief meal, and they set out, with the exception of Mary, to be present at the trial of their aged father.

The court was crowded to excess, as was but natural, for the case had excited a very deep interest throughout almost the whole country.

At length the judge was seated, and in a few minutes Cornelius Dalton was put to the bar, charged with the wilful murder of Bartholomew Sullivan, by striking him on the head with a walking stick, in the corner of a field near a place called the Grey Stone, &c., &c., situate and being in the barony of, &c. &c. When the reverend looking old man stood up at the bar, we need scarcely say that all eyes were immediately turned on him with singular interest. It was clear, however, that there was an admission of guilt in his very face; for, instead of appearing with the erect and independent attitude of conscious innocence, he looked towards the judge and around the court with an expression of such remorse and sorrow, and his mild blue eye had in it a feeling so full of humility, resignation, and contrition, that it was impossible to look on his aged figure and almost white hairs with indifference, or, we should rather say, without sympathy. Indeed, his case appeared to be one of those in which the stern and unrelenting decree of human law comes to demand its rights, long after the unhappy victim has washed away his crime by repentance, and made his peace with God, a position in connexion with conventional offences that is too often overlooked in the administration of justice and the distribution of punishment.

It was not without considerable difficulty that they succeeded in prevailing on him to plead not guilty; which he did at length, but in a tone of voice that conveyed anything but a convic-

tion of his innocence to the court, the jury, and those about him.

The first witness called was Jeremiah Sullivan, who deposed that he was present in one of the Christmas *Margamores*,* in the year 1798, when an altercation took place between his late brother Bartle and the prisoner at the bar, respecting the price of some barley, which the prisoner had bought from his brother. The prisoner had bought it, he said, for the sum of thirty-five pounds fifteen shillings, whilst his brother affirmed that it was only for thirty-five pounds thirteen, upon which they came to blows; his brother, when struck by the prisoner, having returned the blow, and knocked the prisoner down. They were then separated by their friends, who interposed, and, as the cause of dispute was so trifling, it was proposed that it should be spent in drink, each contributing one half. To this both assented, and the parties having commenced drinking, did not confine themselves to the amount disputed, but drank on until they became somewhat tipsy, and were, with difficulty kept from quarrelling again. The last words he heard from them that night were, as far as he can remember—"Dalton," said his brother, "you have no more brains than the pillar of a gate." Upon which the other attempted to strike him, and on being prevented, he shook his stick at him, and swore that, "before he slept he'd know whether he had brains or not." Their friends then took them different ways; he was separated from them, and knows nothing further about what happened. He never saw his brother alive afterwards. He then deposed to the finding of his coat and hat, each in a crushed and torn state. The foot-marks in the corner of the field were proved to have been those of his brother and the prisoner, as the shoes of each exactly fitted them when tried. He was then asked how it could be possible, as his brother had altogether disappeared, to know whether his shoes fitted the foot-prints or not, to which he replied, that one of his shoes was found on the spot the next morning, and that a second pair which he had at home were also tried, and fitted precisely.

The next witness was Rody Duncan,

* Big Markets.

who deposed that on the night in question, he was passing on a car, after having sold a load of oats in the market. On coming to the corner of the field, he saw a man drag or carry something heavy like a sack, which, on seeing him, Rody, he (the man) left hastily inside the ditch, and stooped, as if to avoid being known. He asked the person what he was about, who replied that, "he hoped he was no guager;" by which he understood that he was concerned in private distillation, and that it might have been malt, an opinion in which he was confirmed on hearing the man's voice, which he knew to be that of the prisoner, who had been engaged in the poteen work for some years. One thing struck him, which he remembered afterwards, that the prisoner had a hat in his hand; and when it was observed in the cross-examination that the hat might have been his own, he replied that he did not think it could, as he had his own on his head at the time. He then asked was that Condly Dalton, and the reply was "it is *unfortunately*;" upon which he wished him good night, and drove homewards. He remembers the night well, as he lived at that time down at the Long Ridge, and caught a severe illness on his way home, by reason of a heavy shower that wet him to the skin. He wasn't able to leave the house for three months afterwards. It was an unlucky night any way.

Next came the Prophet. It was near day-break on the morning of the same night, and he was on his way through Glendhu. He was then desired to state what it was that brought him through Glendhu at such an hour. He would tell the truth, as it was safe to do so now—he had been making United Irishmen that night; and, at all events, he was on his keeping, for the truth was, he had been reported to government, and there was a Warrant out for him. He was then desired to proceed in his evidence, and he did so. On his way through Glendhu he came to a very lonely spot, where he had been obliged to hide, at that time, more than once or twice, himself. Here, to his surprise, he found the body of a man lying dead, and he knew it at once to be that of the late Bartholomew Sullivan; beside it was a grave dug, about two feet deep. He was astonished and shocked, and knew not what to

say; but he felt that murder had been committed, and he became dreadfully afraid. In his confusion and alarm he looked about to try if he could see any person near, when he caught a glimpse of the prisoner, Condly Dalton, crouched among a clump of blackthorn bushes, with a spade in his hands. It instantly came into his head that he, the prisoner, on finding himself discovered, might murder him also; and, in order to prevent the other from supposing that he had seen him, he shouted out and asked is there any body near? and hearing no answer, he was glad to get off safe. In less than an hour he was on his way out of the country, for, on coming within sight of his own house, he saw it surrounded with soldiers, and he lost no time in going to England, where, in about a month afterwards, he heard that the prisoner had been hanged for the murder, which was an untrue account of the affair, as he, the prisoner, had only been imprisoned for a time, which he supposed, led to the report.

When asked why he did not communicate an account of what he had seen to some one in the neighbourhood before he went, he replied, "that at that hour the whole country was in bed, and when a man is flying for his life he is not very anxious to hould conversations with any body."

On the cross-examination he said, "that the reason why he let the matter rest until now was, that he did not wish to be the means of bringin' a fellow-creature to an untimely death, especially such a man as the prisoner, nor to be the means of drawing down disgrace upon his decent and respectable family. His conscience, however, always kept him uneasy, and to tell the truth he had neither peace nor rest for many a long year, in consequence of concealing his knowledge of the murder, and he now came forward to free his own mind from what he had suffered by it. He wished both parties well, an' he hoped no one would blame him for what he was doing, for, indeed, of late, he could not rest in his bed at night. Many a time the murdered man appeared to him, and threatened him, he thought, for not disclosing what he knew."

At this moment there was a slight bustle at that side of the court where the counsel for the defence sat, which,

after a little time, subsided, and the evidence was about to close, when the latter gentleman, after having closely cross-examined him to very little purpose, said—"So you tell us that in consequence of your very tender conscience you have not, of late, been able to rest in your bed at night?"

"I do."

"And you say the murdered man appeared to you, and threatened you?"

"I do."

"Which of them?"

"Peter Magennis—what am I saying?—I mean Bartle Sullivan."

"Gentlemen of the jury, you will please to take down the name of *Peter Magennis*—will your Lordship also take a note of that. Well," he proceeded, "will you tell us what kind of a man this Bartle or Bartholomew Sullivan was?"

"He was a very remarkable man in appearance; very stout, with a long face, a slight scar on his chin, and a cast in his eye."

"Do you remember which of them?"

"Indeed I don't, an' it wouldn't be reasonable that I should, after such a distance of time."

"And you saw that man murdered?"

"I seen him dead after havin' been murdered."

"Very right—I stand corrected. Well, you saw him buried?"

"I didn't see him buried, but I saw him dead, as I said, an' the grave ready for him."

"Do you think now if he were to rise again from that grave that you would know him?"

"Well, I'm sure I can't say. By all accounts the grave makes great changes, but if it didn't change him very much entirely, it wouldn't be hard to know him again—for, as I said, he was a remarkable man."

"Well, then, we shall give you an opportunity of refreshing your memory—here," he said, addressing himself to some person behind him—"come forward—get up on the table, and stand face to face with that man."

The stranger advanced—pushed over to the corner of the table, and mounting it, stood as he had been directed, confronting the Black Prophet.

"Whether you seen me dead," said the stranger, "or whether you seen

me buried, is best known to yourself; all I can say is, that here I am—by name Bartle Sullivan, alive an' well, thanks be to the Almighty for it!"

"What is this?" asked the judge, addressing Dalton's counsel—"who is this man?"

"My lord," replied that gentleman, "this is the individual for the murder of whom, upon the evidence of these two villains, the prisoner at the bar stands charged. It is a conspiracy as singular as it is diabolical; but one which, I trust, we shall clear up by and bye."

"I must confess I do not see my way through it at present," returned the judge: "did not the prisoner at the bar acknowledge his guilt? had you not some difficulty in getting him to plead *not guilty*? Are you sure, Mr. O'Hagan, that this stranger is not a counterfeit?"

The reply of counsel could not now be heard—hundreds in the court-house, on hearing his name, and seeing him alive and well before them, at once recognized his person, and testified their recognition by the usual manifestations of wonder, satisfaction, and delight. The murmur, in fact, gradually gained strength, and deepened until it fairly burst forth in one loud and astounding cheer, and it was not, as usual, until the judge threatened to commit the first person who should again disturb the court, that it subsided. There were two persons present, however, to whom we must direct the especial attention of our readers—we mean Condry Dalton and the Prophet, on both of whom Sullivan's unexpected appearance, produced very opposite effects. When old Dalton first noticed the strange man getting upon the table, the appearance of Sullivan, associated as it had been by the language of his counsel, with some vague notion of his resurrection from the grave, filled his mind with such a morbid and uncertain feeling of everything about him that he began to imagine himself in a dream, and that his reason must soon awaken to the terrible reality of his situation. A dimness of perception, in fact, came over all his faculties, and for some minutes he could not understand the nature of the proceedings around him. The reaction was too sudden for a mind that had been broken down so long, and harassed so

painfully, by impressions of remorse and guilt. The consequence was, that he forgot, for a time, the nature of his situation—all appeared unintelligible confusion about him—he could see a multitude of faces, and of people, all agitated by some great cause of commotion, and that was, then, all he could understand about it.

"What is this," said he to himself—"am I on my trial? or is it some dhrame that I'm dhramin' at home in my own poor place among my heart-broken family?"

A little time, however, soon undeceived him, and awoke his honest heart to a true perception of his happiness.

"My lord," said the strange man, in reply to the judge's last observation, "I am no counterfeit—an' I thank my good an' gracious God' that I have been able to come in time to save this worthy and honest man's life! Cond' Dalton," said he, "I can explain all; but in the mane time let me shake hands wid you, and ax your pardon for the bad treatment and provocation I gave you on that unlucky day—well may I say so, so far as you are concerned—for, as I hear, an' as I see, indeed it has caused you an' your family bitther trouble and sorrow."

"Bartle Sullivan! Marcifal Father, is this all right? is it real? No dhrame, then! an' I have my ould friend by the hand—let me see—let me feel you!—it is—it's truth—but, there now—I don't care who sees me—I must offer one short prayer of thanksgivin' to my marcifal God, who has released me from the snares of my enemies, an' taken this great weight off o' my heart!" As he spoke, he clasped his hands, looked up with an expression of deep and fervent gratitude to heaven, then knelt down in a corner of the dock, and returned thanks to God.

The Prophet, on beholding the man, stood more in surprize than astonishment, and seemed evidently filled with mortification rather than wonder. He looked around the court with great calmness, and then fastening his eyes upon Sullivan, studied, or appeared to study, his features for a considerable time. A shadow, so dark, or, we should rather say, so fearfully black, settled upon his countenance, that it

gave him an almost supernatural aspect; it looked, in fact, as if the gloom of his fate had fallen upon him in the midst of his plans and iniquities. He seemed, for a moment, to feel this himself; for whilst the confusion and murmurs were spreading through the court, he muttered to himself—

"I am doomed; I did this as if something drove me to it; however, if I could only be sure that that cursed box was really lost, I might laugh at the world still."

He then looked around him with singular composure, and ultimately at the judge, as if to ascertain whether he might depart or not. At this moment, a pale, sickly-looking female, aided, or rather supported, by the Pedlar and Hanlon, was in the act of approaching the place where Dalton's attorney stood, as if to make some communication to him, when a scream was heard, followed by the exclamation—

"Blessed heaven! it's himself!—it's himself!"

Order and silence were immediately called by the crier, but the Prophet's eyes had been already attracted to the woman, who was no other than Hanlon's aunt, and for some time he looked at her with an apparent sensation of absolute terror. Gradually, however, his usual indomitable hardness of manner returned to him; he still kept his gaze fixed upon her, as if to make certain that there could be no mistake, after which his countenance assumed an expression of rage and malignity that no language could describe; his teeth became absolutely locked, as if he could have ground her between them, and his eyes literally blazed with fury, that resembled that of a rabid beast of prey. The shock was evidently more than the woman could bear, who, still supported by the Pedlar and Hanlon, withdrew in a state almost bordering on insensibility.

A very brief space now determined the trial. Sullivan's brother and several of the jurors themselves clearly established his identity, and, as a matter of course, Cond' Dalton was instantly discharged. His appearance in the street was hailed by the cheers and acclamations of the people, who are in general delighted with the acquittal of a fellow-creature, unless

under circumstances of very atrocious criminality.

"I suppose I may go down," said the Prophet—"you have done with me?"

"Not exactly," replied Dalton's counsel.

"Let these two men be taken into custody," said the judge, "and let an indictment for perjury be prepared against them and sent up to the grand jury forthwith."

"My lord," proceeded the counsel, "we are, we think, in a capacity to establish a much gaver charge against M'Gowan—a charge of murder, my lord, discovered under circumstances little short of providential."

In short, not to trouble the reader with the dry details of the court, after some discussion, it was arranged that two bills should be prepared and sent up—one for perjury, and the other for the murder of a carman, named Peter Magennis, almost at the very spot where it had, until then, been supposed that poor Dalton had murdered Bartholomew Sullivan. The consequence was, that Donnel, or Donald M'Gowan, the Black Prophet, found himself in the very dock where Dalton had stood the preceding day. His case, whether as regarded the perjury or the murder, was entitled to no clemency, beyond that which the letter of the law strictly allowed. The judge assigned him counsel, with whom he was permitted to communicate; and he himself, probably supposing that his chance of escape was then greater than if more time were allowed to procure and arrange evidence against him, said he was ready and willing, without further notice, to be brought to trial.

We beg to observe here, that we do not strictly confine ourselves to the statements made during the trial, inasmuch as we deem it necessary to mention circumstances to the reader, which the rules of legitimate evidence would render inadmissible in a court of justice. We are not reporting the case, and consequently hold ourselves warranted in adding whatever may be necessary to making it perfectly clear, or in withholding circumstances that do not bear upon our narrative. With this proviso, we now proceed to detail the *denouement*.

The first evidence against him was

that of our female friend, whom we have called the Widow Hanlon, but who, in fact, was no other than the Prophet's wife, and sister to the man Magennis, whom he had murdered. The Prophet's real name, she stated, was M'Ivor, but why he changed it she knew not. He had been a man, in the early part of his life, of rather a kind and placid disposition, unless when highly provoked, and then his resentments were terrible. He was all his life, however, the slave of a dark and ever-wakeful jealousy, that destroyed his peace, and rendered his life painful both to himself and others. It happened that her brother, the murdered man, had prosecuted M'Ivor for taking forcible possession of a house, for which he, M'Ivor, received twelve months' imprisonment. It happened also about that time, that is, a little before the murder, that he, had become jealous of her and a neighbour, who had paid his addresses to her before marriage. M'Ivor, at this period, acted in the capacity of a plain Land Surveyor among the farmers and cottiers of the barony, and had much reputation for his exactness and accuracy. Whilst in prison, he vowed deadly vengeance against her brother, Magennis, and swore, that if she ever spoke to him, acknowledged him, or received him into her house during her life, she should never live another day under his roof.

In this state matters were, when her brother having heard that her husband was in a distant part of the barony, surveying, or subdividing a farm, came to ask her to her sister's wedding, and whilst in the house, the Prophet, most unexpectedly, was discovered within a few perches of the door, on his return. Terror, on her part, from a dread of his violence, and also an apprehension lest he and her brother should meet, and, perhaps, seriously injure each other, even to bloodshed, caused her to hurry the latter into another room, with instructions to get out of the window as quietly as possible, and go home. Unfortunately he did so, but had scarcely escaped when a poor mendicant woman, coming in to ask alms, exclaimed—"Take care, good people, that you have not been robbed—I saw a man comin' out of the windy,

and runnin' over towards Jammy Campel's house"—Campel being the name of the young man of whom her husband was jealous.

M'Ivor, now furious, ran towards Campel's, and meeting that person's servant maid at the door, asked "if her master was at home."

She replied, "Yes, he just came in this minute."

"What direction did he come from?"

"From the direction of your own house," she answered.

It should be stated, however, that his wife, at once recollecting his jealousy, told him immediately that the person who had left the house *was* her brother; but he rushed on, and paid no attention whatsoever to her words.

From this period forward he never lived with her, but she has heard recently—no longer ago than last night—that he had associated himself with a woman named Eleanor M'Guirk, about thirty miles farther west from their original neighbourhood, near a place called Glendhu, and it was at that place her brother was murdered.

Neither her anxieties nor her troubles, however, ended here. When her husband left her, he took a daughter, their only child, then almost an infant, away with him, and contrived to circulate a report that he and she had gone to America. After her return home, she followed her nephew to this neighbourhood, and that accounted for her presence there. So well, indeed, did he manage this matter, that she received a very contrite and affectionate letter, that had been sent, she thought, from Boston, desiring her to follow himself and the child there. The deceit was successful. Gratified at the prospect of joining them, she made the due preparations, and set sail. It is unnecessary to say, that on arriving at Boston she could get no tidings whatsoever of either the one or the other; but as she had some relations in the place, she made them out, and resided there until within a few months ago, when she set sail for Ireland, where she arrived only a short time previous to the period of the trial. She has often heard M'Ivor say, that he would settle accounts with her brother some fine night, but he usually added, "*I will take my time and kill two birds with one stone when I go about it, by*

which she thought he meant robbing him, as well as murdering him, as her brother was known mostly to have a good deal of money about him.

We now add here, although the fact was not brought out until a later stage of the trial, that she proved the identity of the body found in the grave of Glendhu, as being that of her brother very clearly. His right leg had been broken, and having been mismanaged was a little crooked, which occasioned him to have a slight halt in his walk. The top joint also of the second toe, on the same foot, had been snapped off by the tramp of a horse, while her brother was a school-boy. Two circumstances which were corroborated by the Coroner, and one or two of those who had examined the body, at the previous Inquest, and which they could *then* attribute only to injuries received during his rude interment, but which were *now* perfectly intelligible and significant.

The next witness called was Bartholomew Sullivan, who deposed—"That about a month before his disappearance from the country he was one night coming home from a wake, and within about half a mile of the Grey Stone he met a person, evidently a carman, accompanying a horse and cart, who bade him the time of night, as he passed. He noticed that the man had a slight halt as he walked, but could not remember his face, although the night was by no means dark. On passing onwards, towards home, he met another person walking after the carman, who, on seeing him (Sullivan) approach, hastily threw some weapon or other into the ditch. The hour was about three o'clock in the night (morning), and on looking closely at the man, for he seemed to follow the other in a stealthy way, he could only observe that he had a very pale face, and heavy black eye-brows; indeed he has little doubt but that the prisoner is the man, although he will not actually swear it after such a length of time." This was the evidence given by Sullivan.

The third witness produced was Theodosius M'Mahon, or, as he was better known, Toddy Mack, the Pedlar, who deposed to the fact of having, previously to his departure for Boston, given to Peter Magennis a present of a steel tobacco-box as a keepsake, and as the man did not use tobacco, he said, on

putting it into his pocket—"This will do nicely to hould my money in on my way home from Dublin."

Upon which Toddy Mack observed, laughing, "that if he put either silver or brass in it, half the country would know by the jingle."

"I'll take care of that, never fear," replied Magennis, "for I'll put nothing in this but the soft, comfortable notes."

He was asked if the box had any peculiar mark by which it might be known?

"Yes, he had himself punched upon the lid of it the initials of the person to whom he gave it—to wit, P. M., for Peter Magennis."

"Would you know the box if you saw it?"

"Certainly."

"Is that it?" asked the prosecuting counsel, placing the box in his hands.

"That is the same box I gave him, upon my oath; it is a good deal rusted now, but there's the holes as I punched them; and, by the same token, there's in the letter P., the very place yet where the two holes broke into one, as I was punchin' it."

"Pray how did the box turn up?" asked the judge—"in whose possession has it been ever since?"

"My lord, we have just come to that—crier, call Eleanor M'Guirk."

The woman hitherto known as Nelly M'Gowan, and supposed to be the Prophet's wife, now made her appearance.

"Will you state to the gentlemen of the jury what you know about this box?"

Our readers are partially aware of her evidence with respect to it; we shall, however, briefly recapitulate her account of the circumstance.

"The first time she ever saw it," she said, "was the night the carman was murdered, or that he disappeared, at any rate. She resided by herself, in a little house at the mouth of Glendhu—the same she and the Prophet had lived in ever since. They had not been long acquainted at that time—but still longer than was right or proper. She had been very little in the country then, and any time he did come was principally at night, when he stopped with her, and went away again, generally before day in the morning. He passed himself on her as an unmarried man, and said his

name was M'Gowan. On that evening he came about dusk, but went out again, and she did not see him till far in the night, when he returned, and appeared to be fatigued and agitated—his clothes, too, were soiled and crumpled, especially the collar of his shirt, which was nearly torn off, as if in a struggle of some kind. She asked him what was the matter with him, and said he looked as if he had been fighting."

He replied, "No, Nelly, but I've killed two birds with one stone this night."

She asked him what he meant by these words, but he would give her no further information.

"I'll give no explanation," said he, "but this;" and turning his back to her he opened a tobacco-box, which, by stretching her neck, she saw distinctly, and, taking out a roll of bank notes, he separated one of them from the rest, and handing it to her, exclaimed—"there's all the explanation you can want; a close mouth, Nelly, is the sign of a wise head, an' by keepin' a close mouth you'll get more explanations of this kind. Do you understand that?" said he.

"I do," she replied.

"Very well, then," he observed, "let that be the law and the gospel between us."

When he fell asleep, she got up, and looking at the box, saw that it was stuffed with bank notes, had a broken hinge—the hinge was *freshly* broken—and something like two letters on the lid of it.

"She then did not see it," she continued, "until some weeks ago, when his daughter and herself having had a quarrel, in which the girl out her—she (his daughter) on stretching up for some cobwebs on the wall, to stanek the bleeding, accidentally pulled the box out of a crevice, in which it had probably been hid. About this time," she added, "the prisoner became very restless at night, indeed she might say by day and night, and after a good deal of gloomy ill temper, he made inquiries for it, and on hearing that it had again appeared, even threatened her life if it were not produced."

She closed her evidence by stating that she had secreted it, but could tell nothing of its ultimate and mysterious disappearance.

Hanlon's part in tracing the murder is already known, we presume, to

the reader. He dreamt, but his dream was not permitted to go to the jury, that his father came to him, and said that if he repaired to the Grey Stone, at Glendhu, on a night which he named, at the hour of twelve o'clock, he would get such a clue to his murder as would enable him to bring the murderer to justice.

"Are you the son, then, of the man who is said to have been murdered?" asked the judge.

"He was his son," he replied, "and came first to that part of the country in consequence of having been engaged in a Party Fight in his native place. It seems a Warrant had been issued against him and others, and he thought it more prudent to take his mother's name, which was Hanlon, in order to avoid discovery, the case being a very common one under circumstances of that kind."

Rody Duncan's explanation, with respect to the Tobacco-Box, was not called for on the trial, but we shall give it here in order to satisfy the reader. He saw Nelly McGowan, as we may still call her, thrusting something under the thatch of the cabin, and feeling a kind of curiosity to ascertain what it could be, he seized the first opportunity of examining, and finding a tobacco-box, he put it in his pocket, and thought himself extremely fortunate in securing it, for reasons which the reader will immediately understand. The truth is, that Rody, together with about half a dozen virtuous youths in the neighbourhood, were in the habit of being out pretty frequently at night, for what purposes we will not now wait to inquire. Their usual place of *rendezvous* was the Grey Stone, in consequence of the shelter and concealment which its immense projections afforded them. On the night of the first meeting between Sarah and Hanlon, Rody had heard the whole conversation by accident, whilst waiting for his companions, and very judiciously furnished the groans, as he did also upon the second night, on both occasions for his own amusement. His motives for ingratiating himself, through means of the box, with Sarah and Hanlon, are already known to the reader, and require no further explanation from us.

In fact, such a chain of circumstantial evidence was produced, as completely established the Prophet's guilt,

in the opinion of all who had heard the trial, and the result was a verdict of guilty by the jury, and a sentence of death by the judge.

"Your case," said the judge, as he was about to pronounce sentence, "is another proof of the certainty with which Providence never, so to speak, loses sight of the man who deliberately sheds his fellow-creature's blood. It is an additional and striking instance, too, of the retributive spirit with which it converts all the most cautious disguises of guilt, no matter how ingeniously assumed, into the very manifestations by which its enormity is discovered and punished."

After recommending him to a higher tribunal, and impressing upon him the necessity of repentance, and seeking peace with God, he sentenced him to be hanged by the neck on the fourth day after the close of the assizes, recommending his soul, as usual, to the mercy of his Creator.

The Prophet was evidently a man of great moral intrepidity and firmness. He kept his black, unquailing eye fixed upon the judge while he spoke, but betrayed not a single symptom of a timid or vacillating spirit. When the sentence was pronounced, he looked with an expression of something like contempt upon those who had broken out, as usual, into those mingled murmurs of compassion and satisfaction, which are sometimes uttered under circumstances similar to his.

"Now," said he to the gaoler, "that every thing is over, and the worst come to the worst, the sooner I get to my cell the better. I have despised the world too long to care a single curse what it says or thinks of me, or about me. All I'm sorry for is, that I didn't take more out of it, and that I let it slip through my hands so easily as I did. My curse upon it and its villany! Bring me in."

The gratification of the country for a wide circle around, was now absolutely exuberant. There was not only the acquittal of the good-hearted and generous old man, to fill the public with a feeling of delight, but also the unexpected resurrection, as it were, of honest Bartholomew Sullivan, which came to animate all parties with a double enjoyment. Indeed the congratulations which both parties received were sincere and fervent. Old Condy

Dalton had no sooner left the dock than he was surrounded by friends and relatives, each and all anxious to manifest their sense of his good fortune, in the usual way of "treating" him and his family. Their gratitude, however, towards the Almighty for his unexpected interposition in their favour, was too exalted and pious to allow them to profane it by convivial indulgences. With as little delay, therefore, as might be, they sought their humble cabin, where a scene awaited them that was calculated to dash with sorrow the sentiments of justifiable exaltation which they felt.

Our readers may remember that owing to Sarah's illness, the Prophet, as an afterthought, had determined to give to the abduction of Mave Sullivan the colour of a famine outrage; and for this purpose he had resolved also to engage Thomas Dalton to act as a kind of leader—a circumstance which he hoped would change the character of the proceeding altogether to one of wild and licentious revenge on the part of Dalton. Poor Dalton lent himself to this, as far as its aspect of a mere outbreak had attractions for the melancholy love of turbulence, by which he had been of late unhappily animated. He accordingly left home with the intention of taking a part in their proceedings; but he never joined them. Where he had gone to, or how he had passed the night, nobody knew. Be this at it may, he made his appearance at home about noon on the day of his father's trial, in evidently a dying state, and in this condition his family found him on their return. 'Tis true they had the consolation of perceiving that he was calmer and more collected than he had been since the death of Peggy Murtagh. His reason, indeed, might be said to have been altogether restored.

They found him sitting in his father's arm-chair, his head supported—oh, how tenderly supported!—by his affectionate sister, Mary.

Mrs. Dalton herself had come before, to break the joyful tidings to this excellent girl, who, on seeing her, burst into tears, exclaiming in Irish—

"Mother dear, I'm afraid you're bringing a heavy heart to a house of sorrow!"

"A light heart, dear Mary—a light and a grateful heart. Your father,

acusla machree—your father, my dear unhappy Tom, is not a murderer."

The girl had one arm around her brother's neck, but she instinctively raised the other, as if in ecstatic delight; but in a moment she dropped it again, and said sorrowfully—

"Ay; but, mother dear, didn't he say himself he was guilty!"

"He thought so, dear; but it was only a rash blow; and oh, how many a deadly accident has come from rash blows! The man was not killed at all, dear Mary, but is alive and well, and was in the court-house this day. Oh! what do we not owe to a good God for his mercy towards us all! Tom, dear, I am glad to see you at home; you must not go out again."

Oh, mother dear," said his sister, kissing him, and bursting into tears, "Tom's dying!"

"What!" exclaimed his mother—"what's this!—death's in my boy's face!"

He raised his head gently, and, looking at her, replied, with a faint smile—

"No, mother, I will not go out any more; I will be good at last—it's time for me."

At this moment old Dalton and the rest of the family entered the house, but were not surprised at finding Mary and her mother in tears; for they supposed, naturally enough, that the tears were those of joy for the old man's acquittal. Mrs. Dalton raised her hand to enjoin silence; and then, pointing to her son, said—

"We must keep quiet for a little."

They all looked upon the young man, and saw, at a glance, that death, immediate death, was stamped upon his features, gleamed wildly out of his eyes, and spoke in his feeble and hollow voice.

"Father," said he, "let me kiss you, or come and kiss me. Thank God for what has happened this day. Father," he added, looking up into the old man's face, with an expression of unutterable sorrow and affection—"father, I know I was wild; but I will be wild no more. I was wicked, too; but I will be wicked no more. There is now an end to all my follies and to all my crimes; an' I hope—I hope that God will have mercy upon me, an' forgive me."

The tears rained fast upon his pale

face from the old man's eyes, as he exclaimed—

"He will have mercy upon you, my darlin' son; look to *him*. I know, darlin', that whatever crimes or follies you committed, you are sorry for them, an' God will forgive you."

"I am," he replied; "kiss me all of you; my sight is gettin' wake, an' my tongue isn't—isn't so strong as it was."

One after one they all kissed him, and as each knew that this tender and sorrowful embrace must be the last that should ever pass between them, it is impossible adequately to describe the scene which then took place.

"I have a request to make," he said, feebly; "an' it is, that I may sleep with Peggy an' our baby. Maybe I'm not worthy of that; but still I'd like it, an' my heart's upon it; an' I think she would like it, too."

"It can be done, an' we'll do it," replied his mother; "we'll do it, my darlin' boy—my son, my son, we'll do it."

"Don't you all forgive me—forgive me every thing?"

They could only, for some time, reply by their tears; but at length they did reply, and he seemed satisfied.

"Now," said he, "there was an ould Irish air that Peggy used to sing for me—I thought I heard her often singin' it of late—did I?"

"I suppose so, darlin'," replied his mother; "I suppose you did."

"Mary, here," he proceeded, "sings it; I would like to hear it *before I go*; it's the air of *Gra Gal Machree*."

"Before you go, *alanna*!" exclaimed his father, pressing him tenderly to his breast. "Oh! but they're bitter words to us, my darlin' an' my lovin' boy. But the air, Mary, darlin', strive an' sing it for him as well as you can."

It was a trying task for the affectionate girl, who, however, so far overcame her grief, as to be able to sing it with the very pathos of nature itself.

"Ay," said he, as she proceeded, "that's it—that's what Peggy used to sing for me, because she knew I liked it."

Tender and full of sorrow were the notes as they came from the innocent lips of that affectionate sister. Her task, however, was soon over; for scarcely had she concluded the air when her poor brother's ears and heart were closed to the melody and affection it breathed, for ever.

"I know," said she, with tears, "that there's one thing will give comfort to you all respecting poor Tom. Peter Rafferty, who helped him home, seein' the dyin' state he was in, went over to the Carr, and brought one of Father Hanratty's curates to him, so that he didn't depart without resaving the rites of the Church, thank God!"

This took the sting of bitterness out of their grief, and infused into it a spirit that soothed their hearts, and sustained them by that consolation which the influence of religion and its ordinances, in the hour of death and sorrow, never fail to give to an Irish family.

Old Dalton's sleep was sound that night; and when he awoke the next morning the first voice he heard was that of our friend Toddy Mack, which, despite of the loss they had sustained, and its consequent sorrow, diffused among them a spirit of cheerfulness and contentment.

"You have no reason," said he, "to fly in the face of God—I don't mane *you*, Mrs. Dalton—but these youngsters. If what I heard is thrue, that that poor boy never was himself since the girl died, it was a mercy for God to take him; and afther all *he* is a better judge of what's fit for us than we are ourselves. Bounce, now, Mr. Dalton; you have little time to lose. I want you to come wid me to the agent, Mr. Travers. He wishes, I think, to see yourself, for he says he has heard a good account o' you, an' I promised to bring you. If we're there about two o'clock we'll hit the time purty close."

"What can he want with him do you think?" asked Mrs. Dalton.

"Dear knows—fifty things—maybe to stand for one of his childre—or—but ah! forgive me—I could be merry any where else; but here—here—forgive me, Mrs. Dalton."

In a short time Dalton and he mounted a car which Toddy had brought with him, and started for the office of Mr. Travers.

Whilst they are on their way, we shall return to our friend, young Dick, who was left to trudge home from the Grey Stone on the night set apart for the abduction of Mave Sullivan. Hanlon, or Magennis, as we ought now to call him, having, by his shrewdness, and Rody Duncan's loose manner of talking, succeeded in preventing the

burglariouſ attack upon his maſter's houſe, was a good deal ſurpriſed at young Dick's quick return, for he had not expected him at all that night. The appearance of the young gentleman was calculated to excite impreſſions of rather a ſerio-comic character.

"Hanlon," ſaid he, "is all right?—every man at his poſt?"

"All right, ſir; but I did not expect you back ſo ſoon. Whatever you've been engaged on to-night is a ſaiſeret you've kep me out of."

"D—e, I was afraid of you, Hanlon—you were too honeſt for what I was about to-night. You wouldn't have ſtood it—I probed you on it once before, and you winced."

"Well, ſir, I aſſure you I don't wiſh to know what it is."

"Why, as the whole thing has failed, there can be no great ſecret in it now. The old Prophet hoaxed me curſedly to-night. It was arranged between us that he ſhould carry off Sullivan's handsome daughter for me—and what does the mercenary old ſcoundrel do but put his own in her place, with a view of imposing her on me."

"Faith, an' of the two ſhe is thought to be the fineſt an' handſomeſt girl; but, my God! how could he do what you ſay, an' his daughter ſick of the typhus?"

"There's ſome d—d puzzle about it, I grant—he ſeemed puzzled—his daughter ſeemed ſick, ſure enough—and I am ſick. Hanlon, I fear I've caught the typhus from her—I can think of nothing elſe."

"Go to bed, ſir; I told you as you went out that you had taken rather much. You've been diſappointed, an' you're vexed—that's what ails you; but go to bed, an' you'll ſleep it off."

"Yes, I muſt. In a day or two it's arranged that I and Travers are to ſettle about the leaſes, and I muſt meet that worthy gentleman with a clear head."

"Is Darby Skinadre, ſir, to have Dalton's farm?"

"Why, I've pocketed a hundred of his money for it, and I think he ought. However, all this part of the property is out of leaſe, and you know we can neither do nor ſay anything till we get the new leaſes."

"Oh, yes, you can, ſir," replied

Hanlon, laughing; "it's clear you can do at any rate."

"How is that? What do you grin at, confound you?"

"You can take the money, ſir; that's what I mane by *doin'* him. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Very good, Charley; but I'm ſick; and I very much fear that I've caught this confounded typhus."

The next day being that on which the trial took place, he roſe not from his bed; and when the time appointed for meeting Travers came, he was not at all in anything of an improved condition. His gig was got ready, however, and, accompanied by Hanlon, he drove to the agent's office.

Travers was a quick, expert man of buſineſs, who loſt but little time and few words in his dealings with the world. He was clear, rapid, and deciſive, and having once formed an opinion, there was ſcarcely any poſſibility in changing it. This indeed was the worſt and moſt impracticable point about him; for as it often happened that his opinions were baſed upon imperfect or erroneous data, it conſequently followed that his inflexibility was but another name for obſtinacy, and not unfrequently for injuſtice.

As Henderson entered the office, he met our friend the Pedlar and old Dalton going out.

"Dalton," ſaid Travers, "do you and your friend ſtay in the next room; I wiſh to ſee you again before you go. How do you do, Henderson?"

"I am not well," replied Henderson, "not at all well; but it wont ſignify."

"How is your father?"

"Much as uſual: I wonder he didn't call on you."

"No, he did not; I ſuppoſe he's otherwiſe engaged—the aſſizes always occupy him. However, now to buſineſs, Mr. Henderson;" and he looked inquiringly at Dick, as much as to ſay, I am ready to hear you.

"We had better ſee, I think," proceeded Dick, "and make arrangements about theſe new leaſes."

"I ſhall expect to be bribed for each of them, Mr. Richard."

"Bribed!" exclaimed the other, "ha, ha, ha! that's good."

"Why, do you think there's anything morally wrong or diſhonourable

in a bribe?" asked the other, with a very serious face.

"Come, come, Mr. Travers," said Dick, "a joke's a joke; only don't put so grave a face on you when you ask such a question. However, as you say yourself, now to business—about these leases."

"I trust," continued Travers, "that I am both an honest man and a gentleman, yet I expect a bribe for every lease."

"Well, then," replied Henderson, "it is not generally supposed that either an honest man or a gentleman——"

"Would take a bribe?—eh?"

"Well, d—n it, no; not exactly that either; but come, let us understand each other. If you be wilful on it, why a wilful man, they say, must have his way. Bribery, however, rank bribery is a——"

"Crime to which neither an honest man nor a gentleman would stoop. You see I anticipate what you are about to say; you despise bribery, Mr. Henderson?"

"Sir," replied the other, rather warmly, "I trust that I am a gentleman and an honest man too."

"But still, a wilful man, Mr. Henderson, must have his way, you know. Well of course you are a gentleman and an honest man." He then rose, and touching the bell, said to the servant who answered it,

"Send in the man named Darby Skinadre."

If that miserable wretch was thin and shrivelled-looking when first introduced to our readers, he appeared at the present period little else than the shadow of what he had been. He not only had lost heavily even by the usurious credit he had given, in consequence of the wide-spread poverty and crying distress of the wretched people, who were mostly insolvent, but he suffered severely by the outrages which had taken place, and doubly so in consequence of the anxiety which so many felt to wreak their vengeance on him, under that guise, for his heartless and blood-sucking extortions upon them.

"Your name," proceeded the agent, "is Darby Skinadre?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you have given this gentleman the sum of a hundred pounds, as a bribe, for promising you a lease of Cornelius Dalton's farm?"

"I gave him a hundre pounds, but not at all as a bribe, sir; I'm an honest man, I trust—an' the Lord forbid I'd have anything to do wid a bribe; an' if you an' he knew—if you only knew, both o' you—the hard strivin', an' scrapin', and sweepin' I had to get it together——"

"That will do, sir; be silent. You received this money, Mr. Henderson."

"Tut, Travers, my good friend; this is playing too high a card about such a matter. Don't you know, devilish well, that these things are common, aye, and among gentlemen and honest men too, as you say."

"Well, that is a discussion upon which I shall not enter. Now, as you say yourself, to business."

"Well, then," continued Henderson, smiling, "if you have no objection, I am willing that you should take Skinadre's affair and mine as a *precedent* between you and me. Let us not be fools, Mr. Travers; it is ev'ry one for himself in this world."

"What is it you expect, in the first place?" asked the agent.

"Why, new leases," replied the other; "upon reasonable terms, of course."

"Well, then," said Travers, "I beg to inform you that you shall not have them, with one only excoption. You shall have a lease of sixty-nine acres attached to the Grange, being the quantity of land which you actually farm."

"Pray, why not of all the property?" asked Dick.

"My good friend," replied the agent, nearly in his own words to the Pedlar; "the fact is, that we are about to introduce a new system altogether upon our property. We are determined to manage it upon a perfectly new principle. It has been too much sublet under us, and we have resolved, Mr. Henderson, to rectify this evil. That is my answer. With the exception of the Grange farm, you get no leases. We shall turn over a new leaf, and see that a better order of things be established upon the property. As for you, Skinadre, settle this matter of your hundred pounds with Mr. Henderson as best you may. That was a private transaction altogether between yourselves; between yourselves, then, does the settlement of it lie."

He once more touched the bell, and desired Cornelius Dalton and the Pedlar to be sent in.

"Mr. Henderson," he proceeded, "I will bid you good morning; you certainly look ill. Skinadre, you may go. I have sent for Dalton, Mr. Henderson, to let him know that he shall be reinstated in his farm, and every reasonable allowance made him for the oppression and injustice which he and his respectable family have suffered, at—I will not say *whose* hands."

"Travers," replied Henderson, "your conduct is harsh—and—however, I cannot now think of leases—I am, every moment, getting worse—I am very ill—good morning." He then went.

"An' am I to lose my hundre pounds, your honer, of my hard earned money, that I squeezed——"

"Out of the blood and marrow and life of the struggling and industrious people, you cruel and heartless extortioner! Begone, sirra; a foot of land upon the property for which I am agent you shall never occupy. You and your tribe, whether you batten upon the distresses of struggling industry in the deceitful Maelstroms of the metropolis, or in the dirty, dingy shops of a private country village, are each a scorpion curse to the people. Your very existence is a libel upon the laws by which the rights of civil society are protected."

"Troth, your honour does me injustice; I never see a case of distress that my heart doesn't bleed——"

"With a leech-like propensity to pounce upon it—begone." The man slunk out. "Dalton," he proceeded, when the old man, accompanied by the Pedlar, came in, "I sent for you to say that I am willing you should have your farm again."

"Sir," replied the other, "I am thankful and grateful to you for that kindness, but it is now too late; I am not able to go back upon it; I have neither money nor stock of any kind. I am deeply and gratefully obliged to you; but I have not sixpence worth in the world to put on it. An honest heart, sir, an' a clear fame is all that God has left me, blessed be his name."

"Don't b'lieve a word of it," replied the Pedlar. "Only let your honour give him a good lease, at a reasonable rint, makin' allowances for his improvements——"

"Never mind conditions, my good friend," said the agent, "but proceed; for, if I don't mistake, you will yourself give him a lift."

"May be, we'll find him stock and capital a thrife, any way," replied the Pedlar, with a knowing wink. "I haven't carried the pack all my life for nothing, I hope."

"I understand," said the agent to Dalton, "that one of your sons is dead. I leave town to-day, but I shall be here this day fortnight; call then and we shall have every thing arranged. Your case was a very hard one, and a very common one; but it was one with which we had nothing to do, and in which, until now, we could not interfere. I have looked clearly into it, and regret to find that such cases do exist upon Irish property to a painful extent, although I am glad to find that public opinion, and a more enlightened experience are every day diminishing the evil."

He then rang for some one else, and our friends withdrew, impressed with a grateful sense of his integrity and justice.

CHAPTER XXXII.—CONCLUSION.

WHEN Mrs. M'Ivor—whom we may now, without any error, style the wife of Donnel Dhu—recognized in the court-house the man called the Black Prophet, as her husband, she knew also, without having been aware of it, that she had seen and conversed with her own daughter. To most women, her position would have been one of indescribable and distracting agony. Here

had she been aiding her nephew to trace the murderer of his father—her own brother—and now that they had found him, he turns out to be no other than her own husband, and the father of her child. She was, however, as we have said at an early stage of our narrative, a woman of much firmness, if not obstinacy of character; or to come still nearer to the truth, it would

be difficult to find on Irish soil, a female who possessed such a stoical ascendancy over her own feelings.

The interest excited by the trial, involving as it did so much that concerned the Sullivans, especially the hopes and affections of their daughter Mave, naturally induced them—though not on this latter account—young and old, to attend the assizes, not excepting Mave herself; for her father, much against her inclination, had made a point to bring her with them. On finding, however, how matters turned out, a perfect and hearty reconciliation took place between the two families, in the course of which Mave and the Prophet's wife once more renewed their acquaintance. Some necessary and brief explanation took place, in the course of which allusion was made to Sarah and her state of health.

"I hope," said Mave, "you will lose no time in goin' to see her. I know her affectionate heart; an' that when she hears an' feels that she has a mother alive an' well, an' that loves her as she ought to be loved, it will put new life into her."

"She is a fine lookin' girl," replied her mother, "an' while I was spakin' to her I felt my heart warm to her, sure enough; but she's a wild creature, they say."

"Hasty a little," said Mave; "but then such a heart as she has. You ought to go see her at wanst."

"I would, dear, an' my heart is longin' to see her; but I think it's better that I should not till after his trial to-morrow. I'm to be a witness against the unfortunate man."

"Against her father!—against your own husband!" exclaimed Mave, looking aghast at this intimation.

"Yes, dear; for it was my brother he murdered, an' he must take the consequences, if he was my husband an' her father ten times over. My brother's blood mustn't pass for nothin.' Besides, the hand of God is in it, an' I must do my duty."

The heart of the gentle and heroic Mave, which could encounter contagion and death, from a principle of unconscious magnanimity and affection that deserved a garland, now shrunk back with pain at the sentiments so coolly expressed by Sarah's mother. She thought for a moment of young Dalton, and that if *she* were called upon

to prosecute him—but she hastily put the fearful hypothesis aside, and was about to bid her acquaintance good bye, when the latter said—

"To-morrow, or rather the day after, I'd wish to see her; for then I'll know what will happen to *him*, an' how to act with her; an' if you'd come with me, I'd be glad of it, an' you'd oblige me."

Mave's gentle and affectionate spirit was disquieted within her by what she had already heard; but a moment's reflection convinced her that her presence on the occasion might be serviceable to Sarah, whose excitable temperament and delicate state of health required gentle and judicious treatment.

"I'm afeard," said Mrs. M'Ivor, "that by the time the trial's over to-morrow, it'll be too late; but let us say the day after, if it's the same to you."

"Well, then," replied Mave, "you can call to our place, as it's on your way, an' we'll both go together."

"If she knew her," said Mave to her friends, on her way home, "as I do; if she only knew the heart she has—the lovin', the fearless, the great heart;—oh, if she did, no earthly thing would prevent her from goin' to her without the loss of a minute's time. Poor Sarah!—brave and generous girl—what wouldn't I do to bring her back to health! But ah, mother, I'm afeard;—and as the noble girl spoke, the tears gushed to her eyes—" 'It's my last act for you,' she whispered to me, on that night when the house was surrounded by villains—" I know what you risked for me in the shed; I know it, dear Mave, an' I'm now sthrivin' to pay back my debt to you.' Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, "where—where could one look for the like of her! an' yet how little does the world know about her goodness, or her greatness, I may say. Well," proceeded Mave, "she paid that debt, but I'm afeard, mother, it'll turn out that it was with her own life she paid it."

At the hour appointed, Mrs. M'Ivor and Mave set out on their visit to Sarah, each now aware of the dreadful and inevitable doom that awaited her father, and of the part which one of them, at least, had taken in bringing it about.

About half an hour before their arrival, Sarah, whose anxiety touching

the fate of old Dalton could endure no more, lay awaiting the return of her nurse—a simple, good hearted, matter-of-fact creature, who had no notion of ever concealing the truth under any circumstances. The poor girl had sent her to get an account of the trial the best way she could, and, as we said, she now lay awaiting her return. At length she came in.

"Well, Biddy, what's the news—or have you got any?"

The old woman gently and affectionately put her hand over on Sarah's forehead, as if the act was a religious ceremony, and accompanied an invocation, as indeed she intended it to do—

"May God in his mercy soon relieve you from your trials, my poor girl, an' bring you to himself! but it's the black news I have for you this day."

Sarah started—

"What news," she asked hastily—"what *black* news?"

"Hush, now, an' I'll tell you;—in the first place, your mother is alive, an' has come to the country."

Sarah immediately sat up in the bed, without assistance, and fastening her black brilliant eyes upon the woman, exclaimed—

"My mother—my mother—my own mother! an' do you dare to tell me that this is black news? Lave the house, I bid you. I'll get up—I'm not sick—I'm well. Great God!—yes, I'm well—very well; but how dare you name black news an' my mother—my blessed mother—in the same breath, or on the same day?"

"Will you hear me out, then?" continued the nurse.

"No," replied Sarah, attempting to get up—"I want to hear no more; now I wish to live—now I am sure of one, an' that one my mother—my own mother—to love me—to guide me—to taiche me all that I ought to know; but, above all, to love me. An' my father—my poor unhappy father—an' he is unhappy—he loves me, too. Oh, Biddy, I can forgive you now for what you said—I will be happy still—an' my mother will be happy—an' my father—my poor father—will be happy yet; he'll reform—he'll repent, maybe; an' he'll wanst more get back his early heart—his heart, when it was good, an' not hardened, as he says it was, by the world. Biddy, did you

ever see any one cry with joy before—ha—ha—did you now?"

"God strengthen you, my poor child," exclaimed the nurse, bursting into tears; "for what will become of you? Your father, Sarah dear, is to be hanged for murder, an' it was your mother's evidence that hanged him. She swore against him on the thrial, an' his sentence is passed. Bartle Sullivan wasn't murdered at all, but another man was, an' it was your father that done it. On next Friday he's to be hanged, an' your mother, they say, swore his life away! If that's not *black* news, I don't know what is."

Sarah's face had been flushed to such a degree by the first portion of the woman's intelligence, that its expression was brilliant and animated beyond belief. On hearing its conclusion, however, the change from joy to horror was instantaneous, shocking, and pitiable, beyond all power of language to express. She was struck perfectly motionless and ghastly; and as she kept her large lucid eyes fixed upon the woman's face, the powers of life, that had been hitherto in such a tumult of delight within her, seemed slowly, and with a deadly and scarcely perceptible motion, to ebb out of her system. The revulsion was too dreadful; and with the appearance of one who was anxious to shrink or hide from something that was painful, she laid her head down on the humble pillow of her bed.

"Now, asthore," said the woman, struck by the woeful change—"don't take it too much to heart; you're young, an', please God, you'll get over it all yet."

"No," she replied, but in a voice so utterly changed and deprived of its strength, that the woman could with difficulty hear or understand her.

"There is but one good bein' in the world," she said to herself, "an' that is Mave Sullivan. I have no mother, no father—all I can love now is Mave Sullivan—that's all."

"Every one that knows her does," said the nurse.

"Who?" said Sarah, inquiringly.

"Why, Mave Sullivan," replied the other; "worn't you spakin' about her?"

"Was I?" said she, "may be so—what was I sayin'?"

She then put her hand to her forehead, as if she felt pain and confusion; after which she waved the nurse towards her, but on the woman stooping down, she seemed to forget that she had beckoned to her at all.

At this moment Mave and her mother entered, and after looking towards the bed on which she lay, they inquired, in a whisper, from her attendant how she was.

The woman pointed hopelessly to her own head, and then looked significantly at Sarah, as if to intimate that her brain was then unsettled.

"There's something wrong here," she added, in an undertone, and, touching her head, "especially since I told her what had happened."

"Is she acquainted with everything?" asked her mother.

"She is," replied the other; "she knows that her father is to die on Friday, and that you swore agin' him."

"But what on earth," said Mave, "could make you be so mad as to let her know anything of that kind?"

"Why, she sent me to get word," replied the simple creature, "an' you wouldn't have me tell her a lie, an' the poor girl on her death-bed, I'm afraid."

Her mother went over and stood opposite where she lay, that is, near the foot of her bed, and putting one hand under her chin, looked at her long and steadily. Mave went to her side, and taking her hand gently up, kissed it, and wept quietly, but bitterly.

It was, indeed, impossible to look upon her without a feeling of deep and extraordinary interest. Her singularly youthful aspect—her surprising beauty, to which disease and suffering had given a character of purity and tenderness almost ethereal—the natural symmetry and elegance of her very arms and hands—the wonderful whiteness of her skin, which contrasted so strikingly with the raven black of her glossy hair, and the soul of thought and feeling which lay obviously expressed by the long silken eyelashes of her closed eyes—all, when taken in at a glance, were calculated to impress a beholder with love, and sympathy, and tenderness, such as no human heart could resist.

Mave, on glancing at her mother,

saw a few tears stealing, as it were, down her cheeks.

"I wish to God, my dear daughter," exclaimed the latter, in a low voice, "that I had never seen your face, lovely as it is, an' it surely would be better for yourself that you had never been born."

She then passed to the bed-side, and, taking Mave's place, who withdrew, she stooped down, and placing her lips upon Sarah's white, broad forehead, exclaimed—"May God bless you, my dear daughter, is the heartfelt prayer of your unhappy mother!"

Sarah suddenly opened her eyes, and started—"What is this?" she exclaimed, "What is wrong? There is something wrong. Didn't I hear some one callin' me daughter? Here's a strange woman—Charley Hanlon's aunt—Biddy come here!"

"Well, acushla, here I am—keep yourself quiet, achora—what is it?"

"Didn't you tell me that my mother swore my father's life away?"

"It's what they say," replied the matter-of-fact nurse.

"Then it's a lie—a lie that's come from hell itself," she replied—"Oh, if I was only up and strong as I was, let me see the man or woman that durst say so. *My* mother! to become unnatural and treacherous, an' I have a mother—ha, ha—oh, how often have I thought of this—thought of what a girl I would be if I was to have a mother—how good I would be too—how kind to her—how I would love her, an' how she would love me, an' then my heart would sink when I'd think of home—ay, an' then when Nelly would spake cruelly an' harshly to me I'd feel as if I could kill her or any one."

Her eye here caught Mave Sullivan, and she again started.

"What is this?" she exclaimed, "am I still in the shed? Mave Sullivan!—help me up, Biddy."

"I am here, dear Sarah," replied the gentle girl—"I am here; keep yourself quiet, and don't attempt to sit up; you're not able to do it."

The composed and serene aspect of Mave, and the kind touching tones of her voice seemed to operate favourably upon her, and to aid her in collecting her confused and scattered thoughts into something like order.

"Oh, dear Mave," said she, "what

is this? What has happened? Isn't there something wrong? I'm confused. Have I a mother? Have I a *livin'* mother that will *love* me?"

Her large eyes suddenly sparkled with singular animation as she asked the last question, and Mave thought it was the most appropriate moment to make the mother known to her.

"You have, dear Sarah, an' here she is waiting' to clasp you to her heart, an' give you her blessin'."

"Where?" she exclaimed, starting up in bed, as if in full health; "my mother! where?—where?"

She held her arms out towards her, for Mave had again assumed the mother's station at the bedside, and the latter stood at a little distance. On seeing her daughter's arms wildly extended towards her, she approached her, but whether checked by Sarah's allusion to her conduct, or from a wish to spare her excitement, or from natural coldness of disposition, it is difficult to say, she did it with so little appearance of the eager enthusiasm that the heart of the latter expected, and with a manner so singularly cool and unexcited, that Sarah, whose feelings were always decisive and rapid as lightning, had time to recognize her features as Hanlon's aunt, whom she had seen and talked to before; but that was not all; she perceived not in her these external manifestations of strong affection and natural tenderness for which her own heart yearned almost convulsively; there was no sparkling glance—no precipitate emotion—no gushing of tears—no mother's love—in short, nothing of what her noble and loving spirit could recognize as kindred to itself, and to her warm and impulsive heart. The moment—the glance—that sought and found not what it looked for—were decisive: the arms that had been extended remained extended still, but the spirit of their attitude was changed, as was that eager and tumultuous delight which had just flashed from her countenance. Her thoughts, as we said, were quick, and in almost a moment's time she appeared to be altogether a different individual.

"Stop!" she exclaimed, now repelling instead of soliciting the embrace; "there isn't the love of a mother in that woman's heart—an' what did I hear? that she swore my father's life away—her husband's life away. No,

no; I'm changed—I see my father's blood, shed by her too, his own wife! Look at her features, they're hard and harsh—there's no love in her eyes—they're cowl'd and sevar. No, no; there's something wrong there—I feel that—I feel it—it's here—the feelin's in my heart—oh what a dark hour this is! You were right, Biddy, you brought me black news this day—but it won't—it won't—trouble me long—it won't disturb this poor brain long—it won't pierce this poor heart long—I hope not. Oh," she exclaimed, "turning to Mave, and extending her arms towards her, "Mave Sullivan let me die!"

The affectionate but disappointed girl had all Mave's sympathies, whose warm and affectionate feelings recoiled from the coldness and apparent want of natural tenderness which characterized the mother's manner, under circumstances in themselves so affecting. Still, after having soothed Sarah for a few minutes, and placed her head once more upon the pillow, she whispered to the mother, who seemed to think more than to feel:—

"Don't be surprised; when you consider the state she's in,—and indeed it isn't to be wondered at after what she has heard,—you must make every allowance for the poor girl."

Sarah's emotions were now evidently in incessant play.

"Biddy," said she, "come here again; help me up."

"Dear Sarah," said Mave, "you are not able to bear all this; if you could compose yourself, an' forget everything unpleasant for a while, till you grow strong —"

"If I could forget that my mother has no heart to love me with—that she's could and strange to me—if I could forget that she's brought my father to a shameful death—my father's heart wasn't *altogether* bad; no, an' he was wanst—I mane in his early life—a good man. I know that—I feel that—'*dear Sarah, sleep—sleep, dear Sarah*'—no, bad as he is, there was a thousand times more love and nature in the voice that spoke them words than in a hundred women like my mother, that hasn't yet kissed my lips. Biddy, come here, I say—here, lift me up again."

There was such energy, and fire, and command, in her voice and words now, that Mave could not remonstrate any

longer, nor the nurse refuse to obey her. When she was once more placed sitting, she looked about her—

"Mother," she said, "come here!"

And as she pronounced the word *mother*, a trait so beautiful, so exquisite, so natural, and so pathetic, accompanied it, that Mave once more wept. Her voice, in uttering the word, quivered, and softened into tenderness, with the affection which nature itself seems to have associated with it. Sarah herself remarked this, even in the anguish of the moment.

"My very heart knows and loves the word," she said. "Oh! why is it that I am to suffer this? Is it possible that the empty name is all that's left me after all? Mother, come here—I am pleadin' for my father now—you pleaded against him, but I always took the weakest side—here is God now among us—you must stand before him—look your daughter in the face, an' answer her as you expect to meet God, when you leave this troubled life; truth—truth now, mother, an' nothin' else. Mother, I am dyin'. Now, as God is to judge you, did you ever love my father as a wife ought?"

There was some irresistible spirit, some unaccountable power in her manner and language—such command and such wonderful love of candour in her full, dark eye—that it was impossible to gainsay or withstand her.

"I will spake the thruth," replied her mother, evidently borne away and subdued, "although it's against myself—to my shame an' to my sorrow I say it—that when I married your father, another man had my affections; but, as I'm to appear before God, I never wronged him. I don't know how it is that you've made me confess it; but at any rate you're the first that ever wrung it out o' me."

"That will do," replied her daughter, calmly; "that sounds like murder from my mother's lips! Lay me down now, Biddy."

Mave, who had scarcely ever taken her eyes from off her varying and busy features, was now struck by a singular change which she observed to come over them—a change that was nothing but the shadow of death, and cannot be described.

"Sarah!" she exclaimed, "dear, darling Sarah, what is the matter with you? Have you got ill again?"

"Oh! my child," exclaimed her mother, "am I to lose you this way at last? Oh! dear Sarah, forgive me—I'm your mother, and you'll forgive me."

"Mave," said Sarah, "take this—I remember seein' yours an' mine together not very long ago—take this lock of my hair—I think you will get a pair of scissors on the corner of the shelf—cut it off with your own hands; let it be sent to my father, an' when he's dyin' a disgraceful death, let him wear it next his heart; an' wherever he's to be buried, let him have this buried with him. Let whoever will give it to him, say that it comes from Sarah, an' that if she was able, she would be with him through shame, an' disgrace, an' death; that she'd support him as well as she could in his trouble; that she'd scorn the world for him; an' that because he said wanst in his life that he loved her; she'd forgive him all a thousand times, an' would lay down her life for him."

"You would do that, my noble girl," exclaimed Mave, with a choking voice.

"And above all things," proceeded Sarah, "let him be tould, if it can be done, that Sarah said to him to die without fear—to bear it up like a man, an' not like a coward—to look manfully about him on the very scaffold—an'an' to die as a man *ought* to die—bravely an' without fear—bravely an' without fear!"

Her voice and strength were, since the last change that Mave observed, both rapidly sinking, and her mother, anxious, if possible, to have her forgiveness, again approached her, and said—

"Dear Sarah, you are angry with me. Oh! forgive me—am I not your mother?"

The great girl's resentments, however, had all passed, and the business of her life and its functions she felt were now over—she said so—

"It's all over, at last now, mother," she replied—"I have no anger now—come and kiss me. Whatever you have done, you are still my mother. Bless me—bless your daughter Sarah. I have nothing now in my heart but love for every body; tell Nelly, dear Mave, that Sarah forgave her, an' hoped that she'd forgive Sarah. Mave, I trust you an' he will

be happy—that's my last wish, an' tell him so. Mave, there's sweet faces about me, sich as I seen in the shed; they're smilin' upon me—smilin' upon Sarah—upon poor hasty Sarah McGowan, that would have loved every one. Mave, think of me sometimes; an' let him, when he thinks of the wild girl that loved him, look upon you, dearest Mave, an' love you, if possible, betther for her sake. These sweet faces is about me again. Father, I'll be before you—but die—die like a man."

Whilst uttering the last few sentences, which were spoken with great difficulty, she began to pull the bed-clothes about with her hands, and whilst uttering the last word, her beautiful hand was slightly clenched, as if helping out a sentiment so completely in accordance with her brave spirit. These motions, however, ceased suddenly; she heaved a deep sigh, and the troubled spirit of the kind, the generous, the erring but affectionate Sarah McGowan—as we shall call her still—passed away to another, and, we trust, a better life.—The storms of her heart and brain were at rest for ever.

Thus perished in early life one of those creatures, that sometimes seem as if they were placed by mistake in a wrong sphere of existence. It is impossible to say to what a height of moral grandeur and true greatness, culture and education might have elevated her, or to say with what brilliancy her virtues might have shone, had her heart and affections been properly cultivated. Like some beautiful and luxuriant flower, however, she was permitted to run into wildness and disorder for want of a guiding hand; but no want, no absence of training, could ever destroy its natural delicacy, nor prevent its fragrance from smelling sweet, even in the neglected situation where it was left to pine and die.

There is little now to be added. "Time, the consoler," passes not in vain even over the abodes of wretchedness and misery. The sufferings of that year of famine we have endeavoured to bring before those who may have the power in their hands of assuaging the similar horrors which are likely to visit this. The pictures we have given are not exaggerated, but drawn from

memory and the terrible realities of 1817.

It is unnecessary to add, that when "sickness" and the severity of winter passed away, our lovers, Mave and young Condy Dalton, were happily married, as they deserved to be, and occupied the farm from which the good old man had been so unjustly expelled.

It was on the first social evening that the two families, now so happily reconciled, spent together subsequent to the trial, that Bartle Sullivan gratified them with the following account of his history:—

"I remember fightin'," he proceeded, "wid Condy on that night, an' the devil's own *bulliah battha* he was. We went into a corner of the field near the Grey stone, to decide it. All at wanst I forgot what happened, till I found myself lyin' upon a car wid the M'Mahons of Edenbeg, that lived ten or twelve miles beyant the mountains, at the foot of Carnmore. They knew me, and good right they had, for I had been spakin' to their sishter Shiiby, but she *wasn't* for me at the time, although I was ready to kick my own shadow about her, God knows. Well you see I felt disgraced at bein' beaten by Con Dalton, and I was fond of her, so what 'ud you have of us but off we went together to America, for you see she promised to marry me if I'd go. They had taken me up on one of their carts, thinkin' I was drunk, to lave me for safety in the next neighbour's house we came to. Well, she an' I married when we got to Boston; but God never blessed us wid a family; and Toddy here, who tuk to the life of a pedlar, came back afther many a long year, with a good purse, and lived wid us. At last I began to long for home, and so we all came together. The Prophet's wife was wid us, an' another passenger tould me that Con here had been suspected of murderin' me. I got unwell in Liverpool, but I sent Toddy on before me to make their minds aisey. As we wor talkin' over these matthers, I happened to mention to the woman what I had seen the night the carman was murdered, and I wondhered at the way she looked on hearin' it. She went on, but afther a time came back to Liverpool for me, an' took the typhus on her way home, but thank God we were

all in time to clear the innocent and punish the guilty; ay, an' reward the good too, eh, Toddy?"

"I'll give Mave away," replied Toddy, "if there wasn't another man in Europe; an' when I'm puttin' your hand into Con's, Mave, it won't be an empty one. Ay, an' if your frind Sarah, the wild girl, had lived,—but it can't be helped—death takes the young as well as the ould, an' may God prepare us all to meet him!"

Young Richard Henderson's anticipations were, unfortunately, too true. On leaving Mr. Travers' office, he returned home, took his bed, and in the course of one short week had paid, by a kind of judicial punishment, the fatal penalty of his contemplated profligacy. His father survived him only a few months, so that there is not, at this moment, one of the name or blood of Henderson in the Grange. The old man died of a quarrel with Jemmy Branigan, to whom he left a pension of fifty pounds a year; and truly the grief of his aged servant after him was unique and original.

"What's to become of me?" said Jemmy, with tears in his eyes; "I have nothing to do, nobody to attend to, nobody to fight with, nothing to disturb me or put me out of temper; I knew, however, that he would stick to his wickedness to the last, an' so he did, for the devil tempted him, out of sheer malice, when he could get at me no

way else, to lave me fifty pounds a year to *keep me aisy*! Sich revenge an' villany by a dyin' man was never heard of. God help me, what am I to do now, or what hand will I turn to? What is there before me but peace and quietness for the remainder of my life? but I wont stand *that* long—an' to lave me fifty pounds a year to *keep me aisy*! God forgive him!"

The Prophet suffered the sentence of the law, but refused all religious consolation. Whether his daughter's message ever reached him or not, we have had no means of ascertaining. He died, however, as she wished, firmly, but sullenly, and as if he despised and defied the world and its laws. He neither admitted his guilt, nor attempted to maintain his innocence, but passed out of existence like a man who was already wearied with its cares, and who now felt satisfied, when it was too late, that contempt for the laws of God and man never leads to safety, much less to happiness. His only observation was the following—"When I dreamt that young Dalton drove a nail in my coffin, little I thought it would end this way."

We have simply to conclude by saying that Rody Duncan was transported for perjury; and that Nelly became a devotee, or voteen, and, as far as one could judge, exhibited something like repentance for the sinful life she had led with the Prophet.

SONNET ON AN EXPECTED VIEW OF THE IRISH COAST.

My native land, appear! these eyes await
 Impatiently thy rising o'er the bare
 Expanse of waters, fondly searching where
 Thy fair but hidden form lingers so late.
 Though well I prize thy glorious ocean-mate,
 And, not unmoved, I leave some loved ones there,
 In thee my homeward thoughts still claim their share,
 My heart—my life, to thee are dedicate.

O, let me *see* thee! dearer far to me
 Shall be the moment which that sweet sight shows,
 Than when to bard or painter, long ago,
 While foam-flakes specked another sea with snow,
 From the blue waves the Queen of Beauty rose,
 And Greece beheld Anadyomené.

W. R. H.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER GRACE, OF COURTOWN, BY JOHN WALTER WALSH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

I.

The mist of wo is on the moor,
Mist that never gloomed before ;
A darksome calm at noon is there,
Save the voice of wild despair !

II.

Upon the wind the death-bells come,
Messengers of grief and gloom ;
And the raven's croaking cry,
Proclaims the dead man's hour is nigh !

III.

O ! noble youth, my bosom's pride,
Was it for thee the banshee cried,
Amid the lonely, silent hour
Of midnight, in her fairy bower ?

IV.

When sheltering bay and bulwark strong
Re-echoed to her boding song ;
And every cock forgot to pay
His warning welcome to the day !

V.

For thee, for thee, O ! youthful chief,
Thus swells the banshee's voice of grief ;
Thus turns the day to night profound,
Thus weep the wo-struck tribes around.

VI.

And now with tears 'tis ours to rave
For our departed warrior brave ;
With sad salt tears and sorrow sore,
And breaking hearts for evermore !

VII.

O ! ruthless death, who still doth smite
The bloom of the branch of noblest height,
Could no spoil thy conquest grace,
Save the head of our ancient race ?

VIII.

Firm in the strife of swords, his hand
Defended the right of his native land ;
Where waved his father's flag in war,
Or Ormond's fam'd in fields afar !

IX.

Never did Courtown yet sustain
Such gloom of grief, such ceaseless pain,
As when it's master's bosom bleeds,
For his young heir of glorious deeds.

X.

Heir of his name and title splendid,
And lands through Erin's heights extended,
Like some young oak of beauteous head,
That promis'd branches widely spread.

XI.

So for him it was not fated,
The lonely tomb his coming waited,
Gave to his sire affliction's dart,
To his sad spouse a bleeding heart.

XII.

A mother she of grief and gloom,
Whose partner found an early tomb;
Her babe's brave sire, her first love, he,
Queen of deepest sorrow, she!

XIII.

He'll seek no more the wild deer's track
O'er misty hill or valley dark;
Who'll list his horn's loud clangour now,
His dog's deep bay on the mountain's brow.

XIV.

No more upon his fleet young horse,
O'er fence and dyke he shapes his course;
For ever is his beauty gone,
And fog-wreaths wrap his glory's son!

XV.

His bounteous hand no guerdons fill—
His bounding heart is cold and still,
The poet's friend—the seed of kings—
Love of the men of the lofty strings!

XVI.

Thy fame demands no light of song,
Yet heaven shall hear my wailings long,
O'er the hero's tomb at evening hoar,
Who gave this heart to sorrow sore!

E. W.

* The elegy, of which this is a close translation, was composed on the death of Oliver Grace, the young heir of the ancient house of Courtown. This event took place in the year 1804. The author of the elegy was John Walter Walsh, the son of Walter Walsh, chief of the sept of "Walsh of the Mountains," in the county of Kilkenny. His name yet survives in the traditions of the people, which attribute to him the rarest qualifications of mind and person.

The measure of this elegy, which, it seems, was adapted to the harp, has been carefully preserved in the translation.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.—NO. XV.

WM. MAGEE, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

SECOND ARTICLE.

WE have, in a former volume of our journal (Vol. XXVI. page 480), availing ourselves of letters hitherto unpublished, and other authentic sources of information, given an account of the life of the late Archbishop Magee, from his earliest years to the period of his delivering in the chapel of Trinity College the very remarkable sermons or lectures afterwards embodied in his work on the atonement.

The reader will be interested by his own account of the actual commencement of his exertions in theological literature, which began with his appointment as Donnellan Lecturer in the University. His design he thus states in a letter to Dr. Percival:—

“The subject I have chosen is the proof (of the Christian religion) from prophecy; and this has taken me into a very wide field, indeed. For, as the controversialist cannot quit his post while a single champion is to be seen upon the arena, I am obliged to make myself acquainted with the opinions of all who have written either professedly or incidentally on the subject of Scripture prophecies, lest some objection deserving notice should be overlooked. The course of reading to which this has led me has been extensive, laborious, and sometimes tedious. One advantage, however, I have derived from my researches on this head—that in every step of the inquiry I have added strength to my own conviction of the truth of Christianity, whatever may be my success in communicating conviction to the minds of others. Among the discoveries to which my pursuit has led me, one has fallen in my way, which I hope will enable me to settle the long-controverted question of Daniel’s seventy weeks. The lecturer is obliged, by the terms of his appointment, to publish his sermons. Six only are required of him. But I fear I cannot do justice to the point I am concerned with in a smaller number than, with the necessary supplements and authorities, will fill two volumes octavo.”

In 1797, he suffered considerably from

a tendency of blood to the head. A removal to the country was advised by his friend, Dr. Plunket (elder brother to Lord Plunket); and he took, or purchased, a small place about five miles from Dublin. This, however, occasioned no light addition to the labour of his avocations for the three succeeding years, during which he continued a junior fellow; as during this interval he was, through the terms, compelled to ride into town at a very early hour in the mornings, and being kept busy through the entire day, to return home at a late hour in the evening. He could not remit his laborious private studies; but for these there was no time but in the night; and consequently, it now became his custom, for several years, after his cup of coffee and family prayers, to retire about nine every night to his study, where he continued engaged, mostly standing at his desk, till two, after which hour he retired, wearied and worn, to rest for the few hours which remained, until it was again time to start for college with the break of morn.

The place which he took near Dublin, might have seriously involved him in the trouble of farming concerns, so little compatible with his character, habits, and avocations, but for the cleverness and activity of his excellent and exemplary wife, and the skill and attention of his father, who was at the time (1797) living within a hundred yards of his house.

We learn from his private correspondence, that after his six sermons, as Donnellan Lecturer, had been delivered, he now continued the subject on which they had been employed, as preacher for the succeeding year. After mentioning this purpose, he goes on to give the following interesting sketch of his whole design:—

“With a view to establish the proof from prophecy, my design is to demonstrate a continued series of predictions, and an unbroken unity of plan pervad-

ing the entire of the Old Testament, and all looking to one great Person, and one grand event. This has necessarily led me, in the first instance, to combine the various parts of the Pentateuch, and to digest the writings of Moses into one connected system. Thus much the lecture sermons have brought to a conclusion, and consequently they will admit of separate publication, and may be followed up at leisure by two other volumes, to which I find my subject will unavoidably carry me; one exhibiting the same systematic view of the prophetic and historical books, as had been in the first instance given of the books of Moses; and the other displaying the accomplishment of the whole series of prophecies in the life of Jesus Christ, and the establishment of the Christian religion. The former of these I should hope to bring out in the summer of 1796, and the latter in the summer of 1799, if health and the French permit."

After dwelling a little on the place and method of printing and publishing, he adds:—

"If Eyres of Warrington were the printer employed, it would contribute much to my convenience, as I might thus enjoy the society of my friends in Lancashire next summer, instead of passing my time in London during the period of printing. I should mention that Hebrew, Greek, and Arabic types would be necessary, for which I fear Eyres is not furnished."

How deeply must the scholar and the divine who may read these lines regret the suppression, through whatever means, of such a plan as is here sketched out, and afterwards, as we can authoritatively state, executed by the most profound theologian of modern times!

At this period, Dr. Magee's zealous and alert spirit engaged him, to a greater extent than is generally known, in the great political contest which then agitated the country. It was the time when the government was engaged in endeavouring to effect the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland, by means which, considered apart from any question as to their political fitness, were of a nature

to revolt every high and honourable spirit. It is also to be observed, that whatever prospective advantages, mature and deliberate wisdom might discern as the future result of that measure, the immediate disadvantages, real and apparent, were then more obvious. And it is not to be considered matter either of wonder or as involving any solid inference, if men like Busha, Saurin, Plunket, and Magee, were among its earnest and prominent opponents. It will be no derogation from the high reputation of any one of these most illustrious men, to say that, with all their vast intellectual power and varied professional attainments, not one of them could, with any regard to accuracy of terms, have then been thought entitled to the appellation of statesmen. As divines, lawyers, orators, &c., they stand highest in the respective classes to which they are to be referred; but the laxity of popular discussion alone could have either named their then opinions as authority, or their subsequent changes of opinion with reproach. With the eminent persons above-mentioned, and several other distinguished men, Dr. Magee was associated in a paper at that time published mainly to oppose the Union; it was called "The Anti-union." Among other articles contributed to it by Magee, we may more particularly notice one which formed the main substance of the twelfth number,* published January 22, 1799; this was a most able and eloquent address to the electors of the kingdom of Ireland on the subject which then so entirely engrossed the public mind. We cannot very conveniently select extracts from this clever production, both because the peculiar powers of Dr. Magee are not such as to be fairly represented by specimens; for he did not, like several of the most eloquent men of his time, so much excel in passages worked up for effect, as in the even flow of a well-sustained, clear, forcible, and argumentative style; and also because, in fact, he argues against the Union with so much power and command of argument, that, considering the present state of the public

* The authority on which this number is referred to Dr. Magee, is a copy which was in his own possession, and elaborately corrected in his handwriting. The style offers a still surer criterion.

mind, we should feel obliged to waste very considerable space in reply to reasoning very far superior to any which is now used on this beaten subject. We must, therefore, be content to put in his claim to a partnership in a paper of which the writers were the most illustrious men of their day; and to a composition not inferior to the most celebrated of those speeches in the Irish parliament, which have been so often quoted with merited admiration. From this and numerous other political papers and addresses at this period, we have been led to the inference, that if Dr. Magee had been a lawyer or a member of parliament, he would have taken as high a place in either as he has done in the Church;—that is, the highest. We cannot be mistaken in the comparison which we have been enabled to make between the best efforts of his contemporaries; and though he may have been excelled by some of these in many lesser qualifications, he has no equal for a peculiar combination and scope of the higher faculties of the reason, and for a perfect mastery of argument, and of the materials of argument. Inferior to Plunket in dexterity, to Bushe in the exquisite play of an unrivalled fancy, or to Saurin in the admirable simplicity of connected narrative, and the clear thread of discursive statement; he was superior to all in the union of their respective powers; together with an unrivalled mastery of the most comprehensive range of attainment possessed by any individual since the days of Burke.

On the 3rd March, 1800, Magee became a senior fellow, and on the 19th of the same month was elected to the chair of mathematics, which he filled with high credit till 1813, when he was succeeded by Dr. Lloyd. The state of mathematical learning in the British Isles, during that interval, was not such as to require that we should enter at any length upon the subject of his labours. In later times there can be little doubt as to what so much intellect, combined with such industry, might have done; but while the mathematical and physical sciences were obtaining some very wonderful developments on the Continent, England was, in a sense different from the poet's, *penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*. It remained for that

able and excellent man, the late Dr. Lloyd, in better times to raise our university to her proper rank as a fountain of modern science.

During the interval between his accession to the rank of Senior Fellow, and 1813, he continued mainly in the same round of academic and literary labours thus traced out. Four editions of his discourses on the Atonement had spread the reputation of his name wherever there was learning or talent. Among his admirers and correspondents he might number every person of known pretension to wit or genius. The Glasgow Religious Tract Society, with his permission, published a large portion of his work in the form of a tract, and its effect was found to be very considerable in resisting a heresy, which from its combination with revolutionary politics, rather than from any intrinsic pretension, had long been spreading. In his notes to the same work he measured himself against the ablest of the modern metaphysical writers, Smith, Hume, and Stewart, on the question of the origin of language, and gained the respectful notice of Stewart. Having most attentively studied the statements on every side, we cannot feel the slightest hesitation in affirming the decided superiority of Dr. Magee's view of the question, and of his manner of treating it. That such pretensions met with the deserved acknowledgment, we are enabled satisfactorily to ascertain from the numerous letters from the best English divines and scholars, which now lie on our table.

An interval of twenty years from the period of his marriage, had by imperceptible degrees placed him under the many anxious cares and responsibilities which belong to the father of a large family. And it is impossible to doubt that he began to feel what we know to have at the time been generally felt, his decided claim to preferment. On the death of Dr. Richard Stack, in 1818, Dr. Magee succeeded him in the livings of Cappagh and Killyleagh. He soon after removed with his family to Cappagh, in the diocese of Derry. Of this benefice, the tithes amounted to £1000 a year. There was also glebe land to the amount of 1572 acres, of which no more than four hundred and ten acres were then under cultivation. There was a handsome church about

three miles from his residence, whither it became his custom to repair on foot every Sunday, accompanied, by his large family, at this time consisting of twelve or fourteen children. Here he entered upon his ministerial duties; and here he first had occasion to put into practice himself that true, faithful, and diligent discharge of the duties of a minister of Christ's Church, which he afterwards so effectually enforced. When he first attended his church, there appeared plain proof how much was wanting of that spiritual vitality without which churches, with their rites and canons, are no better than the whitened tombs, "beautiful outward, but within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness;" he saw with dismay, a congregation which shewed in their demeanour no apparent consciousness of the purpose of their assembling. Under a roof dedicated to the single end of divine worship, there appeared a crowd of well dressed persons sitting, standing, leaning against pew or pillar, in various irreverent attitudes, looking about, and manifestly heedless of any purpose but the display of dress, and the critical observation of the dress of others; the prevalent unbelief of the world was then not concealed even by the decent exterior of respect. Then prayer was but the form of the day, after which a little prosy ethics was doubtless expected to stupefy the congregation: or, considering the high reputation of their new parson, a little dexterous satire, or some flourishes of metaphysical astuteness, may have been curiously looked for. Dr. Magee met this discouraging aspect of the field of duty thus presented, with the zeal and spirit of one appointed and commissioned with the high embassy of Christ to fallen and sinful man. His audience heard, many perhaps for the first time, the sound of the Gospel, and not without that effect which it alone can produce. Their able and enlightened minister set himself diligently to work, and now tried the effect, and experienced the benefit of those means which we afterwards find him so strenuously enforcing in the diocese of Dublin. He was particularly active in visiting his parishioners, and soon found the superior efficacy which above all other resources,

within the sphere of pastoral duty, belongs to this mode of personal application; in which the peculiar wants of the individual can be provided for, and that degree of personal influence acquired and rightly used, which has always been effective, and for the most part essential in the early steps of turning souls to the "narrow way." And the result soon became most happily apparent. There was, indeed, a blessing upon all he did; [that most striking of all the changes which are observed in mankind, and least to be accounted for by the ordinary workings of life and human nature, began in no long time to become fully perceptible. His congregation manifested a wholly different aspect—the presence of God seemed to have fallen upon its apprehension; the crowd knelt to pray, and joined audibly in the responses of Christians, with that earnestness and solemnity which are involved in the whole meaning of the prayers and responses of the Church. With the same care and effect, he attended to the education of the children of the parochial school; and with a deep sense of the proper use of education in ultimately preparing for the reception of *the truth*, he was also active in his endeavours to impart the benefits of education to the children of the Papal Church.

After five years spent in this humble and laborious course of duty, Magee was, in 1818, appointed Dean of Cork, and in the following year consecrated to the see of Raphoe. We shall but lightly touch upon the interval that elapsed between this and his promotion to the see of Dublin and Glandelagh. In Cork, his conduct was marked by the same devoted zeal, though the great preponderance of the Romish communion required some modifications. Anxious in some way to contribute to the benefit of the rising generation, he organized a spinning-school for those whose spiritual welfare he was not permitted to advance: and here, a chapter in the Bible was tolerated for the sake of advantages which were better appreciated. He took a deep interest in the institutions for charitable purposes, which he sedulously visited. His conduct and manner soon made a strong impression on every class of people. The

following extract from a communication from one of his family, gives a lively picture :—

“By constantly watching our father's countenance, we could detect, in the cold civility with which he received any person whose conduct had been an open departure from the way of godliness, or who was an inconsistent professor of a better course, the real characters of the company. Absence of praise, or some kindly observation, we knew to be tantamount to disapprobation; and we formed our opinions accordingly, for he loved to point out beauties in character; and his mild glow of satisfaction when the Lord's children were our visitors, made the silent disapproval of others more easily detected.”

His promotion to the see of Raphoe, in 1818, did honour to the administration which threw aside the ordinary considerations by which crown patronage is determined, to attend to the claims of true worth and fitness. It will be no deduction from this praise to say that the public voice, the English Church and Universities, and the opinion of the most distinguished persons for genius and learning in both countries, had already recommended him with a rare unanimity of judgment. This promotion must also be regarded as a most important event in the Irish branch of the Established Church, the depressed state of which we have already described; and it will not a little contribute to show what must have been the decisive effect of this appointment, to observe the immediate effect which its very report produced through the diocese of Raphoe. The opinions and the character of their bishop elect were well known. It was known that he was strict in principle, that he regarded with pain and sorrow the disorderly and unspiritual condition of the Church, and that he was of a spirit not to be subdued or baffled by opposition or evasion. The first steps of reform preceded him, and all who had indulged in the long-sanctioned laxities of those licentious times, prepared for the vigilant eye which was sure to explore the inmost recesses and lurking-places of abuse.

The first care of the bishop was to make himself thoroughly master of the precise condition of the diocese; with

this view, he commenced a circuit of inspection, in which he made himself fully acquainted with every subject which properly came within the cognizance of his jurisdiction—the churches, chapels, glebes, and glebe-houses, the population of the parishes, as well as their clergy. He thus, to borrow his own language, “became familiarised with the manner of reading, and the mode of conducting divine service usual in the several churches,” and “was furnished with the opportunity of quiet and unostentatious correction of any error or impropriety that had crept in.” To render this inspection the more effectual, he connected it with a course of confirmations, for which, due notice being given, strenuous preparation was made on every side. In addition to this measure, he adopted the habit of unexpected visits to the several churches upon the Sundays.

“At one of those unlooked for visits,” writes a correspondent, “when he arrived, the church was closed—no appearance of service; he sent for the sexton. ‘Why does not the church bell toll?’ ‘The clergyman is away, sir.’ ‘Well, do your duty.’ ‘No use, sir; no person to officiate.’ ‘Do as I desire you.’ The sexton reluctantly tolled the bell, the congregation filled in, service commenced, and the strange gentleman performed the entire duty. After all was concluded, he asked for the preacher's book, entered his signature, and rode away. The following Sunday the parson returned, and of course was without delay informed of the circumstance. He hastily referred to the preacher's book, where, to his surprise, he read ‘W. Raphoe.’ On the Tuesday following he hurried to his diocesan, expecting, no doubt, a severe reproof, but received none, the bishop justly considering that he had been reproofed sufficiently. He was asked to dine, and the circumstance was never alluded to by the bishop.”

This incident became publicly known through the clergyman himself, who mentioned it about; the bishop himself did not mention it even to his own family.

The bishop was especially alive to the importance of education in the principles of religious truth, and gave much attention to the schools throughout the diocese. The pupils rapidly multiplied. As an instance, may be specified one school conducted at his own

expense, in his demesne, taken care of by the ladies of his family. Here one hundred girls received a scriptural education; and on Sundays, when great additional numbers came from the country, they were all fed with plentiful messes of bread and broth, prepared in large boilers the day before, under the superintendence of the ladies of his family. Similar arrangements were made for the comfort and spiritual instruction of each class of persons within the immediate vicinity of the bishop; and in consequence, so large a congregation of all ranks was drawn to the cathedral, that at last room was wanting for the crowd. Among other great improvements was to be reckoned that of the church music. The cathedral was without a choir. This want was for a time supplied by the bishop's own daughters, until many of the children were, by diligent training, qualified for this very essential part of church worship.

In June, 1823, he was recommended by the lord lieutenant (Wellesley) for the archdiocese of Dublin, at the same time that Lord J. Beresford (his predecessor) was recommended for the primacy.

This promotion is partly to be ascribed to the effect of the sermon which he preached before George IV. in 1821, in Christ Church Cathedral, and of which his majesty expressed his admiration very strongly. He begged to have it printed, desired that the bishop should be appointed dean of the Castle Chapel (an office not then existing), and when the bishop excused himself on account of the distance of his diocese, the king replied, "we can bring you nearer." The bishop then understood the bishoprick of Meath to be intended, as it had been long before promised. This understanding had even been recognized by Dr. O'Beirne (then bishop of Meath), who was in the habit of communicating and consulting with Dr. Magee on every thing which might affect his successor. The appointment proposed by the king was soon carried into effect, and the bishop appointed dean of the Castle Chapel, under its new appellation of chapel royal.

It was while he was in Dublin, on the business of this appointment, that the actual incidents leading to his promotion occurred: these are at-

tended with some interest. An account of the death of the Archbishop of Cashel having reached the Castle, the Bishop of Raphoe was sent for, and offered that archdiocese. He declined it without any hesitation. He was taking his leave, when a despatch was handed to Lord Wellesley, announcing the death of the primate. On this, Lord Wellesley said, that the king had expressed his wish to appoint Dr. Magee to the primacy; but that, on further consideration, his Majesty had said—"I think your excellency will agree with me, that it is better to do what is useful than brilliant, and that Lord J. G. Beresford, Archbishop of Dublin, should be appointed to the primacy, and Doctor Magee be appointed to succeed his grace." A few hours after this conversation, the bishop received a hasty summons to the Castle. Lord Wellesley informed his lordship that another communication from Lord Liverpool had arrived, suggesting that it might not be safe to place him in Dublin, on account of the University, and recommending that he should be made primate. A sense of either interest or ambition would, of course, have prompted instant acquiescence. But Dr. Magee, clearly above both, only felt that he was unworthily distrusted. He answered, "My lord, if I am not considered worthy of confidence, allow me to remain where I am—I desire not to change." "Well, well, my lord," replied Lord Wellesley, "forget what has passed, and let the former arrangement be pursued." We may here add that the marquis, who was himself among the most accomplished scholars of his time, was very much attached to Dr. Magee, and resorted to him for advice on many concerns, but had been mainly guided by his counsel in questions of church preferment.

The archdiocese of Dublin was, indeed, then in a state which too obviously called for the control of a master-mind and of a resolute and uncompromising hand. Lord J. G. Beresford had been there but a year, and for the twenty previous years it had lain neglected, under a prelate whose intellect was during that time in a state of derangement.

As the archbishop entered upon his office with a strong sense of the ar-

duous nature of the position in which he was thus to be placed, this feeling was strongly displayed in his primary charge, delivered in St. Patrick's Cathedral, 24th October, 1822. This charge, entitled to commemoration for its intrinsic merits, and celebrated for the excitement it caused, was a full exposition of the archbishop's view of the then position of the Irish Church, and of the rules which he prescribed to himself and to his clergy, to meet its want, and the emergency in which he conceived it to be placed. We shall not here delay to notice the impressive statements with which he began by noticing the internal abuses then rife, and pointing out to his hearers their awful responsibility, as ministers of the gospel: we shall prefer to state, presently, the course by which he corrected them. But at this distance of time, we trust, that experience has in some degree shown to all sober-minded observers, how inevitably the line of comment which then raised such a storm of opposition, must have been forced upon a prelate who was simply resolved to do his bounden duty. No one can now deny the essential duty of pointing out to his clergy the dangers in which the Church stood, and which have since all but overwhelmed it. He told them most truly how "political considerations unfortunately make it the interest of many, whose condition is influential, to court the favour of those who are hostile to the Established Church;" a truth always, for it is a result of human nature; but at that moment a formidable truth, and since a principal cause of the persecution which has all but shaken it from its rock of ages. On this it is no mean merit of the archbishop to have uttered his loud and powerful warning. This, indeed, was heard complacently—it fell upon the ears of those, the titled and wealthy crowd, who are accustomed to hear and to forget the reproof of the preacher—considering the gospel true in church, and a form everywhere besides, according to the characteristic compromise of the world between "God and mammon." But there were more immediate and more alarming, because more obvious dangers which it was the episcopal duty to discern and point out.

"It must be manifest," said the arch-

bishop, "that, in the observations hitherto made, I have not adverted to that description of persons (of whom we have, unhappily at present, but too many), whose avowed object is to overturn the established religion of the country; and who, the better to effect this purpose, labour to enlist the rapacity of the unprincipled in their unwholy warfare; holding out the spoils of the temple, as the reward of its subversion; and representing its ministers at all times in such odious colours, as may reconcile one class of the community more readily to their spoliation, and another even to their personal extinction; inasmuch that at this day the national clergy are placed in a state little short of persecution, though upon the apparent protection of the law."

He then proceeded to indicate the special manner in which the Church was immediately circumstanced with respect to its enemies; and in a statement not more remarkable for its close adherence to the truth, than actually called for by its applicability to the time, he made use of a form of speech which had the misfortune to give offence to some, and an excuse for angry cavil to more, who were sure to avail themselves of any occasion for a blow at the Church:—

"We, my reverend brethren, are placed in a station, in which we are hemmed in by two opposite descriptions of professing Christians: the one, possessing a Church, without what we can properly call a religion; and the other, possessing a religion, without what we can properly call a Church," &c.

A storm of abuse was conjured up by one party, and deep offence was taken by the other of the classes thus described. It had, perhaps, been well, if the archbishop's meaning had been put into a form less epigrammatic, as such, indeed, is understood to be the conventional phraseology of satire; and parties, themselves ever ready to insult (then, certainly, the disposition of the Romish and liberal press in Ireland), could not fail to receive such language as aggression. But such, as clearly, was not the archbishop's intent; a moment's consideration must shew that to him and to those whom he on that day addressed, the facts were too plain, and the emergency too serious to permit of any suppression. And in truth, the whole complaint of the popular press of that day reminds us of the

nocturnal bully described by Juvenal, who not only beats his victim, but assumes the tone of one wronged by his complaints. Such was the position of the Irish Church at that moment; and no one can now doubt that the vast injuries and spoliations by which it has since been harried, almost to death, are due to the very causes so pithily expressed in the offending sentence. Its bitterest enemies will now (as they safely may,) admit so much. The position of all parties has since undergone some memorable changes; but if it were allowable for us to digress so far as to describe this position, we are not quite sure that it could be honestly done with less reasonable ground for offence.

During the summer of 1821, an incident occurred, remarkable for the excitement it produced, but now almost entirely forgotten. The rector of Rathfarnham had been dispensed from residence by Magee's predecessor, and had hired a Mr. Robert Taylor, an assistant in a neighbouring school, to perform his spiritual functions in his absence. Taylor was a man of weak, perhaps disordered mind, and his religious opinions were, even at this time, such as hardly any body of Christians would recognize as consistent with the faith. His principles soon appeared in his teaching. Magee had been aware of this previous to his coming into the diocese, and immediately took measures to abate the nuisance. The Sunday after his primary charge, he sent one of the curates of St. Peter's to supersede Taylor, who shortly afterwards received a summons to the palace, where an angry interview took place, of the particulars of which we have no better account than the not very trustworthy reminiscences of the culprit himself. Finally, Taylor was dismissed, not only from the diocese, but from his place in the academy. There appeared something harsh in the summary method which the archbishop had adopted towards him; and Taylor, with some crazy dexterity, endeavoured to make it appear that his offence lay

rather in opposing certain "Platonic" and "cabalistic" peculiarities of Magee's theology, than in any formal oppositions to the essentials of the Gospel. The liberal press of Dublin, ever prompt to assail authorities and vindicate abuses, poured out the full flow of their most rabid animosity against the archbishop, and echoed, in every form of vituperation, the frothy charges and railings of Taylor. The Protestant and constitutional journals took the part of the archbishop and the cause of Christianity; and the public mind was strongly excited on either side. Taylor, meanwhile, pursued his own consistent course, and left no doubt on the question. A few months more made the nature of his principles and preaching apparent enough even for the slow orbs of the liberal journals which had espoused his cause. He presently dropped even the flimsy disguise of a confusion between Platonism and Christianity; and in his public lectures, delivered to overflowing theatres, revived the blasphemies, sophisms, and misstatements of Pains and his miserable confraternity; and so fully connected the dogmas of the infidel with the kindred dogmas of anarchy, that the law authorities were compelled to interfere, and he was arrested on the charge of public attacks on Christianity. To follow him further does not fall within the direct compass of this narrative; but we must not quit the subject without observing, that the manner in which this last-mentioned incident was taken up by a large portion of the press affords matter for much reflection, which has not yet altogether lost its importance.*

The archbishop now entered at once upon a labour of the utmost importance, and to which the Church and Christian society owe more than was directly perceivable at the time. For many years antecedent to the period of which we speak, some good men, such as Roe, Mathias, and others who are still living, had, in their respective circles, led the growing progress of a

* We should add that this unfortunate man, when fully silenced in Dublin, betook himself to London, where he availed himself of the latitude of opinion arising from the vast intermixture of all sects and persuasions, to resume his lectures, to assemblies which could receive no new injury at his hands; and after a few years, crowned an impious course, by dying mad.

very improved spirit of scriptural and doctrinal religion. From their preaching and example, the same spirit had been largely spread; and the exertions of pious individuals, and still more of efficient religious societies, had, under the blessing of God, raised up a widespread sense of Gospel truth. But this happy sentiment wanted much of that orderly regulation, "according to knowledge," which can only have existence where led by a pious, diligent, and effective Christian ministry. This was the widely-observable want of the hour. Instead of the clergy leading their congregations, they were, in a great measure, themselves urged by a pressure from without. Instead of the clergy being led by the Christian zeal and knowledge of their bishops, the few of them who were foremost in the work of Evangelists were in every way discountenanced and repressed. Bishops, selected for their family interest, had simply ruled the Church as a part of the machinery of the State. Thus, then, while there existed a wide field of Christian produce, a rightful cultivation was wanting; and a large and various growth of the wildest sectarianism and the most ignorant dogmatism, was, in every quarter and in every shape, appearing. To remedy this evil, the archbishop bent all his energy of mind and body. He saw the want: a sober, faithful, and instructed ministry—men like Peter Roe of Kilkenny, or like Mathias of the Bethesda. He also saw another serious difficulty. While the regular parochial ministry were not what the time most loudly called for, a state of society teeming with spiritual feeling was, in every direction, producing a youthful ministry, animated by an irregular zeal, mixed with the seeds of much disorderly dogmatism. It seems quite evident, how many obstacles must thus have been interposed. While the archbishop had to awaken and excite, he had also to control and repress the very movements which he was to urge. In both, his judgment was consummate. He had to deal with two classes of men, whose tendencies were wholly opposite; and his conduct to either, separately, was such as might well be adduced in answer to any reproach of over-lenity on one side, or severity on the other.

With respect to those of the clergy whom he describes in his primary charge, as "desirous to escape from every appearance of sanctity or piety which might bear the stamp of their sacred profession, deeming it a higher honour to mix, upon equal terms, with the general mass of society," the course he had to follow was difficult and unpopular. There was in such persons (then abundant in the rural districts) an habitual unfitness for their calling, which, as it could not be wholly remedied, involved him in a long contest with men who were likely, not only to resist, but rail, and swell the cry of discontent which every rightly-directed reform must raise. It was his custom to visit the churches of the diocese on Sundays, as a private person, arriving in time for divine service, and entering the next open pew, often near the door, among the servants. In some cases, his appearance occasioned surprise, and a not unreasonable trepidation. It sometimes happened that proofs of great neglect met his eyes; on some occasions—and these were (we have reason to believe) the most common—the clergyman was unprepared to preach. On such occasions, the archbishop, who mostly proceeded from the church to the globe-house, strongly and fully expressed his sense to the delinquent pastor. As he was sometimes met in a very refractory spirit, and with excuses which he considered worse than the fault, he was led to assume a severe, because an uncompromising tone; and became the object of a hostility, which, having personal grounds, was far more bitter and sincere than the mere party animosity of journalism.

Notwithstanding these impediments, the firm and unflinching spirit of the archbishop carried the day. Those who were negligent were compelled to lay aside their careless habits; and they who were, from whatever cause, incompetent to the strict requisitions now imposed, were soon provided with active and efficient curates. A falling away of the Protestants, from long neglect, in many of the rural parishes, had left some without any obvious duty. These were cases of great difficulty, as there was thus a strong ostensible excuse; nor was it easy to discriminate the cases in which this excuse might be just, or merely specious.

This information the diligence and discernment of the archbishop gradually obtained; and he learned that in many localities there was a large proportion of neglected Protestant population, of which numbers had grown into the same habitual laxity which was countenanced by their minister; while others, discontented with his ministry, or expecting no instruction in their parish church, had long sought it elsewhere. In such cases the archbishop insisted upon a course of active and well-directed exertion, which soon had the effect of filling churches, and putting an end to sinecures of old standing.

There existed an opposite evil, of which we have already described the source; and from the restriction of our limits, we must touch upon it but lightly here. The bishops of that day had shown much dislike to ordain young men of those opinions which then went by the name of "evangelical." These opinions were attended by some irregular tendencies; they seemed to indicate a movement, but it was a movement in advance. Every decided reaction of humanity has ever tended to extremes, and this was no exception. But it was the opinion of the archbishop that the good impulse was not to be repelled because it was alloyed by the essential errors of human wisdom. He knew that such was the measure of light which it has so often pleased the Almighty to deal. He knew that a small admixture of speculative error (if such it were) which came with a large development of spiritual zeal, and regard for the fundamental verities of the Gospel, was no unfavourable change from the spiritual sleep of the previous generation. He trusted, and rightly, that the truth would make them free. Here, too, indeed, there was a hidden danger; the conduct of the bishops had generated an unfavourable feeling against them; and no more need be said to show that the Church was on the verge of a peril, which it has often encountered, and never without harm. In such cases as were consequent on this state of things, the archbishop took a mild and indulgent course. Many who were rejected elsewhere he received, because he saw they were genuine Christians, and were likely to be most efficient

teachers—the very men he wanted. He usually addressed them frankly, stating that such or such was not his opinion, but that he saw no objection to those who held it. It must be here enough to say of such points, that they were of that class which have ever been the subject of controversy in the Church, and upon which the best Christians have differed. To human speculation there is not, and cannot be, any end; it must begin at whatever point explicit revelation stops, and beyond this point certainty must end. As the archbishop wisely foresaw, much heated feeling, and a strong disposition to insubordination, subsided of itself; and many strong currents of spiritual affection were turned back into the Church, from which they had nearly been forced.

The income of the archdiocese was £7000 a-year. Of this he set apart £2000 a-year for charitable and public uses. He supported several curates at his own expense, paying £100 a-year to each. This was one of the resources by which he infused a sound ministry through his diocese. He never refused liberal relief in cases of distress, and was foremost in subscriptions for the aid of the destitute or for the promotion of any good end. He was specially desirous to establish a fund for superannuated clergy, and offered £500 as his own subscription. We may here mention a project which he urged upon the bishops, but in vain: he proposed that every bishop should, within his own diocese, and out of his own funds, maintain some sufficient number of unattached clergymen, to minister within the diocese as the bishop might direct, in cases of absence, sickness, or occasional necessity. As this was not complied with, we only state it here as exemplifying the munificent spirit of the proposal.

It has frequently been remarked as a curious and interesting circumstance, that two persons united by the earliest friendship from their boyish years, as the archbishop and Lord Plunket, and connected by many ties of kindness and mutual esteem through these several stages of their lives, should now, after a long course of successive advances in their several professions, being exalted each to the highest eminence, be at last, as in their earliest years, living next door to

each other, and, in a manner, under the same roof.* The circumstance may be thought to demand some notice. It is, perhaps, sufficiently known for every present purpose, that in their several courses, these two eminent men had considerably diverged asunder in their political, and, it is very generally imagined, in their theological tenets.

The consequence was not (we are assured on the best authority) any diminution of goodwill; but it must be obvious that some estrangement of personal intercourse must needs have arisen. Both persons of strong character, and capable of being deeply engrossed by their prevailing duties and concerns, it is evident how little room could be left for any pleasurable interchange of mind. It is also evident how many occasions must have arisen for mutual disapprobation; how much reserve from the apprehension of future collisions in the line of duty. We shall only allow ourselves to notice one topic here. Lord Plunket was, as all the world knows, the most powerful, if not the most effective advocate for the removal of disabilities affecting the members of the Papal Church in Ireland. To this measure the archbishop was well known to be a most frank and zealous opponent. To this cause of estrangement, others familiar to the public recollection were added. We have not, without some violence to our own feelings, adverted to a topic in which we know not how far some unpleasant impressions may still have survived. But we trust it is evident, that it would be some disparagement both to truth, and to a man like Lord Plunket, to say less upon the subject of a friendship which was so honourable to both himself and the truly illustrious subject of this memoir.

On the subject of opposition to the Church of Rome, that of the archbishop was bold, open, and uncompromising; though it did not in the slightest degree affect his goodwill to the people, and still less to individuals of that communion; it was shown by so many plain demonstrations of zeal against their Church and creed, as to

rouse against him, for the remainder of his life, all the most violent animosity of the lowest and least scrupulous opponents, both lay and clerical. He was preached, written, and harangued against; and the rabble of Dublin were roused to assail him with all the froth and foam of their passions. Mr. O'Connell, in one of his speeches at some public meeting, in noticing the charge of assassination brought against the Irish peasantry, observed, "that there should be no fear of assassination so long as Archbishop Magee walked unharmed." Mr. O'Connell defended himself from the obvious imputation, by ascribing such language to a playful and heedless mood, and we notice the expression because it may convey what we would express—the temper of the hour. If curses, and threats, and angry looks could kill, there would, assuredly, have been little safety for the archbishop in the streets. If at any time he had occasion to pass through a crowd, the disposition to mob him became alarmingly apparent; but we have it from eye-witnesses, that on such disgraceful occasions, the rabble were perceptibly impressed by the dignified and tranquil self-possession of the archbishop, who neither manifested the slightest sign of fear, or of wavering from his way, so that the angry crowd felt constrained to give way before him.

In the midst of the ferment of opinion and passion thus raised, the archbishop stood unmoved and uninfluenced. It was customary with him to say, "It is a small thing for me to be judged by human judgment."

It is not, indeed, we should here say, by these general statements of public conduct, for the complicated details of which we have not room, that such a man is to be judged. It was by his private friends, and in the bosom of his family, that he was known—the same cheerful, affectionate, and entertaining, as well as instructive father, husband, companion, and friend, that we have described him in the earlier and more private part of his career. In his private circle, he was the "life

* Their fathers had been next-door neighbours in Enniskillen, and their houses were separated merely by a partition wall. In Dublin, as many of our readers know, the official residences of the Lord Chancellor and Archbishop of Dublin adjoin each other in Stephen's-green.

and happiness" of his large family; and it is on the authority of those who knew him best in his retired and domestic hours, we can say that it was his wont to encourage the free and unreserved communication of sentiment among his children. A stranger from England, who had been invited by one of the archbishop's sons to spend a few days at the palace, mentioned his apprehensions of meeting a severe and sententious scholar, and his surprise and "unqualified delight," at the ease, playful kindness, and freedom from pretension and pedantry, which he saw. His emphatic exclamation, in describing his feeling, was, "this is a happy home!"

In the regulation of his family he paid special attention to the conduct and regularity of family prayer. On Sundays he allowed no dinner to be dressed in the palace, and always, with his entire household walked to church, that his servants might not be detained from their higher duties, or his horses deprived of their enjoined rest. He prevailed on others, among whom we may instance the Lord Chancellor Manners, to adopt the same customs; and this, it is not to be doubted, was the means of much of that reform which has since become so apparent in the Sunday habits of the better classes.

Among the favourite visitors who were in habitual intercourse with him, and familiarly admitted to his domestic circle, some persons are named to us, who are most known for their exemplary piety, or for their uncompromising principles. Among these we may mention the Rev. Robert M'Ghee, B. W. Mathias, Hugh White, James Dunne, and Thomas Kelly. The last-named gentleman, well known for his exalted spiritual character, and his beautiful contributions to sacred song, was said to have declared, "that if Dr. Magee had been archbishop before his secession from the Church, he never would have been a separatist." It is, we believe, generally known how, under the archbishop, that eminent Christian, whose preaching has turned so many to righteousness—B. W. Mathias—actually returned into the bosom of the Church, from which in early life he had seceded.

On the subject of his ordinations, we may say that his regard to the due qualification of the candidates was most strict and anxious. "Three days," writes an inmate of his palace, "were set apart, previous to ordination, and the best scholars, fellows of Trinity College, were engaged to examine the young men, who were seated in a semi-circle (the archbishop being present), with the examiners facing them. The archbishop had a table before him, and took memoranda of the answering. The third day he reserved for himself, when he sifted the candidates in such points as he considered necessary for his own information as to their knowledge of the scriptures, liturgy, &c." It is added by the same informant that when all was over, and no unfavourable event occurred to any of the candidates, the archbishop always shewed much appearance of satisfaction. It was to him a happy event which added so considerable a portion of knowledge and piety to the Church, and indicated, as from afar, the period of a better state of things. The example was widely influential; the bishops generally shewed their concurring sense of the value of the archbishop's strict and searching method; and it soon became a matter of much increased difficulty for incapable and idle students in theology to enter the Church.

A new order of things soon began to appear, by many indications. The distracting and perilous decomposition between spiritual life and doctrinal sobriety began to disappear. It soon became apparent in every congregation that vital and saving faith, and that the sincere following of Christ, could be professed and maintained by those who were not what was called Calvinistic.* A faithful, earnest, and sober-minded ministry began to pervade the Church, and instead of metaphysical disquisitions, dry ethical common-places, or dull repetitions of the gossiping mixture of scandal and proverbial prudence of fifty years ago, there began a uniform statement and enforcement of the whole declared counsel of God. And we cannot pass without noticing a remarkable effect which has long been to us an interesting subject of ob-

* For this and all such statements, our authority is the archbishop's own declaration.

ervation. About thirty years ago, we can well remember, if a good preacher was to be heard of in some particular town or parish, he necessarily became an object of public remark. Now, making due allowance for instances of superior intellect, it would be hard to find the congregation that has not the advantage of an instructive and not ineloquent preacher. This, under the power of the great conductor of all human concerns, and especially those of his own Church, we would put forward as the great result of the conscientious labour of this truly illustrious prelate, whose admirers may, with a higher truth than the architect of our great English cathedral, look round upon our pulpits and platforms for his monument.

It will be fully apprehended by every one, that the position of a prelate in this high station of responsibility, and entering with so much zeal into the concerns of his Church, was not only one of extreme and arduous labour, but beset with numerous points of the utmost nicety. He was not only, on the one side, engaged to awaken and compel into activity, the dormant spirit and lax discipline of his rural clergy; but, on the other, to repress the undisciplined energy of the great reaction which was, at the same time, widely manifesting itself. To do this, without repressing the growth of spiritual life, or causing division, required a firm as well as a delicate and discriminating hand. Much good was effected by religious societies, which involved in their constitution more or less of latitude. These, many prelates were inclined to discountenance, in a manner which, though intrinsically accordant with the truest Christian principle, would have (for many reasons) carried the imputation of a secular policy. But the ground which the archbishop took was that least liable to misconstruction—we take for example his conduct towards the Bible Society. He did not consider it warrantable to discountenance so manifestly beneficial an instrument for the spread of the Word of God; but he considered the principle of comprehension, according to which that most Christian and most efficacious society united in its operation every Protestant sect, as not reconcileable with the strict line of one whose duty was

to guard the doctrine and discipline of the Church. Nevertheless, so much beyond all lesser considerations did he consider the propagation of the Scriptures, that he declared that he would have joined the Bible Society, had there been no other means of circulating the Bible. Availing himself, therefore, of an instrumentality more strictly suited to the Church, he still was not the less interested in the welfare of the society; it was joined, with his consent, not only by his clergy, but by the members of his family; and it is mentioned by one of them, that before his time, the discountenance shown by the prelates very much thinned the attendance of the public, and still more of the clergy, who appeared at the meetings thinly scattered through the room. "But now," writes Mrs. Hunter, "a platform of no ordinary dimensions was crowded with the clergy from all parts, without fear or danger of reproof; and when the family returned each day, he (the archbishop) heard with a smile of satisfaction all they were able to detail of the proceedings." Of one of those meetings he occasionally took the chair; the Reformation Society was, both from its object and in its constitution, strictly framed in accordance with his views. He was opposed to every admission of *expediency*; and this had none. The first time he appeared in the Rotundo, to take the chair at this meeting, excited a degree of enthusiasm which is still in the recollection of many.

In conformity with this feeling, he took a strong interest in the controversies between clergymen of the Churches of England and Rome, which then occupied so much of the public attention. He was among the first—and they were few, indeed—who saw the real consequences which might be expected to result from them: he saw that the peasantry, trained as they were by political discussion, with all their native shrewdness, were most inadvertently suffered by their priests to witness and to take an interest in them: he saw that, though habitual error and party passions influenced them to the assertion of a pretended victory, still that deep impressions of a contrary nature were received, and that the circulation of the Bible among them must be an inevitable result. The priests, who were loudly accused of

suppressing the Bible, and inculcating prejudices against it, forgot themselves so far as to deny, instead of justifying, the conduct alleged by their opponents; the shrewd listeners in many ways showed their dissatisfaction and surprise; though they shouted victory, the shock was felt through the Papal Church—*heret lateri lethalis arundo*; and then, from that moment, began an eager call for the Bible, which has never from that moment ceased. On this point the archbishop said, on his examination in the House of Lords:—

“The subject of the Bible has now been presented to the general population; the attention of the lower orders has been strongly excited; they have been drawn out to attend some of those discussions at the public meetings which have latterly occurred, in order to give a support and strength, by their numbers, to the advocates of their cause. Independently of this, also, the rumour of what has been going forward has spread through the entire country—so that not only those who have been present at the meetings have had their attention awakened, but the noise of what has been doing has gone abroad everywhere, and all now know that there is a Bible, and that it is on the subject of

the Bible these disputes have arisen. The consequence has been, as I have been informed, that a very great shake has been given to the public mind, and that even among the lower orders a strong desire has been created (as I learn from information on which I think I can rely) to know what the nature of this book is, which has been so vehemently recommended and prohibited. I believe, also, that it has been found difficult, in many cases, to restrain that desire by the utmost exertion of authority—the authority, I mean, to which of all others those of whom I speak have been used most implicitly to submit. For these reasons it is I am led to conclude, that from the powerful interest that has been excited, the impulse of inquiry is pressing forward, so as not to be easily repelled.”

Such was the sagacious anticipation of this eminent prelate, at that early period of the movement to which his statement refers.

The archbishop, while he exerted himself to guide the movement, of which he received many secret as well as public proofs, was, in this too, restrained by the same discretion which so admirably tempered his zeal in every office. We have it on his own au-

* Evidence before the House of Lords, 29th April, 1825. As we are unwilling to engross too much of the little space we can fitly occupy with this topic, which claims for itself much separate consideration, we may here add a few confirmatory remarks. The sagacity of the archbishop is confirmed by after events; and of such confirmation there can be little doubt (on any positive grounds). The movement indicated in the above quotation has ever since gone on, rather concealed than retarded by the strenuous opposition it has received. The priests now deny, and the people forget, the universal and utter proscription under which the Bible once lay; few would now be found to call it “the devil’s book,” to burn or to bury it. It has found its way, and been welcomed into every cabin where there is ordinary intelligence; and the effects are widely visible. Roman Catholic booksellers are issuing various editions of the Douay Bible in cheap weekly and monthly instalments, and we have even seen announced what is called “a Catholic Family Bible”—such is the change that twenty-five years have produced. Party feeling alone has, in some measure, retarded these effects. There is in this country, as in every other, a floating scum of ignorance, vice, and disaffection, by which the real feelings of the body of the Irish peasantry are controlled into silence. But many signs are apparent to those who live among them—an open preference and profession of the Gospel portions of our common creed, and a contempt (not always tacit) for those *peculiar* to the Roman Church. We will not protract this note by noticing the concomitant indications of a merely social character; they are also strong and many, and tend the same way. One thing it is a duty to observe. The improvements mentioned here have sustained a very violent check from recent changes of policy, which have tended to perplex the understanding and damp the expectations of the Irish people. A sensible tendency towards union with the Protestant Church and with their landlords, was suddenly encountered by the appearance of self-desertion, and the abandonment of its own principles, by the power which they had identified with the Protestant Church and body. They saw the power they were approaching come over to side with their leaders, agitators, and cruel tyrants, and that they were to be handed over to the ruffian army of nocturnal spies and inquisitors by whom they are awed into a most unwilling slavery.

thority that he was constantly receiving applications from priests who wished to leave the Church of Rome. Such applications he usually met with caution, and mostly rejected. The reasons which he gave for pursuing a course which many will feel inclined to censure, were unanswerable, and plainly enough shew how inevitable it was. On those occasions he always represented to the applicant, that, "if circumstanced as they were, they meant to come to our Church, they must be prepared to come with the spirit of a martyr; that they would be persecuted, their characters traduced, and their own nearest relations rendered their greatest enemies, while they would be exposed to the danger of immediate and actual poverty." And he objected also the several obvious reasons why they could not reasonably expect employment in the Church, as some time must be allowed for the confirmation of their sincerity and the proof of their competency, "it being quite clear that a person may have gone so far as to discover the errors of the Roman Catholic faith, and yet be very little acquainted with the various important qualifications required in a Protestant teacher, and a parish minister of the Established Church." Notwithstanding these representations, he stated that such applications were frequent and importunate to a degree that was distressing and painful.

It is, indeed, singularly characteristic of this part of the archbishop's life, that it was beset with opposite difficulties in every step and every duty. Looking outside the verge of his own domestic circle, he was surrounded by prejudices and enmities—"his friends and counsellors stood afar off"—the spiritual pride of the evangelical (and they were in Dublin the crowd) was unsatisfied with his views, which they condemned as *low*. The fellow-workers in the propagation of the sacred writings thought him slack: the controversial thought him too cautious: while the whole froth and foam of the popular-press, and the slanders and calumnies of latitudinarian churchmen were poured without limit, decency, or truth, on his devoted head. But his was the true spirit of a reformer; and like every great man whose lot it has been to introduce new times, and to wrestle

with the folly and blindness of his own, he pursued his steadfast course among troubled waters. Opposed by fanaticism on one hand, and by licentiousness and infidelity on the other, he indulged in no resentments, and gave way to no weaknesses, nor, in any instance, yielded a hair's-breadth towards one extreme, because he was urged with equal violence to the other. The clergy and the educated classes of every scriptural Church have since learned to estimate him more justly, and the scribbling fraternity of the factious press, which in his life-time were his slanderers, forget their own absurdity and folly, and shew their good taste by demanding a faithful picture of one they do not and cannot understand.

In 1825, he was summoned to give evidence in parliament concerning the state of Ireland. The evidence has been published. We have perused it with much attention, and will confidently say, that we do not recollect in any other work to have met so much just statement and commentary on those momentous topics to which it bears reference.

We should observe that this same evidence is also valuable for another reason: it amounts to a history of the administration of the archbishop, in the most authentic form.

We have not delayed, in many parts of this memoir, to advert, as we have been wont through this series, to many lighter incidents. The lives of most men are composed of trifles, the history of their adventures and perils and journeyings, their successes and failures, and their up-hill, down-hill, and straight or sinuous course, in the journey of life; and, as these are common to all, they have a general interest which partly conceals how trite and trifling they are. When the sympathy is once enlisted, it is something to learn that the hero of the narrative had once the fortune to tumble into a river. Some are celebrated for their *bon mots*, some for their strange adventures; the noble achievements of some are identified with the exciting and terrible—the romance of flood and field. But the great reformer of the Irish Church, and the most profound theologian of modern times, is not to be characterised by striking adventures, or the gossip of anecdotes, or set off by the contrasted

interest of the little and the ludicrous. There was in the archbishop's private deportment a happy vein of playfulness and tenderness which made him the delight of all who came within the line of intimacy. But, without that circle, he had acquired a character, and excited various feelings, which, had he been disposed to unbend, must have forcibly recalled to his mind the character he bore in the great and little worlds without. His enemies were violent, and his admirers not as silent as his great modesty would have desired. When he went over to England, where his merits were then more fully understood, whether it was to London on business, or to Leamington where he used to resort with his family for his health and theirs,—there was an eagerness to see and hear him, which caused him much inconvenience and annoyance. The utmost anxiety was shewn to find when and where he would preach; and on one occasion the archbishop was so followed in the public walks at Leamington, as to feel compelled to leave the town.

In 1825, it pleased the Almighty to visit the archbishop with the heaviest trial which could befall him in this transitory state. We have already given some inadequate description of the lady to whom he was indebted for all that domestic happiness and peace, which were his reward and rest in the storms with which he had to strive abroad.—We have laboured to convey the depth and tenderness of his affections and the elevated worth of their object. It would be impossible to convey to many, and needless to some, the sad effect of the blow, which left the remainder of his days in the most painful and afflicting sense companionless, by the death of this most excellent and faithful wife. Such events are no doubt, to all but the individual they fall to, only common occurrences in the calendar of the world, and without the little circle they leave void and bleak, cannot be rendered emphatic—but when they come, and are felt as they can be felt, they admit of no comparison with any other form of mortal woe—nor is it the commonplace of poetic exaggeration to say how they wither and dry up the springs of life. Such was the effect on the archbishop—in him (of course) there was no pomp of grief—no weak indulgence of mourning, but to use the emphatic language

of one of his most affectionate children, from that day “age seemed suddenly to rest upon him.” His elastic spirit, and the high energy which it had hitherto imparted to a delicate frame under the pressure of the anxious responsibilities and laborious concerns of his station, now began rapidly to give way under the pressure of those trials.

At this time the main object of his solicitude was the prevention of those concessions to Popery which it was plain were about to be made—and of which he dreaded the consequences, which in common with all clear-headed men he foresaw. To resist this danger he exerted himself to obtain the consent of the bishops and clergy to petitions against a measure so likely to be fatal, first to the Church and secondarily to the country. Among the clergy great numbers refused to sign the petition prepared on the occasion, and this circumstance preyed heavily on his mind, as indicative of the want of that due sense of their real position, which was called for by the occasion and by the time. With much effort and difficulty he obtained the consent of a majority among the bishops, and an address was drawn up by Dr. Bissett, Bishop of Raphoe, with which the archbishop was not quite satisfied.

While this matter had been in progress, and just before the departure of the deputation for London, the archbishop was attacked by a violent inflammation on his chest; this after some weeks gave way to remedies which lowered the tone of his constitution to a state of great debility, and he left his bed to embark on a journey of which all feared the consequence. He had actually sailed when his medical attendant called to see him, and when asked if the archbishop might safely travel, he answered (not being aware of the fact), that “it is as much as his life is worth.” Contrary to these apprehensions the archbishop reached London in an improved state of health.

This occurrence was in 1829—when Sir R. Peel and the Duke of Wellington, bent on the concessions afterwards made to the Irish Romanists, shewed no disposition to promote the object of the Irish prelates. The recent duel between the Duke and Lord Winchelsea was made an excuse for delay—and the other bishops became so discouraged that they shewed a strong disposition

to recede from their purpose : the strenuous will of Magee, however, predominated, and kept their courage "to the sticking point." As the Primate could not take the head of the deputation, by reason of a speech he was to deliver in the House, the lead fell to the archbishop. On presenting the petition he addressed the King, and when he had concluded, was invited by his Majesty to sit by him on the sofa while he gave his answer, during which he laid his hand on the archbishop's knee in an affectionate manner.

We pass, as unnecessary here, the further particulars of this audience. It was the last occasion of the archbishop's appearance in public life. As a reformer of the Irish Church his part had been fully and nobly accomplished—in his political capacity he had the satisfaction that he had also acted his part, and the mortifying sense that it was in vain. He came home depressed in spirit, and as the exciting consciousness of a great duty passed from his breast, the withering sense of his bereavement fell heavily in its place. A severe attack of blood to the head followed shortly—and though he recovered from this, it was only to suffer repeated visitations of the same nature, which in the course of two years terminated his valuable life.

The length to which (from accidental causes) this article has run, renders it unfit to dwell on the numerous affecting incidents of the two last declining years—they were of a nature to bring to light the many high and pure Christian graces of the archbishop's temper—his resignation, his saintly piety, his earnest and parental interest in the Church, his charity for all and his tenderness for his own. He was severely tried by the inhuman and brutal animosity, which did not spare even his dying bed—of this we shall not here speak—he had the satisfaction of being ably and effectively defended by Lord Winchelsea. His death took place in 1831, and it is needless to say how he was lamented by all to whom he was really known.

As to his general character, we have not left much to be said ; it is contained in the course of duty which he strenuously and undeviatingly pursued through every change of station ; and this we have endeavoured to trace in his actions. A brief summary is all that we can afford to add.

A very sanguine temperament and

an unusual fund of animal spirit, in him gave added impulse to the buoyant and indefatigable industry which made him early master of a range and compass of reading far beyond the reach of modern scholarship. To this a power of expression, a clear and logical intellect, and a sagacious judgment gave that sterling stamp without which learning is but pedantry, and bookish talk impertinence ; a conscientious breast and a deep conviction of the truths of life eternal gave direction to this rare and admirable combination. The whole was softened and sweetened by the kindest and most steady affections.

If we view him as a prelate of the Church, his acts are the best interpreters of his character. He was the bishop described by St. Paul, and stood in the place of an Apostle in a lax and degenerate age of the Church. As we have fully shewn in the foregoing narrative that no sense of fear turned him from his uncompromising path of duty, so no feeling of human gall ever soured his temper towards those who were his fierce persecutors—nor could the deep affections of his heart ever tempt him into the error of providing for his own family at the expense of any rightful claims of others, or of the interests of religion. Satisfied as he was (and on the surest warrant of fact) of the merits of his own sons, he yet considered what might be said to bring scandal on the Church, and did little for them ;—far less than their due ; it is needless to observe that they were, without his instrumentality, provided for by other bishops. He steadily refused to seek or accept of any favour from the Castle, because he saw the necessity of maintaining his independence : and we may add that occasions arose when he experienced the full advantage of this.

To speak of him as an author would, we fear, demand too much ; on this topic a long and not unimportant article might be written. Fulness without prolixity, and vast compass of matter without any confusion, are perhaps the first impressions made on his readers. An admirable clearness of thought and precision of reasoning, soon strike the observation. A singular richness of verbal combination, in which a graceful ease and simplicity are ever preserved, chiefly mark the style. Some strictures have been made upon the galling severity of his comments on some of his adversaries. He was a

Christian prelate, the servant and soldier of Christ, and they were the bitter and mischievous enemies of his master and his sacred cause. He saw the folly and the feebleness of complimenting away the most sacred truths; he felt the indignation which every zealous mind must feel, and he did not spare where lenity would have been falsehood. But he felt no bitterness—he could feel none towards Hume and Bolingbroke. Their principles could not be too severely exposed, and Magee did not feel so much respect for those who still hold those principles as to bow down before the spurious fame which their idolatry confers: he was judged in this, as in much besides, according to a false criterion. In truth, he spared no fool or no folly—nor yet did he feel any enmity: he acted and wrote as his sense of duty, his love of truth, and his hostility to vice and falsehood demanded.

We shall close these general observations with our own recollections of Magee, in his Collegiate life. There existed in the University a very strong, and we are assured just impression, that Dr. Magee was the warm, alert, and kindly promoter of the interests of polite literature, and of those who cultivated it with any indications of real talent. This feeling was very much caused by his kind and affable attention to all such, and his readiness to exert his interest in their behalf; it was also very much promoted by his own very apparent superiority of style and address on every occasion which offered. The same full, easy, flowing, and graceful manner of diction and delivery which we mentioned in speaking of his preaching, was very remarkable in his most accidental conversation. We had occasion to mention his influence in the elections. This influence we have no doubt was very much owing to this quality; his powers of reasoning and statement were more under command and more uniformly ready than those of any other person we can recollect; they were also less marked by any appearance of study, and quite free from effort. If a charity was to be enforced, by private application, or the students were to be separately admonished on any occasion, his gentle, affectionate, and, if the occasion permitted, playful address, could not fail of its effect.

There was, however, sometimes to be observed, when subordination was to be enforced, in the doctor's manner, countenance, and tone, an expression of dignified authority, which was the more effectual, because it harmonized so well with the general feeling of respect. We can well recollect his address to the students on one remarkable occasion, from the chair of the Historical Society—a place replete with associations dangerous to mediocrity. It was on the occasion of a great famine among the poorer inhabitants of Dublin and its suburbs, he called the fellow-commoners together, and addressed them with a proposal to relinquish the costly entertainment which, till then, had always been prepared for them, together with the Fellows, on Trinity Sunday, that the expense, thus saved, might go to augment the collections then in progress for the poor. On such an occasion and with such an audience, any speech would have done the business, his address was a model of persuasive eloquence. The effect was permanent, for the feast was never renewed.

Whether we view this great man, either as a prelate, a head of our University, or as a theologian, we cannot be mistaken in the conclusion, that the subject is that of an illustrious master-spirit, by its combined moral and intellectual powers influencing the mind of a generation, in which an extensive process of social transition was about to set in. Vast erudition, unwearied industry, prompt eloquence, undaunted resolution, incorruptible integrity, were united with a steady, faithful, and vigilant zeal in the service of his Master, and the guardianship of the Church at a season of especial need; to awaken it from the lethargy which had chained its faculties, and arm it with the sword of the spirit, and the whole armour of righteousness, as it was about to enter upon a conflict with the powers of this world, which must have shaken it to the dust, had it not been, by the mercy of God, so prepared for.

We had intended to enter into some detail upon the subject of Dr. Magee's unpublished writings, but we cannot trespass further on our due limits; and must, therefore, reserve this portion of our labours for some further opportunity.

LETTER FROM SIR HENRY POTTINGER.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE."

"SIR,—In the sketch of my life which you have published in your number for October, there is one point regarding which I must beg you to be so good as to insert a brief correction, because, as it now stands, it might convey a reflection which would be totally undeserved, and which, I am equally certain, has never occurred to you. I allude to that passage in which you speak of my leaving the two ill-fated brothers, *Vaughans*, in the Traveller's Bungalow, at Wargaoon, and flying *alone* across the country to Poonah. Now, had I done so, under any circumstances whatever, and those poor young men afterwards suffered as they did, I should not only have never forgiven myself, but I conceive that I might have been justly reprobated for unfeeling and selfish conduct, especially were it taken into consideration, that they were entire strangers to that part of the country, whilst, on the other hand, I was intimately acquainted with the people and localities. The facts were briefly these:—I quitted Panwell, at the head of Bombay Harbour, at midnight, on the 3rd of November, 1817 (having horses placed at different distances on the road), and passed the two *Vaughans* near the top of the Bhoze Ghaut, about half way to Poonah, between three and four the next morning, but without speaking to them, or ascertaining who they were, it being then dark. On reaching Wargaoon, after sunrise, my horse-keeper informed me, that patrols of Mahratta horse were all over the country; that during the preceding night he twice had to lead the horse he was in charge of outside the village, and secrete him in a hollow, and that it was reported, that a British officer had been speared (which proved quite true) the day before, close to the city of Poonah. I had neither servants nor baggage of any kind with me, and did not think of halting for a moment at Wargaoon. I, therefore, hastily scribbled a note, with a pencil, on the back of a letter, warning the travellers I had passed, as well as all others, of the dangerous position of affairs, and advising them to go back towards Bombay. This note I left in the hands of the man who was employed to take care of the Travellers' Bungalow, mounted my trusty steed—long celebrated throughout the Deccan by the name of Bandicoot—and galloped across the country, pursued (as I afterwards found) by some Mahratta horsemen, but whom my gallant Arab easily outstripped. I got to the Residency, at Poonah (after having halted some hours at *Dapooria*, where the *Paishwa's* regular brigade, commanded by British officers, was stationed), late in the evening of the 4th of November; the battle of *Kirkee* was fought the next morning, but neither the names nor fate of the poor *Vaughans* were known for several days. Had my local knowledge not enabled me to leave the road, I should doubtless have shared the latter with them, but why they did not act on my advice, it is now fruitless to conjecture: probably their cattle and servants, and they themselves, were fatigued from travelling all night, and they were seized, as you describe, when sitting at luncheon.

Before I conclude, I may observe, that the heroic and distinguished Major *Eldred Pottinger* was my nephew, and not younger brother.

"I remain, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"HENRY POTTINGER.

"67, Eaton-place, London;
November 2; 1846."

[We are glad to have Sir Henry Pottinger's account of this incident; but submit that our version of it hardly exposes him to the imputation he mentions. A soldier, however, may feel scrupulous on the point. The part referred to stands thus in the *MAGAZINE*, p. 432:—"Captain Pottinger, from his knowledge of the feeling of the country at that time, and his acquaintance with the native character, suspected their intentions, and, having mentioned his strong impressions to the other officers, ordered out the best of his horses, and entreated them to do the same, offering to guide them across the country, which he assured them he knew well, as he had often hunted there. The brothers, however, declined, insisting on it that they were quite safe, and that the natives would not dare to injure them. Seeing that his appeals were unavailing, Captain Pottinger, taking an opportunity when the horsemen were at some distance from him, rode off across the country, and though pursued at once, and closely, for twenty miles, got safe into the camp at Poonah."]

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